

TESTIMONY OF GEORGE KARLIN

HEARINGS

BEFORE THE

**SUBCOMMITTEE TO INVESTIGATE THE
ADMINISTRATION OF THE INTERNAL SECURITY
ACT AND OTHER INTERNAL SECURITY LAWS**

OF THE

**COMMITTEE ON THE JUDICIARY
UNITED STATES SENATE**

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RESOLUTION

Resolved, That the testimony given by Mr. Yuri Krotkov (under the name of George Karlin) before the subcommittee in executive session on November 3, 4, 5, 6, 10, 13, 18, 24, 1969, and March 9, 1970, is declassified and released from the injunction of executive secrecy and shall be printed and made public.

JAMES O. EASTLAND, *Chairman*.

Approved: November 19, 1970.

(II)

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(III)

TESTIMONY OF GEORGE KARLIN

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1969

U.S. SENATE,
SUBCOMMITTEE TO INVESTIGATE THE
ADMINISTRATION OF THE INTERNAL SECURITY ACT
AND OTHER INTERNAL SECURITY LAWS
OF THE COMMITTEE ON THE JUDICIARY,
Washington, D.C.

The subcommittee met, pursuant to recess, at 2:10 p.m., in room 2300, New Senate Office Building, Senator Strom Thurmond presiding.

Also present: J. G. Sourwine, chief counsel, and David Martin.

Senator THURMOND. The hearing will be in order.

The witness is still under oath. Proceed.

Mr. SOURWINE. Mr. Karlin, toward the end of our last session, you were given a number of photographs and asked to study them and be ready to discuss them when you came back.

Do you have these photographs with you?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. Do you want to take them up one by one and tell us if there are any you recognize and what you notice about the person or the photograph?

Mr. KARLIN. All right.

Generally, I wanted to find some pictures which possibly were published in the Soviet press to get the participants of some of the KGB operations which we discussed.

Mr. SOURWINE. You mean people who, like you, were co-opted by the KGB?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes, sir; that is first. Secondly, well, there is one foreigner here who was a "victim."

Mr. SOURWINE. Take the pictures one by one and tell what the picture is.

Mr. KARLIN. The first picture is the President of Indonesia in the past, Sukarno, which was published in the newspaper Pravda when he arrived firstly in Moscow. That was 1956.

Mr. SOURWINE. Off the record.

(Discussion off the record.)

Mr. SOURWINE. On the record.

Mr. KARLIN. This picture was published when he arrived to Moscow and we discussed his operation with the girl, Reschetnyk, who was from KGB.

The KGB "supplied" her as an interpreter to President Sukarno.

But in a week or maybe 10 days later, on the same newspaper Pravda, on the first page, there was published another picture where

there was Sukarno on the right and to the left was this girl, this KGB girl, Reschetnyk blonde one.

Mr. SOURWINE. I think you have told us that this girl became Sukarno's traveling secretary.

Mr. KARLIN. Yes, sir, and at the same time, mistress.

That is the same thing you mean, yes?

Mr. SOURWINE. Not necessarily. It is well to make it clear.

Mr. KARLIN. All right.

Mr. SOURWINE. May this photo be designated as No. 1?

Mr. KARLIN. And now probably No. 2.

Mr. SOURWINE. And No. 2 and go in the record at this point.

Senator THURMOND. It is so ordered.

(The photograph follows:)



Mr. KARLIN. Now, the picture, the second, that is Sergei Bondarchuk. That is the famous director and actor who, by the way, produced the War and Peace movie. He was invited as the man who would be in our special party when "we" invited the French Ambassador, his wife and some of his employees to the Soviet Committee of Movies, to start the operation with him.

It was particularly the beginning of the operation and Bondarchuk was included in our group. But it does not mean that he was used later in that operation. I don't know later what happened, but he was included in this circle, probably as a "garnish."

Mr. SOURWINE. Go ahead, finish what you were saying.

Mr. KARLIN. I would like to underline that the KGB sometimes use people in such a way, as I mentioned as the garnish on the dish, only for representation and make the meeting or party or something like that more natural and solid. Well, look, when you are among these men, no one in the world would suspect that there is someone from KGB here. It is a matter of the atmosphere. The KGB produces the atmosphere of the "natural" life. They use some people for this.

Of course, still, they must talk to them and to tell them that there will be something special. It means that still they are co-opted, or sometimes they are used without any knowledge of it.

It has to be known, there could be different sorts of people in the operation with the KGB—the participant, active one, and some of them who must only produce, let me say, nice chorus music.

Mr. SOURWINE. When you spoke of Bondarchuk being used in connection with the initiation of the operation against the Ambassador, you meant Ambassador Dejean?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes. That is No. 2.

Mr. SOURWINE. No, this would be No. 3.

May it be received at this time?

Senator THURMOND. Yes.

(The photograph follows:)



Mr. KARLIN. No. 4. It's Georgian artist Gudiaschvily. It is particularly the artist whose exhibition we visited with the French Ambassador Dejean, with his Cultural Attaché, Girard, and with the KGB lady, Khovanskiy. It was particularly a moment when she, after the exhibition, asked the Ambassador whether he would be able to pick her up and would take her to her flat and they went there. So the love relation with this lady was started.

Mr. SOURWINE. Off the record.

Senator Thurmond. Off the record.

(Discussion off the record.)

Senator Thurmond. Back on the record.

Mr. SOURWINE. This would be No. 4.

(The photograph follows:)



Mr. KARLIN. Now, this is Mr. Mikhalkov. He is really now one of the most important and very orthodox writers in the U.S.S.R.

He is, by the way, the author of the Soviet hymn.

Mr. SOURWINE. You are talking now about Mikhalkov?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes; he is now, I read in yesterday's newspaper, he is now the First Secretary of the Moscow organization of the Union of Soviet Writers.

It is the top position among the Moscow writers.

This Mikhalkov and his wife Konchalovskiy—they both were in the center of the operation against the French Ambassador, Maurice Dejean.

Well, particularly they invited firstly to their flat, the Ambassador with his wife and then in this party, they introduced the French Ambassador and his wife to General Gorbunov and his KGB wife, Major Andreev.

Mr. SOURWINE. They introduced him as——

Mr. KARLIN. As Gorbunov, as the VIP government officer. And later on, Mikhalkov participated in many top level parties organized by the KGB with girls. He presented on that party which I mentioned with the girl Zoia. Many times, he was in those parties, but unfortunately I cannot tell you exactly whether he knew the whole plot of the operation. Maybe he "worked" like Bondarchuk, but still he was very close to General Griбанov. I know that exactly because I had a conversation with General Griбанov about Mikhalkov from which I realized they were in a very close relation.

Mr. SOURWINE. This will be No. 5. May it go in the record at this point?

Senator THURMOND. It is so ordered.

(The photograph follows:)



Mr. KARLIN. There is Surkov. His first name is Alexei. He was the general secretary of the Union of Soviet Writers. After the Pasternak "case", he was replaced by Fedin. But still until now, until today, I guess last week, he was 70 and he was very greatly publicized, he is until now a top level orthodox writer, one of the most orthodox you see. And he is a KGB man. I will tell you how I knew it.

When I went to Germany, in 1947, I remember the KGB's Lieutenant Colonel Povlovskiy told me that among the top level KGB co-opted people there is Surkov, whom I knew, of course, at that time. He was at that time the editor of the magazine *Ogonek*. It is similar to your *Life*, for example.

Povlovskiy said that he telephoned him, he named me in a friendly way, and that he said that I can come to his office and he would give me the letter, with recommendations to go to Germany.

Well, why I needed this letter? An idea was in that time to find the place where to stay, where to meet foreigners, where to be sold. Later the KGB decided to put me under the roof of the Bureau of Information. But at the beginning, they wanted me to go to Germany with numerous possibilities.

One of these possibilities was the letter of this Surkov. I saw him and he gave me such letter. It was an evidence of his collaboration with KGB.

Mr. SOURWINE. That would be No. 6. May it be received?

Senator THURMOND. So ordered.

(The photograph follows:)



Mr. KARLIN. Now, a man, whose name is Mdivani. He was a participant in the operation against the French Ambassador, Maurice Dejean. He was co-opted by KGB, particularly during this operation, because I remember he was co-opted by my own recommendation.

Kunavin asked me to give him some famous Soviet people whom the KGB would be able to use to create a little bit bigger, not only two or three men, but five, six, seven persons company.

Well, I gave him Mdivani's name and later Kunavin told me that he telephoned him and then he invited him to come to the Hotel Moscow and he talked to him. He said everything is all right, Mdivani is co-opted and will help me in every possible way. He said he didn't open to him everything, of course. But still, Mdivani was a clever man. He realized what is going on.

Mr. SOURWINE. Well, it is your recommendation if I understand you correctly, Mdivani was co-opted to serve as a sort of assistant to you?

Mr. KARLIN. It is correct, but without such a deep—

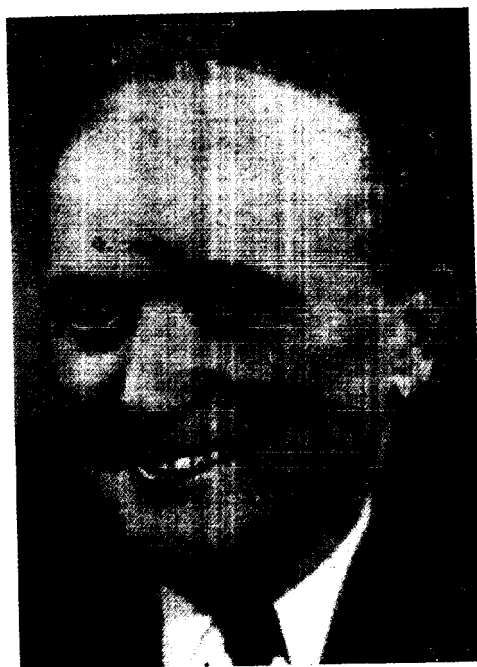
Mr. SOURWINE. To do as you wanted without asking questions?

Mr. KARLIN. Right.

Mr. SOURWINE. This would be No. 7; may it go in at this point?

Senator THURMOND. Yes.

(The photograph follows:)



Mr. KARLIN. It is Skobtsev. The wife of the movie director Bondarchuk whom I mentioned first.

She is a movie star, famous, too. She played the part of Juliette in the movie "Romeo and Juliette." She was invited to General Gribanov's or Gorbunov's, as you wish, parties when Zoia was presented there.

Zoia told me that among those females, there was Skobtsev.

That is what I cannot tell you exactly, whether she was one of the swallows of the KGB or she was like her husband the "garnish" the famous girl who created the natural atmosphere. But I know a little bit about this lady because she was the fiancee of the Khrushchev son-in-law, Adjubei.

Mr. SOURWINE. That was before she married?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes, that was before she married. Then she became the wife of the movie cameraman, Kun, who was involved in the KGB operation against the French Ambassador and his wife, with the idea to seduce her. It was the third attempt, you see. And Skobtsev was his wife, before. It was, of course, coincidence.

Kun told me about her many things, which could give me a guess that probably she was more than only the lady to create a natural atmosphere.

Mr. SOURWINE. In any event, you knew her as a resource of the KGB?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. That would be No. 8; if I may, I offer it at this time.

Senator THURMOND. Proceed. It will go in.
(The photograph follows:)



Mr. KARLIN. It is the last picture. It's Alexander Chakovskiy. Now he is the chief editor of the "Literaturnaya Gazeta". I must say that I only can—I know only as a rumor, but it was very, very persistent rumor about his work for the KGB. He is top man. He visits foreign countries each year five, 10 times. He was here in the States three or four times, he met some of your Congressmen here, he told me personally, how he talked to them.

He is a clever man, very crafty, but as a writer he is typical mediocre.

I was told this story: Well-known Russian writer, Poustovskiy, a great writer I would say, second, probably, after Pasternak . . . when he went firstly to Italy, the Soviet Government sent him with this Chakovskiy and he followed him everywhere and Poustovskiy—that is what I heard—Poustovskiy called him in a jokable way, the colonel. Poustovskiy was a very movable man, he wanted to see this, that, and go this place, another place, all day long he spent in walking. Chakovskiy was tired. He said the second day; "Listen, you know what is possible for you and what is impossible, do yourself. I must stay in the hotel and rest."

That is a kind of anecdote, which still shows character of both men. I must repeat I, myself, never had any job with Chakovskiy and I never heard from the official KGB men that he is a co-opted agent.

Well, that is, I would say, all with these pictures.

Mr. SOURWINE. This would be No. 9. It is offered for the record.

Senator THURMOND. It is so ordered.

(The photograph follows:)



Mr. SOURWINE. Now, you mentioned several writers. I think at one time earlier, you were asked if you knew Alexander Solzhenitsyn. You said you knew who he was.

Mr. KARLIN. Yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. The newspapers today are carrying stories about the expulsion of Solzhenitsyn from the Writers Union. This is apparently a process that is to begin at a low or local level and then be ratified at a high or higher level. Are you familiar with this process of ousting a man?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. You held a position for a number of years in the Writer's Union, did you not?

Mr. KARLIN. I would say that what really happened, of course, was not the local process which was approved then at a higher level. It is opposite, because such an action was done, and could be done only by the order and decision on the top level in the Central Committee. I would say that the decision about Solzhenitsyn, whether to

expel him from the Union of Soviet Writers or to wait, was done, even, I guess, at the meeting of the Politburo. Because it is big, and crucial point. In the situation which exists now in the Soviet Union, the literary area, is the most dangerous place where something could happen, if something could happen. It is known in the Central Committee.

Therefore, first of all, of course, the decision was done in the Central Committee, in the Politburo.

Mr. SOURWINE. According to the newspapers and to the announcements made from the U.S.S.R. by the foreign press to the foreign newspaper men, this action was first taken one day by a local branch of the Union with 10 members and then the matter went before a higher branch and was ratified.

Mr. KARLIN. Yes; it is correct.

Mr. SOURWINE. Are you telling us that was all window dressing?

Mr. KARLIN. Right.

Mr. SOURWINE. Actually, it was decided at the top level, the Politburo?

Mr. KARLIN. Sure.

Mr. SOURWINE. And then the wheels were set in motion.

Mr. KARLIN. That is only a formality, you know. When they gave Solzhenitsyn possibility to talk, he talked. That's all. Who knows what he said? Where it was published? It was a show where someone wrote the protocol, you know, the report, and in the Soviet newspaper there were probably two, three lines printed. It was sort of democratic show. First, the Ryazan district committee where Solzhenitsyn, was a member of the organization, expelled him, then the Union of Writers of the Russian Federation would confirm it.

Still now, the last step must be approval by the Union of Writers of the U.S.S.R. But the Soviet newspaper now mentioned only the Union of Writers of the Ryazan district.

Mr. SOURWINE. You are saying there are three levels of the Union involved—the local level?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. The Russian Writers Union?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. And the U.S.S.R. Writers Union?

Mr. KARLIN. That is correct in particularly Solzhenitsyn "case."

Mr. SOURWINE. That the local level went through the motions first?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. Then the U.S.S.R.—

Mr. KARLIN. Then the Russian Federation.

Mr. SOURWINE. Which ratified it yesterday, according to the news stories?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. You say there still remains action by the U.S.S.R. Writers?

Mr. KARLIN. It is correct.

Mr. SOURWINE. And that will be coming up the next day or so.

Mr. KARLIN. The decisive is the second one, the Union of Russian Federation.

Mr. SOURWINE. The second is decisive?

Mr. KARLIN. After that, you are out. But after that, it has to be confirmation by the Union of Writers of the U.S.S.R.

It is the same as you are expelled from the Party. Firstly, it is the cell, the party cell, and they expel you, but still you have your card. After that, there is the whole meeting of the Party organization and they will say, we ratify it, and from this moment, you are out of the Party. But the card is still in your pocket. But you are out by the code. And the regional committee, that is a confirmation, you see.

It is a very complicated procedure. Still one can apply to the center, to Moscow, to the Central Committee, as well as to the Union of Writers of the U.S.S.R., if it concerns a writer.

Mr. SOURWINE. Well, as a practical matter—off the record.

Senator THURMOND. Off the record.

(Discussion off the record.)

Senator THURMOND. On the record.

Mr. KARLIN. I repeat from my point of view, it is a pretty crucial moment, now. Because still, as it is known in the world now, the Soviets again started to control the intellectual life and the situation is absolutely unfavorable for any liberal movement in the Soviet Union. Solzhenitsyn is in my opinion as great as Pasternak was. I think they have done now particularly what they have done with Pasternak. It is an important parallel, because in that time, there was also a crucial moment.

The next step from my point of view would be automatically in 3, 4, 5 months time, displacement of Alexandre Tvardovski. He is the man who published Solzhenitsyn—the editor of the best, if it is possible to say, Soviet literary magazine, "Noviy Mir."

This man is a very interesting person, because he is a very talented poet and he is an absolutely devoted Communist. But his idea is this: "There is something wrong with our Soviet system. We must try to change it and to make it better. We must criticize it." And he published first—well, of course, it was permitted by Khrushchev at that time, but he published Solzhenitsyn and he was and is one of the strongest supporters of Solzhenitsyn.

I would not say he was a close friend of Solzhenitsyn. They are different. But from the point of view how literature has to serve people, they were together.

I personally thought that the Central Committee would dismiss first Tvardovskiy and I thought Solzhenitsyn would be the second "victim."

I think they decided to go the opposite way simply because they did not want to go in my way.

Mr. SOURWINE. You are predicting that Tvardovski will be the next to be ousted or will be ousted within the next reasonable period, 4 or 5 months?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes. I think it is inevitable.* Maybe they can prolong it only because * * * you know, when you put two shots all together, it is too noisy. They are thinking now only about tactics, when to do it, and how to do it. I think it is absolutely clear they will do it. Put it all together with the recently published novel of the leader of the Soviet Orthodox writers, Kochetov. In his novel, titled "What Do You

*Editors note: Tvardovskiy was dismissed from his post as editor of Noviy Mir in late March or early April 1970.

Want?" he proclaimed uncompromised ideological war. He showed how the American lady who graduated Slavonic faculty in some U.S.A. university became the agent of the CIA and then went to Italy to find a Russian emigrant together with her to go to Russia. He put it like a fiction, but he mentioned many real names, he mentioned Radio Liberty, BBC, Voice of America, and then the "Novoye Russkoye Slovo," the newspaper, he mentioned real names of the Russian emigrants. It means he got an admission to the special collection where are all these newspapers, magazines, you see, and then I guess he had had a consulter from the KGB, because the intelligence network is involved in his story. It is strong evidence that the orthodox are going to eliminate those little things which were approached during so-called "thaw." It cannot be only Kochetov private initiative to write this novel. I think it is his own initiative plus something which came from the hill. I think they are in a position to make a very rough action again to frighten people. It's what they really need—to frighten Soviet people.

Mr. SOURWINE. Right at this point, would you tell us over the years what positions did you hold in these unions?

Mr. KARLIN. I?

Mr. SOURWINE. You.

Mr. KARLIN. It starts from my institute. I graduated particularly this institute—

Mr. SOURWINE. Off the record.

Senator THURMOND. Off the record.

(Discussion off the record.)

Senator THURMOND. On the record.

Mr. KARLIN. I graduated the same institute which later graduated Kuznetsov and Belinkov. It is the literary institute under the Union of Soviet Writers, which was the special one. There are some "gifted" young writers, dramatists, poets, "study" how to become good writers.

Being in this institute, I made money because simultaneously I was a Chief of the Literary Department in one of Moscow's theaters. I was responsible for repertoire. I had relations with writers to offering them to write plays for my theater or to put their novels into plays.

Mr. SOURWINE. What one must consider, is it not true, is that in this position, you were in a sense a Government employee? You were not employed by the theater?

Mr. KARLIN. I was employed by the theater, and it was a Government theater.

Mr. SOURWINE. That is a Government function?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes, because all theaters in the U.S.S.R. are Government theaters. There are no private ones.

Mr. SOURWINE. It was not a free enterprise deal?

Mr. KARLIN. Oh, no.

Mr. SOURWINE. Go ahead.

Mr. KARLIN. In that period, because of my father's friendship with Pasternak, I entered his home, actually he recommended me to this institute and that is the beginning of my long relation with the Pasternaks, practically until a day when I left Russia. A month before I left Russia, I spent 3 weeks in the dacha of his wife and sons, in Peredelino.

I told you that, when I came back to Moscow in 1943 I became TASS correspondent and editor.

Then I went to Moscow Radio and went to Germany. When I came from Germany, first time, before KGB recruited me, it was 1945. I was free lance correspondent.

Mr. SOURWINE. Now, between 1938 or 1939 and 1945, did you hold any office or position in any writers unions?

Mr. KARLIN. No I worked in TASS as a newspaper man. At that time, I was simply the columnist.

Mr. SOURWINE. When did you first become connected with the writers union?

Mr. KARLIN. That was when I reproduced my play about Paul Robeson, titled, "John, Soldier of Peace." From that time, I had a close relation with the Union of Soviet Writers and little bit later I became a member of the Moscow Committee of Dramatists.

Mr. SOURWINE. Would that have been the committee that would have expelled Solzhenitsyn if he had been a playwright instead of an author?

Mr. KARLIN. As the first cell, if he had been in Moscow.

Mr. SOURWINE. So that was the Moscow equivalent for dramatists—

Mr. KARLIN. Almost.

Mr. SOURWINE (continuing). Of the cell which did in fact first expel Solzhenitsyn?

Mr. KARLIN. In the Union of Soviet Writers in Moscow, for example, or in Leningrad or in the Ukraine—there must be numeral sections. One is writing only novels. Another section is poetry, another section is drama. Another is fantasy, and so on.

Mr. SOURWINE. And you were secretary of the dramatists—

Mr. KARLIN. No; I wasn't the secretary. In Ryazan, where Solzhenitsyn was expelled, there was only five members altogether. He was the sixth. There was a small cell. Therefore, there was not different sections.

Mr. SOURWINE. I understand.

The machinery would have been the same, though, would it not?

Mr. KARLIN. Oh, yes; the system is the same.

Mr. SOURWINE. That is what I meant.

Now, from what you know of that system, having been a part of that system, having been a part of it, as a practical matter, how would it have worked, this decision to expel Solzhenitsyn?

Who would have told whom? Who would have scheduled action?

Mr. KARLIN. Oh, it is simple—

Mr. SOURWINE. Well, it is simple to you, but make it simple on this record.

Mr. KARLIN. That is a very simple and I would say very reliable way to do that.

The decision was done, as I say, in the Politburo. They talked between themselves, probably three or four of them. That is actually Suslov job, of course.

Mr. SOURWINE. Could he have made the decision alone, by himself?

Mr. KARLIN. No, it is impossible for him to make a decision alone. When I came here and was interviewed I told that I think that Suslov is No. 1 man in the hill, practically, who doesn't want to be No. 1 man for some reason.

You know, among all this company of Soviet bosses, he is the one who has been in the Central Committee longer than anyone else.

He even, I guess, knows where is the lamp which is broken in the men room in the Central Committee's huge building, he is one man who knows everything in this enormously big machine. And being such a man and of course, with some other necessary qualities, he practically became the master who put all in the right way, with knowing what would be the result, you know, because Brezhnev was not so long the Secretary of the Central Committee, and then became the President. Suslov was there from the Stalin time. I guess even his chair is rather deteriorated, but it helps him.

So Suslov and his adherents and assistants decided to raise the question in the Politburo. And decision was done in the Politburo, probably Suslov, himself or Demichev gave practical order down—to "screws."

By the way when Pasternak died, Poustovski, whom I just mentioned, came to Pasternak's place, spent there some hours, then went to Moscow and asked Surkov, whom I also mentioned, because he at that time was the Chief Secretary, to have a meeting and to see established, Pasternak as a member of the Union of Soviet Writers, to organize normal funeral procedure.

It's known that Surkov went to see Suslov and they discussed the situation, Suslov said no, and ordered to put Pasternak into coffin as the member of the Litfund. That is a literary fund which is the organization which helps writers financially.

Mr. SOURWINE. Like a pension plan?

Mr. KARLIN. That is practically how it works.

But in the Solzhenitsyn case they were not in a hurry, because he did not die. The decision was done in the Politburo, then Suslov, or could be Demichev—he is the Central Committee Secretary who is responsible for cultural questions—he is a gentleman whom General Gribanov called when he wanted to "educate" poet Yevtuschenko, because in that time, he was the Secretary of the Moscow Party Committee. So this Demichev would invite to the Central Committee Fedin—he is the Chief Secretary of the Union of Soviet Writers now. But he is an old man, with his own tragedy, because he was a friend of Pasternak in past and they later quarreled, you see. He felt himself guilty of many, many things, I guess. But during the last 3 or 4 years, he was against Solzhenitsyn because he knew the situation. He would come to this Demichev, not alone, he would come with the Secretary of the Union of Soviet Writers Voronkov. Voronkov is Central Committee man, he has pretty important position, he is responsible for all political and ideological movement in the Union of Soviet Writers, simply he is a watchdog.

Let's say Demichev talked with Voronkov and Fedin. He would say officially: "I must inform you that Solzhenitsyn was discussed in the Politburo, we want to advise you to expel him from your Union. We cannot leave this man unpunished after his anti-Soviet novels were published in the West."

Practically then, Voronkov, probably he would go or he would invite the boss of Union of Writers of the Russian Federation. It is a rather bureaucratic way, too. They needed to do that. But this Sobolev, now he is a hero of the Socialist labor. He is the boss of the Union of Soviet Writers of Russian Federation.

Mr. SOURWINE. He would be told to do that?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes.

It could be that they would come to see Demichev together. I cannot tell you exactly how many came to the Central Committee. They could come 2 or 3 of them to do it at once. But still, they were informed and after that, it is absolutely easy, because in that case, they will call to the Ryazan District Party Committee, to the First Secretary or to the Second Secretary.

Mr. SOURWINE. The Secretary of the Party Committee then would call the five writers in and tell them what to do?

Mr. KARLIN. Not necessarily five; maybe one or two, it would be enough.

Mr. SOURWINE. May I interrupt you? I want to ask what may seem to you to be a very silly question.

Do you know anything about hooking up sled dogs in the Arctic?

Mr. KARLIN. No.

Mr. SOURWINE. Well, I have been told that when you hook up sled dogs, the strongest dog goes in front, because if you put the strongest dog behind a weaker dog, he bites him in the flank.

Mr. KARLIN. Yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. Now, when a dog behind the strongest dog tries to veer right or left, the strongest dog turns around and bites him on the shoulder.

Mr. KARLIN. On the shoulder, yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. When the strongest dog moves forward, the dog behind him has an option. He can follow him or he can turn right or left.

Mr. KARLIN. Yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. But he does not want to get bit, so he follows him. So you have wonderful cooperation if you get the dogs in the right order.

Mr. KARLIN. Yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. It reminds me of what you are telling me about the way the writers union is organized in Russia.

Mr. KARLIN. Yes, but I can add to this dog's story—That my people are moving in this way 50 years. It was 2 or 3 years thaw when there was some hope, very little but hope, but now everything again is absolutely hopeless.

Mr. SOURWINE. Are you saying that for 40 years, there has been no freedom of expression, no freedom to write, no freedom to publish in the Soviet Union?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes. I totally agree with what was said by Kuznetsov who came to the West 6 years later than I.

Mr. SOURWINE. You are talking about Anatoly Kuznetsov?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. Who is in Great Britain now?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. Recently defected?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. He is also a writer?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes, a known writer.

Mr. SOURWINE. Did he ever hold a position with the Writers Union like you did?

Mr. KARLIN. What do you mean by the—

Mr. SOURWINE. You were secretary.

Mr. KARLIN. He was secretary.

Mr. SOURWINE. I understood you to say that you were secretary of the Dramatists Committee?

Mr. KARLIN. No, I was not secretary, I was a member of the committee.

Mr. SOURWINE. You were a member of the Dramatists Committee?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. Was he similarly a member of the committee?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes, but he was not a dramatist, he is a novelist.

Mr. SOURWINE. He writes prose, not poetry?

Mr. KARLIN. It is correct.

He is from Tula. Solzhenitsyn is from Ryazan. Kuznetsov was from Tula. They are very similar cities. I remembered in the Literary Gazette it was mentioned that there were five or six signatures in the letter against Kuznetsov. The whole organization in Tula consisted of six or no more than 10 writers.

Mr. SOURWINE. I think there were nine in the case of Solzhenitsyn.

Mr. KARLIN. It is a very similar scale of those two organizations.

Mr. SOURWINE. Now, so far as you have read what Kuznetsov has written, you would agree with him?

Mr. KARLIN. Absolutely, totally.

Mr. SOURWINE. He also had been co-opted by the KGB, had he not?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. Did you know him in Moscow?

Mr. KARLIN. No.

Mr. SOURWINE. His position with the KGB was not the same as yours was, was it?

Mr. KARLIN. No, I think it was different. But in some way, it was the same.

I would like to tell you now this: He was co-opted first of all with the idea to give, get domestic information. What I mean by domestic? Information about his colleagues, writers, what they are thinking about, what they want to do, you know, and so on.

I was doing the same thing being among foreigners, particularly Moscow diplomats.

Well, of course, there is difference, but at the same way, it is pretty similar thing,

Mr. SOURWINE. He was a sounding board for Soviet intellectuals, writers?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. And you were a sounding board for foreign diplomats and dignitaries?

Mr. KARLIN. That is true. But I would like now to underline that it is possible that being co-opted firstly for let me say again, domestic job, later, under some special circumstances the KGB could shift one to "serve" the diplomats, for example.

For example, once I had a rather important job which was absolutely domestic, being working among the foreigners generally. It happened immediately after Stalin's death, when Malenkov became the Prime Minister, and he was at that time the First Secretary of the Central Committee, and Beria became the Minister of MVD.

They put all together KGB, and MVD, to make a big office. I know privately, from the wife of Dekanozov, who was assistant minister of the foreign staff, and the Soviet Ambassador in Germany before the war there was a grave quarrel, a fight for death or life between Malenkov and Beria. That fight was underground before Stalin died.

When Stalin died Beria and Malenkov showed that they are well together. But there was still fighting between them.

Why I am telling you all this? I remember Kunavin called me to the Hotel Moscow and told me: "Listen, we have a very important job for you and you must help us." He told me it is the order, personally Beria's order, to select three or five men like me, with such a background—what I mean by background, it is not the KGB background, but, well, I was born in Georgia, my father and mother were intellectual people, you see, and for me it was so easy to relate to these people, I was known in Georgia. Beria was ordered to select such a man and to send them to 5 or 6 different national republics for 2 or 3 weeks to be among writers, artists, musicians, to know what they feel, what is their idea of Beria and Malenkov, whom they support and whom they did not, you know; whom they prefer.

I could not say "no" in that time. They gave me the ticket and the number of the telephone of the KGB people in Tbilisi. When I came I telephoned them and we met in a hotel. Then I spent 2 weeks in Tbilisi with the absolutely crucial and totally tragical mission, you see. It was necessary for me to meet people whom I knew all my youth time, school time, some of them were very famous writers, movie producers, and to talk to them and then to make a report what they thought.

I realized, of course, that my report would be first of all in Beria's hands, not in Malenkov's hands.

I remember that when I came to Moscow, I spent 2 or 3 days to compose that report with the idea not to harm people and in the same time, not to put myself in trouble, because if I would compose something absolutely wrong, it would be suspicious, too.

It was a very difficult work which I have done, I think in a good way, because still I realized that it would be better for me to say something a little bit worse about Malenkov and a little bit good about Beria, because the master of MVD was Beria.

I tell you this to show that in particular situation, they can forget all about those foreigners and put one to be an informer among Soviet people. Well, it is an awful game in which they can create for you, pretty dangerous situation. Why I am telling you this? I am writing now for the emigrant newspaper here in New York. There were many awful publications about Kuznetsov, disgraceful publications. The old Russian emigrants say, oh, he was an informer, he is a "black" man and so forth. They do not know how difficult to be a writer in the U.S.S.R.

They do not understand that there is a strong practical relationship between the KGB and the Union of Soviet Writers. There is a strong contact between those two organizations. It is now a historical fact.

MR. SOURWINE. Now, what does it mean to a man to be expelled from the Union of Soviet Writers?

MR. KARLIN. It depends on a caliber of man.

MR. SOURWINE. Take a man like Solzhenitsyn.

Mr. KARLIN. That is a crucial matter for him, but actually, nothing will be changed. He was before expulsion out of any social faction, you see. He was totally isolated from the Soviet life. And it was done a long time ago.

In the western newspapers, you can read something about him. But nothing was published about Solzhenitsyn in Russia for the last 5 or 6 years. No one knew anything about him, you know. Here you have some information and someone can think, well, what happened to him? But there no one knows about it.

Mr. SOURWINE. After the publication in Russia of "A Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich"—

Mr. KARLIN. After that there was nothing, because there was a short time, about a year's time, when there was an unstable situation. Still you could get his novel in the library. Then Tvardovski, published another of Solzhenitsyn's short stories. Five of them it seems to me were published. Still people were more brave. They sent him letters. Some of them were printed here in New York. In the first couple of years, there was a hope, you see, for him.

Let me tell you now what happened later—well, I think, there was a big quarrel in the second meeting between the Soviet intelligentsia and Khrushchev, when Sholohov mentioned that Solzhenitsyn is Jewish, a Jew, because you know, Solzhenitsyn, Alexander—that is the first name, the middle is Isaevich. It is a rather Jewish name. When Sholohov met Tvardovski, he said, "Hey, what about Isaevich? He's a Jew."

He said, no, he is not Jewish, Sholohov is the anti-Semitic leader in the U.S.S.R. He is abnormal in his anti-Semitic feeling. He is even physically anti-Semitic.

Mr. SOURWINE. Are you saying Solzhenitsyn is being acted against partly because he is Jewish—

Mr. KARLIN. He is not Jewish.

Mr. SOURWINE (continuing). Or are you saying people are claiming that against him in order to use Soviet anti-Semitism to bring him down?

Mr. KARLIN. Particularly this Sholohov, the Nobel prize man.

I would say until 1963 Solzhenitsyn was in the position to be a great writer in the U.S.S.R. It is known. Even Simonov in New York a week ago, answering question: "What do you think about Solzhenitsyn?" Said: "He is a big writer, but I read only his first novel." He said he did not read his second and third ones. Simonov is a talented man, but the orthodox party writer.

Mr. SOURWINE. If he had admitted having read the other two, he would have been confessing that he read an illegal, bootlegged, carbon copy version circulated unlawfully?

Mr. KARLIN. It is firstly, secondly, of course, Solzhenitsyn's last two books—well, let me say for the clever man, and that is absolutely correct, they are a strong accusation of the Soviet system. That is a direct accusation, not only in the direction toward Stalin; it is deeper, you see. It is a really great novel, I would say the greatest novel of our time.

But the first novel was rather local. It is possible to interpret it as a local one. It is about Stalin's concentration camp and the hero was—well, the man who could, even in the awful situation still produce something to survive.

Mr. SOURWINE. What position are you in? Have you read all of Solzhenitsyn's three major novels?

Mr. KARLIN. Sure. I have read them. Even I paid 40 marks to Harper & Rowe, publisher—it means \$10 for one novel. It was big money for me to spend when I was in Spain. But I sent a letter and someone sent me a book.

Mr. SOURWINE. Cheer up. It costs that much here.

Mr. KARLIN. It is too expensive; particularly for the poor Russian emigrant.

Mr. SOURWINE. There is something I want to ask you about. You said you agreed with Kuznetsov.

Mr. KARLIN. Yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. Off the record.

Senator THURMOND. Off the record.

(Discussion off the record.)

Senator THURMOND. We will go back on the record now.

Mr. SOURWINE. Kuznetsov made reference to the infiltration of KGB agents into foreign governments, including the Government of the United States.

Mr. KARLIN. Made he?

Mr. SOURWINE. He did not purport to know the names or whereabouts of any particular agents in Government departments in this country.

Mr. KARLIN. I guess so.

Mr. SOURWINE. Do you think, from what you know of his position, he would have been in a position to know this? Were you in a position to know about this?

Mr. KARLIN. Well, I cannot guarantee it. Maybe one day he would publish another article and maybe he would open some other part of his life, you see. But I personally think that he had some relation with foreigners, too. He went to Paris. Even twice, I guess, he was there. And I think he mentioned something about this. First of all, he said you must know that each Soviet man who is going abroad has to be not only checked, but is under the KGB control being outside.

Mr. SOURWINE. Well, you made this same point in your book, "The Angry Exile?"

Mr. KARLIN. It is correct.

Mr. SOURWINE. Before Kuznetsov ever defected.

Mr. KARLIN. I have been firstly in Japan. Before I went to Japan, Major Andreev telephoned me and said: "Please come to our usual place." When I came, she introduced me to the KGB Sub-Colonel Kozlov—I do not remember his first name. And she told me, well, he will be in your group as the watchman from KGB. She asked me to help him as much as I can but keep it secret, of course.

When I went to England it was absolutely same thing. Andreev telephoned me and introduced me to the KGB Major Stepanov. They have a very funny system.

Firstly they watch people, from the KGB who were sent abroad being as to say rewarded for something. They were paid their salary, then they were paid currency—little currency, but still currency—and the cost of the trip, all that. So for the KGB officers to go to France for 2 weeks or to go to Italy for 2 weeks, was something pleasant, very pleasant.

Therefore, in the first period of the Soviet tourism, it was a pleasant reward, for the KGB officers to go abroad under the cover name and profession. They liked to do it.

But after some defections, after more often and often, people defected, situation for them changed because if someone defected, the KGB officer would be punished.

There could be different punishments depending on the case, who defected, what situation was, what defector did and so on. But still this sort of journey became for them dangerous. And I repeat the situation now changed. Now they do not want to go, you see, abroad, even being paid and with the currency because it is a pretty risky game. They will go for 2 weeks and then Krotkov would defect and the KGB watchdog would be without his shoulder straps.

Mr. SOURWINE. He would lose his epaulets.

Mr. KARLIN. Yes. And he has a family, children. Now the KGB press them. Now they are going abroad under an order.

Mr. SOURWINE. It is not a reward anymore, going abroad.

Mr. KARLIN. Why I am telling you this? When Kuznetsov went to France firstly—he visited France twice, he had a relation with watchdogs. Well, I do not think he mentioned everything. Well, his position was rather difficult, you know. It is enough he said he was co-opted, and particularly was domestic informer. If he would say something more and more, he would become an absolutely "black man"; for you Westerners and particularly for Russian emigrants. I notice they hate him.

Mr. SOURWINE. If he were only a helper to the watchdog, he would have been in a position to know anything about KGB infiltration in the West?

Mr. KARLIN. I doubt it. Well, maybe some little cases, very little details.

Mr. SOURWINE. Did you hear anything about this? You were 17 years with the KGB?

Mr. KARLIN. About him?

Mr. SOURWINE. No, did you hear anything about infiltration of KGB agents in the United States?

Mr. KARLIN. I heard something.

Mr. SOURWINE. Well, maybe you heard it was an objective of the KGB to do this if they could.

Mr. KARLIN. Maybe.

Mr. SOURWINE. But did you ever hear of any cases where they did it or anything about having people?

Mr. KARLIN. No—well, the point is, still, they know their job and they are trying to save all that. It is a top secret area.

Something which I knew besides my own KGB job, I knew particularly from Kunavin in private way.

Mr. SOURWINE. Many things you know Colonel Kunavin told you?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes, sir. When he was dismissed.

Mr. SOURWINE. But Colonel Kunavin was not dealing with the people in the United States?

Mr. KARLIN. No.

Mr. SOURWINE. You had no need to notice anything.

Mr. KARLIN. Once I remember—what was his name—Kapichkus—it is so long ago. I came from Germany and 1 day I have been in Mr. Bupalov's private room and we discussed something.

He told me, I do not know why, but he told me he knew there was one KGB man in America a long time ago. He was a Latvian and he had a relation with the Soviet Embassy.

What I had heard from Bepalov was very approximately, not clear, therefore I don't want you to think about it seriously.

Mr. SOURWINE. Do you feel you have a basis for believing that operations are continuing and have been continuing?

Mr. KARLIN. Oh, yes, I am absolutely sure of it.

Mr. SOURWINE. You just know nothing of any of them in detail?

Mr. KARLIN. No, sir.

Mr. SOURWINE. Our time is pushing. I want to run along to one or two other things.

Solzhenitsyn, according to our newspapers yesterday and today, was disciplined primarily because he persisted in attacking Stalin.

Mr. KARLIN. Yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. What is your view on this?

Mr. KARLIN. Well, that is true. That is absolutely correct, because in the third novel, he even depicted Stalin himself.

Mr. SOURWINE. I will try to pronounce that right.

Mr. KARLIN. This episode when Stalin talks to the Minister of KGB, Avakumov, is written, brilliantly. And of course the author hates Stalin. There is no question about it.

From my point of view, it is more than anti-Stalinist novel. It is a great Russian prose which shows the evil, where that evil is, and accuses the system, including Stalin.

Mr. SOURWINE. Do you think, then, that Solzhenitsyn is attacking the whole Soviet system rather than just Stalin?

Mr. KARLIN. Of course. I am sure of this, because I read his novels, because I know what it is, my past Soviet life.

Mr. SOURWINE. And because his attack is couched in literature, it is going to live longer and have more effect?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes, he is a man with a great talent.

Mr. SOURWINE. Which, I suppose, is why they have to discipline him now?

Mr. KARLIN. Correct.

The point is that he pronounced the death penalty for them.

Mr. SOURWINE. This might be a good place to get into the record your story of whatever it is you know, it anything, or whatever it was you heard about Stalin.

Mr. KARLIN. Oh, yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. You remember certain derogatory information you had heard about him?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. Tell us about that.

Mr. KARLIN. Well, even from my childhood—well, it is probably not correct, but when I was 16 or 17 years old—I heard practically, let me say three stories as a rumor, or gossip.

First was about Lenin's testimony before Lenin died.

Mr. SOURWINE. Lenin's will?

Mr. KARLIN. Lenin's will. No one knew what was that. That was a rumor, but it existed.

Second was about Scholokov—that his novel, a really great novel, "The Quiet Don," was not his, that he plagiarized it. That was the second big rumor.

The third rumor was that Stalin was the agent of the Tzarist secret service, Okhranka—but it was a rumor.

Mr. SOURWINE. This was the secret police under the Tzar?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes, correct.

Mr. SOURWINE. Succeeded by the Cheka, after the revolution?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes. Even in some places, they worked and continue to do it in the same buildings, you see.

Now when Khrushchev became one-man leader, he started to—how do we call it, denounce Stalin, he produced his anti-Stalin speech. After that, I know there was a conference, International Trade Union conference, something like that, with some foreign representatives. At that conference, Khrushchev said that he only started this big job, that he wanted to show the real face, real image of Stalin, he said he must continue it, must do it until the end.

After that, there were hopes. People were happy with this and they thought it would be something new, a document, some new secrets would be opened, because there were many. The Leningrad case, the doctors case and so on.

At that time I remember, I met one writer—but I hope no one would ever use this name.

Mr. SOURWINE. You want to give this name to the committee but not on the record, even though the record is classified?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. Mr. Chairman, if that may be the order.

Senator THURMOND. It is so ordered.

(The name has been recorded in the subcommittee files.)

Mr. KARLIN. He is a very well-known writer. He is a Jewish writer, the Jewish community in Moscow admires him very much. He was my close friend and I would say he was a really good man, honest man very clever man. Of course, he hated Stalin, especially, probably because he was a Jew.

When I met him in Moscow in Gorky Street, he told me, being in a nervous condition, he told me: "I know exactly that in the magazine Communist, which is the Central Committee of the Communist Party magazine there are sheets, proofs, of the article devoted to Stalin and the basic point in this article is that the author proved the rumor that Stalin was the Czarist agent. He was the agent of the Okhranka.

Mr. SOURWINE. He said that there were in proofs articles which contained evidence to establish that Stalin had been a Czarist agent?

Mr. KARLIN. That is correct.

Mr. SOURWINE. He had worked for the Okhranka?

Mr. KARLIN. That is absolutely correct. I was surprised, of course, and I told him that it is impossible. He said, no, no, that is exactly so.

Mr. SOURWINE. When was this supposed to have been? What time and what place?

Mr. KARLIN. That was in Moscow. That was a conversation in the—

Mr. SOURWINE. No, I mean the time and place when Stalin was supposed to have worked for the Okhranka.

Would that have been at Baku?

Mr. KARLIN. That is what he did not tell me. That was so important, the fact itself. We did not go into details and I am not sure whether he knew the details, whether Stalin was co-opted in Batumi,

or in Tbilisi, or in Baku. I thought about this and I have my own idea about this. But what I heard from him was particularly this.

Later, of course, I was expected—we called one another every day practically. We awaited this magazine and we have not seen here that article. It was not published. And I personally think that Khrushchev later came to the decision that he had done too much, and probably he himself stopped this publication.

Mr. SOURWINE. From your knowledge of your friend, do you think that he did know what he said he knew, that there were in fact such articles in proof?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes, because he was a serious man and all what he had told me before, many, many different things, were very close to the truth, 90 percent of his information. He was informed well. I repeat the source was good.

But there could be 10 percent—of course, there could be 10 percent against him.

Mr. SOURWINE. I have two more things I would like to mention briefly before we close today. One, you have told us in detail of a number of operations in which you participated.

Mr. KARLIN. Yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. But when you add them all up, they are a relatively small part of the 17 years during which you worked for the KGB as a person who had been co-opted into that effort.

Mr. KARLIN. Yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. How about all the rest of the time? Were you doing nothing of any importance?

Mr. KARLIN. Oh, no, I am sorry. There were many other operations. But I would not say that the whole 17 years, I was totally busy with the KGB. But still, I was busy. There were other operations. Do you want me to mention all of them?

Mr. SOURWINE. Well, I am wondering if it would be possible for you to draw up a list of the operations and the people involved, searching your memory for the purpose, and let us have a list the next time you come back.

Mr. KARLIN. Fine.

Mr. SOURWINE. And if we want details about any of them, we can ask you.

Mr. KARLIN. Only to mention the information and——

Mr. SOURWINE. And try to put them in the proper chronological order as far as you can.

Mr. KARLIN. Sure.

Mr. SOURWINE. So we get a picture and account for the 17 years.

Mr. KARLIN. Good.

Mr. SOURWINE. Not that you owe us an accounting, but to be sure we have covered everything.

Senator THURMOND. Very well, now.

We will meet again on Monday.

(Whereupon, at 3:50 p.m., the subcommittee was recessed, to reconvene at 10 a.m., Monday, November 17, 1969.)

TESTIMONY OF GEORGE KARLIN

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1969

U.S. SENATE,
SUBCOMMITTEE TO INVESTIGATE THE
ADMINISTRATION OF THE INTERNAL SECURITY ACT
AND OTHER INTERNAL SECURITY LAWS
OF THE COMMITTEE ON THE JUDICIARY,
Washington, D.C.

The subcommittee met, pursuant to recess, at 2:10 p.m., in room 2300, New Senate Office Building, Senator Strom Thurmond presiding.

Also present: J. G. Sourwine, chief counsel; John R. Norpel, Jr., research director; and David Martin.

Senator THURMOND. The committee will come to order.

Mr. Karlin, may I remind you that you are still under oath.

Mr. SOURWINE. Mr. Karlin, we had started toward the end of the last session discussing the question of how did you spend your time for the KGB during the 17-year period that you were under their control after you were co-opted, and I believe you had agreed you would come back at the next session, which is today, and tell us about this as near chronologically as you can, fitting in the incidents you have already told us about so we can get the whole overall picture.

Mr. KARLIN. I prepared the list. It put names chronologically, but some cases have happened in the same period, and therefore it is approximately chronological.

Mr. SOURWINE. Sometimes there was more than one case being handled?

Mr. KARLIN. That is correct.

Mr. SOURWINE. By you, at the same time?

Mr. KARLIN. That is correct.

Mr. SOURWINE. Or to which you were assigned?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes, therefore I repeat my chronology is approximate.

Mr. SOURWINE. Yes.

Mr. KARLIN. The first was the Academician Schtern. That was the first operation.

The second was the Academician. I don't remember correctly his name, something like Panton.

Mr. SOURWINE. These men, Schtern and Panton, were both Soviet citizens?

Mr. KARLIN. It is correct, and I mentioned about them. It was in the beginning when the KGB tried to give me an experience how to relate with people having KGB purpose in mind. Then third was British diplomat Bulmer. Then after that I—

Mr. SOURWINE. You told us about the Bulmer case.

Mr. KARLIN. Yes, I told you about this case.

Then I was sent to Germany, to East Germany, to Berlin, there I relate basically with the British Mayor Colby, and the American, Bob Gray, or maybe better to say Mr. Henry, because still the relation was really with Mr. Henry.

Mr. SOURWINE. Have you told us all about this operation before?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes, I mentioned it.

Mr. SOURWINE. This is the same one you told us about?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes, sir.

Mr. SOURWINE. Go ahead.

Mr. KARLIN. Then when I came back to Moscow, it was a new operation with the first secretary of Indian Embassy, Mr. Kaul. Then after this operation, there was another one when I had a relation with the Pakistani diplomats, two of them, one was Koreshi, and second one Murad.

Mr. SOURWINE. This brings us to what year?

Mr. KARLIN. That would be approximately 1949, including the Canadian case.

Mr. SOURWINE. You started when?

Mr. KARLIN. I started in 1946. In 1948 it was also a case with the British Major Squires, Richard Squires, which I did not mention and I would like to mention in two or three words.

Mr. SOURWINE. Go ahead.

Mr. KARLIN. This British major defected from the Ruhr, from somewhere close to Dusseldorf. He was an army major. He was taken to Moscow, and I was invited to Shubnikov. He asked me to write a book. It was so-called cold war time and at that time there was published the book by Anabella Bukar, "From the Window of the Embassy." Second blow to the West which was planned by General Pedovranov was this: "To publish the book of the British Major Squires."

It was pretty complicated work because the major himself was simply the army major from the educational department, and he had not any interesting and important information.

Mr. SOURWINE. Did you have an opportunity to interview him at length?

Mr. KARLIN. Oh, well, I spent with him 2 weeks. We lived together outside of Moscow, and he was not alone. He was with a German girl, Lotty, and practically I heard from the guards that the operation was done through this Lotty, that she was co-opted by the KBG in Schwerin then sent to Dusseldorf to pick up some British officer. She did it. I noticed when I stayed with them for his part a real love, and it was an explanation why he defected.

Mr. SOURWINE. Had he been questioned by the KBG before you went to—

Mr. KARLIN. Yes. No question about it.

Mr. SOURWINE. Were you given any briefing papers, or debriefing papers?

Mr. KARLIN. No.

Mr. SOURWINE. Or any case history before you went to see him?

Mr. KARLIN. They invited me to the KGB.

Mr. SOURWINE. All you learned about the case you learned from Squires?

Mr. KARLIN. No, firstly from Shubnikov, then from his assistants.

Mr. SOURWINE. Then Shubnikov, did he just tell you or did he give you any papers?

Mr. KARLIN. No, he told me all his story.

Mr. SOURWINE. He just told you?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes, and there were contradictions. He and Pavlovsky said differently, Pavlovsky said that Squires was involved in some intelligence work. Shubnikov interrupted him and said that British major wasn't in intelligence. According to Shubnikov he was simply from the educational department. He was Catholic. Shubnikov mentioned about his real wife.

It was a French girl whom he left in Germany. At that period they did not say anything about Lotty, but the next day or two, 3 days later when I went to see Squires I went there with Colonel Pavlovsky and in the car he told me: "Look, be a little careful because there is a German girl who came with him, and he is rather jealous."

There was a special KGB house in a place called Malahovka. It was one of the KGB's suburb houses with two body guards and the cook, a woman.

Then I worked with this Squires 2 weeks and I realized there is no way to compose any book if to use only his material, his life story, because it was a very ordinary one without any significant details.

Then they told me that I would find some other information from documents which they gave me, some documents about Germany, about British officials, and Americans.

At that time there was some export-import company. They wanted me to prepare some propagandistic materials about the Western Zone, and put all them into the Squires' mouth.

I have done the first version of the book, and someone there at the top level read this book and they said that it is not good because that is not sharp enough, because it is not significant. They needed a big slap.

Mr. SOURWINE. Did they tell you at the beginning what they wanted you to put in the book?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes, in general, because, I repeat earlier, 2 or 3 months' time before the Anabella Bukar book was published, and it was a rather sensation, and they wanted to follow this, to make another sensation. I told them that that is impossible to "improve" Squires' book without other coauthors, and I recommended them to invite Bepalov.

He was invited. But later they included in this job Albert Norden, who soon became the member of the Politburo of the SPEG, that is the Union Socialist Party in East Germany. He was one of the—I don't know—probably third or fourth man after Ulbrich.

Mr. SOURWINE. Norden?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes. When Norden put his finger in that pie, I was—automatically, they put me aside, and I do not know how they did it later. This Norden—well, the book appeared under the name of Richard Squires.

Mr. SOURWINE. How much of it was what you wrote and how much of it was different?

Mr. KARLIN. I estimated it before my defection. I went to the library. I got this book because that was published in 1951, I guess, and I wanted to find how much in this book was written by me.

Well, I would say probably 15 percent was mine, and they make this book, pretty big. They invented some American General Grow or something like that who lost his diary somewhere. In this diary there was some secret documents. How Richard Squires approached this document? So it was a typical example of the KGB's propaganda work.

Mr. SOURWINE. It was a combination of propaganda and disinformation?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes, and it was some tragedy for this British officer, because he became at that time absolutely distorted. He never thought when he defected with this girl, that these kind of things happened with him. He was actually aside. The KGB only used his name.

Mr. SOURWINE. He wasn't even asked about it, was he?

Mr. KARLIN. Later on, no, but when I started to work with him, that was a very interesting psychological process.

He wanted to help me, but his material was poor.

I wrote "his story" myself. When I dictated it to the typist, he heard it, you see, and one day he told me that that is all a lie, that I cannot do it.

I telephoned Pavlovsky. He came, he talked to him in another room an hour and then he became absolutely obedient. It was an awful tragedy.

It's a long story but I must make it shorter.

Mr. SOURWINE. Go ahead, tell what is necessary, enough to at least identify the case.

Mr. KARLIN. Being in London in 1965 I read in "Evening Standard" the story about Richard Squires. Suddenly one English columnist discovered him in Moscow, and published some absolutely fantastic story, saying the KGB used Squires as the agent, that Squires visited London, and that he is an important man in the foreign emigrant community in Moscow.

Well, there were some details which were correct, but there was misleading information, too, and I am sure that this type of man would not be used by the KGB to send him illegally to London. Squires was not this kind of man. Therefore, I think it was only the sensation which was created by this British correspondent.

Now after this operation, there was another one which I did not mention before: An Australian, Cecile Osborn. She was a cipher worker in the Australian Embassy. I was introduced to the Soviet co-opted girl named Irina, who was the teacher of Russian language from the organization which I mentioned before, UPDK, that is the bureau which makes all services for the diplomatic corps in Moscow.

She worked for this bureau, and she taught Osborn Russian language. The operation was like that: Cecile and Irina went to the Bolshoi Theater to hear the opera "Count Igor." They have in third or fourth line, two chairs, and mine was next. In the interval I started to talk to them. Then we went all together to walk a little bit in the foyer. Of course this Irina helped me in every way to create the good impression, and had an opportunity to give Australian girl my telephone and to ask her telephone.

Well, we succeeded, and I telephoned her later. We went to see another theater performance. Then we went to the restaurant.

I met her three or four times, and in that time the case officer, the KGB officer who controlled this case, who was responsible for it was

Samoylov. In that time I guess he was only a lieutenant, but before I left Moscow in 1963 I heard that Samoylov became a top-level KGB man in the First Chief Directorate. Working with the MI-5 people in London I found his picture. He visited England being among delegation of the Soviet teachers.

This man pushed me energetically to seduce Cecile. One day they came to my flat, Osborn and Irina, because still she helped me, in all this operation.

Well, I did not seduce Cecile. I could not do it. I do not want to say I was puritanist, simply she was not attractive—therefore I tried to avoid sexual relation. I tried to convert our relation in intellectual area.

Particularly one day she visited my place, we discussed some politics. Some literature, all that, and the next day when I met Samoylov he even cried and he said: "Please, please don't talk about politics and literature. She needs different, she needs you as a man, she wants to feel herself being with you as a woman. Do something in this way." For him it was at the time so important. He was a young man and this was maybe one of his first cases and he wanted to succeed at any price.

Still the operation ended without results, and Cecile went back to Australia. She showed me before some pictures of her family and her nephews, I guess. She gave me her address.

It means that the operation ended without any profit for KGB.

Mr. SOURWINE. They were not happy with you about that, I imagine?

Mr. KARLIN. Who?

Mr. SOURWINE. The KGB.

Mr. KARLIN. Yes, they were not happy. Particularly this Samoylov was unhappy, but still they could not press me in the physical way, you see, and that was the same thing which happened later with Marie Claire Dejean. I guess it is correct, that they were not happy and they were many times not happy with me, but still they needed me, they told me that I have a rather special ability to attract foreigners.

Next case, Jack Raymond, the American correspondent. After that or probably before that the Marguerite Higgins case which I depicted, too, and Bill Jordan which I also mentioned. Now there is something which I did not mention. It is the British correspondent, John Rettie. I was introduced to him by Colonel Barsegov who used his agent's name, Borodin. He worked himself among the foreign correspondents, being known as the correspondent of the Literary Gazette.

I had, I think, 3 or 4 months' relation with this Rettie. I met him many times in different places. Then he introduced me to his wife, Molly. She was a Finnish girl, absolutely blonde, very beautiful. Later Barsegov gave this case to Captain Churanov, who actually tried to recruit Rettie.

Once Churanov told me that he knows there is something false between Molly and Rettie, then a little bit later I realized what really happened, because among the Moscow foreign correspondents there was one French Sheray and this Sheray had love relation with Molly. Twice or three times I was with them all together. There was Rettie, Molly, Sheray and Saharenko, another French correspondent. He came only for few days from Paris. We went to the concert and I noticed that there was really not a nice relation between Rettie and Molly.

Then one day Captain Churanov told me that he would like to work himself with Rettie under the name Fedorov, that it is necessary for me to call Rettie, and to invite him and his wife to the restaurant, and to mention that I would be not alone but with my "friend."

I did it. They of course came and I introduced Fedorov to John as the worker of one Society of Friendly Relations between the U.S.S.R. and the Foreign Countries.

I introduced him as the employee of this Society. Soon Molly went, I guess, to Finland to see her parents, and Fedorov met Rettie once or twice with me, and then he did all the rest himself. So, from that time I never have seen John again.

I can say only that he was a nice guy. He brought me from London a great present. He brought five or 10 books with the best plays written by British playwrights. He was a very intelligent man.

What happened later according to Churanov was this: Rettie was rather nervous. He with one other foreigner, I don't know who was that man, decided to drink and they met the Russian girls, two of them, I guess, or maybe three of them (of course they were KGB girls) and they invited them to his flat, which I visited once. This flat was in one of the special buildings for foreigners near the Riga railway station and they drank there and these girls created scandal.

Of course, the Soviet police were somewhere close, and they came and wrote an official protocol that two foreigners wanted to rape two Soviet girls. What happened later? Fedorov told me he had seen Rettie and opened his "card" and said, "I am from KGB. If you will not work for us we will publish all this story and it will be trouble for you. It will be particular trouble for your career."

I heard from the MI-5 people that Rettie immediately reported all that to the Embassy and went back to London. That is all.

Now let me mention the case which we discussed. It is Australian Communist Burchette.

Then the very short, but pretty unique story. At that time the relation between Yugoslavia and the Soviet Government was not so good, and the KGB decided to look into the Yugoslavian Embassy. There was such a Yugoslavian diplomat Bogich, and that was the case which was conducted again by Colonel Barsegov and Kartser.

Barsegov sent a special telegram to the Soviet Embassy in Canada to find some probably Ukrainian newspaper which would accredit me in Moscow as their free lance correspondent. The answer wasn't positive, therefore I was told to go to Yugoslavian Embassy, see Bogich who was a cultural attaché, and tell him that I want to be a free lance correspondent from one of the Yugoslavian newspapers, probably "Borba," or something like that.

I went to see Bogich. He was handsome, cultured gentleman, and he talked to me in a nice way, but I realized that he understood what is going on, and he told me that he would like to help me, that he would send a letter to "Borba," and then he would telephone me. He perhaps sent a letter, I don't know, but maybe to another Yugoslavian organization, and he never called me back and I never have seen him since. But still an attempt was done.

Then another case was the cook in the English Embassy, the personal cook of Ambassador Hunter of Great Britain. His name was Christ, I know only this, Christ.

In his past he was a sailor. He was a real drunkard, and he wanted to make love with the Soviet KGB girl Tonya. She worked in the Embassy as a servant and he wanted to make love with her, but there was no place to meet and she introduced me as her brother-in-law. He visited me many times. Churanov's idea was to make him drunk once, a second time, and then to offer him money, to give him money, because he needed money, and to get a receipt from him, to get his signature, once, and to repeat it.

Then Churanov wanted to beat him, to show that the opposite side is very strong and merciless, and to recruit him, saying: "Look, these are your signatures here. You owe money from the KGB and you must work for us now." I do not know whether they realized this second part of the operation, but my part was done. We met three or four times. He drank in my place pretty much. I do not know what they had done later.

Then there is a French case, the whole French case, to which I must add the French girl, Francois de Damper. She was a cipher girl there. Major Andreev told me that there is a Soviet man, Petrov, who had been in France and who met her there. Then this man came back to Moscow and he worked in Moscow Radio and he knew her. He met the French girl once or twice in Moscow, too, when she came to Moscow to work in the French Embassy. The KGB wanted to do this: Petrov would invite her to the restaurant and occasionally I would be there. Being Petrov's "friend" I would come to their table and he would introduce me to her. But nothing like this happened, because when he telephoned her two or three times, she told him that she was busy and she could not come to meet him.

Therefore, Major Andreev found for me another way to be acquainted with the French girl. Francois had a Russian teacher, a Soviet lady in Moscow. Later she went to Prague to work there in some Soviet office, but she still had a friendly relation with the French girl. The KGB composed this fable: I was in Prague and met this teacher because she was my teacher a long, long time ago too. When I said to her that I am going back to Moscow the Russian lady said: "Probably you will be kind enough to take a letter to my French friend," and she gave me a letter and a telephone number and I called the French girl and I said to her; "I brought from Prague a letter for you."

All that, so to say, was done, but De Damper was a very sharp and clever girl, and I guess she realized something because there were many other attempts to introduce some Russian to her, and she told me over the telephone that it would be better if I would send the letter by post.

No, before this she told me that she would not be able to meet me because she is on the way to Paris for her vacation, and then she said, "Please put this letter to the mail box and I would get it."

When I reported our telephone conversation to Major Andreev she told me that it is nonsense, she is not going anywhere, she is here and she would be here, and she simply does not want to have any relation with any Russian.

Later Andreev told me that all that probably happened, because particularly in that time, according to Andreev, this French girl had a love affair with an American correspondent in Moscow, whom, it seems to me, she later married.

Mr. SOURWINE. How many correspondents did she marry? Did I hear that right?

Mr. KARLIN. Major Andreev, when she tried to explain to me why it ended unsuccessfully said well, she had a love affair with the American correspondent, and that later this correspondent married Francois de Damper.

The next little case was again—the French girl Ravel. She worked in the French Exhibition in Moscow in 1961.

Major Andreev told me that Ravel visited Russia before and had some special relation with some Soviet people, and the KGB suspects her. Andreev wanted me to come to the Exhibition and to meet her and to talk to her and maybe to relate with her, trying to understand what sort of person she is. The KGB gave me her picture.

I went two or three times to the Exhibition, but I could not find her, and all ended without any result. There was only an attempt. I never met Ravel.

The next operation would be the Indian Ambassador, the Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary, Kaul; the same Kaul who was the First Secretary of the Indian Embassy a long time ago.

I would say the last operation which I must mention, is my relation with the First Secretary of the Mexican Embassy, Ormando Contu.

The French Ambassador's wife, Marie Claire, mentioned once that she is very friendly with the wife of the Mexican Ambassador, and in that time I wrote a movie script for the Mexican firm Zaharia Film. The script was entitled "The Rose of Castiliano." The KGB decided to use an opportunity and to organize some operation in a direction toward Mexicans.

I told Marie Claire that I would be happy to be introduced to the Mexican Ambassador, and to give him my script to read, because I need to be cooperative with Mexicans and I would like to have a good relation with the Mexican Embassy in Moscow.

Marie Claire telephoned to the Mexican Ambassador's wife, who told her that I as a friend of Marie Claire, has to call to Ormando Contu and has to meet him first, and then he would introduce me to the Ambassador and his wife.

Marie Claire gave me a telephone number. I called Ormando Contu. I met him. He was a young man, handsome, and I would say with an ability to control himself.

I met him many times. The KGB case-officer was Alexei Mikhailovich.

At that time, particularly I have heard from the KGB officer that there are two different groups of the foreign embassies in Moscow. One group is—the closed embassies others the opened, and the Mexican was among the opened in that time.

Once when I went to meet Contu at the Mexican Embassy, I noticed it was not guarded as much as for instance the French Embassy was. The KGB officer told me that according to his information that Contu is a nice guy. He came here with the idea to have a friendly relation with the Soviet people, to try to understand them and so on.

Later on, when I was ready to go to Japan, I remember Contu wanted to give me the address of one of his fellow Mexicans in Tokyo. He wanted me to take some gift for him from Moscow, but the KGB told me it would be better to avoid all this. So before I went to Tokyo, I did not call him and later when I came back to Moscow, I said to him that I could not call him.

In the second part of our relation, the situation changed. Alexei Mikhailovich told me that Contu has a very close relation with Americans, that Americans ordered him to relate with me, and that even an idea of Mexican fellow and "gift" was American's.

Another word, the KGB now wanted to show me Contu as the American agent, but still they wanted me to meet him and to hear what he is talking about, and in that time he got a new apartment in the new house for foreigners, and he wanted to invite me to a house warming, he wanted to organize some parties with girls and so on.

When I told the KGB, all that they told me he is a homosexual. Well, in the case with Major Colby I suspected it myself. I would not say that I had any evidences, concerning Contu.

When the KGB wants to black relation between foreigners and its co-opted man, they very often use this arm.

Then the KGB told me it is better to end this relation, and I did not call Contu even before I left Moscow. I want to underline that still there was some risk in my relation with Contu. Once Major Andreev mentioned about it, because practically it was at the same time when I related with the Indian Ambassador.

It is probably all operations against foreigners which I participated within 17 years of my collaboration with the KGB.

Mr. SOURWINE. You have mentioned in connection with the Mexican the statement that he had homosexual tendencies or was a homosexual. You remember earlier in telling us about your experience in Berlin many years before?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. You told us you had gone to a homosexual nightclub.

Mr. KARLIN. Yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. Have you had enough experience with homosexuals to be able to tell one, when you saw one?

Mr. KARLIN. Well, I can try, at least. I am not sure of this. Still from my point of view, as I mentioned, Contu was not a homosexual because, well, still, I guess a homosexual—well, I heard there could be such homosexuals who could at the same time have a great interest to females. Contu wanted to talk about females, and he looked at girls in cafes and so on, therefore from my point of view he was a normal man.

Mr. SOURWINE. Have you had many dealings with homosexuals?

Mr. KARLIN. No, sir. I hate them.

Mr. SOURWINE. Have you had much experience with them?

Mr. KARLIN. No, sir.

Mr. SOURWINE. You do not consider yourself an expert on the subject?

Mr. KARLIN. Psychologically, yes, I guess, being an old man as I am, experienced one, a writer, I can be expert in everything, I must, I guess, but not scientifically, of course. One can even look into the eyes of people and find who they are. I hope I have a little bit this sort of ability.

Mr. SOURWINE. You have the opinion that you can tell by looking?

Mr. KARLIN. It would be enough probably to tell myself who I think this gentleman is, but I would not be able and I would never categorically say I'm sure I'm right.

Mr. SOURWINE. I understand.

Now, when you went to the homosexual cafe in Berlin, did you go there more than once?

Mr. KARLIN. Oh, no.

Mr. SOURWINE. Were any of the people with you homosexuals at the time, in your judgment?

Mr. KARLIN. It was a cafe of homosexuals. There I had seen first time in my life something absolutely disgraceful. Man danced with man. One was young, rosy, beautiful, you can use this word. another was too masculine, and they danced together and they took a seat and they put some drugs in their drinks. Later there was a "girl's show" and then I realized all of them were boys.

Mr. SOURWINE. Was that the only time you visited such a place?

Mr. KARLIN. No, sir, I repeat it, in San Francisco, when I have been here in 1964. We went to this pretty funny, and interesting theater.

Mr. SOURWINE. When you went in Berlin were any of the people who went with you homosexuals in your opinion?

Mr. KARLIN. Major Colby was with me and he could be only one person whom I could suspect.

Mr. SOURWINE. Did he pick the place to go?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes, sir, it was his idea, to go to that place, but that was a known place in Berlin. Cafe "Hanka" was a very known place.

Mr. SOURWINE. Yes, it was known as a homosexual place.

Mr. KARLIN. Right.

Mr. SOURWINE. But that is not a reason for picking it, unless one wants to go to that kind of a place.

Mr. KARLIN. He told me: "Let's go to see the night life in Berlin." It was a natural thing you know, to show me different places. But I realized that he was familiar with "Hanka" because he was greeted there by many people.

I remember, for example, that I told him if that would be my right, I would take a gun and I would kill all of them and he said, "That is the difference between your Soviet vandals and us civilized people. If they like it, give them way to do it, you see."

Mr. SOURWINE. Were those the only two occasions that you had to go to such a place, once in—

Mr. KARLIN. What do you mean, the second one? Which one?

Mr. SOURWINE. You said you did in San Francisco.

Mr. KARLIN. Oh, yes; but it was a theater.

Mr. SOURWINE. If I summarize improperly, please correct me.

Mr. KARLIN. OK.

Mr. SOURWINE. You have told us that you were co-opted by the KGB, that over a period of 17 years you assisted in various assignments as they were given to you, various operations, some of which would be explained to you fully, some of which were explained to you less fully?

Mr. KARLIN. Correct.

Mr. SOURWINE. You were given particular objectives in each instance?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. Mainly the objectives of the KGB in these cases broke into two groups, the gathering of information, either about the individual to whom you were assigned, or through him, from him, about other persons or things.

Mr. KARLIN. Right.

Mr. SOURWINE. Or second, the compromising of an individual.

Mr. KARLIN. To recruit the individual.

Mr. SOURWINE. So that he could be used. Recruiting is only one of the ways he might be used?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes, correct.

Mr. SOURWINE. And I think in some of the cases you told us the compromising was accomplished, and the individual was used, and yet was not recruited.

Mr. KARLIN. It's correct, sir.

Mr. SOURWINE. Then I do not think we had specifically discussed means, but I will ask you if it is not true, judging from all that you have said so far, that among the various means that were used were what we might call cozening, offering friendship, persuasion, also on occasion blackmail and threats?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes, and even beating.

Mr. SOURWINE. Physical?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. The use of physical force?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. And in different operations one or all of these have been used during your 17 years of experience?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. Now you told us earlier—I am trying to pull together some loose threads—you have now mentioned twice during the course of your testimony the difference between a closed and an open embassy.

Mr. KARLIN. Yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. I wish you would explain.

You may have done so already, but if so, try to do it in different words now, so that we may be sure we understand, what in KGB terms is a closed embassy, what is an open embassy.

Mr. KARLIN. Sir, I would be able only to repeat what I have been said because I cannot give you a complete answer, still, you know, I wasn't an officer of the KGB. I was only co-opted.

Mr. SOURWINE. I understand.

Mr. KARLIN. I was a co-opted worker, and therefore occasionally by my relation with some KGB officers, who were with me more friendly than it was necessary for them to be, I knew more than used to be known for co-opted worker. Nevertheless, I cannot depict for you the complete picture and there could be even some contradictions in my records. Sorry, but it is so.

Let me tell you—now this: Take a whole "service," in quotation marks, which the KGB makes for the American Embassy in Moscow. It is a colossal "service" and pretty expensive one. Many people involve in it. They "serve" not only the embassy, they "take care" of houses and places where Americans stay, where they go, and so on. All that is an enormously big and expensive job.

All this looks differently if you would take, let's say again, this Mexican Embassy, which I think could be somewhere between an opened and a closed embassy. Mexico is pretty close to the United States and has a lot of similar interests and one can penetrate the

United States through Mexico. Therefore I guess, and as far as I remember they told me the Mexican Embassy is an opened one, but not exactly.

Of course, Afghanistan for example, or maybe the Ceylon Embassy, by the KGB classification would be opened embassies. The KGB wouldn't "serve" them in such an intensive and serious way. So the cornerstone is political interest.

Physically first of all you need to control the whole foreign houses, accesses to these houses. Then you must think about the special Soviet people who work in those closed embassies because there, I guess 100 percent are KGB officers or collaborators.

Those people you must pay more. They must be better qualified, be more experienced, you see. Still that is a valuable thing. But the KGB can put in an opened embassy ordinary people, not so good paid. I repeat: from my point of view everything depends on a political matter.

Of course, all this is approximately. When the KGB "realized" that Contu had a relation with the Americans, that he "works" for Americans if it was true, the situation particularly for Contu, changed. The KGB paid more attention to him.

Therefore, I think this is rather technical division. They use this word an opened embassy meaning that they would not pay so much attention to it, much attention, but not so much.

Mr. SOURWINE. The term "closed" and "open" embassy, if I understand you correctly, is used in the KGB with reference to the KGB's own attitude and responsibilities with respect to the embassy.

Mr. KARLIN. Oh, yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. And also with respect to how KGB members or persons such as yourself who are working with the KGB must or may comport themselves when they are visiting such an embassy.

Mr. KARLIN. Yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. That is involved also; is it not?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes, it is particularly the KGB term, it is their terminology.

Mr. SOURWINE. In the case of an open embassy, a KGB person, either an officer or person such as you could visit rather freely?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes; it is correct.

Mr. SOURWINE. In the case of a closed embassy, you could not visit without permission there?

Mr. KARLIN. It is correct. Something like it, by the way, happened, really when I went the first time to see the Indian Ambassador. It was all prepared, maybe they did it specially, but still it was not easy and there wasn't free access to the Indian Embassy at all. Of course one wouldn't be able to go free to the American Embassy in Moscow too. I mean being a common, ordinary Soviet man.

The police would stop you.

Mr. SOURWINE. Would the ordinary Soviet man go to any foreign embassy?

Mr. KARLIN. Honestly, I doubt it.

Mr. SOURWINE. How about the Embassy of other Communist countries?

Mr. KARLIN. Well, again I think maybe there is a free access with some sort of control, but I repeat, I do not know it exactly, and I think it all depends on the particular situation, you see.

Mr. SOURWINE. Does the KGB maintain a full and complete coverage on all the embassy personnel in the U.S. Embassy?

Mr. KARLIN. I guess so.

If there is not 100 percent coverage I think there is 99 percent coverage. I think you must expect particularly this if you don't want to be fooled.

Mr. SOURWINE. There is a much looser surveillance over, for instance, the personnel of the Afghanistan Embassy?

Mr. KARLIN. Again, they, of course, try to control them, too, but I think there is a small section in the KGB with three or five men who are "responsible" for Afghanistans. If they would realize that the Afghanistan Embassy is a rather special place where there are meetings between, let's say, Americans or British, they probably would declare the Afghanistan Embassy the closed one.

Mr. SOURWINE. Let's go back to the Mexican Embassy. Are all of the Embassy staff personnel of the Mexican Embassy in Moscow kept under surveillance at all times?

Mr. KARLIN. I remember once I met Contu, and he came not alone, he came with another Mexican girl, and another Russian girl. There were two of them, only for a couple minutes. Then later they left us. Another girl was the Soviet, and she worked in the Embassy, and I think that is one of the best way for them to know what is going on in an embassy generally talking of course. They like to put one of the Soviet employees in such a position as a secretary in the reception.

Mr. SOURWINE. I think from what you have said earlier about having to use a better class of people in closed embassies——

Mr. KARLIN. Yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. It must be your impression, and I ask you if it is not, that the U.S.S.R. nationals who work in foreign embassies are all in contact with and under the control of the KGB?

Mr. KARLIN. Oh, yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. In one way or another?

Mr. KARLIN. Oh, yes, it is absolutely true.

Mr. SOURWINE. In one degree or another.

Mr. KARLIN. Sure.

Mr. SOURWINE. Now to go back to another loose end, you told us that you had brought out with you when you left the U.S.S.R. microfilm of a manuscript.

Mr. KARLIN. It is correct.

Mr. SOURWINE. That you had yourself prepared.

Mr. KARLIN. Yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. Now what happened to this manuscript?

Mr. KARLIN. When I defected, I gave to the British Intelligence Service those microfilms and all my documents, which I had, and then they did not give me these back. Instead of this, they gave me only one copy of my manuscript which they made a print of. It happened when I came from the U.S.A., back to England in 1965.

Mr. SOURWINE. You never got the microfilm back?

Mr. KARLIN. No, sir.

Mr. SOURWINE. And you did not get a print or a copy until 1965?

Mr. KARLIN. It is correct.

Mr. SOURWINE. During 6 months or thereabouts of 1964 you were in the United States?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes, sir.

Mr. SOURWINE. Having been brought here by an agency of the United States?

Mr. KARLIN. It is correct.

Mr. SOURWINE. Was there a copy of that manuscript over here while you were over here?

Mr. KARLIN. Probably.

Mr. SOURWINE. If you know.

Mr. KARLIN. I have seen one copy of it in the hands of the Americans who worked with me here.

Mr. SOURWINE. In the United States?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. Then there was a copy here?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes; but that was not mine, you see. That was theirs.

Mr. SOURWINE. There was a copy. You recognized it?

Mr. KARLIN. Oh, yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. It was a copy, a photocopy I take it?

Mr. KARLIN. No; I think it was Xerox.

Mr. SOURWINE. A Xeroxed copy?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes; because this one which they gave me—

Mr. SOURWINE. Of the manuscript which you had microfilmed?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. It must have been a Xeroxed copy of a print, then.

Mr. KARLIN. Yes; and there was a copy I guess of the translation into English, too.

Mr. SOURWINE. Did you make a translation?

Mr. KARLIN. No. Someone did it for MI-5.

Mr. SOURWINE. Who made the translation; if you know?

Mr. KARLIN. They told me, the British told me that they did it and they said they paid, I don't know, 5,000 pounds for it.

Mr. SOURWINE. Who gave you the translation?

Mr. KARLIN. No one gave me it, but I have seen it. British officers showed me it.

Mr. SOURWINE. How did you come to see it?

Who showed you?

Mr. KARLIN. They showed me, these British officials, they showed me a rather thick volume, and they underlined what a great job they have done. Later when I came back from the United States, when MI-5 refused me to try to publish my manuscript, I said, why not think about the publication without real names, without real evidences and facts. They said, let's see what will be. I said, I want to write it in English. I needed that translation which they have done. And they brought me partly by 10-15 pages a week that translation.

Mr. SOURWINE. Did you see the translation of the whole manuscript?

Mr. KARLIN. Only in British official's hands, never in my hands.

Mr. SOURWINE. In your own hands you saw only portions of it?

Mr. KARLIN. Correct, sir.

Mr. SOURWINE. Perhaps 10 pages at a time?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes; by 10 pages but not the whole manuscript.

Mr. SOURWINE. You never saw the whole thing, even 10 pages at a time?

Mr. KARLIN. I have seen it all, but never had it.

Mr. SOURWINE. I mean you saw several fragments of 10 or some other number of pages.

Mr. KARLIN. I repeat, I have only seen the whole translation in the hands of the British officials.

Mr. SOURWINE. The fragments you actually have?

Mr. KARLIN. They brought me partly fragments in English, no more than 10 to 15 pages at once.

Mr. SOURWINE. Yes.

Mr. KARLIN. I have one copy of it in Russian.

Mr. SOURWINE. Did they take them back again after you saw them?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes, sir.

Mr. SOURWINE. That is what I understood.

Mr. KARLIN. It is correct.

Mr. SOURWINE. But they did not, for instance, bring you first the first 10 pages and then the next 10 pages and then the next 10 pages—

Mr. KARLIN. No.

Mr. SOURWINE (continuing). Until you had seen it all?

Mr. KARLIN. We did it this way: I said now I would like this part, bring me this part, and they brought me what I asked.

Mr. SOURWINE. You just saw certain portions.

Mr. KARLIN. Yes; I rewrote it all.

Mr. SOURWINE. You were trying to get it printed?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. Now you say the British were opposed to this?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes; they were opposed and I have some documents which confirms this. Honestly they press me "voluntarily" to give them my obligation not to publish a real story. How to explain to you all that. It was a very difficult relation between me and MI-5 when I came from the United States back to England. They put me in trouble. We quarreled. Pretty cruelly, they said that I must be quiet, that they do not want to open me because now there is no time for me to be publicized and so on.

They said that they have a good relation with General deGaulle and that DeGaulle is only one man in France. They said, "We cannot make any unpleasant thing to him, and then we are expecting Mr. Kosygin to visit England and therefore, we would not give you any chance to be published."

Mr. SOURWINE. Who told you that?

Mr. KARLIN. My case officer Michael.

Mr. SOURWINE. The British case officer?

Mr. KARLIN. Right, Michael. Another man was Charles—his name is here. He talked to me in such a way two or three times, and I realized that it is absolutely dangerous moment for my life. I had a headache at that time, and even one day when Charles brought me pills, I put them in the pocket and then I threw them away because I thought, well, it could be poison because that was absolutely awful period in my relation with MI-5.

Mr. SOURWINE. You do not mean you think the British were trying to poison you?

Mr. KARLIN. Being in such a situation, in such a psychological mood, to feel as I felt at that time, I think was natural for me.

I am not sure that that was possible, really, but then I realized it is only one way to survive physically, to put my signature on a contract, which later was prepared. It is here. I can give you it.

Mr. SOURWINE. What contract are you talking about?

Mr. KARLIN. According to this contract I gave them all my materials and I promised them never to publish anything about what is mentioned here.

Mr. SOURWINE. This is?

Mr. KARLIN. That is a copy?

Mr. SOURWINE. This is an original and one page.

Mr. KARLIN. Yes; original and one page, that is correct.

Mr. SOURWINE. And part of the date has been cut off.

Mr. KARLIN. No; where?

Mr. SOURWINE. No; it is just partially torn.

The 5th day of March, 1965.

Mr. KARLIN. It is correct, signed by me and Charles Wentworth.

Mr. SOURWINE. Instead of attempting to summarize this, Mr. Chairman, I think perhaps the entire text should be placed in the record at this point.

Senator THURMOND. It is so ordered.

(The information follows:)

1. I, Yuri Vasiliyevich Krotkov, also known as George Moore, voluntarily desire to give the following undertaking to the British authorities who have been concerned with my case:

In consideration for the assistance given to me by the British authorities since I arrived in the United Kingdom in September 1963 and asked for political asylum, I undertake not to publish or cause to be published or to disseminate to any person outside British Government employment any of the information which I have given to the British authorities, either orally or in writing, and relating to the involvement with the K.G.B. (Committee for State Security in the U.S.S.R.), either in the U.S.S.R. or elsewhere, of any national of the United Kingdom, Australia, Canada, France, the United States of America, Belgium, Holland, India, Pakistan, and Mexico.

2. At the same time I voluntarily transfer to the custody of the British authorities any of my personal papers, or photographs thereof, which refer in any way to K.G.B. operations involving nationals of the aforesaid countries.

3. It is understood as between the British authorities and myself that nothing in the foregoing should be taken to mean that I may not publish, or cause to be published, information relating to the activities of the K.G.B. against Soviet citizens either in the U.S.S.R. or elsewhere.

4. I undertake not to publish, or cause to be published, any information relating to the K.G.B. without first consulting with and obtaining the agreement of the British authorities concerned.

[SEAL] Signed by the said

YURI KROTKOV.

In the presence of Charles Wentworth.

Dated the fourth day of March 1965.

5. For their part, the British authorities concerned themselves undertake not to publish or cause to be published or disseminate in any way the contents of the papers and/or photographs handed over by Yuri Vasiliyevich Krotkov.

6. The British authorities concerned give an assurance to Mr. Krotkov that, subject to what is said in paragraphs 1-4 of this Agreement, they will not at any time attempt to exercise control over Mr. Krotkov's literary output.

[SEAL] _____

Signed by _____

In the presence of Charles Wentworth.

Dated the fifth day of March 1965.

Mr. KARLIN. And the second document is the very same. It gives me freedom I would say, because it is written here that from this time I am free and I can move myself, and they even paid me 100 pounds to be happy.

Mr. SOURWINE. The 31st day of December 1965. May this also go in the record?

Senator THURMOND. It is so ordered.
(The information follows:)

DECLARATION

Yuriy Vasiliyevich KROTKOV, otherwise known as George MOORE, otherwise known as George KARLIN, on the one hand and Charles WENTWORTH, British Government official, on the other hand jointly D E C L A R E that on the thirty-first day of December 1965, the following agreement was reached between them:

1. That with effect from the thirty-first day of December 1965 the financial and other support which the British authorities represented by Charles WENTWORTH have been giving Yuriy Vasiliyevich KROTKOV will end.

2. That the sum of £100 handed to Yuriy Vasiliyevich KROTKOV at the time of the signing of this declaration represents the final payment to be made by the said British authorities.

3. That from the thirty-first day of December 1965 Yuriy Vasiliyevich KROTKOV will no longer be under an obligation to consult Charles WENTWORTH before undertaking work or travelling abroad.

The parties further D E C L A R E however that nothing in this agreement alters in any way the undertakings as to non-disclosure without prior consultation of certain matters set out in a document signed by Yuriy Vasiliyevich KROTKOV on 4th March 1965 and by a representative of the British authorities on the 5th March 1965 and these undertakings will continue to be faithfully observed.

As witness the hands of the parties this day of 31st December 1965.

[SEAL] Signed by Yuriy Vasiliyevich KROTKOV.
In the presence of D. SHERBORNE.

[SEAL] Signed by Charles WENTWORTH.
In the presence of D. SHERBORNE.

Mr. KARLIN. And the third document shows their reaction when I made a manuscript without names. They said that that is not enough. They said it must be paraphrased more, more and more, to make practically a fiction.

Mr. SOURWINE. They were requiring that you submit an edited version before you take it to any publishers?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. Did you do that in every instance?

Mr. KARLIN. Not exactly.

Mr. SOURWINE. That is, you took material to publishers?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes, particularly this manuscript without names, without real facts, and the result was . . . these letters.

Mr. SOURWINE. Yes, we have here first in order in which I hold them a letter to—let me just characterize them by headings and ask that they all go into the record at this point.

Letter of February 3, 1966 on the letterhead of the Pall Mall Press, Ltd., letter of March 28, 1966 on the letterhead of William Heinemann, Ltd., letter of May 12, 1966 on the letterhead of William Heinemann, Ltd., letter of July 13, 1966 on the letterhead of Johnson Publications, Ltd., letter of May 5, 1967 on the letterhead of Macmillan and Co., Ltd., letter of January 16, 1968, on the letterhead of E. P. Dutton & Co. of New York, all of the others being London firms.

May these all go in the record?

Senator THURMOND. Without objection, it is so ordered.

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(The information follows:)

THE PALL MALL PRESS LTD.,
London, February 3, 1966.

Mr. GEORGE MOORE,
*86 Lynton Avenue,
London, N.W.9.*

DEAR MR. MOORE: I have read the typescript on "Diplomats in a Trap" and have also shown it to Mr. Praeger. I regret that we are unable to publish it. It is an interesting personal story, but it is too introspective, in the literary sense, for our kind of publishing. When you discussed the book with me first I thought it would prove to be a "straight" study of the Soviet system for dealing with diplomatists in Moscow. It is, however, more of a subjective than an objective study. I found it very interesting, since personal impressions are always interesting; but it is not the kind of book which we publish. I do hope you have success in placing it with another publisher.

Yours sincerely,

DERICK MIRFIN.

P.S. I am sending the typescript under separate cover.

WILLIAM HEINEMANN LTD.,
PUBLISHERS,
London, March 28, 1966.

Y. KAZLIN, Esq.,
*Poste Restante,
Malaga,
Spain.*

DEAR MR. KAZLIN: I have read your manuscript with great interest and have told your agent that I would like to keep it on one side before making a definite decision until your first book is fully edited and ready to go to the printer. Your second book needs a great deal of cutting and there are various aspects concerning the wisdom and possibility of publishing it in its present form which we cannot discuss by correspondence.

I have been working very hard on an American publisher in London with regard to your first manuscript and I think there is a good chance that he will make an offer for it. The editor who has worked on it has now completed his textual revisions and it is now being worked over by one of my resident editors.

With kindest regards from my wife, son and myself and I hope you are enjoying your vacation.

Yours sincerely,

ROLAND GANT.

WILLIAM HEINEMANN LTD.,
PUBLISHERS,
London, May 12, 1966.

Mr. Y. KARLIN,
*Poste Restante,
Malaga, Spain.*

MY DEAR YURI: Thank you for your letter of 28 April.

I think it is not essential for Peter Sellers to see the translation into English of your play as for him to get an idea of the approach and what it is about. That is to say, sell him the idea first, which I shall try to do when I meet him.

Your first book is in the hands of an excellent editor here who is preparing it for press. At some point we shall probably have to send you a list of queries on questions of fact, etc.

As for the Diplomats book, I returned this to Mark Hamilton, telling him that I could not consider it until I have clearance from the appropriate authorities here and Mark is dealing with this at the present time.

I have not seen the film *Dr. Zhivago* but in general the reviews said that it was not very well directed, as very colourful but did not really capture the depth of the book.

With kindest regards from all of us.

Yours,

ROLAND GANT.

JOHNSON PUBLICATIONS LIMITED,
London, July 13, 1966.

Mr. CARLIN,
732 Chelsea Cloisters,
Sloane Avenue, London S.W.3.

DEAR Mr. CARLIN: I have, since seeing you, had the opportunity of making enquiries as to how I could help you with your manuscript "DIPLOMATS IN A TRAP" and I am sorry to say that I have a disappointing report.

I had hoped at first that there was some way of getting past the undertaking which you had signed, but apparently, as far as I can tell within the limits of my own contacts, there is not; and I am dubious whether you are going to have success in whatever direction you take the matter up.

This would mean that anybody undertaking your manuscript would have an exceedingly expensive printing investment with only small prospects of obtaining a financial return. This latter would naturally, as you will appreciate, depend on the degree of publicity which could be obtained from the book in our larger national papers, and, speaking from my own experience of some years in the publishing business, I would say that the chances of obtaining this would be small in existing circumstances.

It is accordingly with regret and apologies that I have to say that I am unable to help you and I have no alternative but to return your manuscript with thanks for letting me see it.

I am posting this to you to Chelsea Cloisters under separate cover.

Yours sincerely,

DONALD MCL. JOHNSON.

MACMILLAN & Co., LTD.,
London, May 5, 1967.

GEORGE KARBIN, Esq.,
Crossthwaite Ave. Post Office,
London, S.W. 5.

DEAR Mr. KARBIN: We have now read your manuscript, DIPLOMATS IN MOSCOW and have found it a readable and interesting account. I am afraid, however, that we will not be able to make you an offer for publication as we feel it would not really fit on to our list.

I am returning the manuscript to you with our apologies and hope that you will find a publisher for it. What applies to one publisher does not necessarily to another and I hope this may be so with your book.

Yours sincerely,

_____, *Editorial.*

E. P. DUTTON & Co., INC.,
PUBLISHERS,
New York, N.Y., January 16, 1968.

Mr. GEORGE KARLIN (YURI KROTKOV),
D. Anine, Radio Liberty,
Arabellastrasse 18,
Munich 8, West Germany.

DEAR Mr. KROTKOV: We have now had an opportunity to read DIPLOMATS IN MOSCOW and I am sorry to say we do not feel we can make an offer for it. We found the manuscript confused and filled with too much small detail.

We do suggest that you let us send the manuscript to your agent here in New York, Brandt & Brandt, rather than returning it to you in Germany, as it would be far easier for them to make further submissions for you than for you to do it yourself.

Sincerely,

(Mrs.) PEGGY BROOKS, *Editor.*

Mr. SOURWINE. Does this represent the totality of the efforts you made or are these only the letters that you happened to keep and have copies of that you could give us?

Mr. KARLIN. Almost.

Mr. SOURWINE. Were there others?

Did you make other efforts where you do not happen to have the letter?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes, I sent my manuscript without names to a German magazine, Der Spiegel, and again there was the same negative answer.

Mr. SOURWINE. Did you send your manuscript to any publisher in the United States?

Mr. KARLIN. Only to Dutton because I have had an obligation. They had an option right, they published my previous book.

Mr. SOURWINE. Your previous book was "The Angry Exile."

Mr. KARLIN. In America it was titled: "I Am From Moscow."

Mr. SOURWINE. "I Am From Moscow."

Mr. KARLIN. It is correct.

Mr. SOURWINE. Dutton published it here?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes, sir.

Mr. SOURWINE. I never heard of that book before. It must not have been very well advertised.

Mr. KARLIN. I am afraid so.

Mr. SOURWINE. Did it have much of a sale?

Mr. KARLIN. No; I guess only 700 copies were sold.

Mr. SOURWINE. How did "The Angry Exile" sell?

Mr. KARLIN. Very badly, sir.

Mr. SOURWINE. In England?

Mr. KARLIN. I expected it.

Mr. SOURWINE. Did it get good reviews?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes and no. Simply, the British authority didn't want to advertise me knowing that it was a political matter. MI-5 totally controlled my publication, they organized it, even, I guess they financed it. Let me tell you this: There was a special advertising department in Heinemann, headed by a Canadian gentleman, and he did nothing to advertise me—nothing.

Let me tell you another things, sir: I was introduced by MI-5 to the literary agent Heath Co., a couple of weeks before they dealt with Heath Co. and they brought me to them and they related with me in an absolutely special way, it was not a normal way. No question about it.

My relation with Heineman was under the control of this literary agent and they wanted to control me every time in every move. When once I told them, all right, you do not want to do now anything with this manuscript without names, I would do that myself and I would send it to some American publisher. They said: "No, no, you cannot do that, because you have this agreement." When we have been all together round a table, MI-5's men told the literary agent, two of them, they knew it before of course, that there is such an agreement, this one which I have showed you.

And then I think all that was done by MI-5, because when they asked me to write my biography, for the jacket. I mentioned there among the countries which I visited being outside of the U.S.S.R., among Japan, India, Spain, Germany, the United States. In the jacket all those countries were mentioned except the United States.

That is when I realized that they controlled my publication.

Mr. SOURWINE. Did you, after your return from the United States, after your 6 months or so here, did you seek to return to the United States?

Mr. KARLIN. Oh, yes.

They wanted to control all my steps, all my relations with Americans, and therefore it was possible for me at that time to send letters only through MI-5.

Mr. SOURWINE. The British would not let you send letters direct?

Mr. KARLIN. Directly?

Mr. SOURWINE. Yes.

Mr. KARLIN. No.

Mr. SOURWINE. How could they keep you from dropping such a letter in a post box?

Mr. KARLIN. I did not know the addresses, but still I tried to communicate. Still I knew that Jack Raymond was in Washington. I even have bought his book and I wanted to call him, of course, but they told me it is better to do that later, but later I was taken to England.

I sent a letter to Jack Raymond. I went to the New York Times Bureau in London and I asked the address of the Washington Bureau and I sent a letter to Jack and I got an answer.

Of course, I could not at that time open everything to Jack Raymond, but he immediately sent me an invitation to come to the United States, and he wrote, go to the American Embassy in London, show them my invitation and apply for the visitors visa.

Mr. SOURWINE. Did you?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes, I did it, and result was as you see in my papers. I got a refusal.

Mr. SOURWINE. By refusal you mean this letter of January 6, 1966?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes, sir.

Mr. SOURWINE. Addressed to you?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes, sir.

Mr. SOURWINE. Reference is made to your pending application for U.S. visa. You have been found ineligible and so forth?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes, sir.

Mr. SOURWINE. May this go in the record, also, Mr. Chairman?

Senator THURMOND. Without objection, it is so ordered.

(The information follows:)

EMBASSY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,
London, W.1., January 6, 1966.

Mr. GEORGE KARLIN,
86 Lynton Avenue,
London, N.W.9.

SIR: Reference is made to your pending application for a United States visa. You have been found ineligible for a United States visa under the provisions of section 212(a) of the Immigration and Nationality Act, as amended. This finding, which was made only after a most careful review of your case, has been affirmed by a panel of senior consular officers and must be considered final.

Very truly yours,

GORDON R. FIRTH, *American Consul.*

Mr. SOURWINE. But without the attached copy of excerpts from the Emigration and Nationality Act and the Information and Educational Exchange Act of 1948.

Senator THURMOND. So ordered.

Mr. SOURWINE. Did you ever try to go to Canada?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes, sir.

After my relation with the British Secret Service was deteriorated, I wanted to go out of England by any price. I thought about the second "defection." I could not defect back to Russia or to China or to

Albania, but I repeat: I tried to go out of England. I visited many embassies, and among them the Canadian. I wanted to emigrate to Canada, and I filled all those forms. I passed even medical examination, and they told me everything is going well, and even I have had a letter from the Canadian Broadcasting Co. They invited me to work in the Russian section. Then something happened. I can guess what happened. I got from the Canadian Embassy the same answer I got from the American Embassy.

Mr. SOURWINE. You have handed me two letters here, both addressed to you at the same address, carrying different dates, one under date of June 10, 1966, and the other one dated June 20, identical in text but different signatures.

Mr. KARLIN. Yes, sir.

Mr. SOURWINE. Under each signature is the same typed text, officer in charge, London office.

Mr. KARLIN. Yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. But the signatures are quite obviously different.

Mr. KARLIN. I guess they wanted to be sure, you know. They sent it twice, because contents is the same.

Mr. SOURWINE. May these also go into the record?

Senator THURMOND. Without objection, it is so ordered.

(The information follows:)

DEPARTMENT OF CITIZENSHIP AND IMMIGRATION,
OFFICE OF THE HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR CANADA,
London, W.1., June 10, 1966.

Mr. G. KARLIN,
75 Kew Green,
Richmond, Surrey.

DEAR MR. KARLIN: This refers to your application to emigrate to Canada.

Your application has been given careful and sympathetic consideration, and it is with regret that we must inform you that you are unable to comply with the requirements of the Canadian Immigration Act and Regulations.

In the circumstances, you should cancel any arrangements you may have been making to proceed to Canada for either temporary or permanent residence.

A record is maintained of the persons who have been refused permission to go to Canada. This is brought to your attention now so that you will understand that if you attempt to enter Canada you could encounter serious inconvenience and deportation.

Yours very truly,

J. A. HUNTER,
Officer-in-Charge, London Office.

JUNE 20, 1966.

Mr. G. KARLIN,
75 Kew Green,
Richmond, Surrey.

DEAR MR. KARLIN: This refers to your application to emigrate to Canada. Your application has been given careful and sympathetic consideration, and it is with regret that we must inform you that you are unable to comply with the requirements of the Canadian Immigration Act and Regulations.

In the circumstances, you should cancel any arrangements you may have been making to proceed to Canada for either temporary or permanent residence.

A record is maintained of the persons who have been refused permission to go to Canada. This is brought to your attention now so that you will understand that if you attempt to enter Canada you could encounter serious inconvenience and deportation.

Yours very truly,

J. A. HUNTER,
Officer-in-Charge, London Office.

Mr. SOURWINE. You are presently in the United States under a 90-day parole granted by the Immigration and Naturalization Service on the basis of this committee's request so that you might testify before the committee.

Before you came were you in contact with any American publishing company, any U.S. publishing company?

Mr. KARLIN. There I have only one "case" I would say. But it started not by my initiative.

I got a letter from Muenchen, from the Radio Liberty and in the envelope was another letter from the Reader's Digest Washington Bureau, from John Baron. In his first letter he said that, well, the Reader's Digest decided to make—

Mr. SOURWINE. You have a number of letters.

Mr. KARLIN. Here I have all of them.

Mr. SOURWINE. Do these letters tell the whole story?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. Wouldn't it be better to let the letters go in the record—

Mr. KARLIN. Of course it would be better, sir.

Mr. SOURWINE. Instead of you telling us what they say?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. We have letters of July 10 to Mr. Krotkov, from Mr. John Baron. We have a letter of July 22, 1969, addressed to Mr. Karlin from John Baron, a July 29, 1969, letter to Mr. Karlin from John Baron.

This is an unsigned letter.

Did you get it unsigned?

Mr. KARLIN. He forgot to do it and in the next letter he mentioned this.

Mr. SOURWINE. We have a letter of July 30 to Mr. Karlin from John Baron.

Mr. KARLIN. I would not call it a letter. I think it is a composition. There are so many pages, here.

Mr. SOURWINE. Well, it is a note. This is on one page.

Mr. KARLIN. The last one.

Mr. SOURWINE. Then we have a letter of August 6, 1969, which is quite lengthy, 5 pages to Mr. Karlin from John Baron simply signed "John."

May all of these go in the record at this point?

Senator THURMOND. Without objection, it is so ordered.

(The information follows:)

THE READER'S DIGEST,
WASHINGTON EDITORIAL OFFICE,
Washington, D.C., July 10, 1969.

Mr. YURI KROKTOV,
Radio Liberty,
8 Munich 81,
Arabella Strasse 18,
West Germany.

DEAR MR. KROKTOV: The Reader's Digest currently is sponsoring a worldwide research project preparatory to publishing a major book along with condensations and articles in numerous languages. As you have expert knowledge of the subject in which we are interested, I would be most grateful if I could confer with you in the hope of obtaining the benefit of your insights and counsel.

Should you be free, I would like to come to Munich sometime within the next couple of months. If you can advise me of the time which would be most convenient to you, we may then proceed to make specific arrangements. I very much hope I may hear from you and have the pleasure of visiting with you.

Respectfully yours,

JOHN BARRON.

JULY 22, 1969.

Mr. GEORGE KARLIN,
Posterestante, Malaga, Spain.

DEAR MR. KARLIN: I am grateful for your thoughtful letter, and I can appreciate your reasoning. However, the project with which I am entrusted is so important to fundamental causes in which we both believe that I feel I must impose upon you further.

From this distance, it is difficult to explain the precise details of our undertaking, though I should be glad to do so in a personal meeting. I can say that the project will culminate in a major book and numerous magazine articles which will be published in 13 languages throughout the world. It concerns the activities of an organization you know especially well. You thus are in a position to afford the world, through this project, some vital insights into the mentality and methods of this particular organization.

I welcome your recommendation regarding the gentleman in Great Britain. But our research persuades us that it is you who at the moment can contribute the most. Thus, I very much hope you will reconsider and consent to talk with me, even if you can spare only two or three days.

Geography poses no problem. I can meet with you any time, anywhere, under any conditions you consider desirable. Our project is not being undertaken for commercial purposes, and there is no way we really can compensate monetarily the many people, with backgrounds such as yours, who are providing invaluable assistance. However, we do pay experts such as yourself an honorarium in the form of a consulting fee of 75 U.S. dollars per day. We of course also would pay all reasonable food, lodging and travel expenses which you might incur as a result of our conferences.

For me it would be an honor to meet and confer with you. I would come well prepared, and I am sure our deliberations would be enjoyable as well as constructive. So please let me hear from you again.

Best regards,

JOHN BARRON.

JULY 29, 1969.

Mr. GEORGE KARLIN,
*Posterestante,
Malaga, Spain.*

DEAR MR. KARLIN: I am delighted by your letter and very much look forward to meeting you in Vienna. If you desire, I will be pleased to send you immediately 150 U.S. dollars to defray your travel expenses. Otherwise, I will pay them, together with your honorarium, in cash when I see you. Should you prefer the expense money now, please advise me whether it may be transmitted in the form of a check drawn on a U.S. bank and, if so, to which name the check should be made payable.

The arrangements you propose are quite expert. However, to make sure that we have a minimum of difficulty in getting together, let me suggest a simpler procedure. Within a few days, I will send you the name of the hotel at which I will stay. At 0900 hours August 25 I will be standing in the lobby of that hotel, wearing a brown suit, a yellow shirt and carrying a copy of Time magazine in my left hand. You will approach and the following conversation will occur:

You: "Excuse me, but didn't we meet at London Airport last year?"

Me: "No, I don't believe so. I haven't been in London for years."

You: "Perhaps it was Tempelhoff."

Me: "Yes, now I remember. Good to see you again."

I will leave Washington August 23. If prior to then you find that you are unable to meet me in Vienna on the 25th, please write or cable me collect at my office here. If subsequent to August 23 you find that you cannot keep the appointment as scheduled, call me collect at the hotel, the name of which I will give you shortly. I am certain that I can keep the appointment as planned. But should

circumstances unexpectedly arise to delay me, I will contact you in Malaga or, if it is too late to do so, I will address a letter to George Karlin, American Express, Mail Department, Vienna.

If the foregoing arrangements are acceptable, please let me know. We will have much of great mutual interest to discuss and I am sure we will enjoy the conversations.

Best regards,

JULY 30, 1969.

Mr. GEORGE KARLIN,
Posterestante,
Malaga, Spain,

DEAR MR. KARLIN: It occurs to me that I should add a postscript to my letter of yesterday.

Let me stress that we should confer in the city or locale which is most convenient to you. Vienna is excellent, but I hope you did not select it out of consideration for me (I only wanted to go to Munich to see you). But we just as easily could meet in any city you prefer—Lisbon, Madrid, Barcelona or any other place you would like to visit. We of course would still pay the same travel expenses. My point is that I do not want to impose upon you any more of a burden than is necessary. So if it would be easier for you to travel to a city other than Vienna, please let me know, and we still can follow the procedures I outlined yesterday. Otherwise, I will look forward to seeing you in Vienna on the 25th.

Incidentally, please forgive me for not signing my letter yesterday. I was so eager to reply that I slapped it into an envelope as soon as the secretary typed it.

Best regards,

JOHN BARRON.

AUGUST 6, 1969.

Mr. GEORGE KARLIN,
Posterestante, Malaga, Spain.

DEAR MR. KARLIN: Many thanks for your good letter.

I will leave Washington the 22nd and arrive in Vienna the 23rd. I have a reservation at the Inter-Continental Hotel (but I will not know the room number until I actually register). On the chance that you might arrive early, I will be in the lobby at 0900 on the 25th waiting for the greeting I outlined. If I do not receive it, I will again be in the lobby at 1700. If necessary, I also will be there at 0900 and 1700 on the 26th. Should your plans change prior to the 22nd, please cable or call me here. Should they change after the 22nd, please communicate with me at the Inter-Continental.

It will be a delight to visit with you. With luck, maybe we can find a few good restaurants in Vienna. I really look forward to seeing you.

Best regards,

JOHN BARRON.

OCTOBER 6, 1969.

Mr. GEORGE KARLIN,
A. & J. Moder,
Deutschwaldstrasse 10,
3002 Purkersdorf,
Austria.

DEAR GEORGE: Yesterday I returned to Washington, having thought much during the past five weeks about your circumstances and our conversations. Both personally and professionally, I would like to help you in any way I honorably can. In this spirit, I want to share with you conclusions born of considerable reflection.

First and foremost, I think you must be removed from the abyss of human isolation in which you have been confined. You deserve the fellowship and stimulation of friends, a free environment in which you can create and write books—not just the one which now lies dormant, but many more as well. Certainly you require an environment in which the best medical care and prospects of good health are assured.

Secondly, I fervently believe that your book should be published, and the sooner the better. However, it would be folly and self-defeating to throw it into print simply to have it in print. To withstand the considerable and devious attempts which surely will be made to discredit it, the book must have the imprimatur of a prestigious and courageous publisher. It merits a publisher willing and able to provide effective promotion. Ideally, the publisher also should be capable of affording that kind of editorial counsel which, without encroaching upon the integrity of the book or deleting anything it must say, can assist an author in more persuasively communicating with a Western audience. As previous efforts to achieve such publication have failed, it is only logical that new and different attempts now should be made.

Thirdly, I know that your help would contribute significantly to our project and fulfillment of its underlying purpose, a purpose to which we both are dedicated. And I am sure that we can perfect a clear, honest working arrangement which will enhance rather than detract from the success of your book and at the same time perhaps simplify your entry into the United States or another benign clime of your choice. Your book and ours are not competitors but allies. Through cooperation we can ensure that each will reinforce and magnify the impact of the other, even though they are entirely and fundamentally different.

Our project must reveal, characterize and narrate a wide range of activities which are equally important if we are to convey a definitive understanding of the primary subject. Because of this necessity for diversity, because of the volume and variety of stunning data already amassed, we cannot dwell limitlessly on any one activity to the exclusion of others. Although it would be foolish rigidly to impose artificial space limitations, the practical fact is that there must be reasonable restrictions on the number of pages we can allocate to any particular activity. Therefore, we could not possibly exploit in our book all that yours will disclose, nor would it be fair for us to attempt to do so. Neither could we possibly duplicate the perspective, passion, style, detail and intensely personal insights which are uniquely yours and which will distinguish your work from all others.

However, if we could narrate in *some* detail just one or two of your experiences while merely summarizing or making mention of others, we would achieve numerous mutually beneficial results. Research thus far has yielded us quite a few recent and excellent examples of the special activity with which you are most familiar. However, with the exception of one startling case unearthed through Canadian sources, none involves personalities or consequences as significant as those about which you know. And we need to demonstrate through at least a couple of concrete examples that the powerful as well as the ordinary can fall prey. More important, most of our data in this realm have been gathered from the "outside," from the view of the victims. To make our accounts more believable, we need to present at least one major illustration from the view of the predators.

To you, I think such an approach would provide some major advantages.

On the basis of material already written or assembled, we earnestly believe that our book will be critically acclaimed and that it will stand for years as a definitive work. But regardless of its intrinsic worth, we know that because of our editorial, promotional and distributional resources, it will be widely read. Through it you can receive a favorable, sympathetic and intriguing introduction to a mass audience. Having learned something of what you are prepared to say, readers in many lands will be eager to hear it all.

Next we will clearly state that we have recounted only a portion of your experience; that the complete story will be told in your own words in a forthcoming book of your own. This will help provide the kind of publicity which, like it or not, for better or worse, often means the difference between a good book being read or ignored. True, Lyons' references to your first book had no effect on its sales. But these references were merely passing ones, and they were made well *after* publication of your book which, incidentally, has been so poorly marketed as to be virtually unobtainable in the United States (it took me four weeks of diligent inquiry before I finally located a copy through a New York mail order house). The advertisement must *precede* publication, but not by too many weeks. Timing is critical.

The milieu you are describing is so alien to most Westerners, the events you are recreating are so spectacular that you are confronted by a problem of credibility with both potential publishers and readers. The quality of our research

department and its practice of ensuring the accuracy of all we say are well known among American publishing circles. It happens that because of independent research, we will be prepared and willing to say to any prospective publisher that we believe what you are saying. And the fact that we publicly embrace you as a source will constitute further endorsement, to publisher and reader alike, of your reliability.

Beyond all this, I personally desire to assist in helping you find a publisher who will serve the best interests of you and your books. Here, though, we have a problem which we should consider candidly.

In fairness to each other, I do not think that I ethically can read your manuscript, at least not until the section of our book concerning which I seek your help has been finished once and for all and approved by you. We of course never would plagiarize or consciously appropriate from the work of another author. But no matter how sincerely we tried, it could be difficult to avoid being unconsciously influenced by the style, imagery and artistry of your writing which belongs to you and you alone. Thus, the question is, how may we help you by recommending and showing your manuscript to our own publishing company or to any of the many others with whom we regularly and amiably deal? I suggest this answer:

Let us sit down and talk for a week or two, freely, easily, exchanging questions and answers without any reference to the manuscript. During these conversations we precisely can define and agree upon what we may and may not use. Next, I will go away and write the chapter with which we are concerned, including the other material already collected. To make certain of accuracy in nuance as well as fact and proper portrayal of you, we will then ask you to review all we propose to publish based on our conversations with you.

After the content and wording of the chapter have been unalterably determined, we will arrange for your manuscript to be delivered directly to our book publishing subsidiary, Funk & Wagnalls. As a result of our prior intercession, it there will receive the most sympathetic consideration. If Funk & Wagnalls agrees to publish it under terms acceptable to you (no publisher incidentally, is more generous with authors), publishing schedules can be timed so as to provide maximum benefits to your work. If you and Funk & Wagnalls fail to reach a mutually acceptable agreement, then we will arrange for the manuscript to be submitted to other reputable publishers and inform them of the publicity and tacit endorsement we intend to give it.

I can and do guarantee all of the foregoing. I cannot guarantee what the ultimate results would be. But to me it is professionally inconceivable that under such conditions your book would not be published and not be a triumphant success. And although I again am unable to prophesy with certainty, I personally think that once you are depicted as we are ready to depict you and once you have made the great contribution your book will represent, your path into the United States will be greatly eased.

As for practical details, if you are to visit the United States in the near future, it doubtless would be preferable to confer here. But I believe it would be imprudent to wait indefinitely, trusting helplessly to capricious fate. And I stand ready to meet you anywhere any time between now and December 10. (We naturally would insist upon paying your expenses as well as the consultant fee of \$75 per day.)

Meanwhile, all other considerations aside, I would be pleased to do anything for you personally in Washington which I can do. My work endows me with access to almost anyone, so do not hesitate to call upon me. Neither should you hesitate frankly to ask any question or raise any issue which troubles you.

I hope I may see you soon, and I look forward to that eventual time when you will sit before my fireplace surrounded by good company and all that goes with it.

My very best regards,

JOHN.

P.S.—I hope you are enjoying Vienna. As you know, there are a great many of your old friends there.

Mr. SOURWINE. I note that these letters indicate that you did meet with Mr. Baron and talked with him.

Mr. KARLIN. That is correct.

Mr. SOURWINE. Would you tell us about that?

Mr. KARLIN. I met him in Vienna (Austria). I got the first letter being in Spain.

Then I went to Vienna and he came there specially to see me. The Reader's Digest wanted to use my stories, particularly the French case, in its publication.

Mr. SOURWINE. He told you this?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes, he told me and he said that he would write my story and he told me that it is a way for me later to publish my book.

Mr. SOURWINE. How did he know about the French case?

Mr. KARLIN. Well——

Mr. SOURWINE. Did you tell him about the French case?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. Or did he know about it before you told him?

Mr. KARLIN. No, he did not know it before, I guess.

Mr. SOURWINE. Did he know about any of your experiences?

Mr. KARLIN. Well, he knows, he said that he knows that I am a unique person. It is even mentioned——

Mr. SOURWINE. I am not talking about what is in the letters. We have those in the record now.

Mr. KARLIN. Yes, but he repeated something that was written in the letters.

Mr. SOURWINE. Did he say anything to you——

Mr. KARLIN. What?

Mr. SOURWINE (continuing). That indicated to you that he knew about your experiences?

Mr. KARLIN. I would say yes, but generally talking. He underlined that his knowledge came not from Eugene Lyons, whom I knew before, and who was on the Reader's Digest staff. He gave me a hint that he got it from a different source.

Mr. SOURWINE. Did he tell you the source?

Mr. KARLIN. He mentioned in some way the Russian emigrant organizations.

Mr. SOURWINE. Did he tell you what he knew about your previous experiences?

Mr. KARLIN. He knew that I had a relation with the KGB, and an important one. I think he knew that I was a co-opted man.

Mr. SOURWINE. Did he know you had been in the United States?

Mr. KARLIN. No, I do not think so.

Mr. SOURWINE. So you talked with him about some of your particular cases?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes, sir, we discussed some of them.

I realized that he is a specialist in this area, that it is his subject, because he mentioned that he met another defector, he told me even that after Vienna he would go to Paris, then to London, and he said that he had two really big sources. One is me and another someone in Canada, he did not name him. So I realized that he is really a man who is dealing with all this job.

But I told him I can't give him my stories to be published under someone's name. I said those stories could be published only under my name.

Mr. SOURWINE. I will show the witness a single sheet which contains an invitation, copy of an invitation in French extended by the Ambassador of France to Yuri Krakov and ask you if that is an invitation which you received?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes, sir.

Mr. SOURWINE. Did you go?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes, I went there.

It was Bastille Day.

Mr. SOURWINE. This was during the period of your relationship with Ambassador Dejean?

Mr. KARLIN. It was the last period of our relation. It was in—what is the year there?

Mr. SOURWINE. 1963.

Mr. KARLIN. Yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. We have here a document of six paragraphs in Russian.

What is that?

Mr. KARLIN. That is my writings, sir.

Can I cross it?

Mr. SOURWINE. Just tell us what it is.

Mr. KARLIN. When I produced all those films, I put this invitation together with something different in one page.

Mr. SOURWINE. This is, then, a copy of a print from your original microfilm?

Mr. KARLIN. Correct, sir.

Mr. SOURWINE. So that the paragraphs I spoke of are a part of your manuscript?

Mr. KARLIN. It is correct.

Mr. SOURWINE. And you had space at the bottom of the page and you put this invitation?

Mr. KARLIN. Right.

Mr. SOURWINE. Is this also a part of your manuscript?

Mr. KARLIN. It is one of my reports of my meeting with Kaul, when he came to Moscow as the Ambassador.

Mr. SOURWINE. That is 3 pages of a 4-page excerpt, is it not?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes. There are three of them all together. One report is 1 page, another 2 pages.

Mr. SOURWINE. Are these part of what you brought out?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes, sir.

Mr. SOURWINE. In microfilm?

Mr. KARLIN. That is correct.

Mr. SOURWINE. These are actual reports, copies of actual reports that you made to the KGB?

Mr. KARLIN. Right.

Mr. SOURWINE. May these go in the record, Mr. Chairman, in English translation with the Russian text being considered a part of the record by reference?

Senator THURMOND. Without objection, it is so ordered.

(The information referred to may be found in the subcommittee files.)

Mr. SOURWINE. We have here six pages.

Is this also Xeroxed reproduction of a print or prints from part of your microfilm?

Mr. KARLIN. It is correct, sir; it is the real document of the KGB.

That is what I got from them when they decided to produce the documentary movie about the happy life of foreign diplomats in Moscow.

Mr. SOURWINE. In this country we would say this was the document setting the terms of reference for your mission.

Mr. KARLIN. The KGB gave me it because there are many real names of the foreign correspondents, of the diplomats, whom they wanted to be shown in this movie.

Mr. SOURWINE. Mr. Chairman, may this be translated into English and ordered into the record at this point?

Senator THURMOND. Without objection, it is so ordered.

(The information referred to, in the Russian language, may be found in the subcommittee files.)

Mr. SOURWINE. With the original, this document I now hold in my hand, considered a part of the record by reference.

I have nothing more at the moment, Mr. Chairman, except the text of the article, A Letter to Mr. Smith, which has been referred to earlier. I think you told us that this was written by you and had been published in the New Review.

Mr. KARLIN. Correct.

Mr. SOURWINE. In 1967?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes, sir.

Mr. SOURWINE. And this is the English translation.

Mr. KARLIN. Yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. Was it published in English?

Mr. KARLIN. No, that was not, unfortunately.

Mr. SOURWINE. That was published in Russian?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. And this is an explanation of how you came to write "John, Soldier of Peace."

Mr. KARLIN. Correct.

Mr. SOURWINE. May this be admitted into the record as an appendix?

Senator THURMOND. Without objection, it is so ordered.

(The article referred to will be found in the appendix, p. 235.)

Mr. SOURWINE. I have no more questions at this time.

Senator THURMOND. Do you have any questions?

Mr. NORPEL. No.

Senator THURMOND. The hearing is recessed, subject to the call of the Chair.

(Whereupon, at 3:55 p.m., the subcommittee was recessed, subject to call of the Chair.)

TESTIMONY OF GEORGE KARLIN

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1969

U.S. SENATE,
SUBCOMMITTEE TO INVESTIGATE THE
ADMINISTRATION OF THE INTERNAL SECURITY ACT
AND OTHER INTERNAL SECURITY LAWS
OF THE COMMITTEE ON THE JUDICIARY,
Washington, D.C.

The subcommittee met, pursuant to recess, at 10:35 a.m., in room 2300, New Senate Office Building, Senator Strom Thurmond presiding.

Also present: J. G. Sourwine, chief counsel.

Senator THURMOND. The committee will come to order.

I remind the witness he is still under oath.

Mr. SOURWINE. Mr. Karlin, last Friday, I showed you something from the New York Times of November 21, a news story by James F. Clarity, special to the New York Times, dated Moscow, November 20, and printed on page C-3 of the Times under the 3-column head, "'67 Defector, Back in Moscow, Accuses Britain."

Mr. Chairman, I ask that this clipping may go in the record at this point as a part of the record.

Senator THURMOND. It is so ordered.

(The document referred to follows:)

[From The New York Times, Nov. 21, 1969]

'67 DEFECTOR, BACK IN MOSCOW, ACCUSES BRITAIN

(By James F. Clarity)

MOSCOW, Nov. 20—A Soviet newsreel cameraman who defected to England nearly two years ago said today that he had returned to the Soviet Union for nostalgic and political reasons.

The 56-year-old defector, Ivan Mikheyev, also said his life in England had been replete with "horrors" that included inability to find permanent work and attempts by British intelligence officers to get him "in the net" with their "sticky hands."

Mr. Mikheyev, who asked for asylum in England while visiting with a group of film technicians in December, 1967, sat on the stage in the auditorium of the Soviet Journalists Club looking thin and pale as an official of the Foreign Affairs Ministry read a statement for him.

The Foreign Ministry, which arranged the meeting, had urged correspondents from Western and Communist nations to attend. After his statement had been read, Mr. Mikheyev said hoarsely that in England he had lost his voice and most of his teeth and that his nerves had become "ill."

Mr. Mikheyev also said, during a question-and-answer period, that The Daily Telegraph of London was a "department" of the British intelligence service and also had ties with American intelligence operations.

The British Broadcasting Corporation, the returned defector said, also had connections with British intelligence. He said he was too weak of voice to offer detailed proof of all his assertions, but that the B.B.C. had reported disclosures he had made in private conversations with British intelligence officers.

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Mr. Mikheyev's only elaboration of his remark about American intelligence operations in England was that "the Americans financed" radio stations there.

He also said that Anatoly V. Kuznetsov, the Soviet writer who defected to England in July, had been given the same "workover" by British intelligence agents that he himself had undergone. Mr. Mikheyev said he had tried to meet Mr. Kuznetsov in London but had been told by British authorities that the writer was "too busy."

The cameraman said he had defected because he wanted to determine whether there was freedom of the press and speech in the West.

"Two years ago," he said, "I exaggerated the mistakes and shortcomings of my country. I was making elephants out of flies." He said he had also been having "troubles" with one of his supervisors at the film organization for which he worked in Moscow.

Mr. Mikheyev said he had rejected attempts by British intelligence officers to persuade him to "slander" the Soviet Union. Such slander, he said, was the sole means for a Soviet emigrant to earn a good living in England. He worked as a cameraman briefly for the Columbia Broadcasting System in London, he said, but was told that his work was inadequate. He blamed the camera he was given to use.

Mr. Mikheyev said that he had later worked as a streetcleaner and dishwasher. He said he returned to the Soviet Union on Oct. 8 because of "nostalgia for the fatherland" and his love for his wife and two sons, who had remained here.

"You can't talk about democracy in Great Britain," he said. "There is not democracy for everyone there."

'Sick Man,' Telegraph Says

Special to The New York Times

LONDON, Nov. 20—Ivan Mikheyev was "a very sick man who found it impossible to settle down in Britain," according to The Daily Telegraph.

"He was in such difficulties this year that even those who befriended him and tried to help him agreed that it was wiser for him to return to Russia," the newspaper writes in tomorrow's issue.

"Last summer he was involved in a serious motor accident in which two persons were gravely injured. Had Mikheyev remained in this country he would have faced prosecution."

There was no official comment from the British Broadcasting Corporation, but an official said informally: "We're not worried about charges like these. We're rather inured to this sort of comment."

Mr. SOURWINE. I asked you if you would read that and think about it and be ready to discuss it when you came back this morning. Are you ready to discuss it?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes, sir.

Mr. SOURWINE. Go ahead.

Mr. KARLIN. I knew this man, Ivan Mikheyev. He was a cameraman and I met him two or three times in Moscow before I defected. I would not be able to tell you much about him at that time. But later, when he defected, I had been in London—I never met him in London, because I tried every time to avoid any recent defectors; but of course, there was some discussion around him and someone told me about him.

From the very beginning, I knew that he wasn't in good health, that there was even such a suspicion that maybe he had a cancer.

Then I heard in my visits to London that his relation with MI-5 wasn't good. They also quarreled. He worked firstly somewhere, and then he lived as an unemployee, having only 6 pounds help weekly. He had one room somewhere and he was totally depressed. Some other Russians wanted to help him, to visit him, and to talk to him.

When I have been last time in London, someone told me that he is in very desperate condition and there is a real knowledge about his cancer.

When I went to Spain I found, in a Russian emigre newspaper published in Paris, his articles. In a month's time or 2 months time, there were, I guess, three or four of them, and the articles were, I think brilliant.

Mr. SOURWINE. Written by this cameraman?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes, written by this cameraman, Ivan Mikheyev, under his real name, three or four of them. They were very sharp, very knowledgeable and very active, I mean very active in a way to be anti-Soviet, anti-Communist articles, in one of which, for example he described all what happened when he went to Mongolia with the Central Committee Secretary Suslov. He was in the party delegation as a cameraman.

He said many sharp and correct words about Suslov and all his company you know. It means that he was in Moscow on the top level, that he was among the cameramen who would be in with the Government and party leaders. In London I have heard that he could not work for BBC because he was not qualified enough and so on. But I don't think that was correct.

Mr. SOURWINE. You mean the position he held in Moscow was so high, he was so highly regarded there that you are unable to credit the thought that he was not an able enough man to hold a good job for the BBC?

Mr. KARLIN. Correct, sir; I really think it is wrong that he wasn't qualified and so on.

Well, now how to explain why he took this fantastic, from my point of view, absolutely fantastic step, to defect from Russia to England and then to defect from England back to Russia? Isn't it a phenomenon?

I think still the explanation could be that—there couldn't be just one reason. Maybe several reasons. It is complex. It could be, one of the most important things, his psychological condition.

The basic thing from my point of view is this: There is a question about a defector who came here by ideological reasons, first of all, and I would call him a real defector, because the people who probably would come here to make money to be here rich, they can do themselves. But the ideological defectors, of course, need assistance and I think the number one assistance and help, has to be political, ideological, moral, and intellectual.

Mr. SOURWINE. You are talking about something other than food and clothing and shelter?

Mr. KARLIN. That's correct, sir.

I think the food and clothes and so on, important. But it is not such a big problem. His articles showed that he had something valuable in his brain.

Mr. SOURWINE. When you say, "he," you mean Mikheyev?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes, sir. He wanted—let me use this banal word—to fight and it is not a banal word for a man who defected by ideological reasons. That is the first necessity, to feel that you have some partner who represents the West, but not the Philistines.

I know that your society is pretty complicated one, very contradictory society with many different groups in it. But there is CIA, and MI-5, whom I met. I met only them in my first period of being here. I'm sure among them there must be some specially devoted people who would really help defectors, who would be their partners.

We need partners. Coming to the West, I knew that I would be alone here, but if I would be additionally without even these people who would be able to help me, who would, well, think in rather the same way I am thinking, I would collapse. It is inevitable thing.

There are in your society, so many powerful people who want to crush defectors, voluntary or involuntary. There must be someone who would defend us, first of all, spiritually, ideologically.

Let me give you an example. I am sorry to say about myself, but—it probably will give you still some explanation why Mikheyev did it. Still I am a writer and I came here to write freely and I wrote many things.

Among these things there were many short stories, satirical short stories.

They were published in the Russian emigre newspapers. But, of course, I need the Soviet people will know about my stories, because they are first of all for them, for my people. I came here with an idea to have a place from which I would be able to talk to my people. Now there is Radio Liberty. Sponsored by you Americans. It is a big machine with colossal equipment, and money, of course.

Now, when I came there, I said: "I want to talk to my people." They gave me first an opportunity to do that. But then I couldn't. I'm fighting for each of my short stories, because there is in Radio Liberty one Russian emigre who didn't like them. An old man, he left Russia in 1920. I'm sure the Soviet life is something totally alien for him.

Probably he's an administrative worker, but he cannot make a decision about my short stories. Nevertheless he refused to accept them.

When I asked him to explain it he simply said: "Well, we haven't an obligation to explain this to you."

Even now, if it wouldn't be me, if it would be Mikheyev, his reaction could be different; he would be upset, he would be depressed, you know. And it could be a moment which would put him in this tragical way to go back.

Then, I think, there is another important point. What I mean is the relation between two groups of emigrants, one Russian, the old one and the new one. Well, I think there is something absolutely abnormal, even tragical in the regards to this relation.

They don't want to cooperate one with another. They are trying to crush one another.

Mr. SOURWINE. Whom do you mean by "they"?

Mr. KARLIN. Let's take the story about Kuznetsov, and Belinkov, these two up-to-day Russians—very capable writers. When they came here, they wanted to be active to fight. But in newspapers, one after another, there were published articles against them.

Mr. SOURWINE. Articles by whom?

Mr. KARLIN. Articles written by different, preferably old, Russian emigrants. From my point of view, they create an atmosphere which, if a defector is not strong like Mikheyev was, well reading these articles, he could come to the following idea, "I left my country, I don't want to be a millionaire here, I need only to express myself but they blame me here."

There are other Russians who came to the U.S.A. 20, 25, 30 years ago. They are "Americans" now; they call us KGB people. Some of them say: "You must go back to the U.S.S.R. because there is the place for

you to fight, you must be like Solzhenitsyn," and so on. It is a total mistake, because in the U.S.S.R. there is a colossal area of struggle, there has to be a different way to fight. One could stay there, if it's possible, and work there, that would be good. Another could go out. A third could even kill himself. There are different ways to protest. It is impossible to talk about only one way for everybody.

Solzhenitsyn's way, is a great one but not absolutely the only one. I'm sure there is someone who use these Russian emigrants. I guess this second article confirms it.

Mr. SOURWINE. What do you mean by the second article?

Mr. KARLIN. The article which was published in the Washington Post November 24 by Richard Reston. He is the Los Angeles Times correspondent.

Mr. SOURWINE. That is on page A-3 of the Post?

Mr. KARLIN. A-3, yes. There is an article about another Russian writer, Andrei Amalric, A-m-a-l-r-i-c.

Mr. SOURWINE. Is that a Russian name?

Mr. KARLIN. It is not a typical Russian name. I never heard such name.

Mr. SOURWINE. Is it an Armenian name?

Mr. KARLIN. It is a strange name. No, it is not Armenian, no. Probably some Baltic name, Amalric. I'm not sure of it.

Well, still, I think there is no explanation how his letter came to the West, you know. From my point of view, an idea of this letter is to kick Kuznetsov, to show him that his way to fight against the Soviet system, is not correct. According to Amalric the correct way is to be in the U.S.S.R. and to do something there. Amalric said it very crafty.

It is a very important declaration which was done in a pretty crafty way, I repeat.

Mr. SOURWINE. Well, this article purports to be an exhortation to other Russian intellectuals to refuse to cooperate with the KGB, doesn't it?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes, what he said was said for the Western society.

Mr. SOURWINE. Do you think such an article as this could have been published in the Soviet Union?

Mr. KARLIN. No. It's impossible.

Mr. SOURWINE. This is referred to as an open letter to Kuznetsov?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. Ordinarily, an open letter is published, is it not?

Mr. KARLIN. It has to be, theoretically—

Mr. SOURWINE. You say this open letter could not have been published in the Soviet Union?

Mr. KARLIN. No.

Mr. SOURWINE. Therefore, it must have been published outside of the Soviet Union. It is not for local consumption.

Mr. KARLIN. I'm sure they gave it to some Western reporters. Which channel they used, how they did it physically, I don't know.

Mr. SOURWINE. In this case, it may very well not be a bona fide plea to intellectuals in the Soviet Union—

Mr. KARLIN. Right.

Mr. SOURWINE. But actually, a KGB piece of propaganda to make the Western World think there is intellectual freedom in Russia and, at the same time, discredit Kuznetsov and other defectors.

Mr. KARLIN. I think your explanation is correct. I think it would be good to try to put all these together. Last week, last month—let me say in a period of the last 2 or 3 months—there were many articles, in the Western newspapers as well as in Russian emigrant ones, were published on this subject. Of course all of them were collected by the KGB. And they realized that there is now useful stream for them here.

Maybe it has happened here spontaneously, among Russian emigrants, or it was organized by the KGB agents.

Still, they decided to accelerate this "stream." Amalric's letter could be one of their action.

Mr. SOURWINE. If this were an open letter, it would have been made available to all correspondents at least, wouldn't it?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. We don't know, of course, where they did it, but it is significant that this article in the Washington Post is by Richard Reston of the Los Angeles Times.

Mr. KARLIN. That's right.

Mr. SOURWINE. Now, the Washington Post has its own correspondents, there, it has its own bureau in Moscow?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. It also has access to international wire services, both national and international?

Mr. KARLIN. Correct.

Mr. SOURWINE. This would appear to indicate that this is an exclusive story by Mr. Reston of the Los Angeles Times.

Mr. KARLIN. Strangely enough, he didn't say any word how he got this letter. He didn't give even a little hint of it.

Mr. SOURWINE. The story does not carry anything to show where he got it?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. Or to indicate that it was printed in Russia?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. If this document were given to Mr. Reston, if he were the only correspondent who got it, even though it said on its face, "Open Letter," it is not in fact an open letter, is it?

Mr. KARLIN. No, it is not an open letter, of course.

By the way, I worked for the Soviet Informational Bureau, which later was reorganized into the Agentstvo Novostiy, N-o-v-e-s-t-i-y.

Mr. SOURWINE. How do you spell Agentstvo?

Mr. KARLIN. A-g-e-n-t-s-t-v-o.

Mr. SOURWINE. Meaning agency?

Mr. KARLIN. Agency, yes. The same office under different title. All the staff now is basically the same too.

I remember in my time, and I guess it exists now, such a system.

Having representatives all over the world the Soviet Informational Bureau distributed all its articles free among foreigners, because it was a propagandistic job.

Mr. SOURWINE. You mean TASS?

Mr. KARLIN. No, I mean the Soviet Informational Bureau, that is to say the Agency Novosti.

Mr. SOURWINE. They would not distribute it through TASS?

Mr. KARLIN. No; they have their own channels.

Mr. SOURWINE. How would they distribute it in this country? Would they give it to American correspondents in Moscow?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes, they would. Then I think they have their representatives here—probably under the Soviet Embassy. There are cultural attachés or press attachés, and they could be in the same time representatives of this agency.

Mr. SOURWINE. In this country, there is not much likelihood that something issued by the press attaché of the Moscow Embassy would be printed except as coming from that source, is there?

Mr. KARLIN. It's correct.

But I think they use every possible way to give foreign correspondents their materials. It could be done in Moscow as well as here.

Of course in Moscow, if this Richard Reston was there, he could ask them, being honest and objective men, whether that letter was published somewhere or not because for his story it would be so important to mention that this letter was published firstly in one of the Soviet publications.

Mr. SOURWINE. Does this article say—

Mr. KARLIN. What?

Mr. SOURWINE (continuing).—where the Russian Amalric is supposed to live?

Mr. KARLIN. No, nothing said about it. Whether he is from Moscow organization of the Union of Writers * * * Here is something written about his book, you see—

Mr. SOURWINE. It doesn't say how the letter is circulated?

Mr. KARLIN. There is nothing about this.

Look here, now, two of Amalric's books are about to be published in the West, under the title, "Can the Soviet Union Survive Until 1984?" and "Involuntary Journey to Siberia." The simple question arises: How this manuscript came here. He is still there in Russia, Amalric. After many people, like Seniavsky, Daniel were persecuted.

Mr. SOURWINE. How could Mr. Reston know they're going to be published in the West?

Mr. KARLIN. Well * * *.

Mr. SOURWINE. Did Mr. Amalric tell him?

Mr. KARLIN. In his article, nothing said about it.

Mr. SOURWINE. Mr. Chairman, I ask that the text of this article be included in the hearing as an appendix. It is fairly long, but should be available to those who want to read it.

(The article will be found in the appendix p. 257.)

Mr. KARLIN. If you will permit me to say there is another important point of view, which probably will give you additional explanation of so-called second defection of Ivan Mikheyev. Well, I'm not sure that in your country, that is the same system, but in England, all recent new defectors, usually when they're coming to London and granted political asylum, they can get only a very special and pretty restricted document, this one which I have now with me. During all these 6 years, I have only this document. That is a stateless document—

Mr. SOURWINE. You're talking about your own identification?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes. All of us who travel, have the same document, the certificate of identity with every possible restriction. One cannot go anywhere without visa and one feels himself awfully having this document.

From my point of view, it really upsets defector, when he is coming here, from "prison," and still—well, feels that he has another "prisoner's" document. This document really upsets a person.

Mr. SOURWINE. Do you have a desire to change your own status from that of a stateless person—

Mr. KARLIN. Yes, sir.

Mr. SOURWINE (continuing).—to some other status?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes, sir. I tried to do it many times—when I left England, I tried to do that in Spain, tried to do that in Austria, tried to do that very actively in Germany. I needed to have different document, and I know there are different documents.

I would be very happy, for example, if it would be possible for me to become the American stateless. And I hope—

Mr. SOURWINE. You mean you would like to be a permanent resident of the United States?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes, sir. And I heard that your stateless, the defectors who defected to the United States, they have different documents. Six years I am with this, I'm sorry to say, this brown document which upsets me. I think the same thing happened with Mikheyev.

Mr. SOURWINE. Well, after more than 5 years following your defection, you would be eligible for the status of permanent resident in the British Isles, would you not? In England?

Mr. KARLIN. No, sir. Because—I didn't want to stay in England and this whole period, I have been out of England, using my tourist's visas. Each 3 months, it was necessary for me to go back to London to get another 3 months tourist's visa. But still, under their legislation, it is necessary to live in England, in England, physically, 5 years.

Mr. SOURWINE. What you're saying is that you do not want a British permanent residence?

Mr. KARLIN. No.

Mr. SOURWINE. You do not want just any permanent residence, you want a permanent residence in the United States?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes; I want it now.

First of all, I don't know whether I want really to have a citizenship. Still I am Russian, and it's too late to be British or another nationality. But I would like to have a good, the best stateless document and the condition of life as a stateless. Therefore, I didn't apply for British citizenship.

Still, I had a very "black" time in England, and that is my personal reason. I didn't want to stay there.

Now I want to add this. The American officers who are responsible for the Liberty Committee, the institute of the study of the U.S.S.R., the publishing houses—I think they have to check all previous general policy in the way to shift it a little bit. I guess the time passed and all these very valuable, old Russian emigrants could be used now not on the top position. They are capable men, valuable in the past time, like Weidle, Adomovich—they are known here.

But now, when you're making for example the radio program for the Soviet Union, first of all you must mention Kuznetsov, Belinkov, Finkelstein, Matusevich—those who are here in the Western society, Svetlana Alilueva, let me say—because we are known there; in the U.S.S.R. Proportion must be different.

What is the proportion now? There are 80 percent, these known here, famous in the past, but they of course lost the feeling of today's Russia. No one would be able to keep it for so long. Therefore, I think it must be now 80 percent of the new people just defected from Communist's countries, and 30 percent of the old Russian emigrants.

When I said about the proportion, I think all is in American hands. They regulate jobs in Radio Liberty for instance and they can order this or that. Unfortunately it happens very seldom. Practically everything are there in the hands of old emigrants. Let me say that Mr. Tuck—Robert Tuck—I think he is a very good administrative worker. But unfortunately, his Russian language is poor enough to be a judge, to keep control in his hands.

If you are a boss, if there is some hesitation or different opinions, still someone coming and saying, listen, Mr. Tuck, what is your decision now—you must physically read the script and say, good or bad. But Mr. Tuck's Russian language is not good enough to do it. That is a problem.

Therefore, he is calling Mr. Bachrach, and he practically is a judge and he makes a decision.

Bachrach's Russian language is good, but he left country in 1920, he is old and totally unqualified person.

He said to me one day, I cannot read those awful Russian newspapers. Well, they are awful, it is true. But his job is to read them. If he wouldn't do it, he wouldn't know what's going on.

From my point of view, for Mr. Tuck it would be best thing to make a decision himself, or to have absolutely qualified and absolutely modern up-to-date Russian assistants in Muenchen.

Mr. Tuck uses Bachrach because he is obedient and there could not be any quarrel with him but it is not for the interest of the job.

Let me say to you this: I'm sure that no one from the Radio Liberty really tried to use Mikheyev as script-writer or as an announcer, when he worked in the restaurant and washed dishes, or worked as a door-man.

He is a cameraman with a high education, he is a cultured man. He would be really good and would be excellent for the Radio Liberty. I repeat I'm sure no one from the Radio Liberty called him, really. Why not?

Mr. SOURWINE. You're talking not about fawning over defectors but about using them?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. Do you think more should be done to bring together the different ideological defectors from similar countries? That is, should more be done to bring together those who have, for ideological reasons, left Russia and come to the West?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes, sir, I think about this. Recently even, well, there is no way for us, defectors as me, as Kuznetsov, and Belinkov and others—out of sphere of literature and art, I thought why not try to do something ourselves. Why not put our little money together and organize a publishing house, and publish ourselves only for the Soviet people.

While I thought about this, I knew I was stupid.

Why? Because I knew there are such publishing houses and Americans pay money for this. One is in Rome and there is another here in

New York. They publish late philosopher Berdyeev, Weidle, Struve, Adomovich, and so on. Out of necessary proportion. I'm sure we need to shift existing proportion, I repeat, to publish 70 percent of the newcomers and to leave 30 percent for Berdyeev and others.

I'm sure that very few people who want to fight the Soviet system would agree to be guided by Berdyeev's mystic philosophy for example. Of course, there are many people, religious people, who would like to read him and who follow him, but they are not majority, they are small minority. It's a side line, not the central one. No question about it.

Hence, it is necessary to publicize Berdyeev, but only according to the situation which exists now in the U.S.S.R. Because the really important "stream" is the Kuznetsov's one.

Mr. SOURWINE. Understood.

Do you have anything to add?

Mr. KARLIN. No, that is all.

Senator THURMOND. We shall recess subject to call of the chair.

(Thereupon, at 11:45 a.m., the subcommittee recessed, subject to the call of the chair.)

TESTIMONY OF GEORGE KARLIN

MONDAY, MARCH 9, 1970

U.S. SENATE,
SUBCOMMITTEE TO INVESTIGATE THE
ADMINISTRATION OF THE INTERNAL SECURITY ACT
AND OTHER INTERNAL SECURITY LAWS OF THE
COMMITTEE ON THE JUDICIARY,
Washington, D.C.

The subcommittee met, pursuant to call, at 2:40 p.m., in room 155, Old Senate Office Building, Senator Strom Thurmond presiding.

Also present: J. G. Sourwine, Chief Counsel.

Senator THURMOND. The subcommittee will come to order.

You may proceed.

Mr. SOURWINE. If you will swear the witness, Mr. Chairman, please.

Senator THURMOND. If you will hold up your right hand.

The evidence you give in this hearing shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes, sir.

Mr. SOURWINE. Would you give the reporter your full name.

Mr. KARLIN. George Karlin. K-a-r-l-i-n.

Mr. SOURWINE. You have testified at length before the subcommittee before?

Mr. KARLIN. Correct, sir.

Mr. SOURWINE. Now, you have recently told us of a matter that you had not remembered when you testified before.

Mr. KARLIN. Yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. This concerns a man named Ruzhnikov, R-u-z-h-n-i-k-o-v.

Mr. KARLIN. Yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. What is his first name?

Mr. KARLIN. Evgeniy, E-v-g-e-n-i-y.

Mr. SOURWINE. E-v-g-e-n-i-y?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. When did you first know this man?

Mr. KARLIN. This was in—when I met him?

Mr. SOURWINE. Yes.

Mr. KARLIN. This was in 1947 when I was in Germany with the KGB mission.

Mr. SOURWINE. And what was he doing?

Mr. KARLIN. At that time he was a captain in the military intelligence.

Mr. SOURWINE. GRU?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. Soviet military intelligence?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. What was he doing in that capacity?

Mr. KARLIN. He was in the office in Potsdam. That time his office was in Potsdam. I don't know what was his real position, but he was a captain.

Mr. SOURWINE. Yes.

Mr. KARLIN. And he was among our delegation once when we had a guest visit to the British Zone—yes, that was the British Zone, the English Zone of Germany, and there was a Soviet correspondents group I guess, six or seven newspapermen, and he was among us.

Mr. SOURWINE. Was he then posing as a newspaperman? That was his cover?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes. And we were, some of us were told about that to create the good condition for him to make his job—

Mr. SOURWINE. Did you know him as an agent of the Soviet military intelligence?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes, I knew that he was, because I was told by my superior that he is the—

Mr. SOURWINE. Was Mr. Ruzhnikov told about you, do you know?

Mr. KARLIN. No.

Mr. SOURWINE. Do you know whether he was told about your position?

Mr. KARLIN. I don't know that.

Mr. SOURWINE. You do not know. So you did not talk—

Mr. KARLIN. I doubt it.

Mr. SOURWINE. You did not talk with Ruzhnikov—

Mr. KARLIN. About all that?

Mr. SOURWINE (continuing).—as one agent to another?

Mr. KARLIN. No, never.

Mr. SOURWINE. But you knew him?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. Knew who he was?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. Did you talk with him?

Mr. KARLIN. Sure.

Mr. SOURWINE. And you were told by your official superior—

Mr. KARLIN. Yes, sir.

Mr. SOURWINE (continuing).—that he was then a captain in the GRU—

Mr. KARLIN. Yes, sir.

Mr. SOURWINE (continuing).—using a newspaperman as a cover?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. Now, where is he now; do you know?

Mr. KARLIN. He is now in the United States.

Mr. SOURWINE. What is he doing?

Mr. KARLIN. From American newspaper I get his name. He is the assistant director in the Soviet exhibition.

Mr. SOURWINE. The Assistant Director of the Soviet Exhibition of Photography?

Mr. KARLIN. That is correct.

Mr. SOURWINE. That's the exhibition that came first to Washington?

Mr. KARLIN. Yes.

Mr. SOURWINE. Thereafter to make a tour of the major cities of the country?

Mr. KARLIN. According to the newspaper.

Mr. SOURWINE. From what you know of the operations of the Soviet intelligence agencies, in order to hold a position of this importance after having once been an officer of the GRU, he would have to maintain good relations with the GRU, would he not?

Mr. KARLIN. I guess so.

Well, actually many years past, and I know many things happened in his life during that time, because he came back to Moscow, he left military service and I think he started to work in Moscow Radio. I remember I met him once—he had some trouble. He made some illegal things. He wanted to get additional money in Moscow Radio, and there was some unpleasant things for him—there was a danger for him to be even expelled from the Communist Party. Then everything was all right.

Then he married. Then he changed his profession. He became the architect. And I think he tried to go abroad.

Many years passed, of course—I didn't relate with him so close in Moscow.

Mr. SOURWINE. Was it your assumption because of these many changes in occupation and circumstances that he continued to be working for the GRU?

Mr. KARLIN. I can only guess here; I would say that it is almost impossible, really, not to continue this job. If you started it in some way, you will continue if the office wants it. That is the case—if you will break it, by your own initiative you will be out of life.

Mr. SOURWINE. You have not personally seen him or talked with him in this country?

Mr. KARLIN. No.

Mr. SOURWINE. Do you know anything about him that you haven't told us?

Mr. KARLIN. Only one thing when I was in the U.S.A. in 1964, the English officers send a cable here to ask me to write a letter to Ruzhnikov because he had to come to England among some delegation. They had his application for a visa. Earlier I told the British people what I know about him and they asked me to write a letter which will give them a pretext, probably to see him in London and to talk to him. They wanted me to write a friendly letter. I did it, being here in the United States.

Mr. SOURWINE. For the British?

Mr. KARLIN. For the British.

Mr. SOURWINE. Do you know what result—

Mr. KARLIN. I don't know what then happened. I know he didn't come to England at that time.

Mr. SOURWINE. All right, sir.

I have no more questions, Mr. Chairman.

Senator THURMOND. Thank you.

(Thereupon, at 2:50 p.m., the testimony in the above matter was concluded.)

APPENDIX I

A LETTER TO MR. SMITH

of why and how I wrote my play

JOHN—SOLDIER OF PEACE

By Yuri Krotkov

(Copyright by The New Review 1967)

A NOTE CONCERNING THE AUTHOR

Late in 1963 the Moscow playwright, Yuri Krotkov, arrived in London as a tourist and decided to stay in the West. In the course of his literary work in the Soviet Union, where he was a member of the Union of Soviet Screenwriters, he wrote several movie scripts, and in 1949 he wrote *John—Soldier of Peace*, a play about life in contemporary America and Paul Robeson, the singer and well-known communist.

During the three years that Mr. Krotkov has spent in western countries he has written a book about everyday life in the Soviet Union entitled *The Angry Exile*, which will be published in London by Heinemann and in New York by E. P. Dutton. His memoir, *The Pasternaks*, is being translated into English, as are a series of satirical scenes entitled *Stalin*, and stories under the collective title of *Candid Heroes*.

The text here is an open letter to an American to whom he gave the name of Mr. Smith.

DEAR MR. SMITH: Your question went straight to the bull's eye. I need not tell you perhaps that the answer to it could be given more glibly were I back in the Soviet Union; I could hand you a bunch of lies such as: "I wrote the play *John—Soldier of Peace* as a form of protest against the reactionary policy of the American imperialists." That would be all, simple and clear, and the question would be completely covered. But now that I have taken the fatal step out of one world into another, and am on "this" side of the so-called Iron Curtain, the answer is much, much more complicated. After all you are practically asking: "Why did you shoot at us?" and I cannot for a moment question its validity.

Now I must give you a completely honest and straightforward reply.

I warn you that I am not going to vindicate myself; I have lived a life which even if I wished to I cannot defend. But I shall try to dig down into the past of ten years and more ago; and make a slight rent in the veil covering the inner world of a Soviet writer.

It seems to me that the story of the writing and staging of my play, which is a rather arbitrary and ephemeral phenomenon, nevertheless can serve as a piece of litmus paper to show up the main bases on which Soviet literature and art are founded.

Despite the number of serious changes which have taken place in the USSR in the last years, these bases, alas, have remained essentially unaltered. Therefore I go as far as to say that what happened in my case in 1950, when my play was produced with such success at the Pushkin Theatre in Moscow, could have happened to any Soviet writer in 1960, and may happen even in 1970.

You will probably remonstrate and say: "What about the new generation of rebels? What about the daring people like Paustovski, Solzhenitsin, and Tvardovski? Have they not broken away from the old bases?"

Putting my small play aside one can discuss all Soviet literature, especially of this present period of complex cross currents. Yet, to begin with, I must disillusion you in this case because I am not an analyst or literary pundit; it is difficult for me to control my human emotions, to sort out and pigeonhole

various phenomena. Secondly I want to clarify for you only the spiritual charade which, to my way of thinking, does not apply to certain individuals, not to the great ones like Pasternak (even though the sum total of such individuals, living and dead, does represent Soviet literature regardless of passing tendencies); the wheel of history, God willing, may be turned by them to include the typical great mass of Soviet writers, even the mediocre and run of the mill "engineers of human souls." And in my country they are to be numbered not in the hundreds but in the thousands.

Yet I can attempt to answer you only in that form because I myself was one of them. My crossing over to the West added nothing to me, I have not been transformed into a hero or fighter—this is only the sad end of my personal life; I have been given freedom and lost my country. However, if I were in your place, I would risk trying to look for an answer to your question, if only a partial one, and even in this tragic fact.

But now let us turn to the charade: You have, of course, heard of *Dr. Zhivago*. I trust you have read it although for any foreigner I fear it is very difficult to appreciate this brilliant achievement. It is by far too Russian. There is no psychological entertainment in it. In *Dr. Zhivago* the writer's heart bleeds, it is the life of a whole people. Pasternak, for example, describes an episode in which his hero, Yuri Zhivago, an educated man who derives from an aristocratic environment, is held by the *Reds*. He shoots at the advancing *Whites* and he knows that he is shooting at his own side.

Let us pass over the fact that this episode in Pasternak's novel was an historic fact during the Civil War in Russia; let us concentrate on the inner aspect of the incident.

Does it not seem to you, Mr. Smith, that in our day many shoot at their *own side*? And does it not occur to you that this is because the lives of many of us are psychologically deformed, because for example among the *Reds* there were *Whites*, among the *Whites* *Reds*, all of whom had been projected into such positions through no will of their own, and still others who were forced to change color, or lie, or shoot at their own side? (Of course I am using the terms *Red* and *White* in their broadest sense). And can you not envisage the possibility, Mr. Smith, that having been thus deformed one might become accustomed to it and even enjoy it?

Perhaps I was shooting at my side when I wrote *John—Soldier of Peace*. Naturally I cannot, nor do I wish to, call you Americans my own people. This would be absurd and even laughable. We are quite different. I am a Russian, you are Americans. There is a substantial difference here. In many ways we are opposites, although I have always had a strong feeling of sympathy towards you, and although I have always thought and still think that if there are likenesses between nations, then Russians and Americans are closer than any to each other in nature, temperament, tendencies. By the way, when I was asked here in the West where I would prefer to live, I instantly replied: the United States! Not in England because I do not understand either the country or the people, but in the United States.

Please, Mr. Smith, do not think that I am trying to ingratiate myself with Americans. Believe me I am not wagging my tail at you to make an impression. It's too late for that. Besides, I am proud of being a Russian and shall never admit that any other nation is superior to mine.

However all these matters of sympathy, tendencies, temperaments and so on are in general rather worldly conditions. There are things of greater import. You Americans are freedom loving, you do not brook spiritual dogmas or bonds. It is those qualities which above all draw you potentially close to Russians, paradoxical as that may sound. In this I would like to claim you as my own people. Thus, for better or worse, we are now on the same side of the barricade. I can see you shaking your head and muttering. "Oh, you Russians . . ." What do you have in mind? . . . Perhaps you would like to ask right out, for instance, how it happened that whereas I walked past the inaccessible (to me) American Embassy in Moscow and inwardly, as it were, saluted it in the name of human freedom; still I voluntarily (perhaps I should put that word in quotes), wrote a play obviously aimed against the country which symbolizes that same human freedom?

If you have the patience to hear me out I think I can make it all clear to you. But before that I am obliged to make a small excursion into the past.

* * * * *

When I came to Moscow in 1936 I met Leo Vermishev. This name will mean nothing to you. But he was a spiritually outstanding man, later arrested as an "enemy of the people" and murdered by a shot in the head in the course of being cross examined. Every young person with any luck will sooner or later meet, during his formative years, a person like Leo. It was he who aroused my interest in things I had up to that time known nothing about. To some degree he infected me with a taste for literature, he recommended books, not just Tolstoy, and Pushkin with whom I had long since been familiar when I lived at home, but other writers "on the index": the Russian symbolists Gumilyov, Tsvetayeva, and half-forbidden writers like Baudelaire and Oscar Wilde.

A process of broadening my consciousness gradually took place. New concepts of human life were opened. The world was no longer fixed within the framework of proletarian aesthetics, dialectic materialism, or other such dogmas.

Probably this eventually decided my fate in its last stage after passing through various, none too praiseworthy, metamorphoses. One of them might be described this way: I think that basically, if covertly, albeit cowardly, I was always a complete White. Nevertheless I cannot deny that I was seriously attracted to communism; it seemed like a worthy and just concept. Yet the greater my accumulation of experience in life, the more I was confronted by realities, the more frequently I was forced to polish up this concept, the more tarnished it became.

In the early days I argued quite sincerely with Leo. He very gently, simply and clearly insisted that literature and art can never be "weapons" of propaganda on behalf of this or that political idea; that they belonged in a higher category, above party and government for the purpose of giving meaning to life. I paraded the Young Communist League line of talk about how in present circumstances everything must serve the purpose of rebuilding society; literature and art belong to the people and the people were on the road to a new life.

I talked and talked and, at the time, I believed what I was saying.

Beginning with 1937 I started to write. My first scenario, *The Train to Gori* was accepted by a Tiflis motion picture enterprise (Goskinprom). After that I wrote a drama called *Professor Kopadze* and both the scenario and the play were concerned with the burning questions of the day as voiced by Stalin—on the theme of "enemies of the people." The scenario was about a boy who saved a trainload of workers on a holiday trip to Gori, the birthplace of the Great Leader. Of course he betrayed his own father who planned to wreck the train. There was even an Anglo-American intelligence agent bent on getting an "honest Soviet scholar" into his clutches.

I wrote and I wrote, compulsively, even perhaps unconsciously, and believed in what I was doing.

If you care for anecdotes, here is a relatively fresh one which came to mind perhaps because it is about as old as I am: A Soviet writer rushes into a hospital and demands an eye and ear specialist. He is told that they are separate specialists, but he insists he wants the *onc* doctor because he is suffering from a new illness: he hears one thing but sees another.

This anecdote could be surely applied to me in the years about which I am writing. Of course I saw what was happening all around me and realized that Stalin was pushing through his reforms at the price of the people's blood. Everyone saw that. The difference between theory and practice smelled to high heaven. To be sure we did not rush to hospitals, we did not complain. No, on the contrary we said: Hooray!

I was young then. I explain a great deal, a great, great deal by that fact. I wanted to live, avidly, I wanted to be involved in action. I sought recognition, fame, and I tried not to think what recognition and fame really meant. This inner dualism and literary opportunism was probably due either to unexpressed gifts, or lack of gifts, such as really break a man inwardly despite his will.

This may seem monstrous but at one and the same time I worshipped Chekhov and wrote rot. But it was well paid, it seemed to be required by the people, it was praised in the newspapers, it was given Stalin awards, all done on a grand scale. And from it depended the physical well being of a writer. In time it took on a legitimate coloring and proportions as part of life.

I was a small cog in a huge machine. But already I was enjoying having suits made to order by a fashionable tailor and that cost a lot of money. I enjoyed taking good looking girls to expensive restaurants. There were compromises to be made from the start of my literary activities. I wrote nothing of my own, nor did I write for myself, or, as they say nowadays, under the counter. Any sense of truth was only a glimmer off to one side. The shade of Leo did disturb

me at night, in moments when I was frank with myself. But that did not happen often. I even envied my comrades who, as time went on, grew into rockbound Communist writers, of the type of Gribachev, Kochetov, Sofronov, because they were not disturbed by anything. I indulged occasionally in self-flagellation, but that was all.

I was faced with a massively concocted "truth" and I very nearly came to believe that it really was the truth.

Do you know what it means to be involved in the manic distortion of reality. To be in a flood during a hurricane? Isn't that what happened to the whole of the German people under Hitler? You have to hand it to Stalin, that past master of terror and demagogy . . . he knew how to distort or twist reality and the Soviet bureaucracy right now is rather homesick for that art.

I lived year after year without ever touching the depths of existence. I skimmed lightly over the surface of what was artificially created, falsified, colored. It was simply unthinkable that there was any force used to infect millions and millions of people with the idea that this was anything but the *very best* culture in the whole wide world.

The opening of my eyes, the growth of my own individuality held so long in the icy grip of terror, developed slowly, indeed very shyly, with one step forward, then withdrawal, and fading away.

The most terrible thing of all, deadly to all ideals, was the deceptive triumph of material success, a success of this kind is baneful, artificial—all pretense. It made a man forget how to be straightforward, how to listen to his conscience, it freed him of all obligation to subject himself to strict and merciless self-judgment. Success, enhanced by fear, was many faceted; it embraced everything, reassured one, bucked one up, yet it was so much part of daily life, as was the terror, that it also kept one submissive. There was too, as part of the fear, the herd or hive instinct and this derived perhaps from insufficient indications of individual personality—all of which led to the degeneration, the break up of any native gifts and brought out new hitherto unknown traits of human nature.

Thus two beings were housed inside me or, to be more precise, one was dying out yet coming back to life from time to time, whereas the others, once aroused, began to thrive.

In 1950, when my play was produced in Moscow, I unexpectedly found myself listed with the top three famous, and venerated Soviet dramatists: Nikolai Pogodin, author of the anti-American piece *Missouri Waltz*, Boris Lavrenyev, author of the anti-American play *Voice of America*, George Mdivani, author of the anti-American play *People of Good Will*. Now I was added to them with my anti-American play: *John—Soldier of Peace*.

All three previous plays were widely appreciated in the Soviet theatrical market place.

The subject of *John* was drawn from an incident which was said to have taken place near Peekskill, in your country, Mr. Smith, where, according to press dispatches and the writings of Howard Fast (then a communist), racist hoodlums attempted to lynch Paul Robeson.¹

In my play Robeson is called John Robertson. The central idea was formulated in a rather stereotyped political mold; the great, but exploited American people rallied around a Negro singer, who was a fighter for peace, John Robertson, and they made common cause with him against the war mongers, the reactionary, imperialist and monolithic administration of Truman, who in turn availed himself of the services of the F.B.I. ganged up with criminals of the type of Al Capone (in my play the chief gangster is an Italian called Aldone).

When I look back to those days I must admit that I, of course, realized that my opus bore no relationship whatsoever to literature, any more than all that preceded it: it was propaganda of the purest water, cheap, primitive pamphleteering, a broadside. How could there be any question of creativeness when nothing, absolutely nothing, passed through my soul, my heart; when I did not produce a single thought of my own. There was not a grain of originality in it, not a drop of subjective, personal feeling, nothing drawn from my own life. Finally there was nothing I believed in in the play. I had simply dreamed it all up, cooked, compounded, carpentered it—it might be anything at all but not literature.

¹ Ironically enough it was soon translated into Chinese and Romanian.

I am ashamed to say that, knowing English, I lifted a number of American jokes out of the *Reader's Digest*—which I obtained by illegal means, of course—and wove them into my text. For example, when my hero described an average American there was laughter in the audience. Why? Because John Robertson was telling them what was written in the *Reader's Digest*: "The average American who has paid to park his car for an hour but returns before the time is up, will sit there and read his paper until the end of the hour before stepping on the starter."

I can confess this. I was a literary opportunist. I was so busy distorting reality that Leo's voice was drowned out. Yet who in those days was not an opportunist? Pasternak? Paustovski? Yes, there were two or three of them.

What this distortion of facts amounted to can be seen when I tell you that along with mine six other plays were being written about Paul Robeson and the "incident" in Peekskill. One man in the Main Committee on Repertory (censor), Anton Sighedi, when he met me in the street after the opening of *John*, said:

"Well you certainly outdistanced all the others. You're a smart fellow. The other six playwrights are now standing by an empty trough." Later on I heard that one of the six even had a nervous breakdown.

Those were hectic days! Anti-American plays poured forth as if from the horn of plenty. Who will be first? Who will finish ahead? Who will dump the most slops on the heads of the Yankees?

Nor was there any lack of literary skullduggery. I had gone into the Pushkin Theatre in Moscow right off the street with my play. I had no patronage of any kind at that time. That was in the very beginning. However, the chief director Vassill Vanin, with the title of People's Arist, after reading my play decided to team me up with a big man in scenario writing, Mika Bleiman, who would polish it up. He had been through the mill at the time when "Cosmopolitans" were being hunted down and he was trying to rehabilitate himself. To this end he was cooking up an anti-American play, *Face to Face* (about American and Soviet sailors). Since he hoped to sneak it into this same theatre he was rather remiss about working on my brain child. In the end we quarrelled and then he demanded payment for *John* which was by then on the boards. In other words it was one of those unsavory stories of which there are so many among hack writers.

Those who really did lend a hand were important Soviet journalists; former Tass correspondents in the United States and Australia, George Krylov and Vladimir Mikheyev. I believe that at present one is in charge of American affairs in the Foreign Affairs Ministry in the Soviet Union, and the other is at the head of the foreign section in the *Communist*, organ of Communist theory of the Central Committee of the Party. They both acted somewhat in the capacity of consultants. Krylov had spent many years in the United States and when I read him excerpts from my play, he nodded ever so slightly and I felt that my scenes were very far from reality.

At the end of the play John Robertson delivers this emotional tirade:

"An American workman, Steve Emery, is dead. He was killed because he told the truth to his people. He was killed by those who wish to dishonor our national flag by placing on it the loathsome sign of the swastika, by those who are prepared to cover the whole earth with blood! But the struggle for peace can no more be turned back than the tides of the ocean. Only the stars can remain neutral in this battle. And the day is not far off when the aroused American people will loudly proclaim: 'We demand general disarmament! We oppose a new war! We are for peace! For friendship with the Soviet Union! We are on the side of that great standard bearer Stalin!'"

After hearing this even Krylov, Machiavellian Krylov, who worked in America not only for Tass but also the Security Police remarked:

"That's good. Very good. Only . . . in general, don't paint America as if our revolution will happen there tomorrow."

In the building of the Central Committee, at a reception given by Vronski, Chief of the American section in the foreign affairs committee of the Central Committee—he at one time was also a correspondent for Tass in the United States—I was told the following:

"Your play is interesting and politically á propos just now. But . . . do tone down a bit the revolutionary element among the Americans. It's a good thing to show ordinary Americans, working men, negroes, etc. But you must bear in mind that from the ideological point of view, as a people, they are not ripe for

revolution. They are more preoccupied with automobiles and refrigerators." After a pause Vronski added: "As for the Government you can smear it from head to toe. Lay it on even thicker for the F.B.I., their relations with gangsters and all that."

Here I should add that America was no undiscovered territory for me. Even without Krylov and Vronski I knew something about the land and the people. I had met Americans in Moscow, Odessa, in occupied Germany. I had seen many prize winning American films, showing the period before the war. I had read a pile of books including Margaret Mitchell's *Gone With the Wind*.

Should this not have been enough to prick my conscience and make me cut out all this disgusting concoction? No, I did not give it up. At least not then. And afterwards it was too late. Besides I did not intend to retreat.

Perhaps I was already in the toils of cynicism. And a Russian cynic is much worse, let us say, than an English one, because he is capable of being transported by his cynicism. Did I not appear to give evidence of greater enthusiasm than Krylov and Vronski? Would they not seem to have tried to rein me in, to moderate my slander of America?

No, of course not. The orders came down from higher up. The guidelines were set by the top masters of our destiny. I was just another instrument, one of many.

At the end of the second act in my play a "progressive Yankee," Professor O'Malley, lists the "criminal acts" of the American imperialists as he stands before a photograph of Stalin on the piano in the home of John Robertson and he says:

"That is our life in America, Mr. Stalin."

This line inevitably brought an outburst of applause. Sergei Tsenin, who played the part of O'Malley, said it with tears in his eyes. Once after a performance, when I was alone with him I asked him where he got those tears for every performance, and he played the part a dozen times a month. Tsenin growled:

"In the first place, I am an actor and besides . . . where does anyone get crocodile tears from?"

But Tsenin was over 60. I was being gnawed at inside by feelings familiar to Verkhovenski in Dostoyevski's *The Possessed*. I was hell bent on achieving fame and success, I was blinded by my cowardly youthfulness, even if I had already entered on the road to becoming a cynic—still what was forcing a man of his years to engage in such spiritual equivocation?

Terror.

Yet Nikolai Pogodin probably did not lie, did not contort himself when he wrote his *Missouri Waltz*, although I find this difficult to believe. However, just before he died, after having been in America, he did say to those closest to him that everything he and other Soviet authors had written about America was *false*.

Why do I not believe that Pogodin was honest when he wrote *Missouri Waltz*? Because it was the same kind of trumped up fabrication as *John—Soldier of Peace* and Pogodin was not without literary talent.

The play and the production of *John—Soldier of Peace* was praised in the key press publications. Many photographs were printed. There was even a review in *Pravda*. On the whole the play was a resounding success in Moscow. Yet was this really a fact? Why, for the first two years, did the public flock to the theatre to see this cheap, rabble rousing play?

I believe that its success was founded on the talented acting of Mikhail Nazvanov, now dead, who played the title role. Nazvanov was a man of great physical stature, almost a giant. He possessed a powerful and beautiful voice. He was amazingly musical and played the piano extremely well. He sang magnificently in the style of Paul Robeson, and more than that he imitated the gestures and ways of the Negro singer.

In short, the spectacle was impressive.

At the end of the play Nazvanov spoke the curtain line: "We are on the side of that great standard bearer of peace—Stalin" so that the very walls of the theatre shook.

The audience applauded, they even rose to their feet. But did the people not weep when they buried Stalin? Another charade? Yes, a charade based on those same counterfeit emotions and, of course, on fear.

Judge for yourselves: Mikhail Nazvanov was temperamentally uncontrolled and hot blooded. In the depths of his soul he loathed the Soviet power and Stalin. Before the war he had been arrested and exiled to the North because of an anecdote he told. He spent several years in, I believe, Komi. When, by a

miracle, he was able to return to Moscow, he had a sensational success as an actor. He was in the movie *Meeting on the Elbe*, based on Konstantin Simonov's play *The Russian Question*. He played the part of an enlightened American officer, commandant of a small German town on the west bank of the Elbe. Nazvanov received a Stalin prize, then a second, third and fourth. He was given the rank of People's Artist, and a government apartment. Now that he is dead, one can reveal the fact that despite all this he had not the slightest use for the Soviet rule. He rejected it with every fiber of his being. I know this because when we were alone, over a glass of vodka, we wept on each others' shoulders.

What about that remarkable actor Vassili Vanin who directed *John*? He was a complex fellow, yet I am convinced that he did not put the tiniest fraction of sincerity and faith into the production of my play, that he put into staging of a classical Russian comedy such as, let us say, *The Wedding of Krechinski*.

Incidentally, at the same time he was staging my play at the Pushkin Theatre he was directing one by Shalva Dadiani, a Gruzinian playwright, called *From the Spark*, and it was about Stalin as a young man. I sat in on a rehearsal of it and Vanin came down from the stage to sit beside me. After a bit he asked:

"Well, what do you think of it?"

"Not bad, I should say," was my reply, "but don't they call young Stalin 'the teacher' rather often?"

Actually in the text of the play the workingmen constantly addressed Stalin not by name but as "Teacher". It was an awfully false note. And Vanin must, of course, have been aware of this. He looked at me, screwed up his eyes and said, in the oiliest tone:

"Never mind that. That doesn't matter my boy. Butter, you know, never spoiled porridge."

Afterwards that saying pursued me through the years, through all my life as it ran through the lives of so many hundreds and thousands of people involved with literature and art.

Does it not occur to you, Mr. Smith, that the psychological false front generated by spiritual repression can reach such gigantic proportions in the world that it will now be more terrible than terrorization, than spilled blood? This falseness, this crime against the spirit is being driven into the very way of life of whole peoples by means of the most high sounding slogans. From the outside this is not very perceptible. The only ones to suffer from it are those who get into its toils. And sometimes even they do not suffer much. They begin to lie out of both sides of their mouths and soon there is nothing, absolutely nothing human left in them.

Shall I tell you, Mr. Smith, whom the Soviet writer should really fear? Himself. This is a paradox but nevertheless it is true. Give the Soviet writer today the fullest liberty and, despite the infectious power it possesses, he will not know what to do with it, or even be sure he needs it. I am speaking here again not of a few individuals but the wide masses of writers, the so-called "engineers of human souls."

In addition to the complex and hydraheaded system of controls—ideological and political brakes, of the Central Committee of the Party, editorial and art Soviets, there exists an even more stringent, a draconian censor, one who for nearly fifty years now has been lodged in every writer and who, at any given moment, dictates to him what he may and may not say. This inner censor is more aware than any committees of the state of affairs. With this rigid control inside his head the writer does not need to keep running to the offices of the Central Committee of the Party.

I may risk being somewhat coarse but I believe your American sense of the ludicrous will excuse my recalling an anecdote recently current in the Soviet Union even though it refers to the period after the "thaw" when Khrushchev put on the screws again: A writer in the Soviet inferno is standing up to his neck in filth and is smoking. A devil dashes up to him and yells in an authoritative tone: "Cigarette break is over! Stand on your head!"

But to go back to my play: the political machine was in full force. We were the levers in it. I do not recall who had the idea, perhaps I instigated it, but our whole collective at the Pushkin Theatre—in effect the management including Chaplygin, Vanin, Nazvanov and me—sent to Paul Robeson in the United States a congratulatory cable and a little later a copy of the play. I personally worded the cable together with Nikolai Mostovets of the Central Committee of the Party, the man who now has Vronski's post. During the production of *John* this Mostoveto was, so to say, our ideological boss and wielded the conductor's

baton. Shortly we received a wire from Robeson which, on instructions from the Central Committee, was released to Tass and, of course, appeared in *Pravda*. The machinery functioned perfectly.

Soon important people began to come to performances of *John*: N. Mikhailov, the Minister of Culture; the head of the Bureau for Propaganda of the Central Committee of the Party, N. Kruzhkov; the Minister of Internal Security, V. Merkulov; the head of the foreign policy bureau of the Central Committee, V. Grigorian, etc. Even a member of the Politburo appeared at one of the performances, but this incident deserves to be recorded in detail because, so it seems to me, this was a sign and seal of the *epoch*:

An hour before curtain time, (this was on December 5, 1950, the familiar "boys," in their uniforms and special caps, appeared at the theatre. Their overcoats bulged with revolvers. They took up their posts at key points, at all the entrances and exits of the theatre, sealed the door leading backstage and to Vanin's office from which the passageway led to the Government Box. Chaplygin was officially told that a member of the Politburo would attend the performance but no name was given. For "security reasons" this was held back to the very last moment. We guessed and guessed, went over the list of everyone possible except Stalin because we had had a secret message from the Maly Theatre that the Great Leader was to attend a performance there on this day of *People of Good Will*.²

When the curtain went up we saw a man (now forgotten) sitting in the Government Box—Lazar Kaganovich, who at that time was most powerful. He had come with the daughter and son-in-law of the Chief of his personal bodyguard, Lieutenant Colonel Pastukhov. There were two black limousines in the courtyard of the theatre, one was a Packard with bullet proof windows. In addition there was a closed Emka, a Russian car, from which two women in white cotton uniforms (despite the cold) were carrying some sort of parcels up to Vanin's office, transforming the place into a kind of drawing room for Kaganovich and the members of his (official) family. Besides a Kremlin telephone was installed with lightning speed to take place of the ordinary city instrument.

The "boys" (Chizhiki) settled themselves around the government box and even on the stage. The officer in charge of the guard was a ruddy complexioned colonel in an expertly tailored uniform. In Chaplygin's office with Petrovski, secretary of the Communist Party Bureau and also an actor, who by strange coincidence was playing the part in *John* of an F.B.I. agent, the Colonel asked: "Is there any shooting in the play?"

Chaplygin was embarrassed, because in the play he had the part of Steve Emery who gets shot. He said:

"Yes, there is."

The Colonel jumped up and asked suspiciously:

"When is the shooting? Who is shot at? What does the shot come from?"

When everything was explained by Chaplygin, the security head stationed one of his "boys" beside the theatre's offstage noise man, Sergi Efimov, who reproduced the sound of the shot in a very primitive, old-fashioned way: with a stock and a flat, dry piece of wood. The "boy" nonetheless stuck to Efimov like a burr.

I also recall that Vanin sent one of the actresses not taking part in the performance to sit in a box from which she could observe the Government Box across the theatre and, like a look-out, note the reactions of Kaganovich and his party to the production.³

In the intermission she got backstage through the orchestra pit and reported that Kaganovich scratched his head vigorously through most of the first act, and left it to us to unriddle what that might mean. (Nazvanov whispered to me that it was lucky he scratched his own head or he might have scratched . . .).

Nazvanov strained every nerve. I was afraid he would tear his vocal cords. At the end there were eight or ten curtain calls. The auditorium roared its applause. First the actors went out, then Vanin, then the scene designer Volkov. I was the last to go out. Then we all bowed, embraced each other, kissed each other, pointed at one another as much as to say modestly—he deserves the credit, not I.

² Unlike our Government Box the one at the Maly Theatre was supplied with armored plates and was guarded by the Security Police. No one in the theatre ever had access to it. It was even cleaned by special people sent for the purpose from the Police Headquarters.

³ By special order of the Politburo none of its members while at the theatre were allowed to meet authors, directors or actors.

Do you ask me what my sensations were at this moment? Frankly, I think they were the same as those of Liz Taylor or Frank Sinatra on opening night. Idiot that I was I felt I had conquered the whole world and my one regret was that the man in the Government Box was Kaganovich and not Stalin himself.

Yet wasn't that really fantastic? You know, three years before the opening of *John* I chanced to be in Berlin and seriously weighed the possibility of making my escape to the West. (Via the American sector). That was my first of three plans but at the time I did not have the nerve to make the break. Obviously I had not yet matured. In any case, at the last minute I weakened, but the fact remains that I had had it in mind and that I was striving somehow to gain some spiritual freedom. On my return I was again caught up in the undertow of Stalin's "reality," I again plunged into the opportunism of making a career while at night I staved off mental colloquies with Leo and dreamed of one day having Stalin, that same Stalin whom Nazvanov and I thoroughly despised, shake my hand. (I'll let you try, Mr. Smith, to unriddle that psychological snarl without recourse to Dostoyevski).

After Kaganovich left the premises Vanin and I were the first to rush into the office where the Politburo chieftain had "rested", and we found shells of roasted nuts, fruit, candy. On the wall we discovered a shred of bare wire. Apparently when the "boys" removed the Kremlin telephone they forgot to restore the regular city instrument; they probably did not think it was their duty to be bothered with that.

Another personage who came with her bodyguard to see a performance of *John* was Molotov's daughter, Svetlana. At the time she was married to the son of the famous airplane designer, Iliushin. I was embarrassed to see how old and venerable Vanin had to bow low when he greeted her, but he had to do it. Molotov's daughter impressed me as being exceptionally unattractive to look at. Whereas young Iliushin, then a lieutenant and pilot in the air force, was handsome and had a fine figure.

Their guard was a husky young creature in a dark blue suit, with a large bulge revealing the whereabouts of a huge pistol.

Why did they have to have a bodyguard? Against whom were they being protected?

Soon orders came down from Olympus and the newspaper *Culture and Life*, the organ of the Propaganda Bureau of the Central Committee of the Party, ran a long special article as a review of *John*. It was written by Nikolai Virta, a non-party author who was, at the time, looked upon as a great supporter of the regime.⁴

In his review he emphasized the political impact of the play, mentioned the great company of those who "are fighting for peace," and also the firebrands of Wall Street. Virta stressed in particular the ideal motives behind the production. He praised Vanin's staging, the acting of Nazvanov and several others, with some reservations he approved of the play although he noted its literary shortcomings (I should say so!)

Virta's review was a signal for the award of the Stalin Prize.

We held our breath.

The Soviet Committee on the Struggle for Peace, headed actually by M. Kotov of the Central Committee of the Party, kept bringing more and more foreign delegations both from so-called capitalist countries and so-called popular democratic countries to see the play. I scarcely had time to get from one banquet to the next. The best quality of caviar was in excellent supply, champagne was served in floods. At one reception, I think it was in the Hotel Metropole, I was in such a mellow state I almost started a romance with a dusky-skinned American, member of some women's delegation, called Molly L., but it was nipped in the bud by our managers. Together with Vanin, Nazvanov and Miss Vikland who played the part of John Robertson's wife, I made the rounds of clubs, palaces of culture, in Moscow and the surrounding region where they organized "meetings with the public." *John-Soldier of Peace* was twice shown on the Moscow television. Nazvanov and Miss Vikland made appearances together and played scenes from *John* to private government audiences.

What else was needed?

Nevertheless one fly did get into the ointment.

⁴ Later he was downgraded but now he is again on top.

One evening some American acquaintances of mine, Charlie M. and his wife Carol, came to see the play. Charles worked in the American Embassy and Carol was born somewhere near Peekskill. They were a nice couple and I thought they would just laugh at my play as a sort of parody on American life, or rather a Soviet parody. After the play when they "thanked" me for the invitation, we looked at each other with insincere eyes and I suddenly felt overwhelmed by a sense of shame, shame that had been accumulating inside me for a long time. It was not that I was so ashamed of having cooked up this balderdash, not because I had lied, not because I had used it to climb up in my career—no, the reason was much more serious, profound. I said goodby to Charles and Carol and never saw them again.

I had committed one sin on top of all the others: in *John* I had exploited what is in reality a tragic and profoundly important American problem—the problem of the blacks and the whites. In the play this theme is presented purely as a political phenomenon. It was treated in placard form: "The imperialists oppress not only the whites but also the blacks, inflaming hatred between them." I had a white woman deliberately kiss John Robertson in the street and say:

"Thank you, John, for being what you are."

Margaret Mitchell, of course, handled this theme in a different way. But even if she did defend the stand of the southern plantation owners, that did not improve my position (actually non-existent). I did not understand then and no doubt I still do not grasp all the complexities and various angles of the negro question; I can only guess at it when I make the analogy with the anti-Semitism now rampant in my country.

At the time the Negro question was only a basis for propaganda demogogy. But for Charles and Carol it was a deep and painful wound. They told me that unfortunately this problem cannot be solved merely by legislation, that it will take years to solve the major part of it by psychological means.

Finally we smelled smoke: Vanin learned that the head of the Division of Propaganda Bureau of the Central Committee, Kruzhkov, had dispatched a special letter to the Stalin Committee, this was an unprecedented move—and in it had proposed *John—Soldier of Peace* for the Stalin Prize. Since the move was made by the Central Committee itself, no one doubted what the outcome would be.

Someday, perhaps a hundred years from now, some author will write a comedy on how Stalin prizes were given; nothing could be sillier, falsier and more tragi-comical.

The art scholar, professor and I believe he is now a member of the Academy, V. Kemcnov, announced at a meeting of the committee that in his opinion Nazranov and I should be awarded the Stalin Prize, *first class*.

Whereupon Nazvanov and I like two freshly hatched, Soviet personages, swaggered up and down Gorki Street, turning up our noses at our many jealous enemies and gorging on imported Swiss cheese bought in a special store.

No, we did not get the Stalin Prize. N. Lebedev, who was then chairman of the Arts Committee of the Foreign Ministry gave the following account of what happened: Stalin was presented with the list of those proposed for the prize; he gave the final confirmation. When he saw our names he said:

"Who are they? Ah yes, from the Pushkin Theatre, formerly the Kamerny . . . that's where Tairov used to be . . . he was a bourgeois esthete . . . and who's in charge now? Vanin? Anyhow it's too soon, too soon to give them a Stalin Prize. Let them work for it, make a fundamental change in the profile of the theatre, let them make a name for it, as a socialist theatre . . . Meantime we will hold back on the prize . . ."⁵

Our names were stricken from the list.

During this whole affair of the Stalin Prize I was quite struck by Vanin's behavior. At times he showed a remarkable amount of boldness. Once when some members of the Stalin Prize Committee came to see my play it turned out that they were only of second or third degree importance. Their secretary was the half deaf art expert Chushkin. When Vanin went out to greet them during the intermission he pulled himself together like a rooster puffing out his feathers, leaned over Chushkin's hearing aid and said heatedly, so that everyone could hear:

⁵The Pushkin Theatre was created to replace the Kamerny Theatre, widely known throughout Russia and abroad. This latter was "liquidated" in 1949 in pursuance of a government order.

"What the devil do you mean by bringing these members of the Committee here? They are all second string people. You bring your top people here! I suppose that old fox Zavadski⁹ has lured all the big shots over to see *Dawn Over Moscow* at his place, with their bouquets of flowers and fancy cakes, and all I get is the leftovers, the shrimps . . ."

Chushkin nearly dropped in a faint. The next day a special meeting was called of the Stalin Committee with the writer A. Fadeyev presiding. They discussed the "unethical" conduct of Vanin and if it were not for the authority of Fadeyev who had a warm affection for Vanin, things might have gone very badly for him.

That is how it happened that, thanks to the Almighty no gold medal was pinned on my chest. At least that is one black mark the less against me. Yet at the time Nazvanov and I were bitterly disappointed.

But I am afraid, Mr. Smith, that I have not yet convinced you of anything. You are smiling rather skeptically and perhaps you are thinking that all I am doing is turning over the yellowed leaves of a fashion magazine for 1950. Perhaps you are inclined to say with Heraclitus that everything in nature is constantly changing, that in the conditions of everyday life in the Soviet Union truth is more and more taking the place of untruth, that the story of *John—Soldier of Peace* could not be repeated and that this most unattractive self portrait, painted here is not at all typical of the writers living and working at present in the land of the Soviets. You do not believe me, and you say:

"Why should I believe you, when I feel I can put my faith in a young and world famous Soviet poet like Yevtushenko? He spoke out openly against Stalin, he stands for the new in Soviet life and he is no career-seeker!"

First let me speak about truth more and more replacing untruth, and about a fashion magazine for 1950 with yellowed leaves.

True the leaves have yellowed. Therefore let us look for a second into a magazine of a later period. Here is a suit tailored in 1964 and still worn today. To be sure it is not in international style, it was cut for home use but that does not change the point.

Take the production called *Conscience* which is having a successful run at the Mossovlet Theatre. The newspapers and the magazines proclaim it as a "genuine Party achievement." Even outside the Soviet Union I read in *Ogonek* for example, the following: "This play tells about events in 1954 when the effects of the cult of personality were still very much felt in the consciousness of some of our leading comrades." This is said as though effects on one's consciousness were something like an upset stomach or a head cold. Put a few drops up your nose and your discomfort will vanish. It is said as if the effects on one's consciousness are no longer to be talked about, as though they had passed into history and are all but forgotten.

The play *Conscience* was drawn from a novel with the same title written by D. Pavlova and published previously in that most "orthodox" magazine called *Moskva*. The story is about life in one of the scientific research institutes, about the errors committed by certain Party members; about their regaining their sanity, their new discoveries, about routine workers, etc.

Immediately after this novel came out in 1962, a well-known movie director by the name of Abram Room proposed that I write a film script based on this story. He said to me:

"In Mosfilm they are for filming it. The management of our union thinks it would make an important Party picture. I have no choice in the matter. I have been out of the running for several years. I confess that my friend P. A. is trying to dissuade me from doing it because he does not think it is a work of literature, but I don't know what the devil it is . . ."

P.A. was right: *Conscience*, after I had read it, seemed to me to be "the devil knows what." It was sheer imitation, a counterfeit bill and I, being an expert counterfeiter myself, could see that at a glance and anyhow I could tell a diamond from a piece of glass.

However Room and I went to visit one of the secret, modern, classified institutes up somewhere in the Shablovka quarter. Room wanted to consult with "live people", as he said, with the engineers, builders, and others about whom the novel was written. When he began to check the situation "on the spot", study the "reality" of the conflicts in the story, saw what the characters were really like, he realized, as I had done to begin with, that *Conscience* was all

⁹ Yuri Zavadski, People's Artist, director of the Mossovlet Theatre now a member of the Academy. At the time *Dawn over Moscow* was his new production.

false, that the novel was a tissue of lies, that all the knowledge of the author was not worth a plugged dime, that, like my play *John*, it was sheer fabrication, all a collection of Party stencils. The interesting thing was that all the heads of the institute, including the Party committee, said as much to Room.

He was obliged to abandon the assignment to film *Conscience*.

Yet according to *Ogonek* the play was called "a truthful production." And not long ago I read in the Literary Gazette that *Conscience* is a triumph, a high achievement in the Soviet theatre of recent times. . . .

Or take the play of Ignatius Dvoretzki, on the theme of 1937, the arrests, the concentration camps—in other words about the nearly twenty million people tortured by Stalin, a play accepted for production several years ago at the Mayakovski Theatre, but never staged. Rehearsals were started. Dvoretzki hoped that truth would prevail. He did some rewriting, toned the text down a bit. But nothing helped. Then he started to write something new, more acceptable. He is a talented man, but he wants to go on living. He loves life, he had quite enough of the years in exile under Stalin. . . .

So, Mr. Smith, what about truth and untruth?

And now for Yergheni Yevtushenko. Was he the one to unmask Stalin? This is what Khrushchev had to say at a meeting with writers and artists:

"This sniveller, Yevtushenko, thinks he opened our eyes to the mistakes of Stalin by means of his jingles. But it was the Party that did it!" (Khrushchev did not say, of course, that it was he and not the Party who did it).

Naturally you cannot count Yevtushenko in with the truly bold ones, those I call unique, in the camp of Paustovski, Solzhenitsyn, but apparently he feels a bit cramped among the ordinary ones. He can be ranked somewhere in between.

You, Mr. Smith, do not know Yevtushenko, but I am personally acquainted with him, and also know him as every Soviet writer does.

I shall try to give a very brief description of this "engineer of human souls." Do not think that my words are offensive to him. Such things have already been said to him to his face and he was not offended. He is not of the thin skinned variety. Rather he belongs to those who know how to use even insults to their advantage. He does it successfully. He likes nothing better than a good row.

I recall that I was playing a game of billiards with Julius Reisman, a well-known Soviet cinema director in the Home of the Union of Cinema Workers in Bolshevo. Yevtushenko came in and began to complain because the "bureaucrats" wouldn't allow him to be printed and he spoke of other "difficulties." Reisman smiled, patted his silky mop of hair and said:

"What are you grouching about? You need to be kept from publication from time to time. If they published you all of the time no one would read you . . ."

Yevtushenko is *one hundred percent out to make his own career*. As to his poetry I can give the opinion of impartial and serious critics: they call him a "feuilleton" writer. He has themes in his verses and their form is more or less original. But they contain neither intellect nor soul. He cannot give birth to thoughts. He is magnificent in playing up the right "moment", he possesses the art of gambling with verse.

Among Moscow writers he is known as a "left half back". But worse than this football nickname is the epithet given him of "Yevgheni Gapon" after the priest who in the history of the Russian Revolution is considered a "provocateur."

Can you imagine the following picture: Yevtushenko, wrapped in a luxurious Italian style cape, leaving the Central Committee after one of his usual conversations with his late party boss D. Polikarpov, and Yevtushenko asks one of his fellow writers with a smile:

"Do I give off the scent of the Central Committee corridors?"

Do you not find a contradiction here between his being in your eyes a Jacobin, almost revolutionary, and his own wish to "give off the scent of the Central Committee corridors?"

And really, Mr. Smith, what do you make of the fact that the Central Committee sends Yevtushenko abroad so often and never sends, let us say, Solzhenitsyn?

No, Yevtushenko does not have in him the capacity to live through the tragedy of Pasternak who absolutely refused to put his creative and profoundly subjective "I" under the yoke of Party "objectivity", and thus clearly drew the lines of demarcation which eventually led him to his powerful spiritual outburst. The best that can be said for Yevtushenko is that after making his little "pop", he has not drawn any lines of demarcation, and he prefers to be "His Excellency's" Small Soviet "liberal."

A Moscow poet wrote these lines about Yevtushenko :

Unfeeling creature, still you feign,
Dripping artificial rain
Dropping, like an actor, tears
(Made of glycerine of course)
Drooping like a doleful jockey
Who was left without a horse
Rushing hither, thither, yon,
Always with your makeup on
With the heedless ease of fledgeling
You continue with your swearing
By the wounds that I, not you, have,
Or the memory of fathers
Lying in their martyrs' grave

I once asked a prose writer friend of mine :
"Does Yevtushenko ever have any dreams of life?"
He laughed loudly and replied :

"Who of us does not have dreams? Yevtushenko, like the rest of us is a romantic. Yet at the same time he is full of twists and turns. There are at least two people inside him. One of them dreams, of course, of creating sooner or later a *War and Peace*. Don't you dream that yourself? And besides who could go on living, especially in our times, unless he had a dream? This is what I would say : "Yevtushenko is Konstantin Simonov in a new edition. Pythagoreans assert that everything in life repeats itself in cycles. Yes, that's it: Yevtushenko is the Khrushchev edition of Simonov, and Simonov himself was a Stalin edition. What was he like? He was a member of the Central Committee of the Party, the editor of the *Literary Gazette*, had an open credit in the bank, was young, handsome, talented, he travelled abroad. He even went to Japan. Simonov dreamed of making a million and then of withdrawing from it all and writing his *War and Peace*. He made his million and even more, but he did not write a *War and Peace*. He wrote a lot of other stuff but not that. He was unable to do it. That's it, old man. If you sell yourself the future will hold nothing for you. You can't divide your life into black and white space. No, it was too late for that. Simonov was done for. It will be the same with Yevtushenko. His career keeps him all stirred up. He is like a moth balancing itself on a wire, not daring to take the risk of falling and being smashed. So he still goes on balancing himself. Yet for the sake of his career he has to be making a big noise, attacking, quarreling. But he will not write a *War and Peace*. It's too late. He's sold out. Besides he has become an incredible dissembler. In speaking of Simonov someone said : "He even grew gray hair on purpose." If it were necessary Yevtushenko could do as much. A slight turn of his ears (he has large ones indeed) and you will behold a one hundred percent bolshevik; another slant of his ears and you will see an "angry young man—anti Stalinist," still another twist of the ears and behold a "liberal Khrushchev man," once again . . ." I am afraid that he finished on a rather indecent word.

Between my self-portrait and the picture I have drawn of Yevtushenko (I make no comparison of talents) there is this one difference: in the portrait of him there is present a touch of protean werewolf which to me makes him, in a certain sense, a new type in Soviet literature. He is a writer who, I repeat, by playing on themes that really touch people closely, and by barely skirting what is the tragedy of a whole people, and even at times exasperating the Party leaders (who understand him well), he tries to divert any flood of emotions into smaller channels, probably guessing that shallower streams are better than a dark and evil smelling torrent.

But sometimes Yevtushenko gets carried away, the way Khrushchev was. Sometimes he overshoots the mark.

You must understand, Mr. Smith, that a Soviet writer, if he is honest, cannot say :

"I am for the Soviet regime, I am only against the cult of Stalin and the mistakes which were permitted in his time."

That formula is false. It is a psychological lie. Only a spiritual acrobat might attempt to keep the impossible equilibrium, and save his position as a writer by stringing words together in a meaningless order. You must know what the Soviet regime is, not as a theory but in actual practice, in the experience of a lifetime. Then you will know that Stalin was an organic necessity to that regime

because without him it would have foundered on its own contradictions. The terrible fact was not so much Stalin as Stalinism, which became a way of life, and up to now no other way of life has come forward to replace it. It is not by chance that the present Soviet leaders have definitely refused to go on with the further denigration of Stalin. They reason that this is not a question of personality and that they must not cut off the branch on which they are sitting.

It's all a false face and I stress this expression because Soviet writers with some risk, do use it.

This is what Yevtushenko does. Even Tvardovski, editor of the magazine *New World* does it when he publishes a very good novel by Solzhenitsyn, but changes the date on it. Solzhenitsyn dated it 1956 but Tvardovski put it back to 1953 as if all the author was writing about was before the death of Stalin and now, you see how different things are.

And, alas, I fear that that is how Sinyavski and Daniel were forced to conduct themselves. They did not take the path of Dostoyevski's Raskolnikov in *Crime and Punishment* who killed the old woman, they did not proclaim that communism runs against human nature and deforms human personality. They defended themselves in court from a position of Soviet patriots, who criticized only the abuses of Stalin's time, and the errors of Khrushchev. Yet can they be blamed even if in this case they were given long enough prison sentences. Yes, *prison sentences!*

You must realize, Mr. Smith, that one has to put high stakes on a card, even one's life. What I have won, for example, by not having been able to stand any more and gradually coming to the point where I did "kill the old woman", is that now I have the possibility of crying out to the whole world, "Yes, I am against the Soviet regime, because communism deforms human personality." For saying that I have condemned myself to life imprisonment for to a Russian life outside his country is the same as being in prison.

In short, when I am told that Yevtushenko represents a young generation destined to bring a new life to my homeland I am filled with terror, terror for my homeland.

No, it will be different.

May I remind you, Mr. Smith, that when Moses, according to Jewish history, brought his people out of Egypt, they were on the way for forty years, because the Jews had been slaves. They were a people of slaves and Moses had to wait for that generation to die off and a new one to be born in freedom.

If we put that story alongside the present history of my country, then those who will *no longer allow their spirit to be oppressed* are only ten years old. They have not yet come of age and they have no rights. But the future belongs to them.

* * * * *

This letter of mine has taken on, I should say, a rather polyphonic character. It embraces various themes. Yet I believe them all to be inter-related.

If you are not tired I should like to propose, Mr. Smith, that we put aside *John—Soldier of Peace* and touch on general problems such as peace, war, co-existence, etc.

Probably because I myself was a "Soldier of Peace", "a Fighter for Peace", because I wrote *John*, and also signed the Stockholm manifesto and screamed: "Yankee, get out of Korea!" during the Korean War, I feel I can allow myself in this letter to say something not quite so loud mouthed.

Naturally, no one in the world wants war, first of all because everyone fears death. Can blood and destruction ever be made attractive? Certainly not if we have to do with normal individuals.

Forty six years of life under the yoke of Communism, my escape, and three years spent in the free world, give me a certain basis for the following statement:

It is shameful, in my opinion, for people to go out into Trafalgar Square in a demonstration to approve of slavery in other countries—oh yes, I know they dress it up with fancy liberal slogans—and then modestly drop their eyes, and seek to maintain their own personal well-being. The majority of those who go out into Trafalgar Square, although they call themselves humanitarians and pacifists are least of all concerned with the people of Vietnam. They yell: "Yankee! Hands off Vietnam!" But what is really in the back of their minds is fear of bombs falling on their own heads. This is the old self-deceiving, head-in-the-sand policy and it is deadly, for no matter how hard George Brown tries no one can find any way to escape the totalitarian grip that is taking hold of more and more of the world.

I believe it is disgraceful, for example, to use Vietnam as a football in political machinations, gambling with human lives, the way the leftist Laborites are doing in England.

It is absurd to state that Ho Chi Minh is not a Marxist but anticolonialist, or that what is going on now in Vietnam is civil war, turning a blind eye to the fact that from the very start the forces implicated have been Red China, the Soviet Union as well as international world communism. Nor do people understand that after the United States entered the war, this became a self evident, incontrovertible clash of two worlds, and that this war is already deciding who will win: communism or the free world.

In my opinion it is stupid to picket the White House and carry placards saying: "Call our troops home!" and not to realize that to hand South Vietnam over to the communists means that tomorrow we shall be faced not just with Communist Cuba but also a Communist Dominican Republic, Guatemala and others.

Not long ago I saw a letter to the *Christian Science Monitor* to this effect: "Communism as well as capitalism is no more than a different economic system, which has the right to co-existence." I should like to ask the writer of that letter how then are we to account, in that case, for the blood, the sea of blood, which has been spilled in my country? Is this to be attributed to a few economic innovations? Also, in that case, how are we to account for the millions of crippled spirits created by communism? Are poor grain harvests to be blamed for them?

No, communism is not just an economic system, it is more than that and above all it is an ideology based on aggression. Without aggression communism is lifeless. This is not new but in the West it is seriously disputed thanks to appearance of certain fat and peace-loving communists.

I know, Mr. Smith, that you as a genuine American do not care for the word ideology and that perhaps I risk calling down your wrath on my arguments. You are perhaps well satisfied with the formula of peaceful competition which was put forward on a par with peaceful co-existence by Khrushchev. You are ready to take hold of it with both hands. I know that you are a thoroughly peaceable person, Mr. Smith, I know that you believe in the foundations of a capitalist society and that you do not wish to go out and attack communism. You are maintaining your defensive positions and seriously hope that either the communist camp will become reconciled to the fact of the existence of capitalism, that it will indeed be willing to "co-exist" with it, or that it will be reshaped, because of powerful and exhausting inner frictions, into something new and not so antithetical to capitalism. You may even say that in this field everything is okay: a direct air route between New York and Moscow has been worked out, an agreement on the world use of outer space has been signed, Yevtushenko and his wife have recently visited the United States.

But I must interrupt you, Mr. Smith, and propose that you put all your examples into one side of the scales and I shall put into the other true facts of recent history which, to my thinking, characterize the political direction of the Central Committee of the Communist Party and the Soviet Government.

Let us begin.

* * * * *

In the very noonday of so-called "peaceful coexistence", conjured up by Khrushchev, when travelling abroad was begun, cultural exchanges were announced, and joint movie making discussed, when even the most hard shell sceptics pricked up their ears, I and N. Pakhumov, a journalist, collaborated on a translation of Robert Sherwood's play, *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*. In the editorial offices of *Teatr*, an all-union magazine, our work received instant approval. It was highly praised by one of the editors, the late Boris Romashov, himself a famous Russian playwright. Even so "orthodox" a theatre expert as V. Pimenov, who was then chief editor, pronounced himself in favor of its publication, with "appropriate commentary"—in view of the fact that Sherwood was a "bourgeois" writer. The play was rushed to the printer. But a copy was sent as usual to the Central Committee of the Communist Party. It was read by that same Mostovets mentioned earlier—and the type was broken up. It would have been a miracle had this not happened. Mostovets notified the magazine that, from the point of view of the Central Committee, the Sherwood play touted American democracy and did not reveal its class origins.

About this same time, being fired with interest about Lincoln and having read a lot of background literature concerning him, I wrote an historical story which I entitled *The Three Sons of Mrs. Brown*. (Perhaps my collaborator in this work was Leo, or his spirit). Briefly: the story was laid during the Civil War in America. After they lost their father Mrs. Brown's three sons volunteered on the side of the North. The old woman was left alone on the big farm. It was very hard for her to manage it, so in the summer she went to Washington, sought out President Lincoln and begged him to release her youngest son so that he could return to the farm. Lincoln ordered Stanton, his Secretary of War, to take the necessary steps to that effect. But when she reached home she found a message telling her that her youngest son had died a hero's death. Six months later Mrs. Brown returned to Washington to ask the President to release her middle son. What neither the President, who granted the request, nor Stanton, nor Mrs. Brown knew was that at the time that son was dying of wounds received in the battle of Gettysburg. During the following winter Mrs. Brown called on Lincoln for the third time to request the release of her oldest son. Lincoln's eye fell on a death sentence prepared for his signature which was lying on the desk before him: it called for the shooting of private Brown for having fallen asleep while on duty. When he had established that this Brown was indeed her oldest son, Lincoln wrote across the order, "Commute the sentence. The young man will be more useful above ground than below it."

When I read this story to Valentina Lyubomudrova, a most intelligent and highly placed woman, she had in the past served as assistant to Nina Popova, President of the Union of Soviet Societies for Friendship with Foreign Countries) she threw up her hands in horror:

"What are you thinking of, my dear! Come to your senses! It's a wonderful story but it glorifies an American President! It makes no difference that he was a rail splitter, the story is still a paean to the American government machine. The very fact that the President was accessible to plain Mrs. Brown will bring up all kinds of superfluous connotations. Don't laugh. This is politics. To be sure we are right now on better terms with the United States, but that does not make us stop being communists, and them stop being capitalists. No, no one will publish your story."

She was right. Just to try I sent it in to *Izvestia*. The reply I received was dry and stated merely that my story was "too long."

In 1957 the *Literary Gazette* published an open letter from me to Mike Todd, the American producer, containing a proposal to make a Soviet-American moving picture about the sailors of two Russian flotillas based in the harbors of New York and San Francisco during the Civil War of 1861-64 and were, of course, on Lincoln's side.

I composed this letter, incidentally, at a suggestion from above. It was a propaganda maneuver. Had Todd agreed to the proposal I would have had many unpleasantnesses. Actually I had them even so. The Minister of Culture, N. Mikailov, had not been privy to the idea of the letter. When he read it in the *Literary Gazette* he sounded an alarm. In the letter I mentioned that I had had a talk with an official representative of the Ministry of Culture and that he had approved of the proposal. I was told to come to Moscow at once. The letter was discussed by a special committee in the Ministry and was voted as being *premature*.

As a matter of record I received many communications from readers of the *Literary Gazette*. The writers were ordinary Soviet citizens. When they heard of the heroic conduct of Russian sailors during the American Civil War, a fact of which they had been quite oblivious, they all warmly supported the idea of making a Soviet-American film and some even offered to help and cooperate, each in his own way. This was, of course, a sincere and uninhibited expression of sympathy for America.

In 1961 I wrote a film script called *Wait for Me, Conchita!* This was to be used in a joint Soviet-Mexican production. The Mexicans were to be represented by a big firm called Zacharius, and the Soviets by the Gorki Film Studio.

At the base of this scenario was an extraordinarily entrancing historical fact: in 1801 a Russian officer by the name of Nikolai Ryazanov visited the fort in San Francisco which then belonged to Spain. Here he fell in love with Concepcion (Conchita) Arguelo, daughter of the Commandant. The love was mutual but they were kept apart by religion. He belonged to the Orthodox Greek and she to the Roman Catholic Church. In order to get permission for the marriage Ryazanov had to undertake a lengthy voyage to St. Petersburg, Rome and Madrid. Along

the way, in a place not far from the Siberian city of Krasnoyarsk, Ryazanov was taken ill and died. Conchita waited for forty years. When she finally heard of the death of her beloved she took the veil and entered a convent known as the Dolores Mission which had been built by her father. A portrait of Concepcion Arguello still hangs on a wall of a San Francisco museum—her eyes gaze far into the distance as if she were searching for the ship carrying Ryazanov back to her. It is a charming story.

To tell the truth there are several versions given as to just why Ryazanov went to San Francisco. One book, published fairly recently in the United States, begins more or less with these words: "If Nikolai Ryazanov had not died on his way to St. Petersburg it is very likely that San Francisco would now be the nearest military base to America of the Reds. However, all I used in my scenario was what I needed for the telling of a great romantic love story. Besides, I tried to tell it outside the frame of the time, thus emphasizing the power of love as universally human.

After lengthy delays from the Soviet side the whole project burst like a soap bubble.

Happening to meet Vladimir Baskakov, who was at the time at the head of the cinema division in the Central Committee Department of Culture, I spoke to him quite frankly, as in the past we had been good friends. The dialogue between us ran about as follows:

Baskakov: Why the devil did you hit on such an idiotic theme? It was an outright commendation of the Russian monarchy!

I: What, exactly, are you referring to?

Baskakov: To your scenario, *Wait for Me, Conchita!* I have had a report on it.

I: What has the monarchy to do with it? It's a scenario about love.

Baskakov: But your hero, what's his name, Ryazanov, he was a count, a Russian officer, member of the Imperial Guard, a favorite of the Tsar, a rich man. . . !

I: But look, Pierre Bezukhov in *War and Peace* was not really a beggar.

Baskakov: You did find someone to compare yourself to! *War and Peace* was written by Tolstoy.

I: But the fact that Ryazanov was a Guards officer and a rich man is part of his biography and remains in the background. I tell about love. The poor and the rich, you and I, everyone in the world, all love.

Baskakov: In that case where are you putting our Party concepts?

I: Listen, please tell me right out, like a good comrade, and I shall not pass it on: are these cooperative film productions serious enterprises or are they—

Baskakov (smiling): In your place it would be better if you just wrote scenarios about the working class.

When I was working on *Wait for Me, Conchita!*, down in Bolshevo, I tried to persuade Julius Reisman to undertake the production and hinted that it would mean a trip to Mexico. He gave me a friendly tap on the shoulder and said: "You're a nitwit, Yuri. It's all a bluff. How can we talk about joint productions when we and they live worlds apart? That's elementary. . . . The day before yesterday, at the Ministry of Culture, I met a famous millionaire American producer, Lester Cowan, who is getting ready to put on the first Soviet-American film based on a scenario by Mitchell Wilson, *On a Far Meridian*. Cowan counts on making a sensation. The first Soviet-American film! But he still has to make it. He's a funny fellow. He has already bought a piece of land in California where the picture can be shot. It seems he paid a million for that. He's noisy and restless. In Madame Furtseva's office he slapped his pockets and shouted: 'I am a free businessman! What I wish to do I do! I have the State Department in my right pocket, and Ambassador Thompson in my left. . . .'

I looked at Cowan and thought how very resounding this high-spirited millionaire's pet project will flop. At best the whole thing will turn into a farce. Look there at those attractive foreigners. . . . and Reisman pointed to three East Indians, in white cotton trousers that looked like underwear, walking along the corridor of our Screen Writers Home. One of them was a scenarist, another represented some firm, and the third was, I believe, a film director. They were all participating in the work on a joint production. And although the scenario was based on an East Indian legend, a fairy tale, all sorts of contradictions had driven both sides into a dead end. The Tashkent Studio (in Uzbekistan) where they planned to shoot the picture, had paid the Soviet playwright, Voitkovich, two fees, because the whole business had already been

dragging along for five years and the author, in accordance with his contract, had the right after two years, if the Studio had not yet produced his picture, to consider that the continuing work on it was the equivalent of work on a new scenario.

Isn't that really a farce?

And here is another: In 1962 Mosfilm decided to make a moving picture out of a play by the late Vsevolod Ivanov called *The Armored Train 14-69*. The play is fairly well-known in the Soviet Union. Ivanov wrote it many years ago. It was the story of Partisan warfare in Northern Russia. There were however two incidental characters in the play: an American soldier from the expeditionary forces, captured by the Red Partisans, and a Chinese fighter in a squad of Partisans who throws himself on the tracks at the cost of his life, to stop the Whites' armored train. Thus you have on the one hand an "enlightened Yankee" who has fallen into the hands of the Red Partisans, and on the other an heroic Chinese. Will that balance out? How will it look from the ideological point of view in present day circumstances? Some approved and some were opposed. The film was put on ice in accordance with word from above, then it was started up again, also on word from above, stopped again, started again; variations were tried out, and they even went so far as to "throw out" the Yankee altogether, while the Chinaman was converted into a Negro . . .

I could put many similar stories into my side of the scales, but since I recall to mind that this is after all a letter and not a chronicle of "peaceful coexistence," I shall ask you, Mr. Smith, to turn your attention on one last, half anecdotal fact which to my mind expresses in a compressed, laconic and yet symbolic form the essence of what we call "ideological irreconcilables."

A friend of mine is a commentator attached to the Government Committee in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs on radio and television. In preparing one of his routine round-ups on world affairs—this was under the reign of Khrushchev—he writes that the American nation is a rich nation. This expression was used, it goes without saying, in a definite context. The man in the political control room where every word that goes on the air is scrutinized, struck the expression out in red pencil. My friend rushed to the political control room and demanded an explanation. A man of about fifty, in a semi-military uniform, with the face of an ascetic, announced that the expression was not acceptable to say the least. Whereupon my friend showed him one of Khrushchev's speeches in which he called America a rich nation.

The man with the ascetic face looked at my friend and quietly said:

"That makes no difference. I cannot pass those words. It would be against my Marxist conscience."

When my friend told me this he added with indignation:

"Just think, what an idiot! Isn't he?"

Alas, if only that man with the Marxist conscience were only an idiot! If . . . but unfortunately that is not the case. And that's what breeds terror.

It may astonish you, Mr. Smith, but men like that, men in the Soviet ruling staffs are the ones making it easier for me to live in the West. They have a soothing effect on me. They even console me.

This is, of course, a very personal consideration. Yet it is not without interest from the psychological point of view.

You see, I was living in Russia in a state of material sufficiency. I was part of a group of writers, and others active in the field of the arts, I had friends. Although we were all hampered by the make-believe, still we managed somehow to get something out of life. I was forty-five. I could have died quietly and "normally" in my native land. Yet I, as I said, at 46 "went over" to the West where I have to face old age, complete financial uncertainty, not to mention the fact that I do not and cannot have any friends nor can I belong to a circle of writers because I am an outsider. I really am an outsider. That is an unalterable fact. So for the sake of what did I commit this act? For the sake of freedom for my spirit? Yes. But does such freedom exist? Yes. But is a man's spirit not crippled by communism in the same measure as it is by capitalism? Perhaps all my notions are untrue, naive, stupid? Perhaps that fatal step I took three years ago was a mistake? These doubts, these thoughts still pursue me. Sometimes they bring me to a state of complete despair. I do not know what to do with myself. I become frantic. But this is what saves me:

I go to a library and get out the files of *Pravda* and the *Literary Gazette*. I leaf and leaf through them. I read and I read. And slowly the weight is lifted from my soul. My equilibrium gradually returns. I begin to feel that no, I did not

make a mistake. In every line I see the stamp of this or that Party staff man, or even what has been struck out by his red pencil. (My eye is sharp to see such things). I read Soviet newspapers, I listen to Soviet broadcasts and I realize that, alas, in my country, human conscience is still penned up, that it is still in the clutches of the brutal Marxist conscience which kills everything that is alive and God-given.

How can then anyone remain a Russian and not be anti-communist?

* * * * *

The history of *John—Soldier of Peace* would not be complete without an account of my last and first meeting with Paul Robeson.

As it happened, almost ten years after the opening of *John* and in connection with one of Paul Robeson's regular visits to Moscow, the Soviet Ministry of Culture entertained the idea of making a movie about present day America using my play as the basis for the picture. In it, the part of the Negro singer John Robertson would be played by Paul Robeson. Not too bad a set-up. I wrote the play with Paul Robeson appearing under the name of John Robertson. Now they proposed that the role of the high minded John Robertson be taken by Robeson himself. The idea received the approval of Petrov, the vice chairman of the division of cultural affairs of the Central Committee of the Communist Party. It was decided to hand the film over to the Gorki Studio. But everything still depended on Robeson's being willing to take the role.

I repeat: this was my first and, I am sure, my last meeting with this "hero." It took place in a sanatorium near Moscow, called Barvikha, run by the Central Committee. It was there that Robeson was undergoing treatment. I must point out that this was a rather complicated phase in his life because his relations with his wife were very strained and he was almost on the point of divorcing her. There were rumors about this in government circles.

We telephoned to Robeson on the special Kremlin wire (Vertushka) from the office of Rachuk, head of film production for the Ministry of Culture. First the head of the sanatorium came to the telephone. Rachuk explained to him why we needed to see Robeson. But the main pressure put on him was due to the fact that we were calling on the *Kremlin private wire*. (To have access in Moscow to this wire would be the equivalent to having in America your private wire to the White House). In about an hour there was a return call on the Kremlin wire to Rachuk's office and Robeson himself was at the telephone. I talked to him in English. He immediately recalled my play *John—Soldier of Peace* and greeted me as its author. When I told him about the idea of creating a film he became hesitant, said he would have to think about it and that we would have to talk about it in a personal meeting. A day was fixed for us to meet.

From this telephone conversation with Robeson I understood that his reply to our proposal did not depend only on him. I believe that he had to take counsel with someone.

On the day and at the hour named I, in my Volga car, set out with Grisha Britikov, the elegant director of the Gorki Studio, and Sergei Babinin, the stout head of the scenario department of the Studio, and we arrived at the Central Committee's Sanatorium Barvikha.

This is a beautiful, picturesque place, especially in winter. It is situated in an enormous tract of land. The main group of buildings is basically half-modern in style with certain elements of constructivism. The main hall, with a colonnade is decorated with palms, cactuses, and in one corner there is a piano and the inevitable aquarium. There are many round tables and heavy, waxed arm chairs. Of course there were sets of chess and checkers. When I saw the chessmen I immediately conjured up pictures of the after dinner hour, or the empty time before supper, when the communist chieftains like Walter Ulbricht, Togliatti, Thorez or Dolores Ibarurri, undergoing treatment or taking a vacation here in Barvikha or the Crimea, would play checkers or even a game of draughts. . . .

And there were guards on every hand, the government "boys" in their caps. They were already in evidence out on the high road as soon as you reach the turn at Rublevo. After that the bushes and fir trees are crawling with them all the way up to the gates of the sanatorium. Naturally they are indoors too.

The sanatorium is very quiet. The rules are strict, absolutely puritanical, even though some of the European leaders object to them and every now and then try to have little flirtations with the nurses and attendants. One Italian revolutionary even succeeded in getting married.

Paul Robeson came down from his room one flight up to meet us. He looked just as I imagined he would from the many photographs of him I had seen, except that he had grown a beard. He spoke rather impulsively but in a low tone, as if he were pointedly observing the rules of the sanatorium. We greeted each other and sat down around one of the tables in the center of the big hall and began our talk. Mostly it was carried on in Russian, with occasional lapses into English. (Robeson had a fair command of Russian).

I did not take my eyes off Robeson and I tried to fathom his character. I wanted very much to find out what sort of a man he was, and what was inside of him. You see I had read many books written about him, including one brought out in America. I was quite familiar with his life, I admired his outstanding talent. I recalled that he had played Othello with rare artistry, that he was a successful movie actor and that after all his was the best voice to render those remarkable songs, *Ol' Man River* and *Water Boy*. But what had happened to him after he had subordinated his talents, so to say, to his political interests, after getting into "social action work" and going into the Progressive Party, thus to all intents and purposes allying himself with the communists?

Perhaps I am mistaken, perhaps it only seemed so to me, but I thought that in Robeson's eyes there was no spark of real will and ardent faith; somehow he was irresolute, bewildered and, I would say, confused. His eyes reminded me rather of Yevtushenko's. I believe that Robeson would be very happy if he could go back to his past life and forget, like some terrible dream, all his "social action work", if he could cease to be a "Soldier of Peace", if he could return his Lenin prize given him as a "Fighter for Peace", if he, in short, could regain his creative freedom with a clear conscience and sing out, as in the old days, with the full power of his great Negro voice, *Ol' Man River* and *Water Boy*. But there was no longer any road back for him. This is what happens when a man takes the path of violence and demogogy—he becomes the victim of political machinations. Incidentally, Howard Fast had the civic courage to confess that he had gone down the wrong path when he believed in communism.

Robeson talked to us like a conspirator. He hinted to us that he did not want to be filmed in an anti-American picture. He said:

"This is not in *our* interests."

Whom did he have in mind when he said not in *our* interests?

He led us to believe that in the higher Soviet Party circles it was felt that perhaps it would be just as well if Robeson did not break with the United States, and to be filmed in this picture would result, of course, in making his homeland inaccessible to him.

Robeson talked and all the time his fingers were toying with the checkers lying on the table.

Later on I learned that at this time he wanted very much to play the role of Ira Aldridge, the negro actor who in the nineteenth century had come on tour to Russia. The scenario for a film on this theme was being written for Robeson by an English friend, Herbert Marshall, who was the author of a book about Aldridge. Although the Soviet Ministry of Culture considered Marshall "pro-Soviet" and although he was, I repeat, a friend of Robeson, nothing came of even this innocent plan.

This then is the last page of *John—Soldier of Peace* and now, thank God, he can go to the bottom.

* * * * *

Here is a curious circumstance: After the opening night of *John* at the Pushkin Theatre a friend said to me:

"Well, have you got your promotion now? Go on, tell me. But mind that you keep out of the hands of the Americans—they would hang you for what you said in that one place. . . ."

Of course he was joking. But in 1965, when I was in London, I remembered his words and wondered: was he really joking?

Then I applied at the American Embassy, that monumental edifice on Grosvenor Square, which at first did not bring back to my mind the great yellow house in Moscow. I filed a request for an immigration visa, or just a tourist visa, to go to the United States. (I had received an invitation from a well-known American journalist). After a delay of six months my application was turned down. Yes indeed, it was turned down. Included in the refusal was an extensive list of persons classed as undesirable to the American authorities. I closely scanned the list and realized, inasmuch as I am not feeble-minded, at least not yet, or syphilitic, I can fall only into the category of deviates and spies.

So now again I pass the American Embassy with a sense of its inaccessibility just as I did earlier in Moscow.

Then an inner voice says to me: "You shot at people on your own side." They will not forgive you for that, and indeed why should the American Immigration Bureau let such a besmirched person into their country, that is if they judge him by what I have written to you, Mr. Smith, and that is only a small part of my past?

* * * * *

I am closing my letter now, Mr. Smith, and I beg you after you have read it to say: "Well, what of it. Every man has a right to express his opinion no matter how muddle-headed" rather than: "You hapless defector! You are left without a homeland, you are sniping at it angrily, and also at your fellow countrymen, friends and comrades. You are smearing them with venomous slobber and attempting to poison both Russians and us, Americans."

Of course, I wrote this letter on my own behalf too; it is all very important to me, yet I also had in mind that perhaps by speaking out the truth in my own heart I might touch your heart too, Mr. Smith, and tell you things that go beyond ephemeral terms such as the "cold war". To be honest I can sneeze at some journalists and politics-mongers in the West who may say of me: "He's a shrewd operator, he has mixed emotions in with politics, pulled out all the stops as to the sincerity of his feelings, when actually he is adding water to the mill wheel of the cold war." The "cold war"? What is that? No, I am pouring water on the mill wheel of truth. Now I really do not possess a homeland but for that I do possess truth. And I will not give it up even to please you, Mr. Smith, even to protect you from my "pessimism" and refuse to paint dark pictures. No, I cannot even console you by tinkering with the truth, so that I could prophesy for you a happy and serene life, which is, naturally, only what you strive for.

In taking leave of you all I can say is this:

Do not deceive yourself, do not build castles of air and try to see things as you wish they were.

I believe that the days of secret negotiations, subrosa missions, and political deals are coming to an end. They will be replaced by something greater, something gigantic, by something being decided on by the peoples of all the world and already visible to all. In general the question put is this: What will you, peoples of the world, choose: communism or freedom? Take a good look at both. Choose! Choose even if you have to pay with your life for the choice. There is no other way. Delay is possible. But there is no other way. It is getting more and more difficult to sit on the fence.

I believe, Mr. Smith, that you Americans have had a great mission laid on you. All these measly plodding attempts of heads of governments to create a new Europe from the Atlantic to the Urals, to isolate the United States, to achieve friendship with the communist countries, including China—all this is the cheapest kind of blatant demogogy or, to put it bluntly, object capitulation.

If anyone thinks that communism is played out, or, thanks to "present revisionism" is being transformed, or thinks that communism is weak, shot through with contradictions and is therefore no longer terrifying—he is being frighteningly frivolous.

Communism, now that it is mature, is for that reason more flexible. You just try to lay your hands on it!

Naturally, in trying to evaluate contemporary communism one cannot avoid extremes, but I accept the "bugaboo of communism", which is what the so-called "humanists" and "liberals" usually call it. They say: "Don't try to frighten us with the bugaboo of communism! All that is dead and gone!" Oh, my dear "humanists" and "liberals"! When I lived in the Soviet Union, I too sometimes thought that communism had grown weak at its core and was no longer terrible, but when I reached the West, and after having spent three years here, I realized just because I was here that communism is not only strong but terrifying as well.

I have said, Mr. Smith, that a great mission has been laid on you, the Americans. Because it is you alone, and I repeat, *you alone* who are capable of barring the path to communism in Asia as also to Europe. Let America take a neutral stand and tomorrow three fourths of the World map will be colored red.

Sincerely yours,

YURI KROTKOV.

1967, Spain.

APPENDIX II

SOVIET DISSIDENT REPROACHES KUZNETSOV

SUPPRESSED WRITER SAYS DEFECTOR LACKED COURAGE OF CONVICTIONS

(By Richard Reston, Los Angeles Times)

MOSCOW, Nov. 23—Andrei Amalric is a brilliant young intellectual, a dissident in this closed Soviet society and a writer still unpublished in his own country. At 31, he has just produced a remarkable open letter of rebuke to Anatoly Kuznetsov, Russia's most celebrated recent literary defector.

In effect, Amalric accuses Kuznetsov of collaborating with the KGB (the Soviet secret police) in a calculated attempt to flee the country. Kuznetsov, once outside Russia, turned against his own literary colleagues for doing precisely what he had done, according to Amalric's account.

The young author criticizes Kuznetsov for lacking the courage of his convictions, for failing to support wider intellectual freedom in the face of political oppression.

Kuznetsov asked for and received political asylum in Britain last summer while on a routine research trip as a leading Soviet writer. Later he described his relations with the KGB, which, he said, kept him under surveillance and forced him to oversee other prominent writers. Determined to get out of Russia, Kuznetsov said he played the role of informer and described to the KGB an alleged anti-Soviet plot among Soviet writers. The result, he said, was permission for his trip to Britain.

Two Books for the West

Two of Amalric's books are about to be published in the West under the titles "Can the Soviet Union Survive Until 1984?" and "Involuntary Journey to Siberia." In one, he questions the Soviet system's capacity for existence under present circumstances, in the other he describes his exile in Siberia several years ago.

His letter to Kuznetsov is remarkable not only because such a document is rarely seen in this country, but also for what it reveals about the long-suffering literary community and the political system generally. Excerpts from the long letter follow:

"You speak all the time of freedom, but of external freedom, the freedom around us, and you say nothing of the inner freedom; that is, the freedom according to which the authorities can do much to a man, but by which they are powerless to deprive him of his moral values. . . .

"You say that the KGB has persecuted and blackmailed the Russian writer. Of course, what the KGB has done can only be condemned. But one does not understand what the Russian writer has done in order to oppose this.

"To struggle against the KGB is terrible but what in effect threatened a Russian writer if, before his first visit abroad, he had refused to collaborate with the KGB? The writer would not have gone abroad . . . but he would have remained an honest man. In refusing in general to collaborate in this way he would have lost a portion, perhaps a considerable portion, of the outer freedom but would have achieved a greater inner freedom.

"You are all the time saying 'they summoned me, they ordered me, the censorship always had me on my knees,' etc. It seems to me that if you had continually yielded and done what you condemned in your heart you would not have deserved a better attitude on the part of the KGB or the censorship. . . .

Cites Own Independence

"I preferred to be expelled from the university and to give up my hope of becoming a historian rather than to correct anything in my work, which I myself considered correct. I preferred in general not to send my verses and plays to Soviet publishing houses than to mutilate them in the hope that my name would appear in print. It would take a long time to tell how the KGB paid attention to me but I

will merely touch on the point you write about. In 1961 I was courteously invited to the KGB to write a general account of the mood of the intelligentsia and I equally courteously refused, upon which the matter ended.

"In 1963 I was taken by night to the Lubyanka (a famous political prison) and ordered to write a report against an American diplomat to the effect that he had subjected me and other Soviet citizens to malicious ideological brainwashing. I again refused, although they then threatened me with criminal proceedings. In 1965, I refused outright to talk with them, which cost me an exile in Siberia.

"But the main thing is that living in this country and continuing to write and do what I consider correct, I can, at any moment, be again sent to prison or be dealt with in any other fashion. That is why I think I have the personal right to reproach you.

"But perhaps I have no right to do this. Above all because I am almost ten years younger than you and I was only lightly touched by that most terrible (Stalin) period which coincided with your youth and in which you became formed as an individual. Even now the regime exists . . . mainly on the interest from the capital of fear amassed in that period. It is not only a question of the KGB but the fact that the whole atmosphere of Soviet life and of Soviet education is such that a man is already conditioned to meet with the KGB and to enter into the same relations with it as you did. . . .

"Nonetheless, I do reproach you, not because I want to condemn you personally but because I want to condemn the philosophy of impotence and self-justification which runs through all you have said and written in the West. 'I was given no choice'—you seem to be saying and this sounds like a justification not only for yourself but for the whole of the Soviet creative intelligentsia—or at least for that liberal part of it to which you belong.

"You condemn certain of its representatives, but inasmuch as you do not direct one word of condemnation to your own address, blaming the authorities for everything, I do not understand how you can make any demand against the rest. You want to assert that you are all victims of oppression but it seems to me that no oppression can be effective without those who are willing to submit to it.

'Unpleasant Phenomenon'

"It sometimes appears to me that the Soviet creative intelligentsia—that is, people accustomed to thinking one thing, saying another, and doing a third—is, as a whole, an even more unpleasant phenomenon than the regime which formed it. Hypocrisy and the acceptance of things as they are foisted on it has become so much a part of it that it considers any attempt to act honorably as either a crafty provocation or madness.

"I do not mean that all those who desire greater freedom for themselves and their country should go to Red Square with banners. However, they ought to reject the customary cynicism which equates truth and lies and to try to acquire inner freedom. How to do this must evidently be decided by each person himself. Not everyone can come out openly against those conditions in which we live.

"But it is always better to be silent than to utter falsehoods, better to refuse to publish any of your books than to put out something which is completely contrary to what one had written in the beginning, better to refuse a trip abroad than, for the sake of one, to become an informer or to report . . . better to refuse a press conference than publicly to declare that there exists in our country creative freedom . . .

"Judging only by his books, it is impossible to say that Solzhenitsyn (Russia's most famous contemporary novelist and now a suppressed literary outcast) is persecuted and tormented . . . He gives the impression of a man capable of standing out against persecution. He has already once preserved his inner freedom in prison and will evidently do so again if he is once more put in jail. From this we can all derive strength."

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