

ЖУРНАЛ «НАЦИОНАЛЬНАЯ БЕЗОПАСНОСТЬ»

О журнале Вооружение Библиотека Доктрина Матрица угроз Конфликты Тенденции
Национальный герой Экономика Атлас Политика [Секретные архивы](#)

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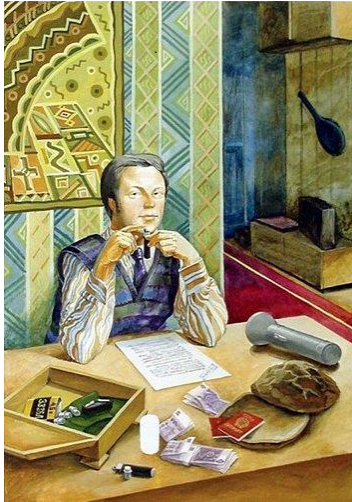
Secret archives of the NKVD-KGB

Boris N. Sopelnyak

Three Times Unknown, Aleksandr Ogorodnik

THREE TIMES UNKNOWN ALEXANDER OGORODNIK

In reality **this man was well known**, and not only in Moscow. Let's say the workers at the Soviet embassy in the capital of Colombia, Bogotá, knew him as a second secretary of the Embassy, Aleksandr Ogorodnik; employees of the KGB registered him first under the **alias** *Dmitriev*, then somewhat later as *Agronom*, but the higher ups from the CIA christened him as *Trianon*, that is *three times unknown*.



Even earlier they knew him as a pupil at the Sevastopol Nakhimov Naval School, and then as a cadet at the [Frunze Leningrad Higher Naval School](#). Everything went logically and normally. As the son of a naval sailor, God himself ordered him to follow in his father's footsteps, and he attended until shortly before graduation when his eyesight suddenly failed. Had the authorities treated this misfortune back then, he was just a step away from becoming **an officer--as if it were impossible to serve in the navy with glasses!** Then there would not have been any Trianon, there would have been no need to develop super-complicated operations *Cayman*, *Agronom*, and *Setun*, and most importantly, there would have been no victims and there would have been no corpses.



Sevastopol Nakhimov Higher Naval Institute

And so, yesterday's cadet had to find work at a printing house and run a press day and night. And only a year later, remembering a gold medal he received at the Nakhimov School, as well as work experience, Sasha decided to take a huge risk, as they say, and go for it: he applied to the super-prestigious (and incredibly difficult to get into without very important social connections) Moscow State Institute for International Relations (MGIMO). His father was not an ambassador, not a secretary of a regional

party committee and not a **cosmonaut**, but a modest **Captain 2nd naval rank** officer. He had no apartment in Moscow, no connections, no damn vision, only mediocre Spanish, and English using a dictionary. And nevertheless, Sasha Ogorodnik was accepted into MGIMO! **He had the luck of the devil!** The fact is that the Central Committee of the CPSU began to receive letters from ordinary workers whose children, even if they passed exams with A's, were turned away at the gates of the institute. At **the Old Square**^{*}, they rebelled and sent a formidable commission! Does the institute have at least one student from the family of a lathe operator, steelmaker or miner? No?! This is a gross political mistake! You have forgotten who our ruling class is!

^{*}[*Old Square \(Staraya Ploshchad\)*](#), is a nickname for the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union



Staraya Square/Ploshchad,

4, Staraya Square, [Presidential Administration](#) (former [Central Committee](#)), built in 1912-1914.

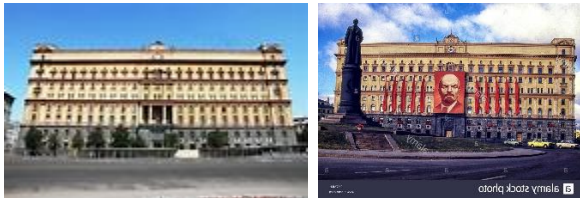
As always happens, this was followed by admonitions, party reprimands, and demands to correct the current situation immediately, and determine percentage quotas for students from families of workers, peasants and working intelligentsia. The son of the Sevastopol **Captain second rank** fell into this percentage....



MGIMO Main Campus

And moving forward Aleksandr Ogorodnik showed that he deserved it! He was an excellent student and began to speak Spanish like a native of

Madrid, and even with English things went well. Besides, he was known as a good athlete and ... a noteworthy Don Juan. It is impossible to count how many girls' hearts he won. Even the haughty, imposing ministerial, ambassadorial and Central Committee daughters, who considered it beneath their dignity to associate with young men who did not live in "skyscrapers" and did not dress in foreign clothes from hard-currency "Berezki" shops could not resist him. As it got close to graduation at the institute and getting assignments, the most advantageous single women were snapped up right before his eyes. And then Sasha decided to marry not for usefulness, but for wealth and beauty; at the end he picked a female student who was also at the institute, Aleksandra Arutinyan. But while he was tied up with his amorous affairs, it seemed that all the interesting positions at the embassies were taken by all kinds of sons and daughters of the all-powerful. Sasha began to panic. But after thinking it over, he decided, if I may put it that way, to bypass his fellow students at the turn.



Since he had long been associated with the KGB and had worked for the *Office*** under the codename Dmitriev, and also had a reputation as a Komsomol activist and had gone abroad several times as part of delegations of the Committee of Youth Organizations, Ogorodnik asked his bosses to help him with admission to graduate school: I will defend, you know, my dissertation, enter the circle of scientists and begin to supply more valuable information. The reasoning was considered convincing and they helped him: Aleksandr was accepted into graduate school and after several years he darted out into the light as a PhD candidate of economic sciences. And this was soon followed by quite a decent appointment to Colombia – a second secretary of the Soviet embassy. The position, although small, but it was at least a start: as an athlete Sasha understood that the winner is not the one who starts spiritedly, but the one who covers the entire distance evenly and then finishes with a flourish. His finish will indeed be with a flourish and so unpredictable that some people will have to pay for it not only with their career but also with their stripes. But that is still far away... What's ahead – an exotic country, interesting work, a sea of

delights and the kind of unusual friends that he had previously read about only in spy novels.

*** Office (Kontora) – slang for KGB*

He was well received into the embassy community. The ladies considered Ogorodnik a gallant gentleman, and the men considered him an intelligent expert and an excellent partner in volleyball. Everything was going fine until one day he was offered a walk in the fresh air.

“Everything is clear,” an annoying thought **cut through**. “The offices might be bugged and a guy from the KGB residence wants to talk to me face to face. Damn, so here they will not leave me alone!”

When we went to the park, the man introduced himself as KGB officer Govorukhin, recalled Ogorodnik's contacts with his colleagues in Moscow, said that he was entrusted with working with Ogorodnik in Bogota, and asked his opinion about some of the embassy employees. “If everything comes down to pure snitching, then I will outplay him,” Ogorodnik smiled to himself and spouted some nonsense that he hadn't been here long, that he didn't really know anyone, and the information that Comrade Govorukhin expects to receive requires constant observation and serious analysis.

“And foreigners?” asked Govorukhin. “You are acquainted with many. What is your opinion about them? Haven't you noticed anyone who might be of interest to us?”

“Well, I'll just pass for now,” said Ogorodnik smiling openly. “Everyone is friendly, everyone is chatty, but as soon as it comes down to it, the necessary information has to be pulled out almost like ticks. And overall, I have the impression that as much as I am learning about them, they are learning about me,” Ogorodnik blurted out in conclusion.

This phrase did not go unnoticed.

“Yes, yes, Aleksandr Dmitriyevich, you noticed this correctly. And our local counterintelligence agents and their **northern** neighbors” look over each new worker of the Soviet embassy extremely carefully. This is how we live: they look us over, we look them over.... So, I can count on you?”

“Of course, of course,” Ogorodnik rushed to agree. “As soon as I can...”

But Govorkhin never received any information. In the end, the residency decided to give up on getting Ogorodnik's services: he is not a snitch but he is an excellent specialist, so let him study his matters, in the end he is the only candidate of economic sciences at the embassy. And then a trade union meeting was held and Ogorodnik was elected to the bureau. If you realize that the meeting was called a “trade union” meeting **as a diversion**, but was actually a *party* meeting, then the election of Alexander to the party bureau was an undoubted recognition of his merits both as a person and as a specialist.

Around that time, Ogorodnik definitively mastered his role as a second secretary of the embassy. From morning to night he rushed around Bogota, meeting with businessmen, business-like people, discussed transactions, worked out contracts, and when his wife quit asking the questions “Where were you?” and “Why did you return so late?” – Aleksandr went on the love path. The embassy ladies became his first victims, who from boredom and inactivity threw themselves with joy into the embraces of a kind and extremely sexually appealing man.

Many of them gradually fell away, but he got entangled in a serious love affair with Olga Serova, the wife of one of the employees of the trade mission,. The romance leaked through the entire embassy, but as strange as it was, no one judged either Ogorodnik or Olga. First, Olga’s husband drank a lot and their marriage was strictly a formality. Second, and the women especially strongly insisted on this, it was all Aleksandr’s wife’s fault! You really have to think about this: she was an Armenian and decided to become a Greek woman like Pushkin’s. She was a peasant woman and dreamed of becoming a noblewoman. In short, without saying anything to her husband, Madame Arutinyan found herself a plastic surgeon who would turn her Armenian nose into a Greek one.

It was bad enough that this cost big money, which she, by the way, didn’t earn, but on top of that, the former Armenian woman lost all her charm and turned into a sharp-nosed **Baba Yaga**. So one could understand that Aleksandr might run from such a female hobgoblin+ to Olga – an intelligent, educated and very nice-looking woman. After some time, they began to

meet almost officially: both he and she announced that upon return to Moscow they planned to dissolve their marriages and get married.

“Harmony and love to you!” – sincerely wished not only coworkers at the embassy but even those ladies whom Ogorodnik left thanks to Olga.

It seemed nothing else was needed, live and be joyful! There was interesting work and a woman in love, but Ogorodnik somehow broke loose from the chains. He again began to run after whoever he could get, started short-term romances, chased after almost every skirt. It was exactly during these days that a very open and self-critical note appeared in his diary: “I gradually am turning into a lascivious dog, which, losing its head, is obsessed with a bitch. I am turning into an unscrupulous parasite and a scoundrel, thus becoming one of those whom I despised all my life.”

Ogorodnik didn't notice that the words with which he characterized himself began to go through the corridors of the embassy: a nice young man and a universally loved one turned into a scoundrel and a vulgar person literally in front of everyone's eyes.

And when the affair with the automobile came to the surface, many completely stopped **associating with him**. When new cars arrived at the embassy, Ogorodnik secured one and they decided to sell the old one. Ogorodnik himself was instructed to do this. And here he showed himself a person pursuing only his own interests, in the worst and most primitive sense of the word. He sold the car and gave the money to the cashier, but before that he carried out such a cunning operation that he put eight hundred dollars in his own pocket. In the seventies of the last century, it was pretty decent money.

Less than a month later, this scam surfaced. A terrible scandal broke out! The thief Ogorodnik was **shunned** at the embassy. The ambassador summoned him to the carpet, scolded him like a boy and threatened to report this to Moscow. And they wouldn't stand on ceremony there: they would immediately recall him and bring him to justice. Ogorodnik was scared to death. He promised to return the money, but since he had already spent it, he asked them to wait a little bit. He would borrow from friends, go into debt, but would certainly return the ill-fated eight hundred dollars. The ambassador was a kind person and promised to hush up the scandal.

“But you have to return the money, and the sooner the better!” – he harshly reminded him.

Eight hundred dollars! That was much more than his salary. Where to get the money? The only way out – to sell something. But what? And to whom? What could a Soviet diplomat have **that would interest an affluent Colombian?**

Ogorodnik probably had a smoke and a splash of whiskey... “Wait!” – a thought struck him. “Cigarettes and whiskey, that’s the way out! Hurrah, cigarettes and whiskey will save me!” The combination which entered his mind was the simplest of the simple. The embassy store sold cigarettes and whiskey at a significant discount. He would buy a batch of both, fortunately, he already had something going with the sales lady, and would sell these cartons in the city. To whom? He knew to whom: the owner of the gas station where he always fills up his car, and with whom he drank a couple of times. Señor Rojas, seeing his camera, once hinted that if his regular client wanted to get rid of his reliable Russian **Zenit**, he would willingly buy it.

After several days, the channel of the “Soviet embassy – Colombian Gas Station” worked with enviable regularity. And after a few more days, Senor Rojas, who had long worked for the CIA, reported this contact to his American bosses, who immediately documented this fact on video camera. As it was explained later, the Americans had eyes on Ogorodnik almost from the first day of his arrival in Colombia. They knew about his unwise ambition, and about the countless romances, and about the car scam, and even that at the last trade union meeting he was not elected to the bureau and this hit Ogorodnik's vanity hard, not to mention the fact that became the first sign of distrust towards the overly zealous and not very decent embassy employee.

“Well,” the CIA station decided, “the young man was offended, and thinks they do not value him highly enough. We need to convince him that all these blows and jabs are due to envy of his talents and, of course, due to the fact that, unlike all those impotent guys at the embassy, he is not indifferent to women and enjoys success with them. It's time to release Pilar! She will quickly win over this bull. ”



Pilar and Sasha Ogorodnik

Pilar... Yes, Pilar Suarez Barcala – that is a strong move. This is such a formidable weapon against which there is and cannot be any defense on our sinful **Earth**. Imagine one of the most perfect creations of nature, one of the most **fearful** and gentle daughters of Venus. Well-built and elegant with a light, graceful and exciting-alluring gait. Jet-black hair. Eyes of bottomless agate. Arms like the wings of Odile. And a voice - is not a voice, but a quiet Castilian breeze, flavored with a piquant African sultriness. About her skin – there are no words, because few have seen golden peaches, slightly touched by the morning dew. And the fire of a Spanish aristocrat, barely restrained, but splashing from her eyes, is a volley from a Katyusha rocket from which there can be no escape.

And this creation of either God or the devil was released against our little lecher. They furnished everything such as the best houses, observing diplomatic etiquette and the rules of the game adopted in all embassies. The [Columbian Institute of Culture](#) had sent out invitations to the embassies to open the exhibit “Colombia Yesterday and Today.” Three people were delegated from the Soviet embassy to attend the event, including the one for whom all this was started. Pilar was one of the organizers of the exhibition and welcomed guests at the entrance.

When this amazing woman offered her hand to Ogorodnik and held his hand in hers a little longer than expected, he was speechless for the whole evening. Like a sleepwalker, not noticing photographs hung on the walls, he wandered the halls, somehow seeming to end up where Pilar was talking in a lovely voice to guests. When she did not notice him, Ogorodnik. Got a little mad. He was jealous of all the men who were near Pilar. When they went into the adjoining hall where they were serving drinks, Ogorodnik

gloomily thought: "Oh well, too bad there is no vodka! I would get stinking drunk and punch someone's ugly face. "

But Pilar saved him from the scandal... As if it was a scenario scripted by the CIA station, she came up to Ogorodnik, smiled enchantingly, and started an unpretentious conversation about the exhibit. From there the conversation went to the historical sights of Bogota and it seemed that Ogorodnik had not seen many of them.

"We need to fill in the gap," anxiously noted Pilar. "It is a bit strange for me to hear that so far not one of the local ladies has taken ownership of such an interesting man and hasn't acquainted him with the beauties of the capital. If you have no objection, I will try to correct this mistake to the best of my ability. That is, if you can find the time," she added.

Hearing such an open compliment and an extremely obvious hint for a possible date, Ogorodnik almost lost his mind! Of course he would find the time, no need to even speak about his desire. He and Pilar began to meet at various churches, palaces and pantheons, looking after that into cozy cafes and exotic restaurants. And once, saying that she didn't feel entirely healthy, Pilar refused to visit another typical attraction, suggesting instead that they have dinner together in a recently rented villa... As intended, dinner ended in bed. Ogorodnik was in seventh heaven from happiness! He never thought that each step, each meeting, each visit to the pool, beach or restaurant was videotaped.

At the CIA Station, they considered that this type of compromising material (*kompromat*) would become a decisive trump card in Ogorodnik's recruitment, but, as time has shown, *kompromat* was not needed. Everything was much simpler. Once, as if by accident, Pilar introduced him to her American friends, who had worked in Colombia for more than one year. In the beginning they simply chatted, then drank together, then the Americans suggested that Ogorodnik write an article for a reputable journal – and they were off. He began to receive hand delivered plump envelopes with honorariums. With this it was emphasized that this was a trifling amount and that if he wished, he could earn much more. Overall, he and Pilar were such a splendid pair: She was a beauty and intelligent, he was a handsome man and an excellent specialist. In the West, there would be no

limit! They could have had everything from money and fame to ranches and yachts.

Such conversations were conducted more and more often, Ogorodnik did not interrupt them, and then one day Pilar's friends introduced him to another friend who, for the sake of getting to know Alexandr better had flown in from Washington. That American was somewhat older than his fellow countrymen and carried himself, if it could be said that way, like a boss. It turned out that in reality he was a big boss and one of the leaders of the CIA. This man did not beat around the bush, but immediately took the bull by the horns.

“Mr. Ogorodnik,” he began, “your name is very well known at Langley and in Washington. We have been looking at you for a long time and consider that such a serious and undervalued Moscow intellectual, like you, could make an important contribution to the fight for peace, for the prevention of the Third World War. No matter what they say in the Kremlin, we know that aggressive Soviet totalitarianism, which still dreams of the victory of the world revolution and is pushing many countries on various continents to this, is to blame. Before it is too late, we need to sop Moscow’s dreams. And in order to stop them, we need to know their plans, and in the most subtle and essential detail. This is difficult for us, but you are up to it. The term of your business trip to Colombia will soon expire, I have no doubt that upon your return to Moscow you will occupy a respectable post on [Smolenskaya Square](#),*** and if you agreed to share foreign policy information with us, we would be very grateful to you, and not only in hard currency. We know of your **touching** relationship with Pilar and would be glad in time to see you both as citizens of the United States. I understand that my proposition is a bit unexpected and you need time to consider it, therefore...”

***Smolenskaya Square – metonym for MFA

“No-no,” interrupted Ogorodnik. “What is there to consider? I am ready. I thought everything over long ago. I am ready. Even more so if Pilar will be with me.”

“She will be with you. She will wait for you... Thank you, Mr. Ogorodnik – the boss from Washington said shaking his hand – I do not doubt that we will **get along**. You are a wonderful young man. I will report our

conversation to the leadership today. By the way, for us from this day on, you are not Ogorodnik but *Trianon*: do not be surprised, in the interests of **security**, all of people work under codenames.

From that day Ogorodnik began to lead a dual life. Remembering the instructions of his masters to **secure** a respectable post on Smolenskaya Square and understanding that he needed to receive a good **recommendation** for that, he began to work like an ox, completing the most difficult and the most responsible assignments of the ambassador. He moderated his ardor in relation to the ambassadorial ladies, although he did not break off relations with Olga. All this was noticed and immediately noted. They began to **associate with him** again and to invite him to visit and for family celebrations. But most of all he rejoiced when the KGB *Rezident* invited him in and said that they had decided to entrust him with the job of special security courier. This meant that Ogorodnik got access to **encrypted messages** and even to the holy of holies - the cipher room.

When Langley heard about this, they went into an indescribable delight. But so that Trianon did not, God forbid, **shoot himself**, it was forbidden to use encrypted messages in any way. Instead, they advised him not to relax and wished him further success at work: they learned that analytical reports on economic issues that Ogorodnik was preparing were reaching Smolenskaya Square, where they were carefully studied and very positively valued. The reminded him that he shouldn't forget about his teeth and should regularly visit the dentist.

A special conversation about the dentist. It was a whole CIA action designed to train Ogorodnik as a professional intelligence officer. The Americans long ago had put **optics** in the office of the dentist, located not far from the Soviet embassy – on the day that the first Russian diplomat appeared. And then the second and the third. And money from the Soviet embassy began to flow into the account of the owner of the office, the Americans took it seriously: they recruited, donated funds to re-equip the office and installed there not only a new drill, but also the most modern listening devices. And not in vain! As it turned out, in the dentist's chair patients from the Soviet Embassy were very talkative and blurted out the most savory news.

But that is not all. In that very office, the Americans equipped an entire learning center, where Ogorodnik passed espionage special training. He was taught the secrets of conducting covert operations, dead-drop methods of placing and extracting containers with instructions and reports, camouflaged as a brick or a piece of wood. Deciphering digital radio broadcasts, photographing with devices hidden in a lighter, felt-tip pen or fountain pen - all this was also part of the training program. So, in two or three months Ogorodnik not only put his teeth in perfect order, but also became a professionally trained American spy.

Meanwhile, his tour abroad was coming to an end. The ambassador assured Ogorodnik that interesting work awaited him in Moscow. In any case, he did his best for this. The KGB Residence wished him good luck, not forgetting to thank him for his cooperation. Disheveled and unhappy, Pilar sobbed on his chest and vowed to be faithful to the grave. The Americans threw a farewell banquet, reminding him that during the transfer in New York at the airport he would be given a specially converted radio receiver that would be able to receive transmissions intended for him from West Germany. The guys from the American Embassy in Moscow would not forget him either.

Returning to Moscow, Ogorodnik first of all put his family affairs in order: He divorced Aleksandra Arutinyan but did not marry Olga Serova. As he later explained, he just couldn't. Literally within a year, Olga got sick with pulmonary flu and died under fairly strange circumstances. Many believed that the matter here was unclean, and the most distrustful people from the Lubyanka were sure that Ogorodnik had sent Olga to the next world, adding microscopic doses of some kind of poison to the pills with which she was treated.

Not in vain, oh, not in vain did the Americans warn their agent not to relax and not lose his vigilance for a second. The fact was that people from Lubyanka, who worked in the Security Service of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, did not take their eyes off Ogorodnik from the first day of his appearance in Moscow. Everything had started even earlier, in Bogota. At that time, the KGB Residence was alerted from a trusted source that the Americans were **buzzing around** three workers of the Soviet Embassy with the completely defined purpose of recruitment, and Ogorodnik was

included in that number. In Bogota, it was not possible to **catch** him doing anything. It was also not possible to catch the other two. But information got to Lubyanka and **investigation** of the suspected trio continued in Moscow. The matter was serious enough that it was reported to the leadership of the KGB.

After a thorough check, Ogorodnik's two coworkers **dropped out**, they were both too petty and held minor positions. But Ogorodnik worked in the think tank of the ministry – that what everybody called the Directorate of Planning for Foreign Policy Issues. He had access to the most important information and worked with the most secret documents. They allowed him to be in the **special familiarization room** and read encrypted messages. **We connected the external surveillance service****** and immediately noticed that Ogorodnik visited Park Pobedy in the evenings, picked up and threw down some kind of stones, and within 20 minutes of his walks, a worker of the American Embassy appeared, an established employee of the CIA's Moscow station, and also fooled around with the stones.

****KGB 7th Directorate

The radio counterintelligence service also made a contribution: they recorded the appearance of a new communication channel of the Frankfurt radio center of the CIA. Then somebody remembered the radio receiver that Ogorodnik had picked up at the New York airport which he had supposedly ordered from one of their stores. They also noticed that during the transmissions from Frankfurt, Ogorodnik, as a rule, sat at home.

And when a covert search was made of his apartment, everything became clearer: they found containers with photographic films, instructions from the CIA Resident, a converted radio, and much more. This was immediately reported to the chairman of the KGB, Yuri Andropov. After a short discussion, it was decided to arrest Ogorodnik.

And here the Chekists made a mistake, for which many of them had to take serious responsibility. During the arrest and the search of the apartment, Ogorodnik said that he wanted to make a written confession. The investigator was pleased and gave him a piece of paper, checked the fountain pens on the table and handed one of them to Ogorodnik. He tried that pen, said it wrote poorly and asked for another one. They gave him another one. Ogorodnik grinned, pressed the cap - and something jumped

out from there, and right into his mouth. Ogorodnik twitched, wheezed, bloody foam came out of his mouth, and he collapsed onto the floor.



Sklifosovsky Institute of Emergency Medicine, Moscow

The investigators, who were speechless, tried to unclench his teeth, did CPR but it was useless. They called an ambulance, took him to “**Sklif**”*****, but they could not do anything there either. At 4:00 in the morning, Aleksandr Ogorodnik died. All of this happened on the 22nd of June 1977. A remarkable coincidence: exactly on this day and at this time 36 years earlier the first fascist bombs fell on our city.

****Sklifosovsky Institute of Emergency Medicine

Thus finished operation Agronom, but at the same time another began – under the codename “Setun”. By the way, its details are very well known from the quite popular film “*TASS is Authorized to Announce...*” The fact that the Americans did not know about Ogorodnik's death and that they were **fooled** by a KGB officer disguised as Ogorodnik is the veritable truth. It is also true that in this way they managed to lure a vice-consul of the American Embassy to a meeting with Trianon. In fact this was a professional intelligence officer, Martha Peterson (in the film she was turned into a man).

They detained her on the Krasnoluzhsky Bridge near the Novodevichy Convent, took her to the KGB reception room, searched her, and found a message for Trianon as well as money, rings, pendants, bracelets, and a container with poison. Because Martha had diplomatic immunity status, they let her go, declared her persona non grata and sent her out of the country.

But the history of Ogorodnik does not end there. Judging from everything, the Americans couldn't get it into their heads that Ogorodnik committed suicide and poor Pilar became an informal widow. “In the worst case, he has been arrested” – they thought in Washington. “And if that is the case,

there is a possibility of saving him. In the end we could exchange Trianon for some Russian who wouldn't be worth detaining for illegal activities in the United States. "

How much they valued Trianon in Washington can be judged by one significant fact. Once during talks with the Soviet Ambassador, the Secretary of State of the United States, Henry Kissinger, lowering his voice a bit asked if he couldn't get some kind of information about Aleksandr Ogorodnik, of course, in order to participate in deciding his future fate. The ambassador promised to contact Moscow ... The answer was not long in coming: "Ogorodnik can only be discussed in the past tense."

No matter how sad it is to talk about it, Ogorodnik's example did not become a **lesson** for others. Betrayal among diplomats continued...

<https://biography.wikireading.ru/114509>

https://web.archive.org/web/20120312170524/http://www.psj.ru/saver_national/detail.php?ID=13217