## Epilogue: Home and Dry

My experiences in the Middle East from 1956 to 1963 do not lend themselves easily to narrative form except as part of the general history of the region during that period. That would be quite a different book. But there has been much speculation about what I was doing there in addition to my work as a newspaper correspondent, and it would be unfair to the reader to leave him guessing in total darkness. At the same time. I am inhibited by the fact that I am now speaking of very recent times. If the British Government can use the fifty-year rule to suppress the publication of official documents, I can also claim the right to veil in decent discretion events that took place as little as ten or five years ago. I will therefore content myself with a few hints at the truth, adjuring the reader only not to fall flat on his face into traps of his own making. Life can be quite simple. The compelling reason for discussion at this point is that,

while the British and American special sendees can reconstruct pretty accurately my activities up to 1955, there is positive and negative evidence that they know nothing about my subsequent career in Soviet service.

It has been generally assumed that I was working under journalistic cover for SIS. Indeed, it would have been odd if they had made no use of me at all. They habitually use journalists, and there I was, with a sound knowledge of their requirements and more anxious than anyone to be in their good books. I would like to reassure any of my Arab friends who may read this book. I do not think I did their cause any disservice by telling the British Government what they really thought; in any case, the British paid scant notice, and look where they are now (Summer, 1967)!

If it would have been odd of SIS not to take advantage of my presence in the Middle East, it would have been odder still if the Soviet intelligence service had ignored me. One British journalist, shortly after my departure from Beirut, asked in print what use I could have been to the Soviet Union, and came to the astonishing conclusion that I was probably reporting on the Middle East College of Arabic Studies located at Shemlan in the hills above Beirut. With all due respect to that institution, which has achieved more notoriety than it really deserves, the most detailed information about it would have been considered by most intelligence services a poor return for seven years' work.

The fact is that the Soviet Union is interested in a very wide range of Middle Eastern phenomena. En-

joying a wide margin of priority at the top of the list are the intentions of the United States and British governments in the area. For an assessment of such intentions, I was not too badly placed. One writer, discussing my case, commented on the fact that I seldom asked direct questions; I was the least curious of journalists. Of course! If you put direct questions on matters of substance to any American or British official you are apt to get either an evasion or a whopping great lie. But in the course of general conversation, discussion and argument, it is not impossible to get the drift of your interlocutors thinking or to estimate with fair accuracy his standing in respect of policy decisions.

It is difficult, though by no means impossible, for a journalist to obtain access to original documents. But these are often a snare and a delusion. Just because a document is a document, it has a glamour which tempts the reader to give it more weight than it deserves. This document from the United States Embassy in Amman, for example. Is it a first draft, a second draft or the finished memorandum? Was it written by an official of standing, or by some dogsbody with a bright idea? Was it written with serious intent or just to enhance the writer's reputation? Even if it is unmistakably a direct instruction to the United States Ambassador from the Secretary of State dated last Tuesday, is it still valid today? In short, documentary intelligence, to be really valuable, must come as a steady stream, embellished with an awful lot of explanatory annotation. An hour's serious discussion with a trustworthy informant is often more valuable

than any number of original documents. Of course, it is best to have both.

So, after seven years, I left Beirut and turned up in the Soviet Union. Why? Maybe I was tipped off by a Fourth Man. Maybe someone had blundered. It is even possible that 1 was just tired. Thirty years in the underground is a long stretch, and I cannot pretend that they left no mark. The question, as far as I am concerned, can be left to history; or rather, since history is unlikely to be interested, it can be buried right now.

But the treatment which my escape has received from various publicists calls for some comment, as an illustration of the bland invention which characterises so much of current writing on secret service matters. The writer of an article in The Saturday Evening Post told a stirring story of Lebanese police surveillance of my activity, involving an American confectioner (a neat touch!), break-neck taxi rides and night photography. I do not know whether the writer had his tongue in his cheek; unless I misjudged him sadly, he is too intelligent to fall for such twaddle. A later author, John Bulloch, advanced the theory that the Lebanese deliberately let me go, in collusion with the British. His only support for the theory was the statement that the Lebanese security authorities were so "very efBcient" that I could not have got away without their knowledge. I am afraid that this betrays total ignorance of local conditions. Beirut is one of the liveliest centres of contraband and espionage in the world. Dozens of people make illegal crossings of the Lebanese frontiers monthly; only a few are brought to book.

Fantasies pursued me, of course, into the Soviet Union. Reports of my whereabouts have been bewilderingly various. I am living in Prague; I am living on the Black Sea Riviera; I am in a sanatorium suffering from a nervous breakdown. I am living in a dacha outside Moscow; I am in a big government house outside Moscow; I am hidden away in a provincial town. I accompanied the Soviet delegation to the abortive Afro-Asian Conference in 1955; I am working in a Soviet cultural institute at Bloudanc, not far from Damascus. It is obvious that none of those who published such nonsense could really have believed it. But, if they were guessing, why such stupid guesses? The overwhelming balance of probability was always that I was living in Moscow and, like all the other millions of Muscovites, in a flat. Anyone who had hazarded such a trite guess would have guessed quite right.

I will conclude by mentioning a factor which has unnecessarily puzzled some Western commentators on my case. That was the liberal smoke-screen behind which I concealed my real opinions. One writer who knew me in Beirut has stated that the liberal opinions I expressed in the Middle East were "certainly" my true ones. Another comment from a personal friend was that I could not have maintained such a consistently liberal-intellectual framework unless I had really believed in it. Both remarks are very flattering. The first duty of an underground worker is to perfect

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not only his cover story but also his cover personality. There is, of course, some excuse for the misconceptions about my views which I have just mentioned. By the time I reached the Middle East, I had more than twenty years' experience behind me, including some testing years. Furthermore, I was baptised the hard way, in Nazi Germany and Fascist Spain, where a slip might have had consequences only describable as dire.

## Chronology

- 1912 Harold Adrian Russell (Kim) Philby born on January 1 in Amballa, India, the son of Harry St. John Bridges Philby, an Indian Civil Service officer who later became a renowned Arabist and converted Muslim, and Dora Philby.
- 1929 Enters Trinity College, Cambridge, at the age of 17, and joins the Cambridge University Socialist Society.
- 1932 Becomes treasurer of Cambridge University Socialist Society and makes his first contact with Communists.
- 19.33 Leaves Cambridge and enters Soviet counterintelligence service in June of that year. Arrives in Vienna, Austria, where Chancellor Dr. Engelbert Dollfuss is preparing his fascist "putsch" of February 19£4.
- 1934 Returns to England and joins Anglo-German

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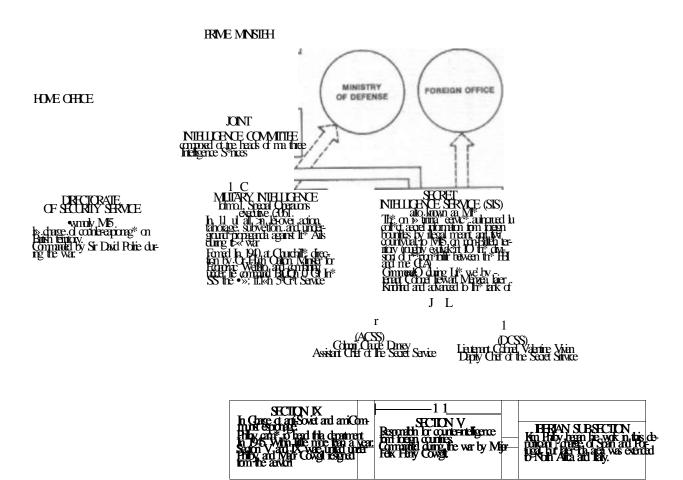
- Fellowship to begin, with Nazi funds, a pro-Hitler magazine. Repeated visits to Berlin for talks with German Propaganda Ministry and Von Ribbentrop's Foreign Office. Active in other pro-German organizations.
- 1937 In February, arrives in Spain to report the Civil War from Franco's side. Soon becomes accredited correspondent of *The* (London) *Times* willi Franco's forces.
- 1938 Awarded the "Red Cross of Military Merit" by-Franco personally.
- 1939 Upon outbreak of World War II, reassigned by The Times as war correspondent to British headquarters in Arras, France.
- In June, returns to England after evacuation of British military forces from the Continent. Recruited by the British secret service and attached to SIS (Secret Intelligence Service, or MI6) under Guy Burgess in Section D (for Destruction). Assigned to school for undercover work at Brickendonbury Hall, near Hertford, but upon its disbandment transferred to Special Operations in London and assigned to the teaching staff of a new school for general training in techniques of sabotage and subversion at Beaulieu, Hampshire.
- 1941 Transferred to SIS (Secret Intelligence Service)
  Section V, under Major Felix Henry Cowgill, in
  Iberian sub-section responsible for British intelligence in Spain and Portugal.

- 1942 OSS party under Norman Holmes Pearson arrives in London for liaison with British secret service. Philby's area of responsibility extended to North-African and Italian espionage under newly formed Counter-intelligence Units.
- 1945 Section IX is formed by the SIS to be in charge of anti-Communist and anti-Soviet counter-intelligence. Philby appointed head of the new department.
- 1<M7 Philby is posted to Istanbul as head of the SIS station in Turkey, and officially appointed First Secretary of the British Embassy in Turkey.</p>
- 1949 Becomes SIS representative in Washington, D.C., as the top British secret service officer working in liaison with the CIA and the FBI. Sits in at Special Policy Committee directing the ill-fated Anglo-U.S. attempt to infiltrate anti-Communist agents into Albania to topple the regime.
- 1950 Guy Burgess arrives in Washington, D.C., on assignment as Second Secretary of the British Embassy, and Philby invites him to stay at his house on Nebraska Avenue.
- 1951 Philby is informed of the tightening net of evidence against Foreign Office diplomat and Soviet agent Donald Maclean, whose British Embassy position in Washington at the end of the war had placed him on the Combined Policy Committee on Atomic Energy as its British joint secretary. He arranges for Burgess'

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departure to London to tip off Maclean and order his escape from Britain before arrest. Philby summoned to London for interrogation and asked to resign from secret service.

- 1955 Prime Minister Harold Macmillan, in parliamentary debate, states there is no evidence Philby had betrayed the interests of Britain. He is presumed cleared.
- 1956 Arrives in Beirut, Lebanon, as correspondent for *Observer* and *Economist*, and continues in employ of SIS.
- 1963 Philby disappears from Beirut on January 23 after renewed interrogations by MI5. Soviet Union announces Philby has been granted political asylum in Moscow.



The British Secret Service and the Men Who Ran It