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(FOUO 5/80)

1 OF 1

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29 January 1980

Near East/North Africa Report

(FOUO 5/80)

Interview with Carlos, International Terrorist

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NEAR EAST/NORTH AFRICA REPORT

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INTERVIEW WITH CARLOS, INTERNATIONAL TERRORIST

Paris AL-WATAN AL-'ARABI in Arabic 30 Nov-6 Dec, 7-13 Dec,
14-20 Dec 79

[Three-part interview with the international terrorist, Carlos, by 'Asim
al-Jundi]

[30 Nov-6 Dec 79 pp 6-10]

[Text] Part I: "AL-WATAN AL-'ARABI Interviews the Man Who Is Being
Sought by Police Everywhere in the World: Carlos Reveals Everything;
'My Real Name Is Ilyitch, and Salim Is One of My Numerous Aliases; My
Family Is a Petty Bourgeois Family; My Mother Is a Fine, but an Ordinary
Woman, and My Father Is a Doctor of Jurisprudence; I Studied 2 Years in
London and Continued My University Studies in Moscow'; Did Carlos Partici-
pate in Lebanese War?"

Our colleague 'Asim al-Jundi has succeeded in "finding" Carlos. He con-
ducted a series of interviews with him that lasted long hours. During
the interviews Carlos agreed to relate his full story.

AL-WATAN AL-'ARABI is publishing the extended interview in installments.
The interview is corroborated by several "documents" in Carlos's own
handwriting. As it sets this precedent, AL-WATAN AL-'ARABI will not fail
to affirm its commitment to the primary principle upon which the freedom
of the press is based: The reader's right to know the background of events
and to know about those who make the events, especially since publication
of this interview does not necessarily imply [that AL-WATAN AL-'ARABI is
taking] a certain position on the opinions or secrets which Carlos reveals
here for the first time.

Here is the first installment.

"I have been treated unfairly many times in everything that has been
written about me. I am placing my life, my humble history in your hands;
you can act freely [as you wish]."

1

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He added, "I have never done this before, but I have felt that you were different from the others, and I have come to trust you even though I rarely trust anyone."

I had met him more than once, but it had never occurred to me, not even for one instant, that this fair-haired, elegant, extremely courteous young man was Carlos, the man I had been looking for for a long time and had been trying to meet.

A few days after these interviews I came upon a newspaper that had printed a lengthy article about Carlos on the last page. The article was entitled "The End of a Fox," and there was a picture of Carlos wearing prescription glasses. It was the picture that French police had been able to take one day with the help of (Michele Mikarbil). It was afterwards circulated among all the intelligence and INTERPOL agencies in the world.

I did not pay attention at the outset, but then I looked at the picture closely.

This was Salim.

Is Salim Carlos?

I became certain that our very courteous good friend--"the good student" as he often jokingly called himself--was no other than Carlos who had in time become a semi-legend or "a man in the world of the imagination."

Salim is one of his numerous names.

The interviews recurred.

And our relations became stronger.

He would often come to my house at a late hour of the night, and we would begin drinking and talking until the early hours of the morning.

He spent the night at my house a few times, but in spite of the fact that we stayed up late, he would prefer to go to his home [whose whereabouts] I did not know. I had to await his sudden appearance which could come after one day, after days or perhaps after months.

When I proposed to him the idea of an interview, he replied with those words with which I began this article/interview. Thus did the verbal journey begin.

The most prominent feature of his personality, and what attracted me to him in a special way, was a kind of romantic chivalry, if one may use such an expression.

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His relationship with children is strange. One senses that he yearns for them. The hours he spends with the children of a friend, who may not know him as he really is, becoming acquainted with them, bringing them gifts or playing with them become for him the best of times.

Id Did Not Find You at Two O'Clock

Signs of affection torn by grief and deep joy would appear in his eyes when he was with children. This may be due to a deprived and a frustrated childhood in his distant past.

When I returned home one day late at night, I found a note on the door in which he had said, "I came by to bid you farewell, and I did not find you. It is 2 am. So long."

I felt very sorry, and I continued to expect him to show up or to hear news of him, but I did not know in which country he was.

Whenever I would hear about a new revolutionary operation or about the liquidation of one of "the terrorists," I would pursue the news of the operation with trepidation in my heart lest "my friend" be the one the news was referring to.

One time after his return from a short trip, I told him about my fears, and he laughed [and said]:

"When I am on an operation, you do not need to gather information.

"Only when the operation is a big one, when it has the touches of Carlos and when it generates considerable clamor can you then be certain that I am the one who carried it out, planned it or at least was behind it."

Where is he now? Is he training others? Is he being trained? Is he making preparations for a new operation?

Has he been killed by one of the intelligence agencies which are pursuing him, and has his assassination not yet been announced?

Let us begin first with the life and early youth of Carlos.

"In politics, I am orthodox, that is [I pursue] a clear line. But in life I am an adventurer. It runs in the family.

"I have tackled many things all over the world and even in Beirut for the sake of adventure only."

"What about Beirut?"

He laughed before he replied. "Leave Beirut alone. At least for now!"

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"I do not intend to hide anything from you, but some things must not be revealed before due time.

"Everything that has been said or published about me so far--as I have already told you--is a lie. They are mere lies. That is why I want you to come as close to the truth as possible.

"I trust you, and I am giving you the freedom to act as a writer. I will not interfere in your work at all.

"During the events in Lebanon a division flying red flags on some Jeeps that were equipped with Dushka machine guns called itself Carlos's division."

During the recent Israeli aggression on South Lebanon, there were rumors that Carlos was in South Lebanon fighting to repel the aggression, and I can imagine that.

[Question] Let us then begin with your life!

His attitude became serious, and he considered my question at length with what seemed to be hesitation.

[Question] And let us start with the early beginnings, and with details, please.

He smiled sorrowfully.

[Answer] I was born in Caracas the capital of Venezuela on the 12th of October 1949.

My parents are Venezuelans from the Tachira region in the Andes Mountains.

It is curious that all of Venezuela's dictators came from this region.

(He was insisting that his parents were from Venezuela. It seems that he was hurt by what had once been said about them being from Colombia.)

I grew up in Caracas with my brothers, Lenin and Vladimir. My real name is Ilyitch. Thus the three of us have names that are taken from Lenin's full name.

[Question] Does this mean that your father is a communist?

[Answer] He is a Marxist, but he is not a party member.

[Question] How did you acquire the name, Carlos, then?

[Answer] It is one of my many names, but it is the most important one, especially in my organization.

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My father's name is (Jose Elstagra Ramiros Tavas).

My mother's name is Alva Maria Santchez.

My full name is Ilyitch Ramiros Santchez (part of the father's name and part of the mother's. All Spanish names are like this. As you can see it is a logical and a fair matter. Some people take two names from their fathers and two names from their mothers to be more grandiose.)

I Am the Oldest of My Brothers

I am the oldest of my brothers. Then there is Lenin and then Vladimir.

I stayed in Caracas until October 1958. Early in our lives the three of us did not go to school. We were taught at home by private tutors, and this was unusual.

[Question] Does this mean that you did not associate with others during your childhood?

[Answer] This is correct.

At that time my three brothers and I went with our mother to Mexico City, the capital of Mexico, for 5 months. Then we went to Kingston in Jamaica [where we stayed] for 6 more months.

My father is a doctor of jurisprudence, and my family is a petty bourgeois family.

At that time my mother traveled to Bogota, the capital of Colombia, with my brother Vladimir who was sick.

My father came and took me and Lenin back to Venezuela.

We stayed in Venezuela for a few months. Then we all traveled. My brother, my father, my grandmother and I went to live with my mother in Bogota.

We lived there for about a year. After that my father left us and returned to his business in Venezuela.

A year later, Father went with Vladimir to Costa Rica.

[Question] Why all these travels?

[Answer] My father and my mother were separated. My father had sent my mother there to see if the climate was suitable so we could live with her.

[Question] Why did they separate?

He laughed.

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Is Not Separation Better?

[Answer] Is not separation better after years of living together?

At first, we returned with Father to Caracas until Mother should arrange matters for our settlement with her. My father also had to assure himself about our education.

Before settling [anywhere] my mother went to Panama, Costa Rica, Guatemala and then to Mexico with which she fell in love. My brother and I went to meet her in Mexico City. But we only stayed there a few months until we left for Miami, Florida in the United States where my father wanted to buy a house.

Thus we lived in the United States for some time while we looked for a house in Florida.

At that time something unexpected happened in Venezuela. [The value of] Venezuelan currency fell, and taking money out of Venezuela was no longer allowed.

For this reason we went to Jamaica for a few months, and then we returned to Caracas.

At that time we went to secondary school.

During the first year we attended a private institution. In the following year, my father enrolled us at the Lycee (Firene Toureau) and then in a high school in Venezuela that was known for the fact that all the revolutionaries had attended it. This was against my mother's wishes.

But it seems that Father agreed to enroll us in that school merely because my mother did not want us to be enrolled there.

[Question] Were there problems between your parents?

[Answer] By the way, my father was not an ordinary man. For example, he did not lose a single case in 34 years as an attorney.

We were all born during the days of dictatorship, but he, nevertheless, gave us all communist names, and this was a kind of challenge.

At home he was very tender, but outside he was cruel and powerful.

My Mother Is Beautiful and Elegant

My mother was a good and a fine woman, but she was an ordinary woman.

She was beautiful and elegant--and she is until now. She has a cheerful disposition, and she loves social life, but she is extremely sensitive.

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My mother's grandfather was one of the Venezuelans who had immigrated to Colombia and then returned to Venezuela. They were 60 men who had fought several battles against a large army. Then they entered Caracas and seized power after a major revolution in 1899.

Years later they were overthrown by a coup led by the vice president who remained [the country's] dictator for 30 years.

During that time my grandfather carried out several daring operations with a suicide group to assassinate the governor of (Tatchira), the president's cousin. After the attack on the governor failed, he fought alone until he enabled his entire group to flee to the mountains. However, he was captured.

When they took him into custody, they did not kill him because he was one of the rebels who had originally carried out the action. They did, however, torture him for a long time to make him reveal to them the names of [members of] his group. But he refused.

He was a tall, huge man. He emerged from this torture with his back bent, but he had not revealed the name of a single member of his group.

He remained 7 years in jail at hard labor, tied with large iron chains.

He was a handsome man. The warden's wife fell in love with him because of his virility and his beauty.

He was then released, but the family had been destroyed and had lost everything.

His Grandfather Is the Model

I sensed as he talked to me about his mother's grandfather that he considered him a model of some sort.

And even more.

It were as though there was some private, secret mystery that had led him to believe that his grandfather's spirit had passed into his body and that he had suddenly become that ancient knight who had risked everything so as not to betray his comrades. He was strong, handsome and popular among women and he had an enormous capacity to endure torture. This is Carlos.

When he talked to me about his grandfather, it were as though his voice were coming to me from a distant "legend." It was not so much Carlos who was doing the talking as much as it was the grandfather, the legend.

And the Journey Began

Then I interrupted him.

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[Question] Will you take us back to your school days?

[Answer] All right. I began political life in that school.

In 1964 I joined the Communist Youth Organization. It was a secret organization, and I was very active in different student organizations.

In 1965-1966 I became responsible for the school organization which had 200 members.

The school was in the center of town. I participated in numerous demonstrations, and I was one of the leaders of those demonstrations which had deprived former Venezuelan President Raul Leoni of sleep.

I joined the university in 1966, but my father feared for my future. He would feel something close to terror whenever he would watch me closely or find out about my actions which had become known in student circles. My father and I had several problems for political reasons. (It had never occurred to me when I used to hear about Carlos or keep up with his news, and especially after his famous operations, that I would one day meet him.)

At this stage my father wanted to send me to London to study. In a practical way he wanted to keep me away from the rebels in Venezuela. Thus he sent me with Mother to London where we arrived in August 1966.

During the same year the first World Student Organization was established in Britain. A British communist woman was elected president, and there were two vice presidents; one of them was an Iraqi.

In 1955 there was a worldwide communist movement, but today the situation is different.

We stayed in London till 1968 where I only completed two preparatory years for the university. Afterwards I returned to the University of Moscow. By that time my mother had been divorced from my father. Afterwards I went to Lumumba University in Moscow with the help of the Venezuelan Communist Party.

We carried out some operations during those years, but I cannot discuss them now.

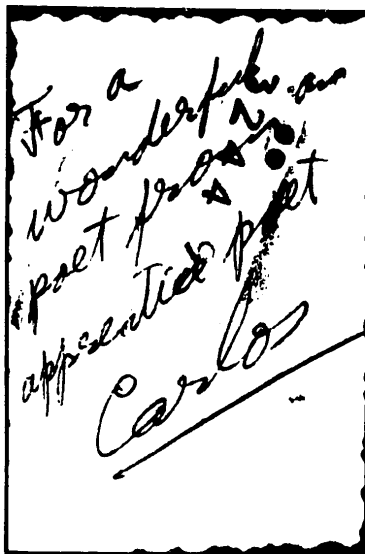
At any rate, they were modest operations.

Next week, my relations with the Popular Front.

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Journalist 'Asim al-Jundi



For the first time Carlos agrees to sign the back of his photograph in his own handwriting: "To a wonderful poet from an apprentice poet, Carlos."

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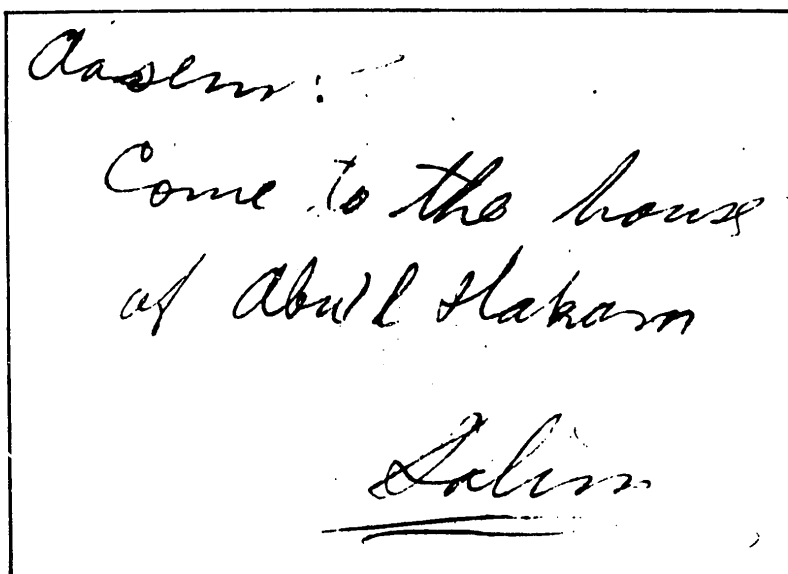
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This is the one true photograph of Carlos in which he appears clearly. Carlos agreed to its being published despite the fact that the police have only an old photo of him in eye glasses.

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Asim:
Come to the house
of Abd al Hakam
Salim

Again for the first time, his handwritten signature in one of his many names, "Salim"; it is a small card which Carlos left for 'Asim al-Jundi and on it he writes: "Come to the house of 'Abd-al-Hakam (Abu l Hakam)" to continue the interviews.

[7-13 Dec 79 pp 6-9]

[Text] Part II: "AL-WATAN AL-'ARABI Meets Carlos, the Man Who Is Being Sought by World Police Everywhere; 'George Habash, the Popular Front and I'"

Our colleague 'Asim al-Jundi resumes his interview with Carlos, the man who is being sought by the world police everywhere.

In this article in the series Carlos speaks about his relationship with the Popular Front and his initial contacts with the Palestinian organizations.

AL-WATAN AL-'ARABI is publishing the detailed interview in installments. The interview is corroborated by several documents in Carlos's own handwriting.

As it publishes this interview which has been carried by major world newspapers, AL-WATAN al-'ARABI will not fail to affirm its commitment to the primary principle upon which the freedom of the press is based: The reader's

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right to know the background of events and to know about those who make the events, especially since publication of this interview does not necessarily signify [that AL-WATAN AL-'ARABI is taking] a certain position on the opinions and the secrets that Carlos is revealing for the first time. Here is the second installment.

And the Journey Began

[Question] When and how did your relationship with the Popular Front begin? Does it still exist? What role do you play in the front, and what is the role of the front in all the operations that you have carried out?

[Answer] In principle I have my own private organization in all of Latin America.

I began my relations with the front in July 1970.

On that day I left Moscow on my way to Beirut with a message from a front official in Moscow to Ghassan Kanafani. (It was from the secret student organization they have there).

I was invited to one of the Arab countries to join a summer camp for foreigners and Arabs coming from abroad. On the surface it was a camp, but its reality was otherwise.

On the following day I went to that country with a message from Ghassan to Bassam Abu Sharif who was at the Information Office there.

On the 23rd of July I went with a group of Arabs and foreigners to the training camp. For security reasons, however, the camp was brought to a standstill 10 days after it had begun.

Most of the people who were there left, but few of them remained. I had basically, however, gone there on a clear and specific mission.

[Question] What was that mission?

[Answer] Let us go back to September 1968. At that time I had gone to Moscow and had enrolled in Lumumba University to study. The Venezuelan Communist Party was experiencing a crisis and was divided into two sections.

One section was in the highlands, guerrilla fashion. (There is no precise synonym in Arabic for the word, "guerrilla"; it denotes roughly one who is willing to give up his life [for a cause], a terrorist, or both. Perhaps mountain fighters are a closer parallel).

This section was led by Douglas Bravo.

But the other section had completely halted the armed struggle and wanted to become democratic and parliamentary.

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I tried to organize within the Venezuelan Communist Party organization in Moscow a secret group in the interests of Douglas Bravo. However, another comrade and I who were managing the organization--and we were also members of Venezuelan Youth--were discovered late in 1969.

After that, early in July 1970, we were expelled from the university with the orders of the Venezuelan Communist Party. This is because all the Venezuelan students there had been sent by the party to study in the Soviet Union.

When the party asked that we be expelled [from the university], the Soviets expelled us. Although I did not accept this conduct, it was a reasonable matter.

Some of those who were expelled and also some of those who were not expelled wanted to go to one of the Arab countries to engage in guerrilla training operations.

We had in fact intended to go before we were expelled. The expulsion changed our plans.

I Was the Youngest

At first the plan was that we go [to one of the Arab countries] for training for a limited period of time. We would then return to Moscow and then to Venezuela. After our expulsion this was not possible.

Although I was the youngest of the comrades, I was practically the moving force for this group.

An agreement was reached that I should go to one of the Arab countries because I had more experience than the others. I had also lived in Europe and could speak several languages. I was also the first one to have contacted the Palestinians.

The purpose of my trip then was to find out what exactly was the Palestinian Revolution and to obtain information about the PFLP in particular as well as the other organizations. I would then write to my group in Moscow telling them to come or not.

This was my mission, and these were the reasons for my trip.

When the camp was over, I went back to meet with Bassam Abu Sharif, and I told him that I wanted to join a real guerrilla camp.

When he approved my request, I joined the Popular Front officially and became a member. This was early in August. I went with them to Jal'ad Mountain.

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(When Carlos wanted to recall something, he would stare at the ceiling at length.)

There I met George Habash who had come to visit the camp. He was planning to go to Korea.

We spoke a little about my homeland, my family, my Cuban wife and my daughter. (My wife's name is Sonya Marin Oriola.) My daughter was born in Havana when I left Moscow, and I do not know what they called her. I would like to call her Sonya also, but I am not sure of the name.

(What are a person's feelings when he does not know the name of a child of his whom he had never seen?) I wrote to them many times, but I am not receiving now any news from them.

[Question] Do you still love your wife?

[Answer] Yes. Can't you see that I am really moved even though I do not like to be romantic?

After a few moments of inattention clouded with grief [Carlos said]:

The new camp ended early in September because fighters were needed.

The best fighters were taken, and I was left with the young or with those who were not fighters. I was very unhappy about this, and I protested to the officer in charge at the camp.

I was with a special combat group. We were guarding a large, underground weapons depot, and our station was near a small village.

The groups in the area were crushed in that attack. Those who were not killed retreated, and even the camp group had to retreat.

The commander of our group was an officer my age or slightly younger.

The commander said, "We must protect this place and fight till death. There is plenty of ammunition here, and it is very important for the battle.

We were actually the only group that had remained in that area.

I remained there for about 1 month. After that we were transferred to another training camp near Barama, between the Gaza Camp and Barama, specifically in the mountains of Jarash.

During that period the commander of the group and I were wounded, and I acquired good warfare experience.

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I was in that camp in October, [and I stayed there] until November. We were 60 men.

When this training camp ended, and this was in November, I came out first in the examinations and in everything.

Habash, Haddad and I

Afterwards I went to another camp, and there was an important meeting for its command.

There I saw George Habash for the second time. He was the one who introduced me at that time to Wadi' Haddad.

There were special guerrilla groups in Camp No 201 [operating] under the leadership of Fatah. I was a member of one of those groups.

The fact is that we were two groups in the front, and there were seven persons in each group. These two groups were among those whose fighters and combat capabilities were trusted.

It snowed on the mountains during that time, and we did not have winter clothing or even tents. Our condition became very bad, and our bodies became infested with insects.

About 3 months later we left the joint forces and went to a strategic farm belonging to the Popular Resistance.

We went there, but we did not fight. We stayed there a few weeks only for emergencies.

In practical terms we stayed there till the end of the year. I still remember that I had guard duty for 12 continuous hours on New Year's Eve.

Bedouin Girls Have Special Charm.

The Popular Front resorted to new tactics. It formed guerrilla groups in the mountains, but I thought that there was a grievous error in the matter.

I told the political officer this. He used to go to the command meeting every week. He conveyed my idea [to them], and he adopted it.

I knew that the idea was basically erroneous. I did, however, decide to go with them, especially since they insisted upon forming these groups. They left us the freedom to choose [whether or not] we would join them.

The first place for the guerrillas was a cave that was located between two Bedouin villages. I thus had the opportunity to live with those Arabs and to come to know their lives closely. I still remember that Bedouin girls have a special and a curious charm.

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At the beginning I was in a group of seven fighters. We arrived at our station on a Sunday.

Two other groups came the following week, and we became 21 men.

We lived a real guerrilla life; we established good relations with the Bedouins who lived around us, and each group had a function.

One group would fight; one group would make preparations; one group would rest; and we would thus take turns.

I Met Bassam in Beirut

At the end of January I went to London.

I wrote to my family in London, and my brother sent a telegram to the newspaper, AL-HADAF, which they in turn sent to the meeting place.

I spoke with George Habash before [my] departure, and he approved the idea. I carried a Liberation Organization [membership] card because all front fighters who had been captured had been killed immediately.

I arrived in London in February. I am still convinced that the idea of guerrillas was a bad idea. Militarily, however, I did gain good experience.

I returned to London then to resume my battle from there. I was a member of the Popular Front, and our group in Moscow had been dispersed and terminated.

After my experience in that Arab country, the battle for me was no longer that of a foreigner who believes in the principles of the World Revolution. It became something within me; it became a matter of destiny.

After some time I returned to Beirut and met with Bassam Abu Sharif. He told me what had happened after my departure.

Most of the fighters were in Lebanon: George Habash and also Wadi' Haddad.

It was at this stage that I resumed my communications with Wadi'. The truth is that these communications had begun in the summer of 1971.

The front had a problem: The lack of money. It was very poor.

Early in September 1971 I went to London again to make preparations for financial operations for the front in the area of foreign operations. These are usually secret operations that concern themselves with detaining wealthy people, who are on the enemies' side, for ransom.

There is an operation that I do not want to speak about now, and I will go past that to another.

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Next week: Details of the Operations



Weapons seized by French police from one of Carlos's apartments in Paris.

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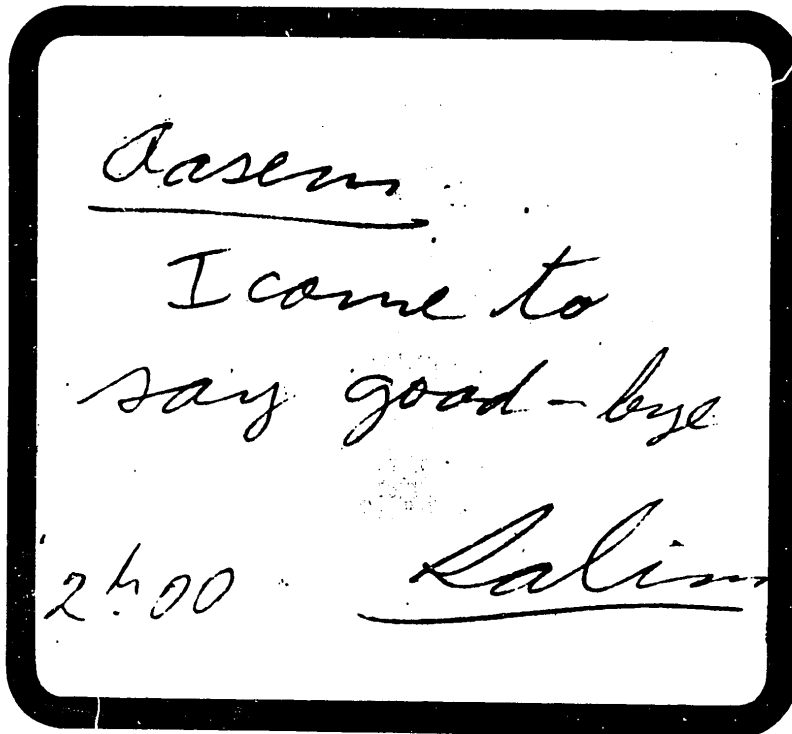
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The only photo of Carlos distributed by the French police; he is wearing glasses.

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Asim
I come to
say good-bye
2:00 Salim

"'Asim, I am going, good-bye.'" Carlos wrote these words to 'Asim al-Jundi before they separated. The signature is Salim, one of Carlos's many names.

[14-20 Dec 79 pp 6-11]

[Text] Part III: "AL-WATAN AL-'ARABI Interviews the Man Who Is Wanted by the Police Everywhere in the World; Last Installment: Secrets of All Operations; the Zionist Edward Operation; the Hapoalim Bank Raid; Bomb in a Drugstore; El-Al Airplane and Orly Airport; the Hague Operation; Mishal Mikarbil Was Carrying Very Important Documents When He Was Arrested in Beirut; 'I Am Very Fond of Women, but There Is Only One Woman in My Life; Her Name Is Sonya'"

Our colleague 'Asim al-Jundi resumes his interview with Carlos. In this installment Carlos reveals for the first time the secrets of the operations that he carried out in London, the Hague and Paris. He also reveals his relationship with the Japanese Red Army. Here is the last installment of the interview.

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Carlos went on to say, "The following operation consisted of planning the assassination of an important Arab figure who was living in London.

"The plan was ready by the end of October, but the operation was delayed a little because the required capabilities were not available.

"It was a surprise [for us] when the Black September Group attacked this figure before we did, but they were not able to get him.

"I do not know how some of them managed to give British police my real name and also my personal address.

"On the 22nd of December a special branch of Scotland Yard carried out an operation against me.

"There were three groups with seven cars.

"British police do not usually carry weapons unless there is a special occasion. On that day the officers and the members of the raiding force were armed.

"They came at 7:30 in the evening, but they went to another house where my brother was. It was the house of friends whom I had actually visited twice on that same day.

"They drew their weapons against the people who were in the house. When they searched the house and did not find me, they brought my brother with them and came to the house in the area of (Chisili). They entered the house from an underground tunnel and surprised me in the living room while I was watching television with my mother.

"It was approximately 10 o'clock, and they had a search warrant.

"They searched the house, but they did not find anything. The police had been watching me day and night before the raid, and had been behind me at every moment."

They Did Not Arrest Me That Day

"They did not arrest me that day because they did not find anything on me. I had not until then used the name, Carlos, in well-known operations.

"For all practical purposes they did not find anything because I had another secret dwelling and another secret name which they had not discovered.

"I contacted some people in Europe, and I received a message from Beirut to cease [all action] and to wait.

"I made other contacts the following year, and I was also advised to bide my time. Matters went on like this till 1973.

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"(For all practical purposes I was carrying out other revolutionary actions. Waiting applied only to my activities in the Popular Front.)

"In July 1973 I returned once again to Beirut to renew [my] contacts.

"During the October War I returned to Europe to devote myself exclusively to [revolutionary] action. I would not be, as I was in the past, a mere university student who would devote some of his time for action. This was the real beginning of Carlos."

The First Operation in London

"The first target was in London. The operation was to be against one of the most significant Zionists in Britain.

"Joseph Edward, who is a very important figure, was chosen because he was Lord (Sief's) younger brother. He used to support Chaim Weizmann in Manchester. Weizmann was responsible for the Zionist School there: This was not just an ordinary school, but its function was rather to plan, to provide guidance and to disseminate the Zionist ideology.

"It was this school that had usurped Palestine for all practical purposes and had begun the establishment of Israel.

"I've told you all this so you would know who Lord (Sief) is. Joseph Edward (Sief) was his brother's political heir.

"One of my associates gave me an old Baretta gun with five bullets.

"When one is trying to kill someone, one must usually have two guns. One gun will have a silencer, and the other gun will be a powerful one for self defense if something unexpected should occur.

"One must also have two hand grenades and a chauffeur at one's disposal.

"This is the usual method, but I did not do anything like that. I received the old gun and the five bullets only, and I could not even try out the gun because one would need at least three bullets to try it out."

I Cleaned the Gun and...

"I cleaned the gun, and I drove an old car which I parked in front of the house. I went directly into his room, but he was in the bathroom.

This was 6:45 on the 30th of December. I had forced the servant in front of me into the room, and when I did not find the man there, I ordered the servant to summon his master.

"As soon as he opened the bathroom door, I fired three shots at him, but only one bullet went off and hit him in the upper lip under the nose.

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"I usually aim three shots around the nose, and those definitely kill. The servant fainted, and so I left with only a switchblade knife in my pocket and two shots left in the old gun. It took me seconds to get into the car and drive away.

"The strange thing is that the man did not die. In spite of the fact that his injury was fatal, they were able to save him in the hospital. When I decided to repeat my attempt and I obtained the necessary weapons 2 weeks later, the man had left London and gone to Bermuda from which he never returned."

Raid on Hapoalim Bank

The raid on Hapoalim Bank followed. This is the Zionist Histadrut Bank, and it is located in the center of town. I raided the bank with plastic bombs each one of which contained 200 grams of explosives.

"What is curious is that I threw the bomb to the teller's window from the main door, but when it fell in front of the employee, it slipped on the smooth floor before it exploded. The man jumped away and was not killed.

"The bomb destroyed part of the bank and some of the employees were only injured. The operation produced significant clamor in the media, and I escaped after that without being apprehended. I had with me a special receiver so I could listen to the radio communications of the police.

"I thus knew the locations and the directions of their patrols, and I avoided them during my escape. I did not fall into the traps they had set up for me."

What was more important than the information that Carlos was giving me was the fact that I was with him almost on a daily basis.

He used to insist during our interviews that the real "terrorist" was a person who lived for a long time. He used himself as an example [in a demonstration of] considerable self-reliance and self-confidence.

"Look, my friend, I love life. I like to live life fully and passionately because I do not know when I will be killed."

He went on to say, "I only know that I will be killed one day, and I will cease to be.

"It is for this reason that you find me extravagant in my approach to life."

These were sad moments. Afterwards we were silent for a long time. Suddenly, he pulled himself together and overcame the situation.

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I Returned to Lebanon Once Again

Carlos elaborated in his discourse on the other operations. His desire to talk was good.

"I went back to Lebanon for other operations. It was coincidental that the Singapore operation which had been carried out by the Japanese Red Army and the Popular Front had occurred at that time.

"After a waiting period I returned to Europe and specifically to Paris to supervise a new operation with a group against three Zionist newspapers and a radio and a television station.

"[These are] the monthly magazine, LAROCHE; the weekly magazine, MINUTE; and the French daily newspaper, L'AURORE.

Our French associates assisted us in this operation. They asked us to hit the radio and television stations too, and we did.

"We began the operation at 2 am. We had waited until this hour so that these places would be vacant because we did not want to kill employees and workers.

"You can imagine the difficulty of carrying out such a large operation at once and in the heart of Paris against three Zionist organizations and one government organization, especially when the government organization was well guarded.

"But the operation did succeed.

"One of the explosive devices did not function. This was the one that had been placed in the radio and television station. The timing device was the reason for the malfunction.

"In general, it was a splendid operation that had repercussions. Unfortunately, there are some very private things in every operation that may not be related or written about for long periods of time. It is truly unfortunate.

"During this period one of the Japanese associates came to Paris, but he was arrested at Orly Airport. This was in July of 1974. We had to carry out two operations together: One was to secure his release, and the other was to back up [the first operation] in case something were to go wrong.

"The idea was to attack one of the embassies in Europe, to take the ambassador into custody and to negotiate an exchange."

The Hague Operation: An Unexpected Problem

[Question] What happened?

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[Answer] The Japanese Red Army sent three commandoes to work with us on this operation for which their command was responsible.

We considered several embassies and the homes of ambassadors, and we observed the ambassadors themselves. Then we decided to arrest the French ambassador in the Hague, the Netherlands.

We arranged everything, and the Japanese came. We took the weapons and all the necessary things, and we met the Japanese in the afternoon.

Meanwhile an unexpected problem had occurred.

In South Korea Korean citizens of Japanese descent had tried to assassinate President Park in the theater, but the gun with which they had tried to kill him did not go off the first time. When it was fired the second time, President Park had thrown himself down on the floor. His wife, however, was shot and killed.

But how were we in the Hague related to what happened in South Korea?

The problem quite simply was that the passport of the person who had tried to kill President Park in Seoul and the passport of one of the Japanese who was with us in the Netherlands had originated from the same source and had been prepared by the same method. The police had been looking for that passport.

We thus sent all the Japanese associates outside the country, and we kept the three commandoes only.

We met on a Thursday, and we decided to carry out the operation on the following day.

The plan was that I and the leader of the commandoes would go to the Hague to find out when the ambassador and his chauffeur came to the embassy.

After that the leader of the commandoes would go to Amsterdam and would return at mid-day between 1 and 2 pm. We would wait for the ambassador to return from his house; we would accost him in front of the embassy; and we would force our way into the embassy with him. The Japanese were to carry out the operation; they had guns and hand grenades.

Four hours were left to zero hour. I had to watch everything closely and to ascertain the soundness of execution especially since the American Embassy was close to the French Embassy and its guards were armed.

The Japanese associates did not come at the appointed hour. I stayed around the embassy until 4:30 pm, and then I stepped back about 100 meters because I noticed that the guards of the American Embassy had begun to become suspicious of me.

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Carlos paused briefly before going on to say, "After five o'clock I heard the noise of police cars and the sound of people running towards the French Embassy. I went to see what the matter was, and I heard [the sound of] gunfire coming from the embassy. I also saw an injured policewoman carried out of the embassy. I waited for a few minutes with the bystanders until the police surrounded the embassy.

"Then I called the ambassador's office from a public telephone, but I discovered that the police had cut the telephone lines.

"What had happened was that [our Japanese] associates had arrived late because of a small problem that they had had. When they did not find me, they saw the ambassador's car with the chauffeur only in it. They threatened him and went inside the embassy with him. Then they went to the ambassador's office. The ambassador had four businessmen with him who are directors of French oil companies.

"What is curious is the fact that an ordinary police car was accidentally passing by at the moment they entered the embassy. Two men and a woman dashed out of the police car and rushed to the ambassador's office, and the gunfire took place.

"The leader of the commandoes hit the woman and one man, but the third policeman was able to hit the leader of the commandoes.

"When I was unable to speak to them by phone according to plan, I returned to Paris where I had to carry out another operation.

"I arrived in Paris on Friday evening, and, as I found out on Saturday, the operation in the Netherlands was a very simple one. The French had taken the Japanese prisoner to the Netherlands where the exchange was to take place, but they kept him in the airplane.

"On Saturday evening I began thinking about carrying out the other operation in Paris to help [our associates in the Hague].

"There were two points:

"First, I had to alert the Japanese so that they would not leave the embassy at night because this would be dangerous.

"The second point was the difficulty of contacting my acquaintances for the purpose of obtaining the necessary weapons and requirements. This was difficult because it was the weekend.

"On Sunday morning the Dutch prime minister was speaking to the press in French and saying, 'The French Government is responsible for everything that may happen.' He said that he may break diplomatic relations with France.

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"In addition to the fact that the French had kept their prisoner in the airplane, which is considered French property even in the Netherlands, they did not send the Boeing 707 that was to carry our associates to the Middle East. We did not understand why the Japanese had not tried to kill their prisoners one after the other.

"For all practical purposes, a stalemate had been reached: The French had threatened that they would kill the prisoner, if the Japanese tried to kill anyone."

Two O'Clock: The Operation Failed

"It became clear by 2 pm on Sunday that the operation had failed. We knew that they were not going to surrender, but they had also not killed anyone for one reason or another. It was clear that another Munich was going to take place. We had to carry out an assistance operation in spite of the difficulty of obtaining the requirements for such an operation in one day.

"The only thing that we had was my own personal gun and two hand grenades.

"I thus decided at two o'clock to carry out an Algerian-style operation. This meant that I would throw the two bombs in an ordinary coffee house.

"I threw a bomb after five o'clock into the St Germain Drugstore in Paris. Two people were killed and 30 people were injured.

"Then we released a statement in the name of the Japanese Red Army; we also informed the press agencies and the press about the operation; and we left messages in several places. These messages warned the government that we would carry out successive operations similar to that one if it did not comply with the demands of our comrades.

"The French Government feared that public opinion would become rancorous because of its rigid posture. It sent the Boeing 707 on the following day and gave the group their prisoner. They flew to the Middle East in the airplane, and the operation was successful."

I interrupted him.

[Question] Where and how did you succeed in forming all these combat experiences?

[Answer] My experiences are strange and numerous.

My first combat experiences were in Caracas, Venezuela. There were conflicts among students and mischievous acts carried out against the police during political demonstrations. There were Molotov cocktails and guns; cars were set on fire; stones were thrown, etc.

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During this period I was a member of the young men of the Communist Party. Our office was in the center of town, and when we wanted to stop traffic in the city, we did that easily.

We were also engaged in training exercises even though we were in school. This was in 1963; it continued till mid 1966.

We did these things sometimes to cover for the guerrilla activities. We would carry out operations in other locations so as to distract the police and the security forces.

We used to go to the poor people in the mountains surrounding Caracas and work in their midst among the workers and the lower proletariat. Our love and our sympathy for the poor became firmly established in our hearts ever since those days.

The Raid on Pan American

The guerrillas used to intercept the police in case they tried to catch up with us.

The first real raid of my life was the one I was involved in with a group of comrades against the offices of Pan American in Caracas. We threw incendiary bombs into that office.

After that some of our associates went to the guerrillas in the mountains. Others, meanwhile, joined patrols in the city. I was among those, and I became responsible for organizing the school.

I conducted several training courses abroad, but I cannot discuss those.

I conducted a good training course in Britain, and I also joined a firearms club so I can get firearms training. I was 17 years old.

[Question] Where did you try to benefit from those experiences of yours after the Hague operation?

[Answer] Very well. Let us go back to where we stopped. Our general condition was unfavorable after the Japanese operation. Action now required more courage, more competence and good experience. This meant that we needed a strong organization also and more trained fighters.

El-Al Airplane and Orly Airport

We had to attack one of the Israeli El-Al airplanes. Since our principal office then was in France, the decision was made that our operation would be at Orly Airport.

We made plans for this operation which had to be carried out in December 1974.

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Everything was ready. I had presented the plan to the organization for approval, and we were all set. But we were surprised by a strike in the El-Al Company, and the airplanes were no longer coming.

Thus we had to wait several more weeks.

These are surprises that occasionally thrust themselves on the most meticulous of plans.

We carried out the operation in January 1975. Everything was going well. The entire group had been mobilized, and I was responsible for the operation, which was a very sensitive one. Everything in it had been considered and planned to the second.

The man who had to fire the RBG-7 fired two shells, but missed the plane. It appears that this was one of the cases of legitimate human frailty. He was a brave and an experienced man, but he must have been disturbed by something when he fired the gun.

Afterwards Mishal Mikarbil said, "We must try again."

And so before the week was over, we tried again.

I surveyed the airport to discover the new observation posts of the police, and I found out that we could carry out another attack.

(We had more than one floor plan for the airport. I had studied that floor plan for 6 consecutive months and had prepared several contingency plans.)

One of these plans was that we attack [the airplane] from the visitors' gallery.

The problem there was that after hitting the plane, one would not have a chance to escape unless one took hostages and used them for his escape.

In such an operation many people could be killed, and we did not want that. At the same time it was a dangerous operation for our men.

The first operation was on Monday, and the first reconnaissance for the second operation was on Thursday. Only I and the bazooka man did that.

We carried out the actual reconnaissance on Friday. This meant that we carried out the plan without weapons. On Sunday we carried out the final reconnaissance, that is, the final check-up of the scene of the operation.

I did not want the operation to be carried out that day because it was a holiday, and many people have their outing by going to the airport. [They go] to do some sightseeing and to amuse themselves. Airport traffic can also change on a holiday. I would have preferred to wait until the

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following Thursday so that we would have more time and we could assure ourselves of the practical details and observe the police. But Mishal Mikarbil insisted that we hasten our strike, and the other three men supported the swift action. On Sunday morning we conducted the last and the final check as I said, and we carried out the operation in the afternoon.

Carlos added, "I accompanied the men to the airport, and I helped them enter the building with the weapons. I went with them as far as the terrace (the roof) and then they climbed by themselves. They were to assemble the bazooka in the rest room.

What is curious is that there were many people in the rest room at that time, and after one person left the rest room and they went in to assemble the bazooka, the plane had begun its takeoff.

The person who was in charge of the bazooka had to fire it from a distance of 25 meters, but when he got to the terrace with the bazooka, the airplane was 350 meters, or a little more than that, away. The RBG that we had this time was an RBG-2; that is, it was smaller than the one we had before and it had a shorter range. I had asked the marksman to fire one shot only because when he had fired the second time the last time and missed, he had hit a Yugoslav airplane that was standing in the airport. We were naturally trying not to repeat this [incident].

At the same time a fight had broken out between our men and the police. Our men took a group of hostages and returned with them to the restroom. The government was forced to give them a Boeing 707 so they could fly to the Middle East. Meanwhile we were waiting in Paris. If the government were to assume a rigid posture, we would embarrass it with other operations.

But what did happen those days made us postpone or change all our plans.

At any rate there is no point in talking about these operations as long as they were not carried out.

Mishal Arrested in Beirut

Meanwhile Mishal Mikarbil was arrested in Beirut Airport where he had gone to contact the front. He had many documents in his possession: Pictures, names and plans.

This was a very serious matter, especially since he had no right to carry these things.

Since he was known to the Israelis, his orders were not to go directly from Beirut to Paris or vice versa, but he did that too.

For all practical purposes, the customs police found more than one passport in his suitcase. They searched his luggage, and they found the other objects.

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He remained under arrest for 3 days, and then he was deported on the first airplane to Paris. A message was sent from Beirut Airport to notify French police of his arrival time.

The French police thus picked him up. It seems that he was subjected to different kinds of physical and mental torture. We felt that the French police were behind us and that they were trying to take pictures of our associates in the course of their comings and goings. After communicating with the office, it was decided that we take swift action to change everything.

We expedited the departure of our associates. We sent everyone who was related to us to other parts, and every day became more difficult than the day that preceded it.

Because of the position that he had not yet lost Mikarbil was able to obtain some of the documents that pertain to the front. He went with one of the associates and deposited the documents in his safety deposit box in the bank as some kind of self protection.

It was then that I asked him to get these documents because he had no right to put them in the bank. I had to go with him to the bank and to bring the documents myself.

I did not see him after that until that night when he came with the police to lead them to me.

[Question] What about the Latin Quarter operation in Paris which ended in the death of the Lebanese citizen, Mishal Mikarbil?

[Answer] At 8:45 pm on the 27th of June 1975 the police knocked on my door. I was in a small apartment in the Latin quarter in Paris. The apartment belonged to two female students from Venezuela. Mishal Mikarbil used to get in touch with me sometimes through these two young women.

That evening, one of the young women had gone on a trip, and the other was going back to Venezuela. We had had a small farewell party for [the latter] young woman who had left the apartment 3 hours before the police arrived.

At that time I was in the apartment with two young Venezuelan men and a female friend of the two female students. One of them opened the door and said; "Police!" Agent (Hiran) and his assistant Officer (Douze) entered [the apartment].

They came in and asked about (Mayalara), the young woman who had gone on a trip. We told them that she had left a week earlier.

We offered them a drink, and they sat [with us] briefly. Then the agent asked to see our passports. We showed them to him, and he began to ask questions.

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He asked me if I knew the Lebanese citizen, Mishal, and I replied that I did not know that name. He said, "Mishal says that he knows you, and he was the one who gave us this address."

Then the agent produced a picture of me with Mishal that had been taken near the apartment that we were in.

I asked them, "What is the problem of this Lebanese man? Is it a narcotics problem or a terrorist problem?"

Then I asked them to show me their [identification] papers, and they showed them to me. It was evident that they were counter-espionage intelligence [agents]. I asked them where was this Mishal about whom they were talking. Officer (Douze) then said that he was in one of the cars outside. I said, "Bring him in here so that we may see whether or not I actually know him. There may be some error in the matter."

They consulted with each other briefly, and then Agent (Hiran) ordered the officer to go out and get Mishal.

When I became certain that I had fallen into the trap, I prepared myself to plunge into a battle.

Fifteen minutes later (Douze) came with Mishal Mikarbil and with Inspector Donati. Everybody stood, and Agent (Hiran) asked me if I knew Mishal. I replied in the negative, and I stressed that I had never seen him in my life.

Mishal Was Perturbed

Mishal had actually changed a great deal. His misery was evident, and the effects of exhaustion, emotional torture and even physical torture were evident.

When Mishal asked me the same question, he feebly extended his right hand to me and said in a broken voice, "This is the man to whom I had given the briefcase." (A few days after Mishal's return from Lebanon he had come to me at this apartment while I was having lunch with the two young women. He had a briefcase with him.)

He was nervous and perturbed, and he asked me to take the briefcase to him at another address at 6 pm. It was then 2:30 pm.

When I refused to do this, wondering why he should give me a briefcase that belonged to him, he pleaded with me arguing that he could not carry it with him where he was going. He asked me to do him this favor, and he showed me important papers that were in the briefcase. When I became angry because he was carrying such documents, he became quite perturbed and he told me the story of his arrest in Beirut. In a state of exhaustion he told

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me that the police in Beirut had seen those papers, and when I asked him about other matters, he told me that he would tell me about them in the evening when I gave him the briefcase.

When I walked out with the briefcase at six o'clock, someone was waiting for me to take my picture with a telescopic lens, or so it seemed. I would be identified by the briefcase. This meant that Mishal was under police observation, and perhaps this was [because of] his behavior.

When Mishal made this statement and pointed at me with his hand, I sensed that this would be the decisive moment. I pulled my gun--a 7.62 mm Russian (Tukariv) and not an ordinary 7.65 mm gun. This is a very powerful and a precise weapon that officers usually carry.

I fired first at Donati because he had tried to draw his gun, and I hit him in his left temple. He was known for being a fast draw, but I was faster than he was.

Then I moved and shot (Douze) between the eyes. I acted quickly and shot (Hiran). Suddenly the young woman was between us. She jumped in fear, and I pushed her aside and leaned over on my side and shot him. I hit him under the ear. All these shots were fatal.

I Carried Out His Death Sentence

There was no one left but Mishal. He came towards me, putting his hands on his face because he realized at that moment that anyone who breaks down in this line of work is executed. These are the rules of the work in which we had been engaged.

When he came in front of me, I shot him between the eyes. He fell to the floor, and I shot him again in his left temple before leaving the room. I jumped with my briefcase from the third floor of Building No 9 where we were to the first floor of Building No 11.

There were three bullets in the gun, and I also had an emergency supply of ammunition. I put the gun in my back [pocket], and I walked normally. It so happened that that day was the turn of the quarter we were in to have the lights out in the street, and the darkness helped me conceal myself.

There were policemen and bystanders to my right, but I paid no attention to them because if I did, they would have been able to kill me. They had automatic rifles. I took a risk and did not look at them. I walked like an ordinary person who had nothing to do with what was happening upstairs [in the building].

What also helped me was the fact that the entire operation had taken place in a few seconds--only six seconds. The police who were outside could not

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imagine that I would have had anything to do with the altercation that had taken place, especially since I was coming out of another building.

After I had walked approximately 100 meters from the place, I heard gunfire. I did not know who was firing shots, but most probably the police had suspected someone else other than myself.

Although I had been very calm and very cool during the battle, I still feel somewhat nervous whenever I talk about it.

[The experience of] fighting, killing or being killed in the mountains and in other areas is quite different from [that experience] in the city. [There], everyone around you is an enemy; there are many enemies, and you are [only] one person.

I Am Not a Professional

Carlos went on to say, "I am not a professional killer. Snuffing out life from two human eyes that are staring at you is not easy especially if you take four lives in six seconds as I did.

"You can imagine how calm my nerves were. I jumped from the third floor to the passage of the next building, and then I continued to walk upright as though the matter were of no concern to me at all."

I recall that when he was talking to me about the operation, it was after 3 am. We were alone in the house. After he finished telling me about this operation, he appeared to me to be somewhat nervous. His face became darker; it became flushed; and he began to breathe audibly.

I went to the refrigerator, and I got two cold bottles of 7-Up. I gave him one, and we drank them quietly. He calmed down, and he apologized for being perturbed. The memory of this operation was still painful for him especially since he had had a strong relationship with Mishal Mikarbil for a long time: They had worked together; they had fought together; they had lived together; and they had been exposed to danger together. Suddenly he found himself compelled to kill him in this tragic manner.

I Like Good Food and Cigars

Then I asked him about the Vienna Operation, the operation of the arm of the Arab Revolution. He told me its details before I interrupted him to ask about the other side of Carlos, his personal life.

[Question] As you say, you are not a professional [killer]. What about your other side? What do you like and dislike in life, for example?

Carlos smiled before answering.

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[Answer] I like good food, good drink, good cigars and good shoes. Yes, I am an epicure.

Epicurus was a good man.

He liked the good life, but the Greeks interpreted his life in the manner that you know of.

I like dancing parties. I also like the theater, and especially the classical theater. But I do not like to possess things. What I have is for me and for others.

But I would also in one moment give up all my worldly possessions for the cause and for the revolution. As far as I am concerned, the revolution is the strongest of elixirs.

He went on to say, "I like women; I mean I like the good life and not only sex.

"Finally, I am very fond of friendship."

[Question] Is there a big love story in your life?

[Answer] There is no big love story in my life. I take love easily like any mature student in a school.

I can love more than one woman at the same time.

Sonya Is My Great Love

[Question] Does this mean that there is no real love story in your life?

[Answer] There is one. A Cuban young woman. She is Sonya, and we have a daughter. But we did not get married officially.

[Question] Do you love her or do you love your daughter?

.....

[Question] Did she not marry after you?

[Answer] She was married before I met her.

[Question] And then?

[Answer] I don't know, but I do know that I can exercise self-control whenever I want to.

I like women very much, but I always like to have control, that is, the necessary power of control.

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With Sonya I lost control [of the situation]. She is embedded in my heart, and I will never be able to remove her.

[Question] We talked about the World Revolution, but we did not talk about world terrorism. Do you think that the expression terrorism applies accurately to your situation?

[Answer] I do not like to beat about the bush in such matters. This is the truth.

Then he asked me this question, "Has not this interview come to an end yet? Have we not yet finished with the questions?"

I replied, "Let us stop then at this point."

Carlos spent the night at my house that night.

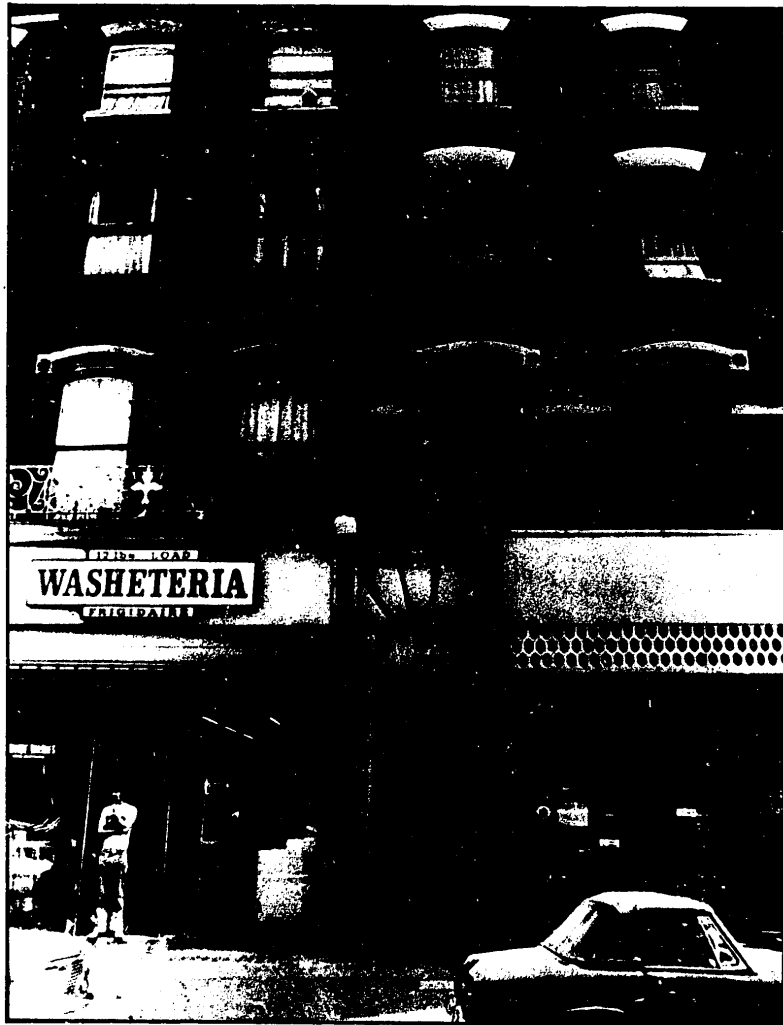
It is curious that he cannot sleep unless he covers his eyes because he cannot tolerate any light from any source when he is trying to sleep. Whenever he is undertaking a new operation, he tries to sleep so he can think. He does not usually go into a deep slumber for hours because he would be drawing up his plans at that time.

Carlos is leaving tomorrow after having left with me all the secrets of his life. I may never see him again.

During our last night he brought a collection of his pictures and told me to choose one.

I know that his picture is wanted in all parts of the world, but he insisted that I choose one. I chose one picture that was simple and clear. He wrote on it in his delicate and precise handwriting: "For a wonderful poet; from an apprentice poet. Carlos."

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البنية التي داهمها سكوتلاند يارد في جادة « باي واتر » في قلب لندن . حيث تخفى كارلوس في إحدى الشقق . « في ذلك اليوم لم يمتثلوني لأنهم لم يجدوا عندي شيئاً ... وكان لدي بيت سري آخر »

The building raided by Scotland Yard in Baywater Drive in the heart of London and in one of whose apartments Carlos had hidden. "They did not arrest me because they did not find anything on me. I had another safe house."

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Hijacking one of the airplanes. The police searched for the fingerprints of Carlos, but....

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صورة جيبية غير واضحة التقطها البوليس الفرنسي وقيل انها لـ «كارلوس» وهي تختلف بعض الشيء عن الصورة الحقيقية الوحيدة التي نشرتها «الوطن العربي» ويظهر فيها كارلوس وجهاً ... لوجه .

Unclear profile shot taken by the French police and said to be of Carlos. It differs somewhat from the one real photograph which AL-WATAN AL-'ARABI published and which shows Carlos in a front view.

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وهذه صورة جانبية أخرى قيل إنها لـ «كارلوس» التقطها مصور وكالة سبينا في مطار الجزائر. اثر عملية فيينا : تختلف أيضا
عن الصورة الحقيقية التي نشرتها «الوطن العربي» لـ «كارلوس» *

[Photo caption on following page]

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This is another profile shot said to be of Carlos and taken by a photographer at the SIPA [Press] Agency at the Algiers Airport following the Vienna operation. It also differs from the real photo of Carlos published by AL-WATAN AL-'ARABI.

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