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<http://www.specnaz.ru/articles/242/21/2551.htm> 30 Nov 2016 ВЗЯТЬ С ПОЛИЧНЫМ-2 ВЗЯТЬ С ПОЛИЧНЫМ-1

Spetsnaz Russia English translation *Get in the Act* (part 1 & 2) by Stanislav Stankevich:

<http://antiterror.one/en/node/19> Part 1 *Get in the Act*

<http://antiterror.one/en/article/get-act-part-22> Part 2 *Get in the Act*, or:

<http://antiterror.one/en/node/20> Translation by Stanislav Stankevich

<http://back-in-ussr.com/2016/12/vzyat-s-polichnym.html> 15 Dec 2016

***Spetsnaz also calls this article *Red and Black* - Marti Peterson –***

## Catch Them in the Act (Part 1 of 2)

30 November 2016 Author: PAVEL BEZGOLOSOV

***[Translator: This article includes:***

- ***Pavel Bezgolosov's parody of Operation "Setun-2," the KGB's attempt to capture the CIA handler of agent CIA TRIGON in the act]***

- ***An introduction describing the role of Captain Vladimir Zaitsev, who worked in the KGB 7<sup>th</sup> Directorate, responsible for Surveillance of foreigners. He later joined KGB Spetsnaz Alpha Group and as a colonel eventually became its deputy chief.***

- ***Background information on the TRIGON (TRIANON) CASE provided by KGB Lieutenant Colonel Igor Peretrukhin, author of the book Agent Codename TRIANON about the operation to catch TRIANON(TRIGON) and Martha Peterson.***

***Spetsnaz Russia also calls this article Martha Peterson's "Red and Black"***

*In the mid-1980s, members of KGB Group "A" [Spetsnaz "Alpha" Group] captured more than a dozen Soviet citizens who were American spies. Most of the captures were credited to the Alpha Group Section headed by Vladimir Zaitsev.*



*(Martha Peterson in Tbilisi)*

However, even before those events, Vladimir Nikolayevich [Zaitsev] had the opportunity to take part first-hand in the seizure of US Consulate vice-consul Martha "Marti" Peterson, who put up fierce resistance.

In the famous TV-series *TASS Is Authorized to Announce...* (1984), it was described how KGB officers exposed enemy agent **Trigon**. In real life he was Aleksandr Ogorodnik, **Trigon**, an employee of the Office of Foreign Policy Planning Directorate of the Foreign Ministry.



*CIA agent Aleksandr Ogorodnik (Trigon) was a member of the Foreign Affairs Planning Directorate of the Foreign Ministry*

A noteworthy detail: the development of the operation to recruit Ogorodnik was overseen by Aldrich Ames, who in the future would be the Soviet intelligence "supermole" at Langley who passed intelligence about many American agents.

The fact that Ames, an employee of the central apparatus of the CIA, was entrusted to complete the recruitment of *Trigon* testifies to his importance as a professional in the eyes of the CIA leadership and the trust that was given to him, which in many ways hindered his exposure as an agent of Moscow earlier.

After being arrested during the evening of June 22, 1977, Aleksander Ogorodnik committed suicide. According to KGB Lieutenant General Vitaly Boyarov, who directed the operation, he used a capsule with poison hidden in a fountain pen.

But the game with the Americans continued. The fact that CIA was not aware of the death of Ogorodnik allowed the KGB to conduct Operation *Setun-2*, during which at 22:35 on July 15, Martha Peterson was detained while laying a cache on the Krasnoluzhsky Bridge for the now-deceased **Trigon**. She had been followed

from the embassy, but at the last showing of the movie *The Red and the Black* at the *Rossiya* movie theater, the experienced spy changed her clothes, radically altering her appearance.



*Krasnoluzhsky Bridge over the Moscow River near the Novodevichy Convent*

“Due to the complexity of resolving the forthcoming task, it was necessary to create additional prerequisites that would guarantee the unconditional success of the operation,” recalls the story behind the capture, KGB veteran Igor Peretrukhin. “The fact is we had a precise map drawn up by the Americans with routes of the spy's movements right at the bridge and the spot where the container cache with spy information was to be placed. This spot was in a rectangular opening of the right tower of the bridge across from the Novodevichy Convent. The bridge was built in 1912. Its solid riverside structures are made of granite blocks, which made it practically impossible for us to use any technical

equipment and devices. Near the opening, between the tower and the railway tracks, in the middle of the pedestrian passageway, was a hatch with a massive iron cover, through which one could get to the base of the tower under the bridge. We had to use it. In a shelter constructed for this purpose, two field surveillance officers, equipped with a phone with a throat mike connected to headquarters, were to be placed on a crane at high altitude. The capture of the spy was to be carried out at the signal 'It's a go!'

"Since it was difficult to observe the surroundings in the dark, we decided to install a tank night vision device on a large, tall crane of a building under construction on the opposite side of the Moscow River. And it did not occur without an amusing incident. An employee, who in the process of preparing for the operation was to climb the ladder to the crane along with the device, stopped suddenly about halfway up. He did not expect that the amount of swerve of the crane's rocking would be that great - about one meter. He did not respond to queries on the radio. A command to descend followed, but he did not respond to it either. There was a pause. Then the 'spiderman,' having adapted himself to this unusual phenomenon and gained strength and courage, quickly climbed up and reported his difficulties from the cockpit. All present sighed with relief.

"It was planned that as before there would be 'radio silence.'

"All preparations were completed on time. The operations capture group was again headed by Colonel Vladimir Ivanovich Kostyrya, and Deputy Chief of the Seventh Directorate, Major General Mikhail G. Kalabashkin, was in charge of surveillance and technical support," says Igor Peretrukhin.

# THE WIDOW SPY



MY CIA JOURNEY FROM  
THE JUNGLES OF LAOS  
TO PRISON IN MOSCOW



**MARTHA D. PETERSON**

*Book cover of The Widow Spy*

...The first public mention of the existence of *Operation "Setun-2"* appeared in newspaper *Izvestia* on June 13, 1978 (including a photo of Martha Peterson at the KGB [Lubyanka]). We offer readers of *Spetsnaz Russia* and the magazine *Razvedchik* a fictionalized article by Pavel Bezgolosov dedicated to *Setun-2* and the capture of Martha Peterson.

## CAPTAIN ZAITSEV

You can look at the **Seventh Directorate**, both literally and figuratively, in a lot of ways. If only because it's the Seventh Directorate, or *The Seven* [*Semyorka*], as it is called colloquially among colleagues: *field surveillance*.

But that is just officially. And it is also characterized in a slightly different way - as the *Black Hundred*\*. And, what is most ridiculous, both this and the other name reflect absolutely correctly the specificity of my place of service. Because people from *The Seven* are engaged not only in following and monitoring some people of particular interest to the Office (*Kontora*), but also when the time for *H Hour* [start of operation] arrives they take out some negative characters from our society. Again, as they say, they "take" them.

*\*Black Hundred – refers to paramilitary ultra-patriotic and -religious groups; originated in medieval Russia,*

*\*\*Kontora – "Office," insider term for the Seventh Directorate, responsible for surveillance, including monitoring and protection of embassies and other foreign installations*

And the characters are different. Some who still hope for something or figure that they can emerge victorious from the contest with the investigator are mostly calm and polite. Such people are not rude, they do not frighten officers by using the world community and public opinion of the West, or do not swing their arms or kick their legs at the faces of the capture team officers.

But more often we, I mean my capture team, are *invited* to deal with violent people! With those who, for the totality of their deeds, either have nothing at all to lose, or there are those whom we take down in the act for espionage and treason to the motherland. These, especially those from our own *Office*, traitors—they fight back to the end, knowing that we have no mercy for turncoats! And we absolutely do not stand on ceremony at all with such bastards. Therefore, most likely, this is why the second characterization as the *Black Hundred* appeared.

Why is it mainly my team that is “called on” for such “exercises?” I tell you honestly - I do not know! Rather, I did not know until the very last moment, until the day when we sort of sat down to glasses of tea with the guys from the Investigation Board. We drank, snacked, talked about life, about this and that, about foreign and domestic politics and the current situation. In general, almost like normal people. Of course, with the added allowance that all of us were from the *Office* and we know and accept the rules of the game.

In general, after a few shots we discussed life experiences and the guys shared the thoughts of their bosses. And these thoughts were, at the very least, very, very interesting to me! First, they were based on rigid and dispassionate statistics and, secondly, on personal observations of the behavior of people under investigation during interrogation - for some reason, those who had been taken by my group subsequently behave very nicely. They cooperate with the investigation and energetically repent, they typically are not locked up during interrogations, and in general, problems never arise with them. And this is valuable! And since no one needs an extra headache, the management of the Investigative Department sent a letter to the KGB leadership that, in especially severe cases, they entrusted the capture to my group.

And who is our main and most likely enemy? Correct - the USA, or “*Amerikosy*” - Americans, as we call them in colloquial speech and local slang. Well, and as Shere Khan cannot live without Tabaqui, (characters from the collection of short stories *The Jungle Book* by Rudyard Kipling - Ed.), the Englishmen must always be their lackeys. It is this sweet couple that our glorious *Sluzhba* “*D*” of the even more glorious Seventh Directorate\*, surveillance, works against! And I, of course, work as the commander of the capture group. Please love and respect me: Captain of the KGB Vladimir Zaitsev!

*\*[Translator: “Sedmaya Uprava” – short for Seventh Directorate (upravleniye)]*

## **LIEUTENANT COLONEL YEROFEYEV**

Having listened to the Chief of the *Sluzhba* and understood the mission scenario, I called my section [*otdeleniye*] to a general assembly in the situation briefing room. Our sections are slightly different from the army sections - they have several people but we have several dozen people. Therefore, in order to fit the entire staff in one room normally, no office was big enough.



*This is what is called the "life of the party." Martha Peterson is on the right. Photos from The Widow Spy*

"I am disseminating this order to everyone that we are announcing an emergency alert. This case is under the control of the Chairman [of the KGB], so I need not mention its importance anymore. I ask all of you to accept the situation not simply as an ordinary daily task, but to understand that we are carrying out a mission of state significance. Is everything clear?" I concluded a brief parting word

before directly assigning duties. *"All personnel are confined to barracks! Captain Zaitsev will be forming an enlarged capture team and report in two hours. That's all for now!"*

## **CAPTAIN ZAITSEV**

I personally tracked that blonde right from the *Rossiya* movie theater. As part of the group of course, . And not just a group, but a reinforced team. With all of our attendant official instructions and photographic fixing rules [*fotofiksirovaniye*], not only for anything suspicious, but in general everything possible. This is just in case, since you never know what will come in handy later. If I could have done as I wished and we had had the operational capability, I would have even shot documentary multi-series films about all of our "clients!" From every angle and from a couple of dozen cameras. So as to not miss a single nuance! But even now, personally convinced of the obvious, ***I still could not really believe what happened!***

It's one thing when to carry out an operational assignment "on the warpath," -- one of the CIA officers, who has already become known to us but is still working in the US embassy under the cover and protection of a diplomatic position leaves to communicate with his recruited agent. But if for the communication, whether for a meal or, conversely, to lay down a cache, one of the embassy employees who is *not known to us for certain* to be an intelligence officer goes out, but there is some reason to suspect him - *that's normal*.

This is our usual counterintelligence practice, and this is perceived by everyone as commonplace and, by and large, a triviality. But it is quite another thing when it suddenly turns out that ***under the guise of an absolutely law-abiding diplomat there is a well-trained and magnificently top-notch intelligence officer, kept-under-the-radar, who up to this point has managed to make a fool of our entire department!***

With regard to this very **Martha Peterson**, we had **absolutely firm confidence that she was not involved in espionage!**

Why such confidence? Yes, strangely enough, based on the rules of behavior common to all espionage "behind enemy lines." Every person has freedom of will and behavior, and within bounds every spy can behave this way, that way, and

such, but nevertheless he has the most severe restrictions on **what he cannot do under any circumstance!**

By and large, there are about the same restrictions for every ordinary staff member of any embassy, only for spies they are stricter, and violation of the rules of behavior is punished more severely. And more quickly.

*By her behavior, Peterson fit perfectly into the norms of everyday life as a diplomat. She even allowed herself a little more than she should and might be permissible for a diplomat at her level. A fan of fine Moscow restaurants at the "Metropol" and "National" level. she could fully freely allow herself to spend the night with an embassy guard she had just met, or to go with a group "to a party" held by unrecognized, unofficial musicians or artists.*



*During the Moscow period. Photos from The Widow Spy*

In sum, it was her bohemian way of life, and the fact that she made no attempt to make the acquaintance of anyone who would actually be of real interest to American intelligence.

Martha was an interesting woman! I do not know how she corresponded to her image internally, spiritually and intellectually, and for some reason I did not have the opportunity to verify this circumstance personally, but there was nothing wrong with her appearance! A chiseled, almost ideal medium-sized figure with long, usually blended, almost wheat-colored hair, ***she was actually if not beautiful, then very, very pretty. And I fully admit that she was very smart, too.***

A couple of times the Office (*Kontora*) dangled a couple of its own people in front of her, but no sort of friendship [i.e., “for pick-up”] for further development was gained. Martha behaved in such a way that it was clear that for her personal is personal and work is work.

And Martha loved to drink. And not that she did not hide it very much, but she did not hide it at all! A couple of times, while waiting for the official car, after the latest embassy shindig she actually fell asleep on the steps of the embassy, and once nodded off at the entrance to a restaurant, unable to get to her car. That time I personally watched this process from the other side of the street. In general, if she was not a drunk, then she was amenable, and if not a slut, then a very free-spirited woman!

And just why was it that the State Department could allow her to remain in such a responsible position? There could be only one reason - she must be is the lover or protégé of some really big shot from the State Department or even from the White House itself.

## **COLONEL VIKTOR SHAROVATOV**

By this time we already knew almost everything. And my *Sluzhba "D,"* together with all the officers of other subunits attached to it, whether our [Seventh] Directorate or the Second Chief Directorate (*glavk*), worked long hours without rest. Now we just had to take the spy, and with this our participation could be considered finished. Then others will do their work: investigators will find out all the most minute details, analysts will compare facts and draw conclusions, but our work will already be done.

“Well, what can you say?” I asked my subordinate, Lieutenant Colonel Yerofeyev the head of one of my *Sluzhba* sections (*nachalnik otdeleniya sluzhby*).



*While on assignment in Laos. Photos from The Widow Spy*

“What can I say, Volodya?” He sighed. “There's nothing to say! We really screwed up with this Peterson! And *who could have thought,*” he immediately flared up, “***that this person would be a spy!*** You know very well that the whole time she

didn't give us a single reason! And you know yourself that we quit watching her after only six months! And then only by order of the Chief of the [7<sup>th</sup>] Directorate!

"Of course, I knew the fact that observation and 'tight surveillance' of Peterson was withdrawn by personal order of the Chief of the Seventh Directorate Lieutenant General Aleksey Beschastnov. And I even guessed the reasons why. For some reason it occurred to me that this order was the result of the report I sent through channels about the reasons for such free behavior by her. In this report I expressed the idea that Peterson has a high-ranking "protector" in the U.S. who blocks all incoming messages to the State Department about her free behavior in her spare time, and suggested they pass this information to the First Chief Directorate (Foreign Intelligence) for operational development.

"Whatever the real reasons were, I was not informed about it and I did not know, but the fact remains: Peterson was left alone after having been moved out from under tight surveillance, and being put back under surveillance only from time to time or like now, during the declaration of an "emergency alert" mission. But during the "emergency alert" mission, *all* embassy personnel are put under observation. And not just the *embassy* people."

"You know, Viktor," I answered him, "everyone, as they say, is smart in hindsight, but for the future it must be considered that this type of behavior, which violates all the regulations and all the norms of a diplomat's behavior, cannot be anything but an attempt to blow smoke in our eyes. After all, Americans have their own external counterintelligence service and behavior like hers could never pass its scrutiny. And let's call it what it is: such *provocative behavior*! And *if* they allowed it, then something is not right! Let's remember this for the future!"

"Do you remember how I sent information in my presentation on this Peterson to find out if she has a lover," he answered me, "so what happened?"

"*Beschastnov's damned order* happened! With a suggestion not to beat my head over this matter any longer."

"I see." sighed Victor. "That's always the way it is! First, for the sake of the common good you work your butt off for other people, and in thanks they tell you not to meddle where you weren't asked, and then, when the shit hits the fan it's your ass and all the crap falls on you!"

## LIEUTENANT COLONEL YEROFEYEV

The commander is right, of course. So we have to remember this situation. But just not for the future. And only for information purposes.

“There will not be another case like this, Volodya,” I told him afterward. “You know, the people working against us are not fools! Neither they, nor we permit operational repeats. Though we do need to remember it. And it will be useful for young officers to know! And to be on the safe side! Would you like to tell me again *how it went yesterday?*”

I sighed in futility, and probably for the tenth time started telling about it.



*Martha's husband John, a [CIA] staff officer, died in Laos in 1972. Photos from "The Widow Spy"*

“We put out a signal in the evening of July 14 and began to track all the cars that could receive it. The only foreign female who could set it off, passing by it in her car in the immediate vicinity, was Martha Peterson. This was the next morning. We immediately blocked off the entire Victory Park and all access roads leading to it, using surveillance. I did not bother to add that because of this, all our officers who had been participating in this operation for the last few days were in a state of *increased combat readiness* - this fact was itself an implicit routine and

commonplace for our *sluzhba*. “I reported this to you, and you passed it up to the bosses.”

“And then someone from *up there*,” Vladimir added, pointing upward, “somehow decided that the person who would be coming to place the cache *would certainly be a man!*”

“Yes!” I helplessly agreed. “But instead of a guy, *a petite chick with a reputation for being a heavy drinker and a good-time girl!* Who, even worse, shows up using public transportation like an ordinary, normal Muscovite girl, even dressed exactly like the average Soviet woman of her age.”

“But you told me that your guys saw her.” Interrupted Vladimir. “Why did they not react to her?”

“Because there was no order for a total verification of documents of everyone walking around!” I snapped for the tenth time this day answering the same question. “How could they react to her if they thought she was a Russian?”

“Yes!” Vladimir complained to me with dismay. “*Failure!* Peterson calmly dropped a pine branch on the ground, under which there was disguised cache, and started to walk through the park. And when she didn’t find a return cache from the agent, she calmly picked up the branch and walked away. And what were we supposed to do then?”

“Well, since she came on a contact run once, she will come back again!” I answered confidently. “She will definitely come back! And this time there’s no way she’ll get away from us!”

## **CAPTAIN ZAITSEV**

I was so glad we worked out the issues in the right way with the leaders of the field surveillance (*toptuny*) teams - surveillance professionals from our Directorate who were participating in the operation. If you understand that the target has the capability to go into a cinema or to the theater, then one of your guys must go ahead to the cashier for a ticket. Close all the establishments along the surveillance route in advance! And buy the ticket so that when the target walking up to the cashier sees that your guy was inside before. This way, you can

be in the same building with the target without suspicion - we instructed the officers to formally carry out instruction standards more "for check-off," knowing full well that they know everything, even all the nuances of the "procedures," probably better than myself.

"The target is approaching the Rossiya movie theater in her car." the radio came to life.



*One of the restaurants Martha Peterson used to visit. Photo from her book "The Widow Spy"*

"Attention, everyone! Work from a distance, concentrate on every detail." we ordered the commander of the surveillance team.

But here I calmed down - it became clear that Peterson does not suspect anything and she is playing her sleight-of-hand like the last time. After all, there is no difference between provocative behavior which clearly indicates that this particular person cannot be a spy and the use of clothing that catches the eye. Any bright or designer clothing makes it so much easier to observe a person even

from a distance, so it would never be worn by any person who is somehow involved in the work of intelligence agencies.

It was on this evening that Martha put on a strikingly elegant cut white silk dress with large red flowers, easily discernible at a great distance. And, in fact, why should she not continue to wear it; she does not know that we've got her number, I thought.

"How do you like her hair?" asked the deputy, continuously snapping the camera literally at her every step.

"I noticed," I answered shortly. This evening Martha's hairdo was in fact, if not the top of hairdresser's art, then at least it cost the master who worked at it a couple of hours of work.

"The target is entering the movie theater," the walkie-talkie came alive again. The movie *The Red and the Black*, the last showing, and a ticket was still available.

"Block all exits from the cinema!" I turned to the officer responsible for the interaction of the field surveillance teams.

"Send people inside! And watch absolutely everything!"

"The target changed clothes inside the theater" after some time the radio reported. "She's on the way out."

"Andrey! Full readiness! Don't miss her!"

"She's coming out."



*In the future, Vladimir Zaitsev (center) captured multiple American spies. Next to him (left) - Agent Adolf Tolkachev on an investigative experiment*

From a parked car through optical lenses, I saw Peterson perfectly. She was now *no longer a striking, free-spirited foreign woman, but a highly-placed businesswoman from the administrative center of Moscow dressed in a tightly buttoned black trouser suit.*

“*Wicked,*” I whistled after seeing that in just a few minutes in the dark movie theater, Martha managed not only to change her clothes, but also to change her hair. Her previously carefully arranged hair was now loosely spread over her shoulders, and in this completely transformed form, Martha slipped out of the theater. She was now a Woman in Black.

## **COLONEL SHAROVATOV**

All information streamed out to the headquarters for the operation.

“The target has been riding around for more than an hour,” I answered curtly in a direct landline call from none other than the Chief of the Directorate Lieutenant General Beschastnov.

“Did he call you *himself*?” Yerofeyev asked me again.

“*Himself*,” I replied curtly.

“Most likely, he’s pestering us exactly like he is being hammered from above,” he sighed. “The same as us but the level is a bit higher.”

“Yeah,” I agreed. “And they wear the same stars on their epaulets as we do, only our epaulettes have no stripes.” [*Translator: i.e. “we are not generals*]

“Report your information!” Yerofeyev yelled into the handset, without answering me.

## **To be continued – Part 2**

*Pavel Bezgolosov for "Spetsnaz of Russia" newspaper*

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