

TEXT OF KIM PHILBY 19 DECEMBER IZVESTIYA INTERVIEW

Moscow IZVESTIYA 19 Dec 67 p 5 A

[V. Barsov, D. Korotkov interview: "Hello, Comrade Philby"]

[Text] [IZVESTIYA note--"If I had to live my life over again, I would live it the same way": Feliks Dzerzhinskiy.]

It was on a frosty morning, and the haze of the night had not yet departed from the snow-covered streets. The trees on Gogol Avenue were covered with hoarfrost. Muskovites rubbing their cheeks and stamping their feet stood in a queue at a trolleybus stop. A new day began with all its worries and fuss. Cars were also in a hurry, one outrunning the other.

A man of medium height, no longer young, but still strong, leisurely strolls over the sidewalk inhaling the frozen air. He wears a warm, fur-lined overcoat and a fur cap. The man sincerely enjoys this morning, the frost, and the rapid stream of pedestrians. Sometimes people bump into him. "Pardon me," they say in a hurry. "Never mind," he replies, speaking with a light accent. He looks at the people at the trolleybus stop and with friendly benevolence follows with his eyes the fashionable women with their mini-overcoats, who are rushing to the comforting warmth of the underground station. He looks with interest at the little boys with rucksacks on their backs who are throwing snowballs at each other in the avenue. He always smiles, this man with a kind and frank face.

Who is he? Why does he smile? What unusual thing has he discovered on the avenue, in the frost-covered trees, on that ordinary Moscow morning? The little children on the avenue, the passers-by on the sidewalk, the fashionable girls--to which of them would it occur that the person smiling at them this morning has had a most amazing life history? He used to be called a puzzle of a man, and his life was called a rebus. There were many years, whole dozens of years, 30 years of endless puzzles, a life as intricate as a labyrinth.

One morning in the spring of 1951, an important conference was convened in the office of one of the leaders of the CIA, the sanctum sanctorum of the American intelligence service. In addition to Allen Dulles, Frank Wiesner, the head of the service for the conduct of supersecret, subversive political operations, sat at the long, polished table. His job was a secret even to initiated workers, and he was assistant to the director of the policy coordination department. Frank Lindsay, his deputy, was at his side. The participants in the conference expected an important guest.

Kim Philby, the head of the special liaison mission of the British intelligence service with the CIA in Washington, was to participate in working out an operation of extraordinary importance. The CIA placed special hopes in this action on the British guest, an eminent employee of the British intelligence service, who was regarded as a major expert on operations against the Soviet Union and other socialist countries. Philby had stood at the cradle of the CIA--the American intelligence service was created under the leadership of the highly experienced British intelligence service.