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Vienna, Austria, July 17, 1961.

Report on Encounter with Soviet Secret Police

Introduction

Between 1934 and 1959 I visited the Soviet Union five times. When I entered the country on June 6, 1961, it was the first time that I was ^{not} travelling either on a diplomatic passport or on official business. In view of my own long connection with Soviet affairs and the known views of the publication by which I am now employed I anticipated the possibility of provocation and entered the Soviet Union resolved not to give the Soviet authorities even the slightest cause for complaint. I am familiar with the history of many cases of Americans who have either been prosecuted in the Soviet Union or expelled from the country; the pretext was usually vodka, women, espionage or some combination of these factors. I was determined to avoid trouble on any of these counts.

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Potential provocatory acts began soon after my arrival. In the Intourist dining room at Kiev I found myself alone at a table with a Russian who wanted to treat me to vodka -- which he was consuming liberally -- and tell me his troubles. I finished my meal and withdrew. On my first day in Moscow -- a Sunday -- I decided to take a walk in the Gorki Park of Culture and Rest. As I left the park I was accosted by a not unattractive blonde of uncertain age who attached herself to me and walked with me across the bridge as far as the subway station. She declared she was a widow, was lonesome and liked my type; surreptitiously she pressed into my hand a slip of paper (already prepared) with her name and telephone number, and invited me to visit her. I said I would be very busy in Moscow, left her, destroyed the slip of paper.

There were also the usual mysterious and semi-mysterious telephone calls to me in my hotel rooms; these could be brushed off without difficulty. Whether any of these incidents was part of a deliberate campaign of provocation I cannot say; they are the stuff around which cases have been built in the past. In view of what transpired subsequently, I am inclined to believe that they were.

On June 21, with everything proceeding smoothly and according to plan, I left Moscow for the Caucasus and Central Asia. As I reconstruct the situation, whoever was handling my case must have decided that the time had come for more direct action. I had not nibbled on any of the usual bait and time was getting shorter. Orders therefore went out to the security authori-

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ties in Uzbekistan to trap me.

After a pleasant and uneventful three days in Tbilisi, I flew to Tashkent on the afternoon of Saturday, June 24, arriving at the hotel about 9:30 p.m. I had dinner at the restaurant on the hotel roof, then decided to take a short exploratory walk, as is my custom on my first night in a strange city. By this time it was, I should think, between 11.00 and 11.30 local time, which is two hours ahead of Tbilisi time. The streets in that section of Tashkent are lined with trees and are not particularly well lighted. I walked at random, intending to make a circle of a few blocks and return to the hotel.

As I subsequently discovered, I had turned away from, not toward, the center of town. The streets along which I was walking were practically deserted; but it was a warm, balmy evening and pleasant to be outdoors. Suddenly a car drew up beside me and stopped. Two husky men in civilian clothes jumped out and approached me, the driver remaining in the car with the motor idling. Without a word the men seized me by the arm and started to lead me toward the car. Apparently they did not expect any resistance; in any event I was able to wrench away from them and took to my heels, ducking around a corner, down a convenient alley, and into a court-yard, where I stopped in the shadow of a building. My assailants obviously were not runners; I had taken them by surprise when I slipped from their grasp, and soon outdistanced them. They quickly lost the trail. I heard them rummaging around in the alley, but they did not enter the court-yard where I was hidden. Apparently they had no flashlight; in any event, after a short time their footsteps died away, and soon afterward I heard a motor accelerating.

I remained in my hiding place and considered my next step. It seemed most unlikely that this was a chance attack; if the motive were robbery, they would have proceeded quite differently. I therefore concluded that I was faced with a deliberate attempt to trap. If this were true, they would probably be waiting to intercept me on my way back to the hotel. After a goodly interval, I crawled under a wooden gate -- ripping my shirt in the process -- and, coming out on the street, continued walking away from the hotel. By this time it was quite late; and coming on a large park, I decided to spend the rest of the night on a bench. When morning came and people began to circulate, I found my way back to the hotel, looking rather the worse for wear.

I spent all that day, Sunday, in the hotel resting and catching up on back work. The following morning, June 26, I made a tour of the city with

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an Intourist guide, and was off that afternoon by plane for Samarkand. For me this was the end of the line; and this time they would not miss.

The Trap

On the plane from Tashkent I shared a seat with a young Uzbek who before we took off had complained loudly because he could not get a seat with his brother, who was travelling with him. As we approached Samarkand we got into conversation. It developed that he was a native of the town and lived there with his family; he owned a car, he said ("since six of us are working"), and offered to take me to the hotel and later show me the sights. I explained to him that I was a tourist, that I expected to be met, and that Intourist would look after my sightseeing.

Met I was, and after merely dropping my bag at the hotel (I had left the bulk of my luggage in Tashkent), I started out with a guide on a strenuous tour of the Samarkand mosques which continued until early evening. I had dinner and a bottle of the local wine at the hotel, sharing a table with an Uzbek with whom I exchanged only a few words. I then decided to take a stroll in the park which adjoins the hotel -- a kind of amusement park, well lighted and full of people. It was then about 9 p.m. and just getting dark.

As I rounded a corner in the park, I almost ran into my companion from the plane, his brother and a very attractive young girl who was introduced as the brother's fiancée. Nothing would do but that I come home with them, meet the family and spend the evening. I quickly weighed the pros and cons, decided the meeting had been too much of a coincidence to be planned, and, aware of the Uzbek tradition of hospitality, accepted.

They found a taxi -- while they had been in Tashkent, they explained, the battery in their car had gone dead and they were without transportation. We drove through some narrow streets in the old part of town, perhaps a mile from the hotel and near one of the mosques I had visited in the afternoon, and stopped before a rather forbidding-looking door. Alongside, under a roof, was indeed the car with the dead battery. Reassured, I stepped through the door and into a pleasant court-yard with trees, flowers and a fountain. On a raised terrace next to the house some twenty people, all middle-aged or older, were eating around a long table. I was introduced to the father and mother of my hosts, and we went off to the older brother's room. I now learned that he had recently married; his wife, who was taking her examinations in pharmacy and had already retired, was routed out of bed; and in short order she and the fiancée

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sliced tomatoes, sliced cucumbers and stewed chicken -- remnants, I took it, of the feast which was going on outside.

We sat around a table in the host's bedroom, eating and sampling the father's homemade wine. A powerful radio was turned on and soon tuned in to the Voice of America. They said they liked to listen to the music but were not interested in the rest of the program. At intervals various members of the family made an appearance, were introduced, and after a short while withdrew; the father and his aged mother remained throughout the evening, however, and engaged me in lively conversation.

It was past midnight when I announced that it was time for me to be getting back to my hotel. There were some polite protests; then the two brothers insisted on seeing me home. They found a taxi, and we drove off amid the good wishes of the assembled guests. On the pretext that I wanted a little air before retiring, I suggested that they drop me alongside the park, a short distance from the hotel; actually I felt concern for them in case they should be observed bringing me back.

I was dropped as requested about a block and a half from the hotel, and they drove off. The street was a broad boulevard with several rows of trees; at this hour it was dark and apparently deserted. As I approached the corner to turn into my street, three men suddenly jumped me from the shadows. This time there was no escaping; they hit me fore and aft, and I was down in an instant. They pummeled me, kicked me in the groin, and quickly rolled me into me into a wet, muddy, open concrete drain, a drop of a couple of feet. At this point I apparently lost consciousness.

The Charge. - Some hours later, I awoke, weak and stiff, but with no clearly defined aches or pains. I was lying naked on a hard, narrow bunk in a dingy building which turned out to be a militia station. When I was found to be awake, I was given a relaxing warm bath and put back to bed. During the bath I made an inventory of my injuries: cuts about the face on my nose and forehead and on my left foot, various bruises on the body; apparently nothing serious. The cuts seemed to have been treated, but were unbandaged. I slept a while longer, then was allowed to get up and was given a blanket. I sat around for a while and passed the time of day with the militiamen on duty; I was apparently their only client, and they seemed to have nothing else to do. There were no questions, no mention of the events of the previous night nor of what happened next. By this time my mind was perfectly clear and I

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recalled the whole course of the evening up to the point when I lost consciousness. One thing was uppermost in my mind and dictated my subsequent course of action -- the protection of my Uzbek friends.

The militiamen were friendly and attentive to my wants, although they provided no food. One of them, a Central Asian, surprised me by smiling and giving me the Moslem greeting "Salaam aleikom" (Peace be with you) which I knew from the Persian. In due course a tall, thin man, probably in his early thirties, with a sharp face, receding hairline and black-rimmed glasses, dressed in civilian clothes, arrived and introduced himself as a representative of Intourist. He was excited and considerably distressed.

- Why had I got myself into such a jam, he wanted to know. It was a terrible thing for Intourist. Nothing like this had ever happened to them before.

The Intourist man suggested that he take me back to the hotel. The militia chief was agreeable, but said I could scarcely appear on the street with my clothes in the state they were in. This was news to me, but when he produced them I was convinced. My sports shirt was grimy but relatively intact, with a couple of buttons missing; my trousers clean, but slit open down the front from top to bottom; my underwear torn and filthy. (I still have these garments if they are of any interest; the shirt and underwear I washed out myself; the trousers are untouched.) One shoe, I was told, was missing.

I said I had come for only a two day trip, and had therefore left the bulk of my luggage in Tashkent. Accordingly I had no extra clothes with me, although I did have another pair of shoes. I asked if ~~some~~ one could buy me a shirt and a pair of slacks. After some discussion the Intourist man agreed to get them for me; first, however, he had me sign an undertaking to reimburse Intourist for the cost.

Clad in my new outfit, which was uncomfortably heavy for a hot day, and wearing the shoes which had been picked up from my room, I was driven to the hotel and taken straight to the manager's office. Here, and on all future occasions when I was under questioning, I assumed the room was bugged. Here I was confronted with Mr. Burkhanov, the local Intourist director, whom I had met the previous day on my arrival, and my Intourist rescuer, whose name I never learned. Burkhanov is of medium height, stocky build, probably in his late thirties. Dour, suave, unexcitable, he has a slight Asian cast of features, wears a black Uzbek skull-cap.

- What happened? he wanted to know, as his colleague shook his head sadly.

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I had anticipated this question, of course, and was ready for it. To protect my Uzbek friends, I had decided to feign a complete lapse of memory. I said I had had dinner at the hotel, had drunk a bottle of wine (the brand was OK), had gone for a walk in the park. After that I remembered nothing.

Burkhanov found this hard to believe. How could I knock out on one bottle of wine? I explained that I had been travelling a lot and was worn out (I looked it), had had a heavy day, touring Tashkent in the morning, flying to Samarkand, touring Samarkand in the afternoon, found the heat oppressive, was not used to Uzbek wines.

- Had I drunk more in the park?
- Not that I recalled.
- Had I met anyone and gone off with them?
- Not that I remembered.

This was my story and I stuck to it, then and through all subsequent investigations. I have wondered whether things would have turned out differently had I admitted spending the evening with my Uzbek friends. Certainly by pleading lapse of memory I was open to any charges the police might care to frame without being in a position to dispute them. But I am inclined to believe that identifying them would only have resulted in the implication of friendly and hospitable people without appreciably influencing the outcome.

In any event I am satisfied that the police had no knowledge of my evening with the Uzbeks. At no time throughout the investigation was there mention of them or any suggestion that I had spent the evening in their company. My hunch is that my departure from the hotel after dinner was noted and that goon squads were posted at both ends of the block in which the hotel was located to intercept me whenever I returned there. From my habits they knew that I would in all likelihood be on foot.

Burkhanov did not pursue the subject further. He said that it was very embarrassing for Intourist when their clients got into trouble with the police, since they were supposed to look after them. He was sorry I had got into this mess, and he was afraid I was in serious trouble. The police would want to talk to me.

I remained in the manager's office, where I was to spend the entire day, one of the Intourist men being with me at all times. It was approaching midday and getting steadily warmer. I had been offered no food or opportunity to go to the washroom; I was unshaven and uncomfortable. But I felt surprisingly

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calm and collected; it was though this were a clinical experiment at which I was an observer, not a participant.

At perhaps twelve noon or later -- my time sense for this day is not very clear, and I did not have a watch -- two men I had not seen before entered the room and were joined by my two custodians from Intourist. One of the newcomers was short, stocky, with smooth black hair, dark eyes, an olive skin. He may have been a Central Asian, or more likely a Caucasian; I do not think he was Russian. He turned out to be a colonel of the militia. The other man was a militia lieutenant; short, slim, typical Russian features with blue eyes and light, wavy hair. His function was to keep a transcript of the proceedings, a task to which he addressed himself assiduously; he uttered not a word.

The colonel asked what had happened, and I repeated the account I had given Burkhanov. When I had finished he first grumbled at the discomfitted Intourist men that they should take better care of their clients; why hadn't they proposed some way for me to spend the evening. They mumbled something about my having finished the tour of the city late and their thinking I would be worn out. Then, addressing me, the colonel said that I was in a bad way. The previous night I had attempted to assault a woman on the street. This was a criminal charge in the Soviet Union. If brought to trial and convicted I would be liable for a prison sentence. Did I admit that I had made such an attempt?

I denied any knowledge of it.

The colonel then ordered that I be confronted by my accuser, and a woman of about 35 was brought in -- Russian, of medium height, well built and, by Russian standards, well dressed. She was asked for her story. Her name, she said, was Svetlova. She had been returning home by bus from a late movie. When she got off the bus, she was seized from behind by a man who tore her dress and attempted to assault her. She had screamed for help, and a young man and woman had rushed to her assistance. The attacker had then run off.

Mme. Svetlova looked unhappy. As she told her story, she occasionally wiped a tear from her eye.

- Did she recognize me as her assailant?
- She did.
- How could she tell? Wasn't it dark?
- It was dark, but she was sure. The man was tall and had a mustache.
- Did I recognize this woman?

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- No, to the best of my knowledge I had never seen her before.

I was asked whether I was prepared to apologize for my actions and to reimburse Svetlova for the cost of her torn dress. I was now confronted with a dilemma. I did not wish to do anything that could be construed as a confession of guilt, even by implication. On the other hand, according to my story, I was unable to account for my actions after 10 p.m. I decided that the chances for dropping the charges were better if I played along instead of resisting; I thereupon agreed, apologized to Svetlova for anything I may have done unwittingly, while denying any knowledge of the alleged assault, and said I would pay for a new dress.

- How much was it worth? she was asked.

She hemmed and hawed and allowed that it was a good dress. Burkhanov cut her short, saying they would decide what it was worth.

There now followed the preparation of a protocol, dictated by the colonel and painfully written down by the lieutenant. In effect it recited the charge, my denial, the fact of my apology and agreement to pay for the dress. After it was read over, the second Intourist man intervened and showed what struck me as surprising initiative; he insisted that various passages were not strictly accurate and should be toned down, always to my advantage. This done, the protocol was signed by the two police officers, Svetlova and myself.

The colonel asked whether I had eaten; on learning that I had not, he ordered that I be served, then left with Svetlova and the lieutenant.

That was all. No witnesses were produced, not even the couple which was alleged to have come to Svetlova's rescue. The protocol simply recorded her accusation and my denial.

I ate some scrambled eggs and bread, consumed a bottle of mineral water, and settled down to another long wait. Now that I knew the line of Soviet attack, I had some decisions to make. Thus far the examination had been conducted entirely in Russian. Should I insist on speaking English? Should I demand legal counsel? Should I request permission to inform the Embassy in Moscow? My answer to all these questions was in the negative. I felt reasonably confident that sooner or later this phoney charge would be dropped, and that my best course was to avoid anything which would complicate or formalize the proceedings. If I insisted on speaking English, an interpreter would be necessary; this would lengthen the interrogations, and introduce the possibility of error or misunderstanding from poor translation. My

Russian was quite adequate to deal with the situation, but not fluent enough

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to permit the kind of detail in which I might indulge if I were speaking English. It seemed desirable to keep my statements as terse and brief as possible, and using Russian would contribute to that end.

The idea of legal counsel I rejected because at best I could only get a Soviet lawyer, and they are not noted for providing any great assistance to their clients, particularly in cases when the client is a foreigner. As for the Embassy, I knew that if it were informed my case would take on international aspects which would make it much more difficult for the Soviets to drop it, if they were so minded.

None of these decisions was irrevocable, and I felt that I could make any or all of these demands at a later date if the occasion seemed to warrant.

First Interrogation.

The afternoon wore along slowly, with no indication as to what would happen next. I amused myself by reading a book describing the Samarkand mosques, and occasionally addressed a question to the Intourist man who had intervened in my behalf, who was with me most of the time, or asked him the meaning of a word that was new to me. Finally, in a burst of impatience, he asked me how I could concern myself with trivialities when, he implied, my freedom was at stake. I did not take it quite that seriously; I can only suppose that he believed the charge.

In the late afternoon I was told that I would be visited by a representative of the municipal council (Gorsoviet). This was to be my toughest interrogation, and my nerves were beginning to fray. I have only a hazy recollection of his external appearance -- he was Russian, blond, heavy-set -- and I did not learn his name. He was hostile from the outset, and though I had resolved to keep a tight grip on myself and not allow myself to be needled, I reacted accordingly. It was a trying hour -- or more.

Without preliminaries (both Intourist men had withdrawn and I was alone with him) he opened a briefcase and threw on the table 8 or 10 photographs -- standard Soviet police practice in trapping cases. My suspicions that I was dealing with the secret police were immediately confirmed. The photos were pretty awful; most of them had obviously been taken at the militia station, in one my limp form was being lifted from the drain. In a couple I was receiving medical treatment from a woman doctor; in all I was dirty, bloody, in various stages of undress. No sign of Svetlova, I noticed; nothing that would substantiate an assault charge. If anything I looked like the victim, not the perpetrator.

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- How would you like it if these photographs were published?
- I wouldn't, of course.
- There are others from Tashkent, where you insulted and picked a fight with a Japanese delegation, staying out all night and returning to the hotel at eight o'clock in the morning.

So that was the Tashkent version. I had not even seen a Japanese in Tashkent. He produced no photos to support his allegations. I denied them.

- You have committed a crime under Soviet laws. If convicted you can be sentenced for from five to eight years imprisonment. Do you understand what that means?

I said I thought I understood. I was sorry if I had violated Soviet law; I had had no intention of doing so. I had no knowledge of the acts with which I was charged. If I were convicted I would have to take the consequences. But I thought they were making a mistake.

- How so?

- If I am imprisoned on these charges it can only damage Soviet-American relations.

- That is not the point. The people demand justice.

I was tempted to ask what people, but restrained myself.

Then, in a different tone, he asked:

- You were not thinking of Soviet-American relations when you did intelligence work in Germany?

He had obviously had access to my file.

- I never did intelligence work in Germany or elsewhere.
- You were stationed in Berlin from 1949 to 1952. (My original assignment was Berlin, but I actually served in Frankfurt. The Department Directory carried my assignment as Berlin).
- I was never stationed in Berlin. During those years I served in Frankfurt.
- You did intelligence work.
- I worked for the Department of State, as I did throughout my Government service.
- You engaged in anti-Soviet activities.
- I carried out my instructions. I suppose you may say, if you like, that all U.S. Government officials are engaged in anti-Soviet activities up to a point.

- You are now a journalist?

- I am.

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- I suppose you write what they tell you to.

- No one tells me what to write. I write about things as I see them.

- Your articles are anti-Soviet?

- I wouldn't say so. I have long been a student of Soviet affairs. I try to be objective.

- What did you write about Powers and the U-2?

- Nothing. I was in Africa at the time.

- What did you think about it?

- Personally I thought it was badly timed.

- Where were you in Africa?

- South Africa and the Congo.

- What did you write about the Soviet Union in the Congo?

- That it was interfering in the internal affairs of the Congo and trying to set up a communist-controlled stooge government.

- Why did you say that?

- Because Lumumba was surrounded by communist advisers and the Soviet Union furnished planes, trucks and arms to his forces in the Kasai, bypassing the U.N.

- You could prove this?

- I thought the evidence was convincing.

- What would happen to your career in journalism if these photos were published? You would be ruined.

- I don't suppose they would help.

He then asked whether I was missing anything after last night's incident. I normally carry in my trousers' pockets a change purse, credit card container, pen knife and handkerchief. When I recovered my clothes the pockets were empty. I enumerated the missing items.

- Was I sure that I had taken them with me?

- No, I could not be positive. I had only intended to go for a short walk.

He now summoned Burkhanov and ordered him to take me to my room and see if the missing articles were there. I discovered that I had been moved into the next room along with my belongings; they were few, since I had only one small bag. (I had reported the day before that water was dripping from the ceiling of my bathroom. This leak was given as an explanation for the change in rooms, but I noted the next morning that my old room was occupied by another American.)

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I cast a quick glance over the shelves on which my things were arrayed. I normally have a place for everything, especially when travelling, and expect things to be in their place. I did not see the missing items, and said so to Burkhanov. He did not insist, and we returned to the office to report lack of success. The result was an angry outburst.

- Had we searched the place thoroughly? Had we looked in the bag?

We admitted we hadn't and were sent back upstairs to try again. This time they were there, big as life, with the exception of the penknife, one shelf below their usual resting place.

When we came back this time to report success, the reaction was anything but one of satisfaction.

- Why did you say they were not there? You simply want to write that the Soviet authorities stole your belongings.

An interesting straw in the wind, I thought. So I was still going to have a chance to write again!

I am still puzzled by this incident and fail to see how it fits into the case. While describing the "missing" articles I had had to explain at some length what credit cards were and what they were used for. I am quite prepared to believe that I did not take them with me when I went out the evening before, and even that I overlooked them on my first visit to the room, for by that time I was pretty shaky. But it is hard to believe Burkhanov would not have spotted them. I can only think that they attributed some special significance to the credit cards and decided to return them only after they had been reassured. The change purse must have been merely incidental. As for the penknife, it probably was in my pocket and got lost in the melee.

The Petition.

The interrogation closed on this note, and I was again left to my thoughts. In a short time Burkhanov came back and announced that there would be nothing more that day and that I could go to my room. I had hardly got there when there was a knock on the door and Burkhanov and his colleague entered. They were again in a state of considerable excitement. I had made a good impression on the militia colonel, they said, but the last interrogator was very antagonistic. Svetlova had made a bad showing, but she would probably talk and the story would quickly be all over town. It was imperative that the case not be presented to the local prosecutor; if it were, the trial would be held in Samarkand and the odds would be all against me.

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They therefore strongly advised me to submit a petition to higher authority requesting that criminal charges not be preferred against me. In that way the case would be transferred elsewhere, out of Samarkand. But it was necessary to act quickly -- that night.

Again the quandary: if I submitted the petition, I again confessed guilt by implication. But I could see the desirability of referring the case to higher authority, who would be more likely to see the implications; and I knew that petitions were a common device in the Soviet Union and frequently produced results. I therefore accepted their ~~petition~~ advice and we set about drafting the petition. The first question was to whom it should be addressed. We eventually decided against the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R. and settled on the Supreme Soviet of the Uzbek S.S.R. in Tashkent. After some further discussion Burkhanov dictated a draft which his colleague took down. We worked it over again, cleaning it up and boiling it down; in its final version it consisted of three short paragraphs requesting, in effect, that criminal charges not be preferred against me because 1) I was a foreign visitor, 2) of my age and station, 3) I was worn out and not responsible for my actions, 4) anything I had done was unintentional. I copied it off in my own handwriting in Russian, and they were off. They promised to let me know the results that evening.

When I was finally alone I began to wonder whether the Intourist men were part of the act or whether they were acting independently. I concluded that the latter was probably the case, not because of any concern for me (although I do believe that in the course of the day they had developed a certain sympathy for me), but because their own skins were at stake -- possibly more so than mine. Certainly it was in their interests to get me and the case out of their jurisdiction; and certainly, in the light of subsequent developments, their advice was sound.

At about 10 p.m. Burkhanov's colleague returned with a look of relief and told me that the petition was on its way to Tashkent by air messenger. I was to check in with Burkhanov the next morning for further instructions.

I slept well that night and awoke the next morning feeling refreshed and relatively fit. When I called on Burkhanov, I found him in a jovial mood. My petition had been taken under consideration, he informed me, and I was to leave for Tashkent that afternoon. Upon arrival I should call 30994 and ask for Vasili Ivanovich. He would take it from there.

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I went to the bank to cash a check, returned to pay off my debts to Burkhanov (37 rubles (\$40.00) for Svetlova's dress, 34.45 rubles (\$37.00) for my new slacks and sport shirt, for both of which I have receipts), took fond and friendly farewell of him, and at 2 p.m., June 28, left for the airport accompanied by my regular Intourist guide.

Second Interrogation

For the only time in my flying experience in the Soviet Union, the plane (a shuttle flight from Tashkent) was late and we were forced to wait around the airport. Suddenly I saw the militia colonel of the previous day, smiling and friendly. He was accompanied by a woman whom he introduced as his wife, said he had come to the airport to meet some friends who were coming in on my plane. He invited me to have a cold drink -- the day was pretty hot -- and we had a long chat. In the course of our conversation he alluded to his colleague whom I was to meet in Tashkent, said his name was Lyubakov, that he was a reasonable fellow, and advised me to be honest and straight-forward with him. He further suggested I request that the offensive photos be destroyed.

Arriving at Tashkent in the late afternoon, I was met at the airport by my former guide and taken to the same hotel, where Intourist immediately suggested that I might like to go to the theater that evening. I agreed. Upon reaching my room, I phoned Vasili Ivanovich, who said he would be in touch with me the following day. I then examined the baggage I had left at the hotel to see if it had been searched; I found the papers in my brief-case disarranged, and am satisfied that a search had been conducted. That evening, unaccompanied, I saw an Uzbek opera at the theater across the square from the hotel.

It was 5 p.m. the following afternoon before Vasili Ivanovich phoned. I had spent a frustrating day in my room, resting and considering my plight. He called from a room in the same hotel where he asked me to meet him. This was another Russian, in appearance not unlike my interrogator in Samarkand; probably taller and heavier-set, stern without giving an impression of hostility. The interview was short. I had conducted myself in unseemly fashion in Tashkent and Samarkand. He had seen the photos, which were revolting. What did I propose?

- I Have already expressed my regret for what has happened and hereby do so again. I had no intention of violating any Soviet law, and was unable to explain my conduct. I proposed 1) that the criminal case be dropped,

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2) that I be permitted to continue my trip as planned, 3) that the evidence which they had assembled not be published. I felt confident that if I were permitted to finish my trip there would be no further incidents.

Vasili Ivanovich replied that I was impertinent, that I could not expect to violate Soviet laws and then just walk away. He thought it better, however, if he passed the case along to Moscow. There I should get in touch with Vladimirx Alekseevich (phone no. K5-94-61). He advised me to adopt a business-like attitude.

- We admire American business men, he said.

I thought I understood what he meant.

- Can you be ready to leave within an hour?

I could and was. At 7 p.m. I was en route to the airport, and soon afterward was airborne for Moscow. It was a relief to see the last of Central Asia.

Third Interrogation.

No one met me in Moscow. After picking up my baggage I checked in with Intourist at the airport and was assigned to Hotel National, where I received the plushiest room I had had on the trip. The following morning I called Vladimir Alekseevich and reported in; he said he had not had time to study the file and asked that I call later in the day. The second time he was tied up in a meeting and put it off until the next day. I went to the Embassy to pick up my mail, but deliberately avoided seeing any of the officers, preferring first to test the Moscow climate. The afternoon I spent alone at the Exposition, which I had not previously visited; in the evening I did not go out.

The next day, July 1, was a Saturday. In the late afternoon I received a phone call and was asked to report to the hotel manager's office. There I found Vladimir Alekseevich and another man, who turned out to be Vladimir Mikhailovich (I assume these were all cover names). The first Vladimir was a secret police operative; a big man, over 6 ft. tall, a heavy build, shaved head, a broad face with sharp features, earnest but polite. Vladimir Mikhailovich, I decided, was probably in counter-intelligence and had obviously served in Washington. He was about 5ft. 8 in., inclined to put on weight (as he said himself), smooth black hair, a heavy, carefully-trimmed black mustache. He wore well-tailored Western clothes, expensive ties, smoked Kent cigarettes. We never spoke English, but he obviously knew the language; he also knew Washington and was well briefed about me, the Embassy in Moscow, the Department and the

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feel sure I could identify his photograph.

The policeman sat behind a large desk; Vladimir Mikhailovich was seated on the same side as me, rather in the shadow. Vladimir Alekseevich began the questioning. He had been through the file. The charges against me were serious. Conviction would entail a sentence of five to eight years imprisonment. What did I propose?

My initial reaction to this question was always the same: What do you propose? But I suppressed it. I proposed that they drop the charges and permit me to complete my trip. The atmosphere was decidedly chilly. I could hardly expect them to accept this proposal, said Vladimir Alekseevich sternly, unless I was prepared to be cooperative. I replied that I did not consider myself to be at fault and that I felt it would be in the best interests of both sides if my proposal were accepted.

- You have been in the Soviet Union before, said Vladimir Alekseevich.
- Five times.
- Tell us about those trips.

I rapidly ran through dates and purpose of each trip, feeling that I was covering ground with which they must be thoroughly familiar. Then for the first time Vladimir Mikhailovich spoke up. Thenceforth he dominated the interrogation.

- You have done intelligence work.
- No, while I was in government I always worked for the Department of State.
- Whom did you work for in Germany?
- The Department of State.
- What did you do there?
- I was attached to the Office of the U.S. High Commissioner for Germany.
- What did your work consist of?
- I prepared reports and analyses.
- On what?
- I read Soviet publications and prepared reports on conditions in the Soviet Union.
- And interviewed Soviet refugees?
- Occasionally, when one happened to be available. There were very few at that time.
- You reported to the Office of Research and Intelligence.
- No, I was attached to the staff of the High Commissioner and worked out of the Office of Eastern European Affairs in the Department.

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- Don't you consider that you were doing intelligence work?
- No, I consider I was doing political work.
- We would call it intelligence work.
- Perhaps it is a matter of definition. In your view, I take it, any diplomat who prepares political reports, estimates, analyses, engages in intelligence work.
- Did you ever work for CIA?
- No.
- Have you had contacts with them?
- I had some contacts when I was stationed in Washington.
- Did your reports from Germany go to CIA?
- They may have been on the Washington routing. The reports were intended primarily for the Department and the High Commissioner, who wanted his independent sources of information about the Soviet Union.
- What did you do in Washington?
- I was Director of the Office of Eastern European Affairs?
- What did you consult CIA about?
- They consulted the Department about some of their operations in Eastern Europe.
- Like dropping agents? We catch them all.
- No. Propaganda type operations.
- Things like U-2 flights?
- No, I was never consulted about what I would call espionage operations. Perhaps other levels in the Department were. 25X1
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- With cameras? We shot one down.
- No, with pamphlets.
- What came out of the consultations?
- The Department and CIA were often at odds. We often felt that the proposed operations would be counterproductive, would not serve U. S. interests.
- Who prevailed?
- Usually CIA.
- Why?
- It 's hard to say. They carry a lot of weight in Washington. My views were sometimes not supported by my superiors.
- Why did you retire at such an early age?

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- I had 26 years of service and could retire on a liberal pension. If I wanted to take up another type of work, as I did, it seemed time to make the move. I was not entirely happy in the Service.
- Why not?
- I found diplomatic life increasingly artificial. I disliked the social obligations. I was sometimes in disagreement on matters of policy. And I was strongly opposed to Wristonization?
- What's that?
- The incorporation into the career Foreign Service of large numbers of Departmental employees, many of whom in my opinion were not qualified for Foreign Service jobs.
- You have friends in the Embassy here?
- I know some of them; mostly the senior people.
- Whom?
- The Ambassador, with whom I served here during part of the war; Freers, who is leaving, and McSweeney, his successor; Klosson, Tuch, whom I met when I was here with the Ice Show in 1959, Ramsey, Morrell, who was with the Naval Section of the Military Mission during the war, Stanley Brown, who was assigned to one of the Soviet delegations I accompanied in the States. I've met a few of the others on this trip.
- Does work for CIA?
- I don't know. I don't think he is a career Foreign Service officer.
- He openly says he does.
- Perhaps so.
- Didn't Klosson formerly work in the Office of Research and Intelligence?
- Yes.
- What did he do there?
- I believe his last position was Director of the Office of Soviet Affairs.
- Intelligence?
- By your definition?
- And by yours. Why do you keep sending people to the Embassy from the Office of Research and Intelligence?
- Many people from that Office were taken into the Foreign Service under the Wristonization program and are now full-fledged Foreign Service officers. They are sent to Moscow because they have a background and specialized knowledge in Soviet affairs.
- Prokofiev also?
- Prokofiev also.

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- Who else in the Embassy works for CIA?
- I have no idea?
- Brown?
- I thought he was from the Department of Agriculture.
- That's what he claims.
- I don't know.
- Were you asked to undertake an intelligence mission on this trip?
- No.
- Did you confer with CIA before you left?
- No.
- Wouldn't it be natural for CIA to want to entrust someone with your background and knowledge of Russian with a mission when they knew you were going to be travelling around the Soviet Union? Why wouldn't they use you?
- Perhaps it seems natural to you; it doesn't to me. I have no contacts whatsoever with CIA. As far as I know, they were not even aware that I planned to make the trip.
- Don't they recruit newspapermen as agents?
- I know nothing about their recruiting practices. I accept the possibility that they may recruit anyone, including newspapermen. They have not approached me.
- Have you told the Embassy about your troubles?
- I have not.
- Why did you go to the Embassy yesterday?
- To collect my mail. (I had assumed that my movements, at least my visits to the Embassy, would be reported, and had deliberately made my call short and waved a handful of mail at the guards as I left.) The interview, which ran about two hours, ended on this note, and I was told that they would be in touch with me again. From the trend of the questioning it seemed to me that they were building up to some kind of proposition which I would have to reject. If it came to that, I might indeed be faced with a prison sentence. I therefore felt that the time had come to inform the Embassy and to make certain personal dispositions in case things turned out badly.

I spent the evening preparing a list of directions for the ordering of my personal affairs in the event that I was detained for a period of years in the Soviet Union. The next day, a Sunday, I called at the Em-

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bassy. It being Sunday, neither the Ambassador nor the Minister-Counselor was in his office. I prepared a three-page handwritten statement for the Ambassador outlining the highlights of my experience and left it with the Marine guard on duty, along with explicit instructions for the ordering of my personal affairs for the event that the case should turn out adversely. At this stage in the proceedings, with the outcome still uncertain, this seemed to be a wise measure of precaution.

Second Moscow Interrogation. - The following morning I received a telephone call from Mr. McSweeney, the Minister-Counselor, inviting me to the Independence Day reception at the Embassy the following afternoon. He was very brief and matter-of-fact, but the call itself was an adequate indication to me that my message had been received (in it I had given my room number at the hotel). I spent most of the day preparing further letters of instruction -- to members of my family, to my banks, broker, real estate agent -- which I planned to leave at the Embassy at the first opportunity. In the late afternoon I was summoned to another session in the hotel manager's office with the two Vladimirs.

Why had I gone to the Embassy the preceding day? was the first question. I explained that I was concerned with the conduct of my personal affairs if, as had several times been threatened, I was sentenced to imprisonment for a term of several years; that I had therefore prepared certain instructions which were to be held pending further word from me; if they did not hear from me within ten days, the instructions were to be opened and acted upon.

- Whom did you leave them with?
- With the Marine guard, to be passed on today to the girl who handles visitors' mail.
- Do you think they have been seen by any officers of the Embassy?
- I wouldn't suppose so. They were sealed.
- Didn't you discuss your case yesterday with one of the Embassy officers?
- I saw no one but the Marine guard.
- You acted much too hastily, said Vladimir Alekseevich sternly. You should have shown greater patience. This is a most unpleasant development. Do you think you can get the instructions back before they are read?
- I'm sure I can. They were left there only for safe-keeping.
- Vladimir Mikhailovich, who up to this point had taken no part in

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the questioning, now spoke up and asked me to describe the organization of the Department of State. I replied in some detail, describing the relationships which are apparent from any organization chart of the Department. I assumed he must be fairly familiar with the subject; if he were interested, he could find the same material in any textbook on American foreign relations. But Russians tend to be suspicious of the printed word, and are always seeking to test such information against human sources. I had encountered the same trait in Soviet diplomats I had known. He showed particular interest in chain-of-command relationships, the functions and responsibilities of officials on various levels (Under Secretaries, Assistant Secretaries, Office Directors, Special Assistants, Desk Officers) and the structure of the various operating units (bureaus, offices, desks).

When this discussion was completed Vladimir Mikhailovich gave what I took to be a sign to his colleague. The police officer then informed me that my conduct since the incident had been satisfactory, that they had been favorably impressed with my background and knowledge, and that they had decided to accept my proposal, i.e. that the criminal charges be dropped and that I be permitted to continue my journey as planned, on one condition: that I agreed to write and publish nothing about my experience. I said that this was acceptable to me.

Vladimir Alekseevich then said that it would be necessary to prepare a protocol incorporating this understanding. He thereupon dictated, and I wrote down and signed, a statement addressed to the Ministry of the Interior of the U.S.S.R. incorporating the above terms.

One other thing, said Vladimir Alekseevich. He was very concerned lest the Embassy get wind of this affair. It was most unfortunate that I had left my letter of instructions with the Embassy. It was essential that I recover it the same day. I said I would.

Vladimir Mikhailovich now reentered the discussion. He said the case against me was now concluded and that I was free to come and go as I wished and to complete my trip if I so desired. They had found it helpful to talk to me and would like to be able to continue to consult with me from time to time upon my return to Washington. Would I be willing to meet occasionally with some one from the Soviet Embassy at, say, the National Press Club? Furthermore, they could be of considerable help to me on any future trips

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to the Soviet Union. The upcoming Party Congress in October, for instance, would be a very important event; if I attended it he could promise to arrange for me some useful contacts with important Party figures.

I replied that at the present time my major interest and means of livelihood was journalism, but that I was first and foremost a patriotic American citizen, and that I would refuse to engage in any secret, subversive or underhanded activities. On the other hand, I had contacts in many other Embassies in Washington which were presumably mutually advantageous, and it would certainly be useful to have one in the Soviet Embassy, where at the moment I had none. My only condition was that such a contact be completely open and above-board, as were all the others.

We left it at that, with Vladimir A. again admonishing me to recover the letter of instructions, and Vladimir M. promising to be in touch with me again.

I went to the Embassy the same evening and phoned Mr. McSweeney from the guard's desk. He invited me to come down to his apartment to talk to him; I suggested that instead we talk in his office. He agreed, and I informed him that the charges against me had been dropped and that I was free to continue my journey; that the Soviet authorities did not know that the Embassy was familiar with the case, although they were clearly uneasy on this score; and that I had been instructed to recover my letter of instructions immediately. Mr. McSweeney said that his advice to me, and he was sure the Ambassador's as well, would be not to attempt to continue the trip, but to leave the country as quickly as possible. I said I felt I had certain obligations to my publisher, but that I understood the grounds for his advice (in his position mine would have been the same), and that I would give it serious consideration.

I did not in fact recover the letter of instructions, which was locked up in the vault and which Mr. McSweeney undertook to destroy. I had provided against this contingency, however, by bringing with me to the Embassy the additional letters which I had prepared that day. I now returned to my hotel with them, tore them up and threw them in my waste basket.

I did indeed give serious thought to the Embassy's advice about leaving the country as soon as possible. Eventually I decided against it on two counts: first, I had made a point with all my interrogators of my desire to continue my trip to its planned conclusion. If I know suddenly packed

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up and left, it might be interpreted as a confession on my part of the truth of the charges which had been directed at me. This at all costs I was anxious to avoid. Second, I had come to the Soviet Union with certain specific things in mind which I wished to do and see. Since I was making the trip on behalf and at the expense of my employer, I felt that I should complete it as planned if this were at all feasible. It now seemed to me entirely feasible; I felt reasonably confident that there would be no further unpleasant incidents. In this judgment I was quite right.

Vladimir M. called the following day (July 4) to inquire whether I had retrieved the letter of instructions and to ask about my plans. I assured him that everything was all right and that I intended to continue my trip. At the Embassy reception that afternoon I was merely able to shake hands with the Ambassador (whom I was seeing for the first time on this trip) and Mr. McSweeney in the receiving line. They were busily engaged performing their social obligations and awaiting the expected arrival of Khrushchev, and I had no opportunity to tell them of my decision. I did, however, tell the consul, Mr. Wise, that I was taking off again and asked him to pass this word along to Mr. McSweeney, which he undertook to do. That same evening I flew to Leningrad.

I could not see that my stay in Leningrad differed in any respect from my normal experience on the tourist circuit. Intourist seemed to be no more attentive than usual; some things went well, some badly. I had a comfortable room at the Astoria, which was in accordance with my de luxe accommodations. My guide was intelligent and helpful. On the first day I asked for an appointment with a member of the regional economic council (Sovnarkhoz) and permission to visit a factory. This was in accordance with arrangements I had made before my trip to Central Asia with an acquaintance who is a staff member of the State Scientific and Technical Committee (Mr. Polyakov), which had already enabled me to visit some other plants. On the final day of my stay in Leningrad permission came through.

First Moscow Interview. - On the morning of July 8 (a Saturday) I arrived in Moscow by train, was met at the station, and put up at the Leningradskaya Hotel. Shortly thereafter I received a telephone call from Vladimir M. who asked me to meet him at the Sovetskaya Hotel (room 133) at noon. He was alone in the room when I entered, and clearly upset. The Embassy had

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called the hotel while I was in Leningrad and inquired about my whereabouts. Why would they do that? Surely they suspected something.

I said I did not know; there were several reasons why the Embassy might want to get in touch with me. Perhaps there was a telegram for me, as there had been on a previous occasion when I was not in Moscow and they were unable to deliver it; perhaps the Ambassador or Mr. McSweeney wanted to invite me to some function. I saw nothing sinister about it. But Vladimir M. did. He went over the whole incident of the letter of instructions again, speculating as he went. Depositing a letter for safekeeping with instructions to open it if it were not picked up within a certain period of time would arouse suspicion, would it not? Surely some one at the Embassy had read it and was familiar with its contents. Hence the telephone call. How would I have reacted if I had been faced with such an incident when I was serving at the Embassy?

I admitted that in such a situation I might well have had suspicions, but I said that he must understand how American embassies work. If an officer knew about it, that was one thing. But in the hands of the mail clerk was something else again. Hundreds of pieces of mail for travelling Americans passed through the Embassy every week. The mail clerk could not be curious about all of them. Embassy personnel were accustomed to bizarre requests from American correspondents. I had seen no sign that the letter had been tampered with, and felt sure that had it been read the Embassy would have been in touch with me. I was confident that the telephone call was quite innocent.

Vladimir M. was not at all confident; this thing obviously worried him, and my explanation had done little to reassure him. Had no one at the Embassy reception on the Fourth warned me against continuing my trip?

I answered in the negative.

He was reluctant to drop the matter, but there seemed no point in discussing it further in the face of my statements. He asked me to check on the telephone call and let him know, and our brief interview was ended.

I went directly to the Embassy with the sole purpose of picking up my mail, which I was unable to do since by this time it was afternoon and the Embassy was closed. On this occasion I made no effort to get in touch with either the Ambassador or Mr. McSweeney. I did, however, leave with the Marine guard a note for Mr. McSweeney explaining why I had decided to continue my trip and outlining my plans for the immediate future.

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At the Embassy I had run into two or three of the junior officers who, so far as I know, had no knowledge of my problem. When I returned to the hotel I called Vladimir M., told him I could throw no further light on the telephone call, and added that the officers I had seen had expressed no dissent when I told them that I was continuing my trip. He asked whom I had seen and I told him. We left it at that, and I was off that night for Stalingrad.

Second Moscow Interview. - On this leg of my trip, which lasted a week and included Stalingrad, a trip by boat through the Volga-Don Canal, and Rostov-on-Don, everything proceeded normally. I was not met at the Stalingrad airport, where I arrived about 10.30 p.m., and was subsequently told by Intourist that they had not been advised that I was coming. Otherwise they were attentive in their usual fashion and arranged factory visits for me both in Stalingrad and in Rostov-on-Don.

In my meeting on July 8 with Vladimir M. at the Sovetskaya Hotel he had said that he might come to Rostov-on-Don while I was there so that, as he so nicely put it, "we could chat in a more leisurely atmosphere". I heard nothing more from him, however, and returned to Moscow as planned on July 14. The Polish visa for which I had applied before leaving Washington at the end of May had, I learned, still not been approved, so I booked for Vienna on the first available plane, Monday, July 17.

On the morning of July 15 I saw Ambassador Thompson briefly at the Embassy and made an appointment to see him the following ^{morning} ~~XXXXXX~~. That afternoon Vladimir M. phoned and asked to visit me in my suite (this time I was lodged at the Hotel Berlin). He stayed about an hour. What was the Embassy reaction to my trip? he wanted to know. No reaction as far as I knew, I replied. I was going to see the Ambassador the next day; perhaps then there would be some reaction.

Vladimir M. now returned to the subject which seemed to interest him most: the ties of Embassy personnel with CIA. I told him I could add nothing to what I had said on this subject in our earlier discussion. It was well known, he said, that CIA conducted operations of various types against the Soviet Union. Who in the Embassy checked on these operations? I said I could only speculate, but it seemed to me that the Embassy in Moscow, where the personnel was under constant surveillance, would be the last place to try to check on clandestine operations directed against the

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Soviet Union. I could only assume that whatever checking might occur would be done from outside.

This did not conform to Vladimir M.'s preconceived ideas or, I suppose, to the Soviet pattern, and he refused to stop worrying this bone. We went down the list of various functions in the Embassy:

- What about administrative and fiscal officers? Do they work for CIA?
- I would think it highly doubtful. These are technical functions for which the Department of State provides special training. Obviously any type of cover is conceivable, but I would be surprised to find CIA personnel in such posts.
- Security officers?
- Again unlikely, since this is a highly intimate function involving the Department's own personnel. I believe some Department security officers do have FBI backgrounds.
- Protocol officers?
- Almost inconceivable. This post in an Embassy is usually considered as a training assignment for junior Foreign Service officers, particularly those with a fondness for the social aspects of diplomatic life.
- Consular officers?
- Perhaps here the possibility for cover assignments is greater. But in an establishment where the number of personnel is strictly limited, such as the Moscow Embassy, I would suppose that officers assigned to consular work were thoroughly legitimate.
- Why are consular officers often transferred to diplomatic work?
- It is part of the training program for younger officers. Consular work in Moscow is considered good experience; it acquaints officers with housekeeping problems. I myself headed the consular section when I first came to Moscow. Later they are transferred to reporting work.
- What about publications procurement officers?
- I do not exclude the possibility, but it seems to me unlikely. Funds for this job are supplied, I believe, by the Library of Congress, and the Department considers it excellent training for young language officers.
- Are CIA operatives sent out as military attachés?
- Not to my knowledge. It is more apt to work the other way: that military personnel works for CIA on special assignments. I have never heard of a military attaché post being used for cover purposes.
- Does the FBI have representatives in embassies abroad?
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the United States. Before World War II they had special responsibilities in certain embassies in Latin America. I believe this is no longer the case.

- What kind of responsibilities?
- Anti-Nazi work, as I remember. Combatting Nazi subversive activities.

Vladimir M. now embarked on what seemed to me a rather curious rationalization of why the case against me had been dropped. I was not young, a person of some standing, with long experience in Soviet affairs; I worked for a reputable, well-known publication; there had already been some unpleasant incidents this year with American tourists, and they had no wish to multiply them; Soviet-American relations were touchy enough without adding more fuel to the fire; nor did they want to scare off American tourists. All well and good, I thought, but equally true before the trap. You are avoiding the real reasons: a bungled job which would not stand up under critical examination and would receive no credence abroad, and their having satisfied themselves that in fact I did not have an intelligence mission -- more from surveillance and analysis of my activities, I should think, than from anything that transpired during the interrogations.

Having spoken his piece, Vladimir M. took his leave, after first inviting me to have lunch with him the next day at Khimki, on the outskirts of Moscow, to "celebrate my departure".

Final Interview. - Sunday morning, July 16, I saw Ambassador Thompson at the Embassy. We discussed my own and similar cases involving American citizens briefly, other matters at greater length. The Ambassador asked me to have the Embassy at Vienna wire him upon my safe arrival there (this has been done) and advised me to inform my employers of what had happened (this I shall do upon my return to the United States). As of this date, apart from the Soviet officials involved, I have discussed the incident with only three persons: Ambassador Thompson, Mr. McSweeney and Ambassador Matthews in Vienna.

After my return to the hotel Vladimir M. phoned to change the locale for our luncheon (the weather being threatening) to the Praga restaurant in town. I met him there; he was very smartly dressed, even by Western standards, and wearing dark glasses. We had a sumptuous luncheon in one of the public dining rooms (after he had tried unsuccessfully to get a private room), but he made short shrift of any patrons who showed any

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disposition to share our table. The conversation, which ran on for about two hours and was now in a perfectly friendly tone, ran like this:

Vladimir M. asked how my meeting with the Ambassador had gone. Well, I replied. I had told him some of the highlights of my trip, we had discussed the international situation and indulged in chit-chat about mutual friends. And what did the Ambassador think about the international situation? I said I could not undertake to speak for him or to quote him; it was my impression that he was disappointed that tension was increasing over Berlin but that he still hoped an acceptable settlement could be worked out through negotiations.

My host asked if I knew Mr. Bohlen (ex-Ambassador to Moscow Charles A. Bohlen). When I said I did, he told me that Mr. Bohlen had recently published his memoirs of the war-time summit conferences which he attended. I expressed surprise, both that I had not heard of such publication (I have since found no confirmation of this assertion) and that it should have occurred while Mr. Bohlen was still in Government service, which I said was not customary. Vladimir M. said that in publishing his memoirs Mr. Bohlen had violated a pledge taken by the Big Three that no country would publish the record of the war-time conferences without the consent of the other partners; further that Mr. Bohlen was inaccurate in ascribing to Stalin the plan for the division of Germany, which was actually proposed by Churchill.

Next he probed my acquaintance among American journalists. Did I know Gilbert Harrison or his brother of the New Republic? I did not. Charles Bartlett of the Chattanooga Times? No; actually, I said, my acquaintance among journalists was pretty much limited to those who are in some way connected with the Soviet field. John Scott? Yes, I had known him casually for years. What did I think of him? I thought him a competent journalist. What about his politics? I knew nothing about his political ideas.

Vladimir M. now reverted to the subject of the useful contacts which could be arranged for me if I attended the Party Congress and means of establishing contact with an Embassy representative in Washington. He suggested that I might meet such a representative at the ticker in the National Press Club. I said I had no objection but that it seemed rather a congested place; what about the Mayflower? He countered with the Flame Restaurant (which, paradoxically, in the past has been a meeting-place for me with staunch anti-communists!). Again, no objection on

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my part. How would they contact me? Simple enough; call me at my office, like everyone else does. And I gave him my office phone number and extension. These very tentative arrangements seemed to suffice; I would not be contacted in less than six months' time, he said. That would make it January, 1962.

One more point remained to be arranged. If I should go abroad again within this six months' period, I should let them know. How? through the Soviet Embassy in Washington? It seemed a normal way. He looked at me rather pityingly. Did I have a friend at the Embassy in Moscow? I could write him through the open mail and tell him I was coming. It was my turn to mock. I would never write anyone in the Moscow Embassy through the open mail. But I knew some of the American correspondents in Moscow? Yes, I knew Henry Shapiro.

- Write Shapiro and tell him you are coming.
- I would have no reason to write Shapiro about my plans.
- I can assure you Shapiro will never get the letter.

Shapiro is a Moscow correspondent of long standing. I am sure it would be no news to hear that his mail is being read; but he might be surprised to learn that he is being used as a mail drop.

If, furthermore, I should be assigned to cover the Party Congress, which Vladimir M. obviously very much hopes and desires, I should say when applying for my visa that when in Moscow I was invited to come back for the Congress by the Zhukov Committee for Relations with Foreign Countries, more specifically by Mr. Krylov, formerly Cultural Attaché at the Soviet Embassy in Washington, and now on the staff of the Committee in Moscow.

In this way we parted. Vladimir M. drove me back to my hotel and wished me well. There seemed no doubt that in his mind I was his agent and he was my case officer. If there had ever been the least doubt about it, it was now clear that whatever "consultation" was intended would be on a conspiratorial basis, even though I have no knowledge of or access to anything in the way of secret or classified material. Perhaps the Soviets know of no other way to operate.

On the morning of July 17 I flew off from Moscow on a Soviet airliner. Customs examination at Kiev was routine. By afternoon I was in Vienna. It was a pleasant and relaxing sensation.

Conclusions. - To summarize, in my opinion I was trapped on orders from Moscow because of an unfounded suspicion that I had an intelligence.

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assignment. I was released when the Moscow authorities were satisfied that they had no case against me.

Except for the second interrogation in Samarkand on the first day, I was uniformly treated courteously and considerately and subjected to no pressures of any kind. It was this attitude as much as anything which made me confident throughout that the ultimate outcome would be favorable.

I was surprised both by the apparent lack of knowledge of my interrogators about the most simple relationships in the American Government and in the Department of State, and by their clearly-revealed ignorance of the details of my activities in Germany during the years 1949-1951. As an old interrogator myself, I thought their interrogation techniques were superficial and ineffective.

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As for Vladimir M. and his little game, I don't quite know what to make of it. But it would be naive to suppose that I have heard the last of him. If and when an approach is made to me, I shall want to have prompt access to official advice and guidance.

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Vienna, Austria.