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AGENT COVERNAME - TRIANON

From the Author

The story discussed here is in part already familiar to the reader: many remember Yulian Semyonov's book *TASS is Authorized to Announce ...* and the television serial based on this book. The basis of events was typical for detective novels of this kind – the CIA recruits a Soviet citizen in a fictional African country and he passes important sensitive information to enemy intelligence, which Americans then exploit to influence the situation in the region right up to the overthrow of the legitimate, that is, "satisfactory" government of a sovereign state. TRIANON – such was the codename given by Americans to their agent - seeks to avoid exposure by any means and even kills the woman who loves him. And still his failure is inevitable. Then, realizing that he has to answer for all his crimes, TRIANON commits suicide at the time of arrest. However, his suicide doesn't prevent Soviet counterintelligence from catching red-handed the American career intelligence officer who worked in Moscow under the cover of the United States Embassy.

Much of the information written in Semyonov's book and shown on the screen of the TV movie corresponds to the true facts.

However, the true story of TRIANON – an employee of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of the USSR Aleksandr Ogorodnik – was closely guarded privileged information classified TOP SECRET known in detail only by the leadership and operational staff of the Central Apparatus of the KGB and some peripheral organizations. In due time the writer of these words was tasked to present a series of lectures on this operation for those who had access to this information.

Since then more than two decades have passed. During that time, only once, in 1982, was Ogorodnik's name mentioned on the page of a

national newspaper. He was named as an American spy, but even then, the place of his former employment was not specified.

In February 1997, twenty years after the publication of the book written by Yulian Semyonov, *TASS is Authorized to Announce...* one of the Moscow newspapers published an interview with the former First Deputy Chief of the Second Chief Directorate of the KGB (Ret.), Lieutenant General Vitaliy Konstantinovich Boyarov, who was one of the direct leaders of the operation to uncover TRIANON-Ogorodnik. He also developed the operation to arrest the American agent Martha Peterson, who worked as a Vice Consul at the U.S. Embassy in Moscow.

Boyarov's interview helped us learn TRIANON's real name, Aleksandr Ogorodnik; that he was a diplomat who had worked in the Soviet embassy in Colombia and later in the Directorate of Planning for Foreign Policy Issues (UpVM) at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of the USSR. The public learned for the first time that he gave important classified information to the West and caused considerable harm to our state. At the same time, the retired Lieutenant General reported many other interesting details of the case and told about this work in the television movie serial *TASS is Authorized to Announce...*

The subject became very popular and Artem Borovik invited people who were involved in the operation and those who had worked on the TV movie to his television program, *Top Secret*. The author of this book became the lead for the TV show. Surely, one hour of broadcast time is little to tell the fullest details about their work and shared memories. But for all that, the audience's reviews were very friendly and sympathetic; the TV show was a success and attracted interest even among officers of the FSB and SVR.

For a long time, officers kept silent about the operation, mass media avoided any talk about it, and there was just one reason – the leadership of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs headed by Andrey Gromyko, who stubbornly didn't wish to wash their dirty linen in public. As a result, the real story of Ogorodnik was known only to a limited circle of senior executives at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and all documents were classified.

Following the advice of my colleagues who worked with me on this case and knew that I had written down some things as memoirs, I decided after more than 20 years to take a risk again and come back to,

in my opinion, this interesting and instructive story. I would tell in more detail than was done earlier about Soviet counterintelligence officers, who in a cruel fight won one of the hard-fought duels with the CIA, which is known for its invincibility. People should know what kind of people they were, how our counterintelligence officers overcame difficulties and succeeded in their struggle with such an experienced and tricky opponent. And just who those people are, who, like Judas, betrayed the interests of their native land, selling out to our enemies for thirty pieces of silver.

Another reason that made me take to the pen was the fact that no thorough and detailed publications on this case based on eyewitnesses' recollection had ever appeared in our press and the reader was deprived of the opportunity to learn the details of this story first-hand.

The information about TRIANON abroad often doesn't stand up to scrutiny.

Take, for instance, the book written by the famous American writer and journalist Pete Earley *Confessions of a Spy. Aldrich Ames's True Story*.

This book, translated into Russian and now on the shelves of our bookshops, includes some facts about Aleksandr Ogorodnik whom Pete Earley for some reason persistently calls TRIGON. However, the narration about TRIANON in Earley's book, mildly speaking, doesn't represent the facts and with CIA influence tries to present the case in a favorable light to the reader, including foreign, stopping at nothing, open falsifications and even lies. At the same time, one must admit that some episodes from the book are of interest and deserve careful attention, for example, the use of poisons which U.S. intelligence supplies to its agents.

In my memoirs I tried to be objective in order not to miss any important details of the case to catch Aleksandr Ogorodnik (TRIANON).

How far I succeed in dealing with the task that I set myself when writing this book, the reader will judge.

PART ONE

Chapter 1

Middle of the 70s. A time when our country was going forward – or, at least it seemed so to us - on the path of developed socialism, and newspapers were simply full of reports of the glorious labor achievements in building communism.

It was an early, refreshing Moscow summer morning. A thin mist is spreading over the fields and wooded areas along the broad highway exiting from Leningrad Road. The foliage of trees, grasses and roadside brushwood of willow herbs after intermittent rain sparkle in the bright rays of the rising sun and then immediately the countless droplets of moisture fade. There are wet pools of rain water, gleaming here and there like small mirrors on the dried road surface.

We drive past big red billboards on the median strip, who knows on whose initiative, recommending to those who have time to read in a matter of seconds advice such as to keep money in savings banks, to eat meat dishes only with ketchup and many other important pieces of similar advice addressed to people who in less than an hour and half will be seated in their cabins and leaving our hospitable country, sometimes forever.

The quietness of nature awakening periodically interrupts the sound of the muffled roar of hot engines and turbines of transcontinental airliners preparing for takeoff. The workday is in full swing for their crews. The airport and its numerous service facilities are ready to pick up passengers of long-haul flights.

Cars and buses one after another are arriving at the ramp of the new Moscow Sheremetyevo-2 International Airport. A group of young people with light baggage, talking to each other with animation, alights unhurriedly from a green pickup truck with the registration number of a military institution. A stylishly dressed man with side whiskers, just over average height, with a dense body and pleasant appearance distinguishes himself among them. He is telling something funny and everybody listening to him laughs. This man is senior officer of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of the USSR (Latin America countries)

Aleksandr Dmitriyevich Ogorodnik. Next to him is his wife Aleksandra, a young, shapely Armenian lady. They are escorted by his brother, his sister with her fussy husband wearing a Soviet Army major's uniform, and a tall, lean man with scarcely noticeable bald patches, whose name is Nikolay.

The plane's takeoff for New York is in less than an hour. The mood of the passengers of long-haul flights as well as people seeing them off was elevated. Probably this is the effect of champagne drunk the night before, expected in such cases, or maybe something stronger.

The big waiting room is noisy and fussy as usual. Passenger check-in for flight SU 315 doesn't take much time and passes quietly and without any problems.

This was not the first trip abroad for the diplomat. Previously, as a Komsomol activist during his studies at the Moscow State Institute of International Relations, he had often been included by the leadership of the Committee of Youth Organizations as a member of Komsomol delegations travelling abroad to establish or strengthen relationships with various youth organizations in several Latin American countries. The official purpose of these visits was to promote the so-called Soviet way of life and ideas of socialism in developing countries. The Soviet envoys' task was to take into account the fact that at that time it was necessary to provide active opposition to Maoist literature from China, which was widely disseminated among young people. One such country was Colombia.

Finally, his dearest wish has come true; he is flying to Bogotá as Second Secretary of the Soviet Embassy. The job position, in his opinion, is not high, but no other was offered to him, so he had to be satisfied with it. The main thing for him was to go for a long overseas tour in accordance with his professional duty.

He chose Colombia because he had been there, and he liked this country. He was fluent in Spanish. His wife had graduated from the same Moscow State University for International Relations (MGIMO) as he and also knew Spanish.

The son of a naval officer, he had behind him the Sevastopol Naval Academy summa cum laude with a gold medal; the M. V. Frunze Leningrad Higher Naval School, which, unfortunately, he had to leave due to unexpected sudden loss of vision; a short-term job as a typesetter

in a Moscow printing office; then studies at the prestigious MGIMO, successful defense of his thesis for the academic degree of Candidate of Economic Science, and finally, a position at the no less prestigious Ministry.

Lively conversation ended with parting words and good wishes at the turnstile leading to the departure gate. In a few minutes the couple was sitting in the comfortable seats of an Aeroflot airliner. And then a few hours flight to Foggy Albion for refueling at London's Heathrow Airport, and the long flight across the seemingly endless Atlantic to the New World. What would they find in a distant land beyond the ocean? And how would return to their homeland? There was no way to say.

After a short-term stay at New York's Kennedy Airport, the Boeing-707 airliner, sparkling in the rays of the sun, took them to the shores of Latin America. The long flight, with stops in Miami, Florida and Panama, ended in Colombia, one of the most beautiful countries of the South American continent, at the airport of the capital city, Bogota. Those passengers accustomed to it were not surprised that before landing the plane began to soar upwards, as the airport is located at a very high altitude above sea level. Afterwards, descent and the feather spring wheels' push on the concrete of the landing strip.

The administration officer of the Soviet Embassy met the new officer and his wife, drove them to the embassy living quarters, and handed them the keys to their apartment. After they had breakfast and rested a bit, he drove Aleksandr Ogorodnik to the embassy, which was one and half kilometers from their new residence. The Soviet diplomatic mission was in an old four-story mansion, built in the form of an ancient castle. This building, with a large garden, exotic trees, flowers, pool and fountain was purchased from a rich grand estate owner some time ago.

The workday had already begun, and Ogorodnik was taken quickly to our Ambassador, German Yemelyanovich Shlyapnikov, an experienced diplomat who had spent many years working abroad.

There was a fresh coolness in his office and the measured noise of air conditioners working. The elderly Ambassador, with light streaks of gray and tired eyes, perfect light suit, white shirt and a fashionable tie, was sitting at his large work desk spread out with piles of books, magazines and newspapers on it. A portrait of Leonid I. Brezhnev, General Secretary of the CPSU, was hung on the wall behind him. A

large bookcase overflowing with books on Marxism-Leninism and their followers stood next to it. Portraits of Vladimir I. Lenin and Karl Marx hung above his head.

“I am happy to welcome you, Aleksandr Dmitriyevich. I have already been informed about your arrival and your new residence. I am glad that you and your wife like the apartment and rested a bit on the way here.”

“Thank you very much, German Yemelyanovich, everything turned out for the best and we are quite satisfied.”

“Well and good. I hope you quickly adapt to the conditions and climate: they are not quite familiar to residents of central regions of Russia. To live at an altitude of two thousand six hundred meters above sea level is approximately the same as to stand at the Kluhorsky Pass of the Sukhumi military road.”

“Everything was fine; I can’t complain about any lack of attention to us.”

“And that’s good. I have heard a lot about your personal and business qualities. We have been waiting a long time for the arrival of an expert on economics. And now let’s get down to business and determine, at least in general terms, the scope of your responsibilities. Colombia has great importance for us as a trading partner, so we are very interested in widening our trade and economic relations with this country.

“You will have to start practically from scratch to organize the analytical work associated with the economic situation in the country and collect the necessary official information for it. I am not going to blame anybody, but as we know, our diplomatic relations with Colombia were restored only in 1968.

“The economic and political situation here is rather complicated. You have to travel around the country and communicate with representatives of business circles. Additionally, your responsibilities will also include the collection of information on some domestic issues, such as the activities of youth Maoist organizations. We, as do the local communists, worry

about the active infiltration into Latin America of emissaries from China and their Maoist literature.

“Our relations with local authorities are good, and no serious conflicts about our embassy activities have arisen, unlike in the distant past.”

The Ambassador, probably, figured it wasn't necessary to provide specific examples; although police recently had arrested an officer in Cartagena during the local Marxists workers' demonstrations. He was suspected of incitement. The scandal was settled, and the authorities, without sufficient evidence to support their version, released him from custody in Bogota, and found it impossible to put forward the issue of declaring him *persona non grata*.

Ogorodnik, after having listened to the ambassador, said to him:

“As for the economics of Colombia, I should assure you, German Yemelyanovich that I am prepared for this work and no problems will arise. As for the second assignment, I have already had to deal with this when I travelled with a Komsomol delegation to Latin America countries, including Colombia. That is why it is not difficult for me. The only thing that concerns me is the problem with transportation. They told me in the ministry that my predecessor complained about it.”

“Aleksandr, we will try to resolve the transportation problem soon. As you understand, the embassy periodically also has financial difficulties associated with various things: repair of motor vehicles, apartments, receptions and so on. At first you and one of your colleagues will use a car together that will be bought with embassy money, and then we'll see. Tomorrow morning, I will introduce you to the embassy staff members and you will get to work. Our staff team is good, and I'm sure you will fit in successfully! By the way, do you like volleyball?”

“I love it!”

“Well, see you later on the volleyball court. For now, get your personal affairs in order and rest up.”

Ogorodnik didn't equivocate when he said that he and his wife were happy with everything. They were provided with a small, tastefully furnished two-room apartment with a telephone and other amenities in the four-story house for the embassy and trade mission staff. The house was in one of the most prestigious districts of the city on 7th Street. It

was possible to get to work easily on foot or go by bus. These are powerful vehicles, but not new anymore, gaudy with advertising, rushing at a speed not less than eighty kilometers per hour, and in Bogota they are kings of the road. In close proximity to the house there are a lot of shops, large and small, which fit every taste: a cafe, where in your free time it you can always find space indoors or in the open air in the shade of trees and colorful awnings, and, sitting in a comfortable chair at a neat table, drink a cup of aromatic Colombian coffee, eat an ice cream, or just sit with a glass of juice and listen to music. It will take very little time before Ogorodnik as if by chance will meet here with a considerable number of his fans.

The next day Ogorodnik was introduced to the staff and his personal friendship with the embassy staff developed. He was provided with a bright and airy room with a telephone and window looking out into the garden.

The arrival of the new staff members, Ogorodnik and his wife, was discussed on the sidelines for a rather long time. In the embassy office, for example, they found him a very pleasant and gallant gentleman. However, a lot of people had a different impression about Aleksandra, thinking that "the daughter of sunny Armenia" was absolutely not a match for him and their marriage seemed to be contracted for money, which is not a rarity in diplomatic circles. Aleksandra also met with some of his housemates, explored the nearby shops, visited the embassy building, subscribed to the library and was provided books.

In two or three months, on spotting Ogorodnik in the corridor, embassy officer Vladimir Govorukhin invited him to take a walk in the fresh air for a discussion of a question of interest. The suggestion was quite natural as everybody knew that rooms could be monitored by local security services. When they went out into the garden Govorukhin said that he was the KGB representative and he knew that earlier the Moscow Directorate had maintained contact with Ogorodnik when he visited foreign countries as a member of delegations. He asked how he had settled in at the new place, if he had any problems and whether he needed help. At the conclusion of the conversation, Govorukhin asked whether Ogorodnik would mind if he or one of the Rezydentura officers could continue to contact him. Ogorodnik answered that he and his wife were happy with everything, had not experienced any difficulties, and, as

a Soviet citizen in a foreign country he considered it his duty to give assistance to members of State Security authorities.

At subsequent meetings Vladimir Govorukhin showed interest in his opinion of some embassy officers, in particular Bobin and Fedotov, who had quite a few contacts with foreigners, often beyond an official need. In characterizing them, Ogorodnik, as a rule, spoke in generalities and didn't say anything new and noteworthy, referring in this case to the fact that he still had not settled into the staff team and had not yet gained insights into people.

Later the same thing happened with assessments of foreigners with whom Ogorodnik had become acquainted who interested Govorukhin.

It so happened that the wives of Govorukhin and Ogorodnik made friends. For whatever reasons, over time they began to meet more often than before in their free time, allowing Govorukhin to know Aleksandr better and facilitate a more complete understanding of him. Having worked for several years at our foreign posts, he was a quite experienced operational officer and was a good judge of character. Generally speaking, in his opinion, Ogorodnik made a good impression. He compared favorably with many embassy staff for his intelligence, erudition, steadfastness and ability to present himself, which occupied Govorukhin's attention. Ogorodnik knew his worth and was, certainly, not of those people about whom people say that his soul lies open: he is more in the category of "hardheaded." As Govorukhin noted later, a certain inconsistency was overlooked between his quite emotional statements about his desire to help state security officers and the way it seemed in reality.

Continuing to meet with Ogorodnik, after a certain period, much to his chagrin he concluded that further continuation of operative contact with him held no promise. Probably, he thought, Ogorodnik simply did not like to tell security staff about his comrades, which in principle was not an uncommon phenomenon. Govorukhin, after a fairly long deliberation, decided to consult with the KGB Rezident on this matter, whom he earlier had told about his problems with Ogorodnik. After a thorough analysis and discussion of the current situation and considering the Rezident's observations, it was decided, at least for a while, to decline the services of Ogorodnik, at least temporarily. They decided not to

charge him with any new tasks officially, but to continue communications with him, maintaining the appearance of contact with the hope that in due time he would take the initiative himself. But these hopes, as it turned out, did not come true, and Ogorodnik showed no interest in continuing contact.

In their personal relationships externally, nothing had changed. Govorukhin did not find it necessary in any way to influence the relationship between his wife and Aleksandra Arutinyan, Ogorodnik's wife. And nevertheless, there was one person, who even so observed that in the relationship between Rezidentura officers and Ogorodnik there ran a chill. This person was Olga Serova, the wife of a Soviet trade mission employee, and she will be discussed later.

Bogota. The Hilton Hotel is located not far from the Soviet embassy – a dark red forty-five-floor hotel complex of the world-famous American firm with a park, swimming pools, saunas and massage rooms, bowling alley, restaurant and bars, endless halls and slot machines, garages, rental cars, and impeccable service. In a word, the hotel is provided with everything that may be necessary and interesting for many wealthy tourists, businessmen and other members of the public not accustomed to counting every dollar, not to speak of every cent.

The hotel rooms are equipped with air conditioning and differed by decoration, refinement, and convenience. There are always vacant rooms for every taste in the Hilton. You only need to have money to pay for everything, and it is a lot of money!

After a bowling game, two officers of the American Embassy are relaxing in chairs at the table, Ronald and John.

Ronald - a tall and slender fair man of forty-five years, with regular features. His appearance always resembles the self-assured American cowboy. He has been in this country a number of times: as a student for a while, and then on a course of study at the National University of Colombia. He lives together with his wife, son and daughter in a spacious house in the suburbs of Bogota.

John - a brown-haired man of average height, about forty years old, with a small mustache, similar more to a native of Colombia than American. He is also married and has two children. Today he was simply out of luck: sometimes the balls were too heavy, other times after

throwing them halfway they rolled down from the lane into the gutter without touching the pins. The total score, shining on the display screen, was not in his favor. Such a situation upset him and hurt his pride, but he tried not to give it much importance and digressed by talking about another topic.

“Listen up, Ron, doesn't it seem strange to you that every time when the government circles of Colombia consider sending our friend Dangonda Uribe as the ambassador to Moscow, hints of his ties to the CIA appear in articles of the local rags?”

“I am sure, John, it is the intrigues of the Soviet Embassy which spread the corresponding rumors through local communists. There is no doubt that Russians had something to do with it. Suffice it to say that the same thing has happened many times before. However, we must pay tribute to their awareness. Yesterday, I saw Pilar, and she told me some very interesting information about contacts of Carlos, who arrived in Colombia from Caracas, in particular with communists. This wicked woman has an amazing sense of smell and discernment. Not for nothing the blood of the Spanish grandees runs in her veins!”

“Don't you think that he has a strange name - Ilich Ramirez Sanchez?”

“It is explained quite simply. His father, a well-known Venezuelan lawyer from Caracas, in his young days was fanatically fascinated by the ideas and personality of the Russian communist leader Vladimir Ilyich Lenin. So, in his honor, he named his three sons respectively - Vladimir, Ilich and Lenin. The most active and well-known among them is Ilich Ramirez Sanchez - the international-level terrorist by the nickname Carlos. It is said that he often appeared in France and the Middle East and for a long time hid in the German Democratic Republic (GDR). There he married a German woman but didn't push his tradecraft aside¹. Pilar, by the way, also said that there is a new, quite nice Second Secretary in the Soviet embassy by the name of Sasha. He has already visited the Colombian Institute of Culture with one of his colleagues. He speaks Spanish quite well and gives the impression of being an outgoing person and willingly reaches out for contacts. He is interested in history and culture. I advise you to look closely at him. Get in contact with our

¹ The professional terrorist Ilich Ramirez, who had the aliases Carlos and Jackal, was sentenced by a Parisian court to lifelong imprisonment at the end of December 1997 merely for orchestrating the murder of two French police officers and their agent who were tracking down him. (Hereinafter author's note)

friends in the police about this matter. Find out where he lives. They will help collect information that interests us.”

“Okay, Ron, I'll do it tomorrow morning.”

“And now let's order another whiskey with tonic and go home!”

A month passed. Ronald and John are walking on the shady lanes of the American Embassy park.

“Well, what's the news, John? How are our Homo Sovieticus guys?”

“The ambassador once again met with local communists, and the military attaché and his wife went out to Buenaventura Port, where he visited a Soviet cargo ship with a fancy and long name. According to the information received from our friends nothing suspicious was observed. And for the rest - nothing special. Usual kitchen conversations. FRED drinks, complaining of his fate, curses his superiors, finds himself cheated from his share of the pie of life, as he says. BROWN also drinks occasionally and brawls with his wife. By the way, it became known from their conversation that his father, a famous hockey player, committed suicide.”

“Anyway, take a closer look at FRED. People, who consider themselves unappreciated, whose career is under threat, who cannot get along with authorities under certain circumstances seek unusual paths. We can't ignore egotistical, vain and self-confident people who consider themselves destined for something significant, who imagine themselves to be preeminent figures, impatiently reacting to life's difficulties, people who think that they are entitled to get as much as possible from life!”

“You're right, Ron, I will instruct our friends once again and will keep a little closer eye on him.”

“Well, how's our newcomer?”

“Generally, nothing special. He comes into contact with the locals willingly. Despite the fact that he has a young and quite pretty wife, he flirts with wives of embassy and trade mission's staff actively and not without success. When he's downtown he does not demonstrate obvious attempts to get rid of external surveillance. It seems that he is actively exploring the host country. Recently he and his wife traveled to Medellin and Cali. He familiarized himself with the local sights there.”

“We need to pay attention to the existence of more or less stable relations between him and the locals, which we could use as required to better understand his personality. We should not forget that Homo

Sovieticus guys, all without exception, behave in third world countries more carelessly than, for example, in the United States or Great Britain. It is in their nature. And the counterintelligence shadowing them cannot always be on the defense: sometimes comes the drowsiness that turns to our advantage. All these details also should be considered. The main thing for us is for them not to detect our activity in working with this contingent. Otherwise, their counterintelligence ears will prick up which is not in our interests.”

The Soviet Embassy in Bogota, the KGB Rezydentura. In the secure quiet room, the Rezydent is talking with his deputy, Govorukhin.

“Yuri Ivanovich! I do not have anything particularly interesting to tell you today. Except that the famous Carlos, aka Ilich Ramirez Sanchez, about whom I have reported earlier, flew back to Caracas yesterday. As for our friend Umberto, he is still sick, and it will won't be possible to meet with him this week.”

“Was Carlos alone?”

“No, he was accompanied by two bodyguards, one of whom seemed to be a casual companion. And, of course, the local surveillance service was there until the departure.”

“You know, Vladimir Vasilyevich, frankly, all these seasoned terrorists, just like the ordinary ones, do not give me positive feelings, although I know precisely that the higher-ups treat him fairly indulgently, to say the least. And not to speak of the GDR, which is like a native home for him, and moreover his wife is a German. Just in case, we should inform Moscow about it.”

“Oh, the Center had approved our decision on Ogorodnik, though their opinion about him as a whole, after an additional careful check, remains positive.”

“And how are your “family relationships” going?”

“Outwardly we maintain friendly relations. Last week, on the wives' initiative, we went to the Gold Museum. Although I have visited it twice, I nevertheless had to hang around. A visit to the museum, and especially being in the "El Dorado" room, leaves a lasting impression. When the multi-ton armored door shuts behind you, it becomes a little bit terrifying! In case of an earthquake, nobody will get out of there under any circumstances! However, this time everything turned out well.”

The workday ended long ago. They left their work building together and then the empty embassy, continuing on the way to discuss some minor problems not related to their office activities. They walked home. The streets dazzled with glowing advertisements. The music from restaurants and cafes reached them. Almost all seats at the tables at the entrances on numerous venues were occupied. The city night life was just beginning. Quite close to the house, passing by the cafe, they observed trade representatives Olga and Nikolay Serov and Ogorodnik with his wife sitting down at their table. Perhaps it was their chance meeting. To his boss's question about the relationship between Ogorodnik and Serov, Govorukhin gave an indefinite answer, but a sly smile flitted across his face: he guessed that Aleksandr Dmitriyevich's weakness was other men's wives.

Chapter 2

Ogorodnik had a mostly friendly reception into the embassy team. His erudition, expertise in Latin America's economies, analytical mind, and good knowledge of the history and culture of these countries could not but help. Besides, he led a sober life, didn't smoke and was the only PhD in the embassy. And his appearance and good manners secured him the affection of the female half of the Soviet community.

At the report-back election meeting, he was elected into the Trade Union Office (official party organizations did not exist overseas).

Soon he, as the ambassador promised, received money to purchase a car with a diplomatic discount. There were no great difficulties getting a car.

At first, he used the car along with another embassy coworker, but then, although it was not entirely ethical, he arranged everything in such a way that he began to use it by himself.

And Soviet Embassy life in Bogota took its course. Despite the unusual climate, people worked and also relaxed and had fun as they could. In the spacious lobby, where it was always cool, announcements were displayed:

"A friendly volleyball match will take place between embassy and trade mission teams at 1600 hours on August 18 of this year at the athletic field. All interested persons are invited!

Resp. Off. Govorukhin V. V."

"Embassy, trade mission staff and their families, please note! On August 26 at 1800 hours there will be an excursion to acquaint people with the historical sights of Bogota. After the excursion there will be dinner at the Montserrat Restaurant. Give your money to cultural organizers by August 24.

Resp. Off. Ogorodnik A. D."

The public, as they say, never slept and there was no slack for employees and their families.

On August 18 most of the Soviet community gathered on the athletic field. The diplomats' team was headed by the ambassador, an avid volleyball player.

The game proceeded animatedly. Fans supported their teams noisily. Ogorodnik, who had recently joined the team, was a really good player. Acclamatory shouts towards him were often heard, especially from the female half and even from the "high society" led by the ambassador's wife Zinaida Markovna. Ogorodnik had a perfect body and sporty appearance, although he had begun to gain a few pounds.

Fierce resistance didn't rescue the trade mission team from losing. But everyone was happy, both players and fans. Anyhow, it was a bit of diversion from everyday affairs. Especially, such activity was necessary for women who were not burdened by caring for children, who long before tired of the bustle of shopping which had given them inexpressible pleasure when they first arrived in this country, and who had read almost all the books in the embassy library, which was not very rich.

The subsequent sightseeing tour went completely successfully. After a survey of a few architectural and historical monuments and the ancient chapel on the Montserrat hillside, they had supper in the restaurant of the same name as planned, and before it got dark admired the panoramic view of the capital and spurs of the Central Cordilleras with their snow-covered 5000-meter mountains illuminated by the setting sun. Even though the tourists had reached an altitude of 3165 meters above sea level and thus, were 525 meters above Bogota, all were in a wonderful mood.

Everyone was impressed by Ogorodnik, who played the role of the guide and had an excellent knowledge of the city history and its attractions. Many did not hide their surprise at the fact that he had rather recently arrived in Bogota and already knew so much about the country and its capital. All this inflated his ego and further strengthened his confidence in his exclusiveness and superiority over others.

The families of Ogorodnik and Serov of the Trade Mission sat at the same table in the restaurant. After dinner, when wine and fruit were served, Aleksandr danced with Olga and Nikolay with Aleksandra. During the dance, Aleksandr was saying something with a serious look,

and Olga confusedly smiled. She was one of those women of the passionate and romantic type, who writes diaries and secretly falls in love again and again. She was not happy in her marriage. Nikolay was a quite ordinary, rough man, and in time did not change for the better. Aleksandr, immediately after his arrival, occupied her attention by his appearance, courtesy and education. Gradually it turned out so that she found it necessary to try to see him every day, but it was not always possible.

It was already late at night before the bus got everybody home.

Nobody, of course, noticed how carefully Ogorodnik and Olga Serova were observed all evening by two unknown men sitting not far from them in the company of ladies. They were distinguished from the locals, perhaps, only by lighter skin color.

Ogorodnik's self-confidence was strengthened by his successes with women. One evening he wrote in his diary: "It is important to submit to your own desires. The desire demands satisfaction. It is the satisfaction of desires that gives us a feeling of happiness. To evaluate any proposition a person has to figure out what the profit from it is for him rather than what people say about it. Be able to live happily even if it others don't like it."

A few months later new cars were delivered to the embassy, and one of them was assigned to Ogorodnik. And he was asked to sell the old one and give the money back to the accounting office.

Ogorodnik sold the car and gave most of the money he received to the cashier, and the difference, equal to the diplomatic discount provided for purchasing this car, that is twenty to twenty-one thousand pesos (eight hundred American dollars), he decided to keep for himself thinking it would not be noticed.

This money was spent very quickly on visits to the swimming pool, saunas, massage rooms (and he was very fond of his body and admired it) and other entertainments. He noted in his diary, "I gradually turned into a lascivious doggie, which having lost his head runs around after a bitch. The words 'faithfulness,' 'friendship,' 'honesty,' 'kindness' and 'generosity' gradually lost their meaning for me. I turned into an unscrupulous vagabond and scoundrel, becoming one of those people I had despised all my life."

Somehow at the embassy they found out about the money Ogorodnik had kept for himself. A scandal broke out. The ambassador demanded he refund the money to the cashier immediately.

But how was he to get out of the situation? Where could he find the money?

After much consideration, the solution was found!

The CIA Station in the huge multi-story U.S. Embassy building in Bogota. Ronald is looking through local newspapers. John enters.

“Ron, I have good news! Rohes Uribe told me just now that one of the Soviet Embassy staff, who regularly fills the car at his gas station, hinted at the possibility of reselling him American-made cigarettes and whiskey from the embassy store with a diplomatic discount. Judging by the car number and description of his appearance this refers to our ‘newcomer’.”

“John, this is very interesting. Tell our friend immediately to agree to any conditions! As a last resort, we’ll give him an additional payment!”

“Yes, he's already done it, and they have basically agreed!”

“Make sure this deal is carefully documented with a video camera. It is curious, just what is the reason for such behavior? I believe this development gives us definite opportunities. We need to properly understand the reasons that gave him impetus to take such a step.”

“We still have very little information about his personal qualities and character. Maybe it is women? If that is so, then he risks many things, including his career as a diplomat. For a Homo Sovieticus such things are a big crime. And what do you say about Pilar?”

“I think we should prepare some activity through the Colombian Institute of Culture with a luncheon and send out invitations to embassies. Young diplomats, and especially Soviet, surely will be hooked on it. And then Pilar will use all her charms.”

“If I understand you correctly, we have not found stable ties between him and the local population. However, his weakness is women. This is what we know for certain. And Pilar in her riding habit suit is simply irresistible. She knows how to sell herself if anyone does! It is important not to miss this chance, and then we will find other approaches to lure him to some anonymous interview or delivering a report at the Colombia Institute of Culture. Everything in this life has to be paid for, free cheese, as they say in our state, is only in a mousetrap!”

“Headquarters has already expressed its satisfaction with the progress of our work. So we should certainly inform them in detail about this issue.”

“I have no doubt, Ron, that you will handle it in the best possible way: this is because you're the master on such affairs!”

“By the way, John, bear in mind that not only do we have our work successes. According to my information our colleagues in La Paz have established a very promising contact with one of the Soviet diplomats, although he is of low rank. Everything says that he can be persuaded to cooperate.² And are we worse than they?”

Meanwhile, at the embassy a rather difficult situation emerged, partly because of Ogorodnik. Conflicting groups formed or maybe just crystallized among themselves. At the next election he was not elected to the Trade Union office.

Rather abruptly the attitude of the ambassador and KGB Rezident, who initially relied on his help, changed toward him.

Rumors about Ogorodnik's adventures with embassy women received wide notoriety, especially his love affair with the wife of Soviet trade mission employee Olga Serova, which at one stroke broke up two families, though neither one nor the other had children.

To all this was added human envy, since Ogorodnik and his wife, being at that time a childless married couple, could allow themselves to spend more than the others.

Aleksandra's heart was heavy. Returning home late at night, Ogorodnik often saw her with tearful eyes. However, she pretended as if nothing really serious had happened.

² This refers to the Soviet Embassy employee in Bolivia, the USSR Ministry of Foreign Affairs counselor Vladimir Makarov, who was recruited by the Central Intelligence Agency in 1976. In 1996, on his return from one of his trips abroad, he was exposed by our Federal Security Service and in June of the next year was sentenced to seven years of imprisonment for high treason in the form of espionage. However, a few months later, in October of the same year, the President of the Russian Federation decided to pardon him. The basis for such decision was the fact that during the first interrogation Makarov frankly admitted to cooperating with American intelligence, fully disclosed the forms and methods of subversive activities of the CIA known to him, and willingly handed over items of espionage equipment to the investigating authorities and reported information about American intelligence officers who worked with him. In his appeal to the President with a petition for clemency, he fully admitted his guilt and in a televised speech publicly confessed to the crime. This petition was supported by the leadership of FSB of the Russian Federation.

The current unfavorable family situation was smoothed a bit by vacation time coming up in the near future, which, as a rule, the embassy staff spent in the homeland. Finally, Ogorodnik's turn to have a rest came. Travel arrangements were short. Gifts and souvenirs prepared in advance for family and close friends were stowed in a suitcase. And then the long flights, landings for refueling and, finally, landing at the Sheremetyevo-2. Then, in their two-room apartment on Perekopskaya Street they celebrated their return among relatives and friends, grilled kebabs and walked in the Bittsevsky Forest Park since it was right next to their home. They visited the Bolshoi Theater and the Maly Theater (it should be noted that Ogorodnik was an avid theater-goer), got together with some friends from the institute and ministry, plus their sailing comrades. They were even able to go sailing a couple of times and work a little on the sails at one of the Moscow reservoirs. All troubles went by the wayside.

One day Ogorodnik phoned the telephone number, well-known to him, of Tamara Mikhaylovna Rusakova, the wife of one of the Secretaries of the CPSU Central Committee. With help of her daughter, he was put in touch with her when he was a MGIMO student. And their acquaintance was not interrupted during his postgraduate studies at this institute.

Introducing himself, he said that her request was satisfied, and received an invitation to a cup of tea. During the conversation, seeing him without glasses, Tamara asked about his vision. In general, she was always interested in him as a possible son-in-law, because her daughter's marriage was unsuccessful. Her husband was kicked out of Japan, where he intended to begin a diplomat career, in a scandal. Aleksandr told her that his eyesight had stabilized at a quite satisfactory level, and he now used American-made contact lenses that he had acquired in Colombia which, in his opinion, were more than comfortable. Tamara immediately asked if it was possible to get such lenses for her husband, Konstantin Viktorovich. They agreed to speak on the phone later, and Tamara Mikhaylovna would pass the required specifications which would be obtained from the optometrist.

Ogorodnik's father still lived separately on Krasnopresnenskaya Naberezhnaya in one room of the two-room communal flat. He worked in the archives of the USSR Ministry of Defense. His younger brother, who

in the future would work for financial organizations, was planning to marry a lovely student, the daughter of a Union Deputy Minister. His relatives from the upcoming marriage were delighted. The situation was quite good for our hero: his sister was married to a marshal's nephew and his brother would be related to the deputy minister.

Aleksandr remembered his long-standing intention to marry Olga (Olechka K.). As they say, everything was already greased. They declared themselves in love, he got acquainted with her parents, made an official proposal and received parental blessing.

After a while his future father-in-law, holding a solid position in the Council of Ministers, guaranteed a resolution of their housing problem, since some relatives or close friends who lived on Kropotkinskaya Street went abroad for three years, so it was possible to use their living space. It was necessary only to name the wedding day. But suddenly it happened that the option of the flat wouldn't be possible. Feeling cheated, he spoke to the bride's father harshly. The wedding fell apart, leaving unpleasant memories in the soul.

Upon his return to Bogota Ogorodnik with chagrin wrote in his diary: "I hardly know my father: he lived with us a short while; mother - I even do not want to write about her... It is useless for me to ask her advice. No matter how bitter, but I respect her less year by year. She loves me dearly, and I, on the contrary, get home and look at how she is, that's all ... It is painful, it is terrible, and it is sad. Some impoverished nobles..."

A few days later, he wrote another thing: "Idleness and foreign life are extremely corrupt. Sometimes I want to turn into a careerist, forget all moral values and conduct an easy carefree life."

Meanwhile, the office of the Soviet Embassy received several blank official invitations from the Colombian Institute of Culture for diplomats to a luncheon organized by the management on the opening of the photo exhibition "Colombia Yesterday and Today." As usual in such cases, the ambassador ordered dissemination of invitations to persons of interest, including, of course, Aleksandr Ogorodnik.

On the appointed day he went to the exhibition along with embassy officers Fedotov and Bobin.

At the institute entrance the guests were welcomed by representatives of local authorities and the administration. Among them was Pilar Suarez Barcala.

Pilar, always dressed in great taste, was dressed this time in a riding habit, and she was especially attractive. She was a bit taller than average height, with a slender feminine figure and looked younger than her thirty years. She had a pleasant appearance. Beautiful, jet-black long hair pulled into a tight bun at the back of the neck, brown eyes, thin nose with a small crook. She was almost always in a good mood, smiled sweetly and spoke with pleasant, velvet, a slightly chesty voice. Among other things, she was distinguished by good manners. In her spare time she paid tribute to equestrian sport and played tennis well. And today, welcoming guests, she was equally pleasant to all, not allocating special attention to any of the arriving guests except perhaps Aleksandr. She looked into his eyes and at the same time held her hand in his a little longer.

After visiting the exposition, everyone went into the next room to the tables with snacks and wines. There were groups by desires and interests. Some went from group to group, sharing their impressions of the exhibition. Aleksandr, knowing Spanish well and already having friends at the institute, also didn't stand still. He went around the hall searching for Pilar, though he did not want to admit it to himself.

Besides her purely feminine qualities, she couldn't but draw his attention to her accomplishments and intelligence, erudition and profound knowledge of the history and culture of Latin American countries. Born in Spain into a wealthy family and being a Spaniard by birth, she knew Colombia perfectly and felt here as in her homeland. In her appearance and manners, she manifested aristocracy. Another thing: she let it be known that blue blood ran through her veins.

Aleksandr studiously tried to dismiss the thought that every time he saw her enjoying the attention of men, he had a feeling of jealousy. One utterance from the book by Azhaev *Far from Moscow*, which he read in his cadet years, was remembered for a long time: "When I see a beautiful woman with another man, I feel myself robbed!" Although the character was negative, he shared his opinion.

Finally, he saw her, as always, surrounded by admirers. Pilar argued cheerfully with someone. Aleksandr found it uncomfortable to join the company, although Fedotov was there among the others. He stood by the window so that she noticed him. And soon, she called out to him:

“Sasha! You behave, if I may say so, absolutely unnaturally! Such a handsome man, standing with a grim look, as if he does not see the ladies. Did the exhibition make such negative impression on you? Join us! We are drinking a good wine from my homeland, we have things to talk about, and besides, I’ll introduce you to my friends!”

She introduced him to news correspondents from the *Espectador* and *Siglo* and also the *New York Times* and *Washington Post*. Then some other women came and then the men split up. Somehow it happened that Pilar and Aleksandr pushed toward the open door of the veranda. She suggested they step out into the fresh air. After a brief exchange of views on the exhibits, Pilar asked with what of the historical sights he had already become acquainted, and if he had been to one of the oldest churches in Bogota, Veracruz, where currently the National Pantheon of war fighters for the independence of Colombia was located.

Hearing a negative answer, Pilar invited him to visit this place together, where she, as an exception, willingly would act as a guide, because at one time she did a lot of things to expand the exposure of the pantheon. They agreed about the time and the meeting place. Pilar said they could go there by her car. Aleksandr didn't demur.

At the appointed time they met near the embassy and headed to the Veracruz Church. After seeing the National Pantheon, they continued the conversation in the nearby cozy cafe. They drank coffee. Pilar talked about the history of the country, the war for independence against Spain, that there was a time when the communists who appeared in Colombia once again tried to provoke a fratricidal war, which eventually, in 1948, led to the rupture of diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union, which were only restored many years later, in 1968. The blood of innocent and confused people was shed.

And now the communists complicate the political situation in the country as they have support from overseas. All this cannot leave her indifferent to politics, as she was always for peace between people, the fact that people would love each other and not know what hostility and hatred are.

Aleksandr did not want to argue with her, and he listened in silence. He liked her more and more. When on the way back they were a block away from his house, saying goodbye, he kissed her hand and left the

car. It was already quite late. He had no doubt; he clearly felt the need for further intimacy.

Ronald, who came back two days ago from the trip to Washington, is walking with John through the park of the American Embassy in Bogota. Ronald is in a good mood. In recent conversations at Headquarters, he received the approval for all ongoing activities concerning the diplomatic and trade missions of East Bloc countries in Colombia.

Ronald tells John details of the recent meeting at Headquarters, which he had the honor to attend. Among others, one of the CIA deputy directors, William Colby, gave a speech. At the meeting it was once again emphasized that for the American CIA, people from countries of Eastern Europe between ages of 35 to 45 years, when a person regardless of his wants or not, makes a psychological re-evaluation of things reached in his life, among other things, offer a recruiting base with the greatest interest. Youth remains far behind, and aspirations and hopes have not been realized. At just this time a sense of dissatisfaction with the job and family situation reaches its climax. In this context, the most interesting targets for exploration are persons who, because of one reason or another, can't work with their bosses, do not find mutual understanding with colleagues and consider themselves underappreciated and deprived of prospects for the future. All these facts may induce them to seek some unusual paths. But recruitment itself is not an end in itself. As one of the speakers said at the meeting, the target is chosen first of all from those who have access to important information and is able, under certain conditions, to move into cooperation. The most typical psychological characteristics of most of the agents and traitors are narcissism and self-centeredness. Individuals who possess these qualities clearly believe that they will have a special role in life. They thirst for success and recognition. However, it will be noted that many of them have an inherent desire to avenge individuals or the state system, which, in their opinion, became an obstacle for them to meet their aspirations. From all this, Ronald emphasized, it follows that their mission should include the search for vain, self-confident people who consider themselves exceptional beings and who impatiently react to life's everyday difficulties and assume the right to receive from

life much more that they deserve. Ronald said that the statistical data provided at the meeting show that most of the traitors and agents have a dysfunctional family in connection with the death of one of their parents, divorce or other disorders. This, of course, does not mean that all such people are sure to become traitors. However, knowledge of such details, as it was emphasized, helps to construct correctly a plan for operational study of a target of interest by intelligence services. We should not forget that a lot of attention to people with a "hidden agenda" is deserved; that is, as they say in America, with "liberalism's split morality." Also, a manifestation of duplicity in family relations should be considered.

"I do not want to say that the meeting at headquarters opened all our eyes. It was just that a re-analysis of our work and results were summed up," Ronald concluded. He was obviously pleased with his story, and not without reason believed that he had made a favorable impression on his colleague. John, who was listening to him carefully, really was filled with even more respect for his boss, although somewhere in his soul, he knew that Ron only skillfully retold the thoughts of others and all these facts were not a great discovery: just analysis which organized their observations and put them in certain order.

The day came to an end. A few minutes later, they stood near the small fountain with swimming multi-colored fish, then went into the Station and afterwards left for home. Sitting after dinner on the veranda of his house, John thought for a long time about Ronald's words, and about the prospects of their using his local police friends to study the "newcomer." While everything was developing quite well, local communists shouldn't sense this plan: after all they may have their agents among our "friends." If so, a scandal couldn't be avoided. But he did not want to think about anything bad, including that the "newcomer" might be a stool pigeon of Soviet intelligence.

Office of the Soviet ambassador. The workday has just begun.

The ambassador is talking to Maksimov, an embassy counselor.

"Vladimir Nikolayevich! I read with interest your analytical report based on the local press. You rightly identified two directions of publications grouped along party lines around the newspapers of liberals, *Tiempo*, and conservatives, *Espectador*, as the main spokesmen of interests, on the one hand, of the national bourgeoisie, some sections of the intelligentsia, workers and peasants; and on the

other the big landowners, Catholic clergy and parts of the bourgeoisie. Despite the agreement concluded between them in 1957 on the parity rule within the so-called Popular Front, in practice the political struggle of these parties continues. The analysis is interesting, and we will send it to Moscow in the next pouch. I think that it will be treated with attention, since before 1968 political life in Colombia was known only by hearsay. By the way, Vladimir Nikolayevich, have you seen the name Fernandez Nunez as a journalist for the *El Tiempo* newspaper?"

"No, this is the first time I have heard his name, if you don't consider the first president of Colombia who also bore that name. Why do you ask?"

"Recently I had a telephone conversation with a person who introduced himself by this name as a correspondent of the *El Tiempo* newspaper, and he privately told me some rather interesting information regarding our embassy. In this regard, I would like you to ask carefully our good friend at *El Tiempo* and have him find out if Fernandez Nunez works at this newspaper and whether in general he is known in journalistic circles. Then we will continue our discussion on this matter. For now, leave me the summary."

"I will try to contact him tomorrow and answer your question."

The next day Maksimov told the ambassador that no journalist by the name of Fernández Núñez worked on the editorial staff or in the publishing house of the *Tiempo* newspaper and this name in journalistic circles of Bogota in general is unknown. Then the ambassador told him the following: the unknown person who presented himself as Fernández Núñez, a correspondent of the newspaper *El Tiempo*, reported that he learned from circles close to the leadership of the Colombian Secret Police that in coming days they expect that one of the Soviet Embassy senior diplomats in Bogota will ask for political asylum. This information, the ambassador said, somewhat puzzled him, since the embassy had only three senior diplomats, including him, Vladimir Nikolayevich and the KGB Resident. He warned Maksimov that he reported it confidentially only to him and wondered whether it was necessary to inform the Resident.

The ambassador did not return to this question in conversations with Maksimov again, and he, in turn, didn't bring it up, although he always remembered it. He figured that the talk was not about the senior

diplomats; maybe it was about the embassy secretaries, assistants, and technical staff.

Chapter 3

Ronald is in John's office. The conversation, interrupted by a phone call, continues.

"Some risk always exists in our case, John: in fact, there are absolutely no two people with identical reactions to events, down to trifles. But it is always necessary to think that in the context of the tremendous progress achieved by humankind over many centuries, people with their earthly weaknesses changed least of all. However, it is true that he is now less brutish and doesn't shoot from his Winchester rifles and Smith & Wesson to the right and left, with a reason or without, and he has begun to dress more decently, and sometimes downright respectably. However, all his weaknesses have remained with him; he is still greedy, envious, wishing to be enriched at the expense of others, not to mention his tendency to adultery. Therefore, having thoroughly studied a particular person, you can always pick up the keys to him. It is only necessary to remove his mask, designed for making a good impression on others. Of course, I don't mean the plebs, I am speaking about the higher category of people who might be the target of our interest. In this case, we have enough facts to which we need to pay attention, taking into account that we have before us a person who is not an ordinary representative of Western civilization, but a native of absolutely another world, where the concepts of good and evil have been largely transformed, where the principles of the so-called socialist morality make people look like faceless empty bottles of beer, where anyone who dares to be different from others waits for condemnation if not severe retribution. Our new friend is not an exception to the general rules. He is fond of money and women, is not delighted with his official position – an embassy second secretary in a not really significant country - and let's say it directly, of considerable age - he is almost at the end of his fourth decade - he shouldn't expect a meteoric career in a diplomatic field even if he moves forward one or two steps in the coming years. It is impossible to dismiss also his fragile family relations. In this connection, the interesting message is his wife recently had plastic surgery done in one of the clinics and changed her nose shape. After all this she has become absolutely another woman. And further. His

relationship with the embassy leadership, judging by the kitchen conversations in the Soviet community, is not developing very favorably. He is selfish, he is not sickened by the Western way of life, and he feels to a certain extent free here. Pilar plays a significant role in our work. She should entice him as a woman. According to our predetermined plan, she will develop our 'accidental' acquaintance during which we will continue studying him, conduct indoctrination and probing in our direction of interest, that is, we will determine what we have in common and what can be used as a basis for recruitment. If things go well we will make a recruitment pitch based, as I suppose, on the common desire of peace-loving and democratic forces to reduce the threat of war between ideological opponents and promote world peace. If necessary, we may have to use the threat of compromise as a pressure factor. Well, maybe that's everything. What do you say, John?"

"In principle, I agree with everything. But I have one doubt. And here's what it is based on. Recently Francois, our colleague from the French Embassy, gave me a curious little book to read, *Male and Female Spies in Paris*, translated into English a long time ago. It has become a rarity. The book was published in 1936. Its author is the former Commandant of the Parisian Army Staff, Emile Massar. So, I'm going to read you a short passage from the book, which can't but cause some reflection, especially since we are talking about the Brits, whose opinions we should consider. 'The British have also introduced the principle of not using the services of either dubious subjects or women. Sooner or later, they said, both categories will show their weakness. Besides, women are characterized by a lack of patience and firmness. In addition, a woman is unable to keep a secret, and her heart often subjugates the brain... They just aren't able... to betray a friend or lover.' In principle, I have nothing against Pilar. But in my opinion, we need to consider this female factor. Pilar is a woman, quite independent, unmarried, with character and she works for us on her own. And what if she will do everything her own way? It is not hard to guess that she is in love with him and, maybe, considering her age, wants to carry out her own plan: he will leave the embassy, seek asylum, and then they will get married and get out of the game. We need something completely different. We need an information source in Moscow, but not on the ranch in the suburbs of some small town, lost in the Cordilleras. She

needs a husband in her bed, but not a fiancé in Moscow, whom she will have to wait for and she won't know for how many years and whether he will ever return. After all, he won't be going to hunt mountain goats. I am far from panicking because of this thought, but I think it deserves attention. The main thing is that there is no misfire, especially since our headquarters won't praise us if such a thing happens. Surely, there will be those who will call it a lack of professionalism in our work.”

“You're right, John, we should think about it thoroughly. Pilar should be kept under vigilant control and we need to work with her constantly. This is the best way to keep from doing something stupid. We'll talk about this issue later, but in the meantime try to minimize and restrict the circle of our friends who could know something about the action we are preparing. God forbid anything reaches the ears of the local communists. They, unfortunately, are ubiquitous and could be embedded in the structures of our friends, whom we already trust too much. Then we couldn't avoid a scandal. The local press doesn't miss an opportunity to cackle. Therefore, we should be very careful! By the way, how is your dentist? Does she still specialize in dental treatment of diplomatic corps' employees? Take an interest, please, in who visits her from the Soviet Embassy staff. It may be of further use to us. If I'm not mistaken, doesn't she have a fine, half-empty villa close to the Soviet Embassy?”

“The villa really is half-empty, and it is located several minutes' walk from the embassy. Generally, she serves the diplomatic corps and local aristocracy. There is a great relationship between our friends and her. I once even wondered if they use this villa as a safehouse. After all, it is so convenient! I will try to clarify all these issues, but, apparently, we can't avoid talking to our friends. Okay! I'll see you at the same time the day after tomorrow.”

Early morning. Pilar is still lounging in her bed. Suddenly the phone rings.

“Pilar, hello! I'm calling from a pay phone. Many thanks for last night, but I have a feeling that we did not tell each other anything important and intimate but just the opposite. Yesterday I spent the whole evening at home thinking about it; I do not mean politics, but I am talking about purely human feelings!”

“Sasha, you shouldn’t talk about it, I beg you! It is better to come here for dinner. On this occasion, I’ll bake a tamal³ and prepare something else of Spanish cuisine for you! You, as a man who speaks Spanish, can’t refuse it!”

“Thank you for the invitation! I really can’t refuse: he who speaks Spanish naturally becomes a little bit of a Spaniard. How and where can we meet?”

“I think that you should take a taxi. We will meet at the Sagrario Church. I’ll be waiting there in the car at the parking area at 6 PM. And from there it is not far from my house.”

“Well, Pilar! I will certainly be there. I’d love to see you! Until we meet!”

Pilar lies in the bed for a long time, clutching the handset to her chest and smiling wistfully, as if remembering the wonderful dream she just had. Then she gets up, raises the Venetian blinds, looks into the three-way-mirror at her naked body and silently says, "Now, dear Sasha, you're mine!"

Referring to the fact that he had a business meeting in the city, at 17:30 Ogorodnik left the embassy and went on foot to the city center. Of course, he did not notice that an inconspicuous man left from the dwelling closest to the embassy and followed him, and then a passenger car departed and slowly followed. Soon Ogorodnik stopped a taxi which drove him to the area of the Sagrario Church. There, at the parking area, Pilar was waiting for him in her purple Ford Escort. A few minutes later, they stopped near a small villa, smothered in greenery. Pilar explained to Ogorodnik that she had rented it quite recently. I used to live in an apartment building on a fairly busy highway and got very tired of the city noise. And here, except for the birds, which she takes in rather serenely, nobody disturbs her. To the house led a narrow, marble-tiled path. On the sides it was framed by low coniferous shrubs alternately with multi-colored stones and flowers among which plush orchids or something, at least, similar to them stood out in particular. In the house there were a few rooms with a loft and a small verandah, shaded outside by ivy or some type of liana vine.

³ T a m a l - a cake with complex meat and vegetable filling (Spanish).

Pilar invited Ogorodnik to sit down, listen to music or watch TV, and she went to the kitchen. Apparently, everything had been prepared in advance, since in just a few minutes a small table in the living room was covered with dishes. Already having managed to change clothes, she invited him to enjoy and appreciate the Spanish dishes she had cooked, and also taste excellent Spanish wines and the world famous "Manzanillo" of La Mancha. During the dinner, Ogorodnik did not skimp on praise, but was silent about the fact that the abundance of strongly spiced dishes was not very consistent with his diet. He felt quite comfortable. They had already switched to the familiar "you." The wine was really fine, and the hostess in the fiery translucent blouse caused quite suggestive feelings in the guest. And then they danced, and Ogorodnik touched her tough and pliable body quite closely. Soon Pilar left him for a few minutes and returned in a light negligee. Ogorodnik was not surprised.

They drank wine and danced again. First, he kissed her on the neck, and then on the lips, and she answered him. Only a thin cloth separated him from her body, and he realized that it had become a burden to both of them. He easily took Pilar in his arms and carried her to the bedroom...

Then they drank the fine Spanish wine once again, and Pilar, caressing him, said that she fell in love with him at first sight and thought that he was an absolutely extraordinary man.

Again, there was music. This time the melody from Rodion Shchedrin's *Carmen Suite* sounded from some unknown place in the house, which did not escape Ogorodnik's attention. Of course, Pilar is certainly somewhat similar to Carmencita, but this is not the glib tobacco factory worker from Bizet's opera *Carmen*. This is the creation of an entirely different world and society. He felt like a winner, and he did not want to recall the sad details of the opera plot. In her veins ran the genuine blue blood of a Spanish aristocrat! And it amused his vanity.

As for the newly acquired villa, Pilar was not totally accurate and honest. In fact, Ronald, in order to create the necessary conditions for her rendezvous with Ogorodnik and thereby strengthening the recruiting situation, bought the villa for her quickly by using the Central Intelligence Agency's money.

Late at night, Pilar drove Ogorodnik almost up to the house. They kissed goodbye.

He left the car and walked slowly toward the house. It was a warm summer evening. On trees some little birds cheerfully chirped, settling for the night. He had high spirits.

At the house, muttering something unintelligible, Aleksandr went to bed and fell asleep immediately. He told his wife the reason for his late arrival was that he had performed a special task, but he could not tell her the reason for it.

In the afternoon he called Pilar from the payphone.

“My dear Carmencita, good morning! I kiss you! I live on memories of our last evening! Everything was fine! Dinner, and, of course, you!”

“I am also very pleased with our meeting! But it’s just that when I got back home it I felt a bit sad and lonely. I will miss you! So, apparently, the Lord God created us women! If you have at least a couple of hours on a Saturday or Sunday, we could meet by chance in the pool of the Hilton Hotel.”

“I accept the invitation with pleasure and I will call you on Friday. Kisses and hugs!”

“I kiss you, too, my dear, and hug you. See you at the pool!”

On Sunday afternoon Ogorodnik, saying at home that he had to meet with a necessary person in the city, went to the Hilton Hotel. Pilar was already waiting for him in the pool. They swam for a long time and splashed with water, and then had a rest in the shade in chaise lounges. Aleksandr unwittingly noted that Pilar had a great figure and very thin and delicate skin, and she favorably differed from Olga Serova, who was also attractive as a woman, but unsophisticated. She doesn’t have such aristocratic charm, maybe, acquired for centuries, as does Pilar.

Pilar told him about Spain, her parents, having a fairly large plot of land and plantations of olives and citrus, about her studying at the University of Madrid and the National University of Colombia, and her work in the Ministry of Culture. And about her current plans to acquire a ranch close to Bogota...

Aleksandr could not, of course, know about the fact that they were shadowed and photographed at various angles. The CIA officers require not only the facts, but their documented confirmation.

Then they ate ice cream and drank coffee. Time passed quickly, and they had to leave. They agreed to meet again next Sunday at the pool.

Chapter 4

The Hilton Hotel. In the half-empty bar Ronald and John are sitting at the table. They are drinking something with ice from tall glasses.

“Ron, I believe all is going according to plan and in the best way!”

“Do not rush to rejoice. The most difficult part is yet to come. We need to rehearse our next step carefully. I think it’s time to begin arranging a contact. The reason could be an "accidental" meeting at the pool or the tennis court with Pilar, who would introduce us to Ogorodnik as her friends, and we, in turn, invite them into the hotel room to celebrate some anniversary. Well, let's say, some birthday or getting a bonus. However, the last is not very typical for a diplomat. How about the reason is a promotion! We can even leave them alone for some time using a specious excuse to quietly take a picture. The main thing - create the conditions for making these meetings regular, at first with Pilar, and then without her. Material motives will be assigned the main role in this matter, and for now - no politics! Pilar has overdone it a little in this matter, although in general nothing wrong has happened. There is no doubt about the fact that they are addicted to each other. Let’s prepare an encryption for Headquarters. We need to report in detail about the work we’ve done and our future plans!”

Sunday afternoon. The outdoor pool of the Hilton Hotel.

Ogorodnik and Pilar are sitting in the lounge chairs under a colorful tent after swimming.

Music is reaching them from the park and peacocks are shrieking.

Suddenly, two middle-aged men appear in front of the relaxing couple. One of them, the elder, exclaims in English:

“Well, I’ll be damned if it is not the beauty Pilar! My old friend and unrequited love!” And then in Spanish, “So it’s Pilar whom I see?”

“Ronald! John! What are you doing here, pranksters? Apparently, you had a nice dinner and felt the need to cool off.”

“Yes! Yesterday we were informed from Washington that John got a promotion. Now there remains only a little to reach the post of Secretary of State! There’s an extended luncheon going on for this occasion today. We offer apologies to you and your companion for our not quite sober

look, but what can you do since it's about the promotion of our friend and he is treating? If you don't mind, we'll come back here after swimming!"

"Come on, I'll introduce you to a really interesting fellow from Eastern Europe!"

"Okay!" And both disappeared as quickly as they appeared.

"You know, Sasha, these are my old friends! One of them, Ron, I know from my studies at the National University of Colombia, where he took several courses after graduating from the University of California in the United States. And now John is on his second tour at the American Embassy in Bogota. They are very lovely and interesting people, and it's never boring around them. Great fabricators and fun people. Since they know Spanish well, they feel at home here. If you still have time we'll wait, and I'll introduce you to them."

"It's up to you, my dear, I am in your power!"

It took no more than half an hour before the Americans appeared again. By appearance they were stone-cold sober. Pilar introduced Ogorodnik to them as a Soviet diplomat and her friend, and they immediately said in no uncertain terms that the table for four people had already been set in their luxury hotel on the forty-third floor. And if Pilar and Aleksandr did not mind, they would meet in the lobby on the first floor in ten or fifteen minutes.

No objections. The Americans left, and Pilar and Aleksandr decided to once again plunge into the water and then go change clothes.

At the appointed time, Ronald and John were waiting for them in the lobby, and they went up on the high-speed elevator literally instantly. The room was beautifully and tastefully furnished. The upholstered furniture was arranged for relaxing. The breathtaking view of snow-capped mountains and volcanoes of the Central and East Cordilleras opened up from the balcony.

In the middle of the living room there was a small table laden with cold snacks and alcoholic and soft drinks. There was a good wine and ice water. After a brief pause, the hosts invited their guests to the table, and after a few minutes began a lively conversation. They spoke mainly in Spanish, although Aleksandr also spoke English not badly, about their experiences in Colombia, a little bit about the situation in the country

without touching politics, and about the educational mission of representatives of Western civilization...

Ronald and John emphasized that an acquaintance with a diplomat from the Soviet Union seemed very interesting to them. They believe that the most important thing is contact between peoples, and only then the political focus of the representatives of this or that state. All people basically want to live in peace, and not to die in some conflict and often in senseless wars that are contrary to human nature. The USSR is a very large country with a multimillion population. And they would like to know more about the people living in this country, their concerns and successes and, in turn, to tell about their own country and people. Therefore, they are very interested in continuing their acquaintance, as they believe it would be beneficial for both sides. Ogorodnik agreed with them and said that for him communication was important, particularly in terms of improving his English language, which was his second language at the institute. Then the desserts, ice cream and coffee were offered. They broke up late in the evening. Aleksandr and Pilar accepted an invitation for bowling next Sunday. Ogorodnik gave Pilar a lift to the house and did not refuse the offer to go listen to music...

Aleksandra didn't ask him any more about the reason for so long an absence.

After saying goodbye to Ogorodnik and Pilar at the elevator, Ronald and John went back to the room, exchanged views on the results of establishing contact and concluded that everything was progressing normally, and no unforeseen complications had arisen. However, they decided that in the future they should expand the range of places designed for meetings with the target, and not to waste time because a prolonged absence of Aleksandr might draw the attention of the embassy staff.

In addition, they decided to make an offer to Ogorodnik to write an anonymous article on some subject (at his discretion) - let us say, about the NEP or about the Soviet economy in the prewar period, during and after the war - allegedly for some American Journal with the guarantee of an appropriate fee for it.

At the same time, they discussed making him an offer through Pilar to give a lecture or hold a discussion with a small audience in the Colombian Institute of Culture about the USSR and its economy, also, of course, with the payment of an honorarium in US dollars which Pilar would receive from Ronald in advance.

At the next meeting during bowling, where Pilar was also present, Ronald suggested that Ogorodnik write an anonymous article on the essence of the New Economic Policy in post-revolutionary Russia and received his consent. Aleksandr promised to prepare an article in the near future, as he already had some material on this subject.

After bowling, during which Ogorodnik showed the remarkable abilities of his physical endurance and accuracy throwing the ball, they dined in the same hotel suite, watching one of the American satellite television programs.

They said goodbye to the Americans, just as the last time, near the elevator. Then Ogorodnik stopped by Pilar's for a cup of coffee and again came home quite late. Aleksandra was already asleep. He quietly, so as not to wake her, undressed and got into bed. He reflected for a long time on the evening they had spent and came to the conclusion that the Americans were quite nice guys and, like all normal people, earnest pragmatists. And Pilar - just so lovely!

Another week passed, and Pilar told Aleksandr that the Administration of the Colombian Institute of Culture and the Dean of the School of Economics of the National University of Colombia had invited him to take part in a symposium on the economic development of the socialist countries at the present stage with a limited audience of faculty and students. In addition, Ronald and John offered to take a short trip for a picnic to the mountains in the area of the Ruiz volcano. Both Americans would be with their wives.

Ogorodnik agreed with that and other offers. He said he would try to persuade his wife to go with embassy personnel on an excursion to the city of Medellin and using a specious excuse he would remain in the city. That would give him a chance to spend time at his discretion.

The symposium was held at the designated time and Ogorodnik received a large envelope from Pilar with an honorarium for his

performance. Later, after counting the money, he, not without satisfaction, noted that it would significantly expand his financial opportunities. He gave Aleksandra only part of the money and strictly warned her not to tell anyone that he was getting any royalties: if anyone knew about it, it would simply become impossible to get more. Aleksandra took it with that understanding since the extra money, as she said, wouldn't bother her at all.

Meanwhile, at a meeting in the KGB Rezidentura, the Rezident in his talk drew attention to the fact that he was worried most of all about the recent revitalization of the local intelligence services. He said that there had been surveillance fixes several times on Rezidentura and military attaché officers at their departures and entrances to the city, as well as in some cases, outside of the city. The house from which the surveillance is carried out is well known. The surveillance is carried out around the clock, and he does not rule out the possibility that the security services are well informed about who is who in the embassy, in particular, through their agents among the local population.

The next speaker, Govorukhin emphasized that unfortunately, there is a person among the embassy staff whom the enemy is watching with the idea of a possible recruitment approach. For example, yesterday it became known that Bobin didn't get back from a regular presentation until morning. According to him, he felt ill and decided to sleep in the car.

"It is fortunate that the police didn't catch him," Govorukhin said. "Although I would not be surprised if they send some appropriate report to the embassy! And Fedotov behaves no better. He drinks and constantly talks about the fact that he was allegedly invited to work in the KGB, and not without help of 'word of mouth' the entire embassy, and, consequently, some others already know about it!"

To the Rezident's question about Ogorodnik, he replied that on the surface all is as it should be, but he was put on guard by quite frequent and almost unmonitored meetings with the Americans. He had already spoken on this issue with Ogorodnik, but he assured us that these meetings have been solely neutral and his interest in the matter is the opportunity to improve his spoken English. During his study at MGIMO it

was his second language. The guy seems not to be stupid and he would like to believe him.

At the meeting the Rezident informed all those present that their military colleagues had barely avoided a bad situation. It was lucky that our intelligence man found his bearings and rescued their guy from a fiasco.

Turning to Govorukhin, he said that the ambassador requested that someone from the KGB Rezidentura staff conduct a political briefing with young people using materials of the XVII Congress of the All-Union Leninist Young Communist League which was taking place in Moscow so that the person responsible for the work in the Soviet community could link his talks to the need for increased vigilance in conditions of living abroad.

On the question from one of the staff members concerning what measures are planned regarding Bobin and Fedotov, the Rezident answered that in general, the ambassador had a quite favorable opinion of them. And this is quite understandable. They both worked very effectively in the past year on the Soviet exhibition in Bogota, and if they didn't save the situation they at least ameliorated it.

"Of course, I'll talk with the ambassador about it but let him decide for himself. And for our part we will inform the Center, especially as their tour of duty comes to an end this year. And if something goes wrong, the Second *Glavk* [Chief Directorate] will quickly smoke them out. In the meantime, we will use our capabilities and watch them."

A few days later Govorukhin reported to the Rezident that according to information obtained from reliable sources, the brother of the Colombian-American Cultural Center Director in Bogota, Dangonda Rohes Uribe, the owner of the gas station near the Soviet embassy, was an agent of Colombian military intelligence and at the same time the CIA. When asked by the Rezident who among the embassy staff filled cars at this gas station, Govorukhin answered that almost all of them do. The Rezident said that he would inform the military attaché about it and suggested Govorukhin discuss the matter with each Rezidentura officer and make his own suggestions, paying particular attention to the possibility of intelligence services installing radio beacons and listening devices in their cars.

Soon, at the next meeting at the Hotel Hilton, Ronald (John, for some reason, was absent, and Pilar, alluding to urgent business, went to the institute and promised to return in an hour) told Ogorodnik that the article he prepared for an American magazine about the New Economic Policy in post-revolutionary Russia had been translated into English and experts in the field of economics had examined it. They noted that the article was written in a professional manner and expressed confidence that it would cause a lot of interest among experts and of course it would be published. Immediately, he expressed his opinion that Ogorodnik, with his knowledge and abilities is restricted in his present existence but in the West could make a brilliant career. He referred to a number of historical examples of scientists who emigrated from Russia and the USSR, named Mechnikov, Sikorsky, and Timofeev-Resovski - the world-renowned scientist who refused at the time to return to the Soviet Union from Germany, where he was on a scientific mission trip, but was subjected to repression by the Soviet authorities in the postwar period - and many others. He considers it very regrettable that lucid minds cannot get recognition in their home country and are forced to look for another way. Then he said that taking into account that the article would by all means be published under his pseudonym, he was ready right now to give Ogorodnik the honorarium and, handing him an envelope with money, suggested they drink champagne on this occasion. He expressed the hope that his articles would be published regularly, not sporadically. As for the publication, don't worry about it: Ronald out of friendly feelings will take this matter upon himself. He also hinted to Ogorodnik that he shouldn't in any case advertise his journalistic activities as not everyone would be happy.

Ogorodnik was pleased to hear such a high assessment of him, and the comparison with historical figures flattered him and warmed up his already inflated vanity. He was pleased with himself.

Pilar returned, as promised, and the two of them spent the rest of the evening together.

Late in the evening at home our "hero" wrote in his diary: "To be happy, you need to be selfish ... Well, for a great man weakness is forgivable, but why, without having become a great man would one allow himself so much?"

Ogorodnik was confident of his higher destiny. After he finished writing, he listened to music for a long time and didn't go to bed until after midnight. Ahead he believed, there will be gray everyday embassy life with the same gray people.

Ogorodnik's diary contains among other things an interesting description of one of his dreams with this substance: in Moscow there are some difficult political events and armed clashes. Aleksandr also takes an active part in it. He lies in the bushes at the Alexander Garden, and someone is firing at him from small arms. Bullets are flying above his head. And suddenly he feels a grenade in his hands, which he throws at the enemy. There is silence after the explosion. He gets up and slowly walks to the Kremlin through the Kutafya Tower and Trinity Gates. Everything is quiet there, but suddenly on the Square he sees some prominent people standing in ranks to the right and left and they are looking at him. A very nice and a somewhat familiar short grizzled old man comes over to him. He smiles, shakes Ogorodnik's hand and congratulates him on the victory he has won...

At Pilar's suggestion, to legitimize their acquaintance in case someone from the embassy or trade mission should see them together in the city they decided to expand her circle of acquaintances among members of the Soviet community, and for this purpose a cultural visit was organized through her for a folklore ballet performance at the Opera House.

At the theater Ogorodnik introduced Pilar to his wife and Olga Serova. His wife did not attach any importance to her, but Olga intuitively thought about her as a possible competitor, which was reflected in her diary entries. She wrote in a hundred-sheet notebook with calico cover. The sheets had squares, and she wrote using a very thin pen tip, getting two lines of text in each square. Brought up in an educated Moscow family, she was not one of those who could in an unusual situation carry on infinite insignificant chatter for hours with those neighbors who weren't exactly laden with household chores. She read a lot and described her impressions about books and their characters. It was mostly the classics of Russian and foreign literature. Writers who aren't recognized as our party ideologists also popped up among them: Bunin, Nabokov, and Solzhenitsyn... She wrote about her parents, the Moscow

School where she studied, about teachers, about college friends, how their subsequent life was, and the relationships among the members of the Soviet community in Colombia. In cautious form she condemned the behavior of some of them who displayed a tendency for intrigue and servility to superiors, essentially allowing a potential reader to draw final conclusions. Most of all she wrote about the ambassador's wife Zinaida Markovna and ladies of her entourage.

Special spots in the diary were filled by her husband Nikolay, Ogorodnik, and Pilar. Time did not meet her expectations. Her marriage with Nikolay began to take a purely formal character. There could also be no talk about children from this marriage. And she still felt sorry for him, so she did not dare to be the first to put forward the question of divorce, especially being abroad, fearing that it would have a negative impact on his job.

Sasha Ogorodnik was absolutely different. She was won over most of all by his intelligence, self-confidence and reliance, and the decisiveness of an experienced man. Of course, she could clearly see the pros and cons of the person she loved and with whom she intended to connect her future life. She simply closed her eyes to many details of his behavior, being certain he would fall under her influence as a person with a strong character, because she believed in his feelings toward her. As she believed also that the sensation concerning him keeping part of money from the sale of the official car was the result of the intrigues of envious and ill-wishers, and Aleksandr was right about everything.

She felt a sustained hostility towards Pilar, as she intuitively felt in her an opponent and could not resist such an attitude to her. Olga was a diligent, honest, kind, trusting and very observant person. And in the future, she paid for it with her life.

Three years later, after her death, I carefully but not without difficulty read these thick notebooks. I had to read them during evenings at home by the light of a desk lamp with a magnifying glass in hand. All these notebooks allowed me to understand much from her short life. I was sincerely sorry for her, this sweet and simple-minded woman.

The Hilton Hotel. The restaurant's bar. Ronald and John are at the counter. They are speaking in low voices.

“Ron, everything at the gas station is fine. Sasha, while he’s tanking up regularly, alternately hands over a case of American-made whiskey or cigarettes to Uribe-the-Younger. All this we filmed by means of a hidden camera. Apparently, they are both quite happy with the bargain they concluded.”

“Just tell Rojas not to be greedy, because someone at the embassy store could notice it. You know it cannot be ruled out that they are documenting who buys these quick-selling goods, how often and how many. Generally speaking, we should think about making this deal gradually wind down. We played the card and got the compromising evidence. Now we have to watch out for his safety! If anyone from the embassy gets wind of anything, another scandal couldn’t be avoided, considering the matter of the car sale and keeping the money, there may even be a question about his early departure. In such a situation we could be left, as they say in Russia, with damaged goods. And this is when we are so close to the target!”

“Yes, Ron, you're right, we should think about it! And that's what I wanted to tell you. I spoke with our friends about the dentist. They really do have a safehouse with a separate entrance, but lately they rarely use it. There is also a communication system with an apartment inside the house.”

“Viewing the registration book showed that there are also Soviet Embassy employees among the visitors, including Ogorodnik. Invoices are sent to the embassy accounting section - such is the rule. The madam, as I told you, is all right, both as a doctor and as a woman! So, if you have any plans, we have a real base.”

“Everything is fine, we will think about it, but later. And now if there are no objections let's order a gin and tonic. I'll buy!”

At the Soviet embassy everything, as they say, took its course. Diplomats and technicians were working. In their leisure time a cobweb of small intrigues was spun. Women did household chores and wandered through the shops in small groups, chatting about all sorts of things concerning the kitchen, and in the evenings at the cinema they watched movies received from Moscow which according to party leaders promoted the maintenance of their ideological convictions. Several times a year they were showed the same movies: *The Kuban Cossacks*, *Jolly*

Fellows, The Tale of the Siberian Land, Swineherd and Shepherd and many others in which many of our remarkable film actors acted, without thinking at all that the plots of many movies didn't match up in any way with the actual situation, which quite often made a depressing impression.

Monthly the Soviet community members dozed during the political studies and then copied each other's notes on the works of "the Marxism-Leninism classics." Everybody knew very well what you had to say where and when; even say one thing and think another, and quite often do things the opposite of what they say.

They gathered in party cliques to celebrate official and family holidays, and some people, hidden from prying eyes, slowly drank and cursed superiors near and far. However, in the small communities where our people lived it was difficult to dissociate oneself from everyone by means of an impermeable screen. At any rate everyone knew almost everything about each other. At least with whom someone spends time and, as they say, what he or she drinks and snacks on.

Gradually, in the Soviet community, a more authentic opinion of Ogorodnik began to form. Many felt that he gave the impression of a man who put his personal interests above all. During his work in Colombia he developed numerous connections, which if truth be known contributed mostly to his own, but not official purposes.

He barely maintained regular friendly relations with the embassy and trade mission staff. He never asked anybody over to his house, as a rule, and if invited, people immediately wondered what Ogorodnik wanted from this guy.

At the same time the controversial case about the car and keeping the government money was gradually forgotten. They also forgave him his situation with women. He began to regain his former position as the indisputable authority in matters of economics and play the gallant gentleman again. And the ambassador tempered justice with mercy. The KGB Rezydentura even came to trust him, using him as a special security courier. It also meant that he gained access to the premises of cryptographers, where the encryption machines were and where, in the specially equipped room, the embassy members acquainted themselves with encrypted telegrams addressed to them. Special security couriers

were appointed by order of the ambassador and granted admission to the premises to persons who were entitled to it. In this case, the KGB Rezidentura made a serious mistake by including Ogorodnik in the draft of the ambassador's order.

However, in fairness it should be noted that all this would not have occurred but for the productivity of his work. He quickly got into the swing of all jobs, did detailed analytical research of information concerning the economy, which was constantly sent to the relevant departments of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of the USSR, and there received a positive evaluation. His performances at various meetings were always distinguished by his profound knowledge of the situation and the question under discussion. He was the generally recognized expert on the economies of Latin America and Colombia in particular, whose opinion even the Ambassador could not ignore.

Once at a chance meeting Olga Serova told Ogorodnik that she would like to talk to him, in her view on an important matter. The opportunity soon presented itself. Nikolay Serov went to the Port of Santa Marta to settle some affairs with a Soviet bulk carrier which came there from Havana. Ogorodnik went to her home. As always, Olga was gentle and tender. During the conversation between them, she said, by the way, that she recently by chance saw him near the Hotel Hilton in a car with Pilar and some Americans. She made out everyone in the embassy car very well, as the car was stopped at a traffic light just a few steps away from her. Everyone was talking and laughing cheerfully. As a loving woman who decided to tie her fate with his, she was not indifferent to whom he spent time with. She sinned against the truth, saying that she was not jealous of Pilar, but meeting with Americans upset her. "And God forbid - she warned - if someone should know about it in the embassy, especially Govorukhin and his company, who always keep track of everything!"

Ogorodnik began to calm her, but, noticing that his arguments were not convincing to her, eventually pointed out that while in Colombia, he was performing secret missions of the KGB Central Apparatus. Olga believed him, but in her heart, there remained some caution. If Aleksandr was really performing any missions of the KGB from Moscow, then at least the leadership of their Rezidentura should know about it. But their

attitude towards Ogorodnik was quite cool. Somehow one thing did not tally with the other.

Seeing that Olga had calmed down a bit, Ogorodnik told her that on that day they went to the area near the Ruiz Volcano. Having left the car on the bank of the Magdalena River, they were accompanied by Indians on horses and travelled several miles into the mountains where local delicacies had been prepared for them in advance near picturesque waterfalls surrounded by exotic vegetation. They admired the beauty of the mountains and vultures soaring in the sky. Although it was tempting, they did not swim in the Magdalena River, as they had been warned that it is often possible to meet a South American crocodile – a Cayman.

In conclusion Ogorodnik asked Olga not to come back to this question, because he didn't have the right to give her more information, and she must never tell anyone about it.

Nikolay Serov's tour of duty ended in the fall of 1975.

Aleksandr Ogorodnik and Olga Serova agreed to meet in Moscow and finally resolve the question of his divorce with his wife, and her - with her husband and to register for marriage.

During one of the meetings in Pilar's villa, where Aleksandr, as usual, arrived by taxi, she suggested he go with her to the ranch. Documents for its purchase were already in the registration stage. Pilar asked how he felt in general about this type of farming, and if he wanted to ever try his hand at such a matter: in fact, to have a ranch - this occupation being more male than female. Ogorodnik half-jokingly said that, basically, even though he was a pure urbanite, agriculture and animals were not alien to him at all. He might even try his hand at this life style, but his modest financial situation would not allow him to do it. Pilar also jokingly said that the main thing, after all, is a desire, and it is possible to earn money.

They agreed that they would go there as soon as he found enough time for such a trip.

A few days later Ogorodnik called Pilar, and they agreed on a meeting place in the city. The trip to the ranch on a good road took a little time. It was about 120-150 kilometers from Bogota, somewhere on the border of the Departments of Cundinamarca and Tolima, on the

picturesque banks of the Magdalena River already known to Ogorodnik in the valley between the Central and Eastern Cordilleras, where on the left rose inaccessible peaks, and on the right stretched the flattened mountain expanse covered with fields and subtropical vegetation. The landscape was spoiled a little by oil derricks and burning torches seen in the distance.

The ranch was quite well-kept and not like what Ogorodnik expected to see, remembering American cowboy movies with herds of horses, herds of cows and flocks of sheep. It belonged to an elderly Spaniard, some distant relative of Pilar, named Jose. Jose was in a semi-European suit and wide-brimmed hat. Apparently, he had been waiting for his guests. In the center of the homestead, to which a decent road led, stood a two-story house with a balcony which surrounded the entire second floor. There were lots of flowers and at some distance there were palms and broad-leaved bananas. A vineyard and small plantations with coffee, corn, cassava and other crops adjoined them. Within walking distance to the field a few cows and humpback zebras were grazing and in the spacious barn there was agricultural equipment. Some animals also lived there. Several hundred meters away the Magdalena River carried its waters to the Caribbean Sea.

After a rather superficial examination of the property and a short trip by car through the terrain, framed on borders with trees, cactuses and thorny bushes and teeming with birds and monkeys, Jose and his wife treated the guests to homemade wines and dishes of their kitchen, and then all drank coffee with ice cream together and talked about worldly affairs. Here, on the plain, it already felt that you were below Bogota, located above sea level by about two and a half thousand meters. Although Ogorodnik's sensation of altitude in the last year had lessened considerably, he breathed here much easier.

Pilar closely observed what effect the ranch and its surroundings produced on Ogorodnik and then asked if he would like to be a co-owner. Thinking it over, Ogorodnik replied that although it was generally quite tempting he was not exactly mad about the idea. Instead of lying quietly in a lounge chair, a rancher must work from dawn to dusk as it is necessary to work like an ordinary farmer, tirelessly earning his bread. Well, and how do you combine it with the scientific work and lifestyle of

the intellectual? Pilar said that the ranch would not prevent him from living the same way as before: many scientists have such estates where they rest their soul. And salaried workers could work in the field, especially since in these places they are not so expensive. The most important thing was to get a steady income: in a normal society that is all. In general, you just have to monitor the establishment's profitability. She decided for herself a long time ago that a ranch would be a place of rest for her, and she would prefer to rest together only with him and nobody else!

They returned to Bogota in the evening. At the embassy nobody had noticed Ogorodnik's absence. Going to bed, he thought that if he continued to eat so much, he could not avoid getting fat. He would have to go back on a diet.

The evening cool fell on Bogota. The city flashed with the bright lights of advertisements. The Hilton Hotel.

Ronald, John and Pilar Suarez Barcala nestled in easy chairs in the suite.

"Well, how was your trip with Sasha to the ranch, and how did he respond to your offer?"

"I'm pretty sure that Sasha, perhaps surprisingly, is of a Western mind. He loves money, as it largely allows him to be free and satisfy his desires, the range of which, as I have noticed, is quite extensive. His egoism is close to extreme self-centeredness. He's very worried that at his age he has not reached any considerable heights either in science or in his diplomatic field, though he doesn't like to speak on this subject. I have no doubt about the fact that he is an intelligent person who to a certain extent is gifted. In our scientific world with the known initial support he could build, if not a head-turning career, then one that would provide him life at a quite decent level. Especially if he becomes my husband!"

"Pilar! Lovely woman! We all love you very much and value you! We as well as our Center have a very high opinion of you. And we all want your personal life to be as good as possible. We know that you care about Sasha, and he loves you. But now we are talking about something else. We need an information source not in the Soviet embassy, and not just in Moscow, but in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of the USSR. And

we have to do everything possible to carry out the mission headquarters gave us. We have everything: money and the target to use it for. And it is already quite possible to talk with Sasha about the main thing: he will hardly dodge it as he is in our hands. We are not opposed to your relationship, but you must wait. After a year or two they will let him go abroad again to one of the Spanish-speaking countries - perhaps even your homeland to Spain. And then you can do anything you wish. Well, do you agree with us?"

"Ron, it hurts me to hear that. You do realize what two years, or maybe two or three means for a woman of my age? But for the sake of the case, contrary to my wishes, I have to agree with your opinion: I simply have no other way."

"Pilar, be sure, headquarters will reward you with what you have earned. By the way, have you already put down the money for the ranch?"

"So far, only partially - for the preliminary registration of the sale contract and to the lawyer."

"Don't hurry with it. If you really need this ranch, we will settle everything."

"Thanks, Ron, but after all, it is so sad."

"John, where is the champagne? Where is the dinner with the Pacific delicacies we ordered? I can't bear to see Pilar with a sad face!"

"Ron, everything has already been ordered. The waiter from the restaurant is waiting for our call."

"Call him now! Pilar, please have a seat!"

Chapter 5

It is getting dark. At the same high-rise Hilton Hotel.

The apartment suites. Ronald and the CIA executive Nils, who has arrived from Washington. He is a tall, brown-haired man, about fifty years old, with gray temples, massive chin and forceful features.

“The information that you told me, Ron, gives me even more confidence. Our business discussion should take place according to the rules of golf: only the person who is self-assured will win. There is no need to worry about Pilar. With a favorable outcome, and I’m sure of it, we will pay all her bills for the ranch plus lawyer expenses. She has earned it. Besides, we also need to increase her monthly salary. I do not remember her category as an agent, but you understand this yourself, it is within your power. By the way, we intended to send her to Spain for a while, but now we have to wait at least until the target’s departure. What’s your evaluation of John?”

“John is a good guy. Not quite a star from the sky, but a diligent performer. He's done quite a lot of fruitful work and really deserves encouragement. He knows the situation here well. After all, as you remember, this is his second tour in Colombia. A good family man and kind Catholic. Here such things are appreciated...”

Pilar and Ogorodnik enter.

Ogorodnik was a little surprised to see the stranger, and Pilar, excusing herself, leaves.

Ronald suggests that Aleksandr sit down, and introduces Nils as a great and old friend, who arrived here from Washington for a few days. Meanwhile, the waiter enters and sets the table.

After dinner and coffee, Nils said that he flew in from Washington specially to talk to Ogorodnik about a serious subject. He emphasized that he knew a lot about Aleksandr as a high-class specialist and as a human. He was also known for his progressive views and critical attitude towards the totalitarian communist regime in the Soviet Union. He also knew that Ogorodnik was underestimated in his job at the embassy, just as he was underestimated in the past at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. And representatives of Soviet security organs are weaving intrigues against him. The dangerous confrontation on a global scale that has

arisen in the world between Western democracy and communist aggression is a serious threat to mankind. At any moment, as during the Caribbean Crisis, they may be on the verge of a destructive Third World War. And now it is important for each intellectual and progressive person to determine his position, either calmly watch as the world heads for disaster, or fight for its prevention.

Nils also said that he was an official at the US Central Intelligence Agency and on behalf of his leadership was authorized to offer him, Aleksandr Ogorodnik, secret cooperation in the joint struggle against aggressive Soviet totalitarianism. At the same time, he stressed that he did not expect an immediate response from Ogorodnik to this proposal; he could think it over at least until tomorrow. Naturally, in acknowledgement of his cooperation and the common beneficial work performed he would be paid a generous benefit in American dollars, which he could chose to receive in cash or by agreement with Ronald, money would be transferred to an account at a bank in Colombia or the United States. In addition, while working in Moscow, he would also receive cash compensation in Soviet currency. Station officers at the American Embassy would transfer money to him. At the same time, of course, the strictest secrecy would be observed.

They would guarantee security for him, and moreover, he would receive special training in Colombia. In the future he would be provided with American citizenship, given the relevant documents, and at his discretion, he could engage in research or other activities in the United States.

Ogorodnik, listening silently to Nils, frantically considered the current situation. For him it was not a secret that this conversation was a logical continuation of his acquaintance with Ronald, John, and Pilar. He previously predicted the subsequent course of events, though, but did not want to admit it to himself. He also knew that in case he refused the proposal he inevitably would have very serious troubles and his career as a diplomat would end forever. In sum, he would lose too much if he didn't agree to cooperate with them.

After a long pause, during which Nils and Ronald were watching him, Ogorodnik said he did not need to think about the proposal for long and expressed his readiness to cooperate with the CIA. Nils, without

hiding his satisfaction with the results of their conversation, suggested from now on, for secrecy, Ogorodnik would be called by the codename TRIANON - "three times anonymous." Ogorodnik did not object.

Then they drank champagne and talked about the work ahead. Nils was interested in the structure of the KGB at the Soviet Embassy and the work of military attaches. He was satisfied with Ogorodnik's answers. Upon completion of their conversation they agreed on the next meeting, at which they would discuss a plan for further joint actions.

John, waiting for him in the hotel parking lot, drove Ogorodnik home, or to be exact, to the area of his residence.

After Ogorodnik left, Nils and Ronald, and then when John joined them, drank some whiskey to toast the birth of the new CIA agent - TRIANON. The classic version of recruitment had taken place. The agreement of cooperation was reinforced with a statement listing information of operational interest. All these were recorded with the aid of technical equipment.

At home, lying in his bed with eyes wide open, Ogorodnik thought long about the conversation at the hotel. He was flattered that an important executive of the US Central Intelligence Agency came to him personally and made an offer on behalf of his leadership. The prospect of a generous cash allowance also could not but impress him, judging, among other things, that he was highly appreciated, and he had been tagged as a person capable of making a significant contribution to the fate of world politics. Was it not his cherished dream? On the other hand, there was also a deadly danger of exposure...

The next evening, he wrote in his diary: "I have never worried so much as yesterday; now I'm a person who decided for himself long ago that I would not die by growing decrepit in bed ... I suddenly began to fear a danger more than is necessary."

The next meeting with Nils and Ronald took place in the same apartment suites at the Hilton Hotel.

At first, he found only Ronald there. In their conversation they discussed methods of communication, including those in case of an emergency, and they made an approximate schedule of meetings. Ronald suggested that for secrecy they meet in the Hilton as seldom as possible, giving preference to other places about which he would report a bit later. One of them could be the dentist's house, the woman whom

Aleksandr has known for a long time and to whom he goes. There is a second entrance. It can also be used. He will undergo special training there, at a time convenient for him. His relationship with Pilar could remain the same, as Ronald knows that she loves him and would like that they spend time together more often...

Nils came and after a brief greeting asked Ogorodnik about his well-being. He had already reported to Washington about his decision to accept the offer of the CIA guidance, and headquarters sent him their congratulations and best wishes in collaboration for the benefit of peace and democracy. Then, on behalf of the Chief of the Directorate, Nils gave him a fat envelope with dollars. Ogorodnik thanked Nils for his words and money and confirmed his readiness to cooperate.

Next Nils once again emphasized that the personal security of Ogorodnik had paramount significance for his service. Upon his return to the USSR, he should try to get a job which would give him access to summarized classified materials on regional policy of the USSR. In that case he could always count on their help. To communicate with a CIA Station officer in Moscow under United States Embassy cover, appropriate technical means would be transferred to him. Up to his departure, he should pass all information about the Soviet Embassy to Ronald and work under his direction. He should pay special attention to KGB Rezidentura work and to identification of its agents among both Soviet citizens and locals. They also have great interest in the jobs of the embassy cryptographers, their premises, warning devices and operating methods, and the courier service, training, transportation and security of diplomatic courier bags or pouches.

As for future prospects, Nils assured Ogorodnik that he could have, as an American citizen, a scientific job in the United States of America and a good income. The monthly salary to which he is entitled will be transferred into a bank account opened especially for him, and in case of need, cash at his discretion may be handed to him personally by Ronald. All arising issues will be resolved together with Headquarters.

In conclusion, Nils said that tomorrow morning he would return to Washington on a Pan-American flight, where he personally would report to the leadership in detail about everything

After Ogorodnik's meeting with Nils, Pilar told her lover that everything that she did, was associated only with her desire to help him find himself as a fighter for justice and democracy, and that she's still crazy about him and would like always to be with him.

Ogorodnik, in turn, told her that everything that had happened in the last few days had not affected his attitude toward her and he loved her just as much as before.

Pilar was disappointed that they must now appear less frequently together in public places, although this does not mean that they have to meet less often. To be with him is a great joy for her!

At the first meeting with Ogorodnik at the designated place in a small cafe in a Bogota suburb, Ronald continued the conversation over lunch about Soviet Embassy officers. Among others he asked about Fedotov and Bobin. Ogorodnik provided them detailed biographical information. Next Ronald directed Ogorodnik's attention to the need to find out exactly who, when, where and how transfers of money were delivered from Moscow especially to local communists. He emphasized that this information is essential for the Colombian authorities, as part of the money is probably sent to support Marxist guerrillas whose gangs, deployed in remote mountain terrain, terrorize the local population.

Ogorodnik replied that, as far as he knew, the KGB Resident or his deputy deals with all of these and they observe the strictest secrecy during money transfers. The Soviet ambassador knows about such areas of their activity, but it is not likely that he is involved in the procedure even though he maintains ongoing relations with the representatives of the Communist Party of Colombia and its leadership.

Ronald asked about Ogorodnik's contacts in Moscow, especially in circles close to the country's party leadership and the Ministry of Defense of the USSR. Ogorodnik described in detail everything that could interest Ronald on this matter.

They agreed to begin special training and about a meeting in the safehouse at the dentist's office.

The United States Embassy in Bogota.

Ronald is in his office at the CIA Station, writing another message to Headquarters. John enters.

“Ron, accept my congratulations again for the successful beginning of work with TRIANON! You are successful like no other; to be exact, you’re always damned lucky!”

“Thank you, John! But you also deserve credit for all this. I told Nils about it in detail; headquarters also has to know about it. By the way, TRIANON provided fairly interesting information on the Soviet Embassy and its staff. All these bios coincide with our observations, and in addition they contain some new stuff that was previously unknown to us. There is also interesting information on the Rezydentura staff. In general, we knew nothing about many facts provided by him. However, he states the information only in Russian, doing it, however, extremely detailed and accurately, although he can speak Spanish well and pretty good English. If that is convenient for him, so be it. I have already requested that headquarters send an operational Russian language interpreter, and she will arrive next week. Without her here we would be spending too much time muddling in a lot of issues. We were mostly really lucky. As we agreed with Nils, usually I will work with him and in my absence, you will replace me. We will use Pilar as a courier if necessary. Beginning next week, we will begin special training and education of our ward on handling and placing secret caches, also on secret photography using camouflage. I think we will properly train him in Bogota and then it will be easier to work with him in Moscow because it would be too late to learn there. The Soviet KGB Chekists, as they call themselves, also should not be underestimated.”

“But what about Pilar and the ranch?”

“Pilar has to stay here in the West as a lure for him, and headquarters will pay for the ranch and all expenses associated with its acquisition. If TRIANON later marries Pilar it may be in our interest; then the ranch will be their joint property, although I'm not quite sure that they will be very useful to us in Colombia. At the same time, we must not forget that Pilar has wealthy parents in Spain and she is their only heir, and TRIANON knows this. Our interests may easily be moved to that country. But let's not think so far ahead. Meanwhile he has to provide some substance to justify our costs on him. And about cheese, I have already told you that it can be free only in a mousetrap.”

Two months have passed.

Ogorodnik regularly visited the dentist's house once a week and periodically turned in receipts to the embassy accounting department for payment of services rendered. There were not many bills, but one of the officers jokingly noted that he goes to the doctor every week but has turned in only two or three receipts for all that time. Ogorodnik didn't lose his head and replied jokingly that the doctor just loves him and often services him from for free. With this the subject was exhausted.

Another time, someone from the staff began to look for Ogorodnik in the afternoon on some urgent matter. The Embassy duty officer knew that Ogorodnik had gone to the dentist and called there with a request to tell Aleksandr that they were urgently waiting for him at the embassy. A few minutes later Ogorodnik showed up out of breath and a little frightened. He asked the attendant immediately who and why someone was looking for him. When he found out exactly who that person was he calmed down at once.

After these occasions fear lodged in his soul even more deeply.

During his special hands-on training, Ogorodnik grasped the specifics of carrying out dead drop exchanges, placing conditional markings while laying down and extracting caches. He became acquainted with their variations. They usually consisted of hollow junk items: pieces of asphalt, brick or wood. The markings were done using crayons or lipstick. They could be seen from a passing car. Alarm signals were somewhat similar. There were no problems with photography, as Ogorodnik was an amateur photographer. He now had only to learn some technical skills of working with different kinds of miniature cameras with highly sensitive film disguised as lighters, felt-tip pens and other such things. It was possible to take up to sixty pictures on one such roll of film.

The job of decoding digital broadcasts also did not present any particularly difficulty and Ogorodnik handled it easily.

During one such meeting Ronald gave Ogorodnik a substantial fee for his anonymous article, which, according to him, was published in the newspaper *Financial Times*. Almost at the same time he also received fees for his presentations before a small audience at the Colombia Institute of Culture. He, of course, did not know that the money Pilar gave him she had received from Ronald. He did not dare to withdraw

money from his bank account, and there was no need to do so as the earnings were more than enough for his current needs.

He still occasionally met with Olga Serova as he also did not forget his other lovers, but, nevertheless, more often visited Pilar. Olga and Pilar, in his opinion, each had her own good qualities.

A month later, Serov's family had to return to Moscow.

He had already decided to himself that after arriving home he would divorce Aleksandra and marry Olga; otherwise an unmarried person simply wouldn't be given a follow-on assignment abroad.

About two months passed.

The ambassador officially informed Ogorodnik about the forthcoming end of his tour of duty. His replacement was about to depart Moscow. Preparation for departure began.

For a keepsake of their stay in Colombia, he decided to have his picture taken at the famous studio in Bogota "Rudolf." He even remembered the phone number, 49-28-30, since shortly before Olga Serova's departure he called and gave her a lift there. After a preliminary phone call, he came to the studio. The photographs were taken on Kodak film and printed on 12x18 centimeter size paper, at that time such things were not very common with us. The photos were made in two versions. On the one Ogorodnik looked at the world bravely, piercingly, and wisely; on the other he was captured with the fun and frivolous look of a lucky man pleased with himself. He liked both photos though he did not show them to his wife. Two of them he gave to Pilar accompanied with laconic inscriptions. He certainly did not suspect that soon after his departure from Bogota, two plain-clothes police officers would come to the studio "Rudolf", who, to the surprise of the host and in violation of existing rules, would take the two negatives with his image, as well as Olga Serova's negative. There was no doubt for whom they were necessary.

His studies with Ronald had been completed on the day before, and he was quite pleased with them.

Having known about Ogorodnik's forthcoming departure, Ronald alerted him that in the New York Kennedy Airport, where he would arrive on a Pan-American aircraft from Bogota, he would be met in the TWA building by a CIA officer who would give him a Panasonic radio to receive Frankfurt Radio Center broadcasts in Moscow.

Ronald, John and Pilar arranged a farewell dinner for him at the Hotel Hilton. They passed on many flattering words and good wishes to Aleksandr. He was assured that they would always remember him as their good and reliable friend and colleague in the battle. Pilar also added that he would always be the one and only man in her life and she would wait for whenever he came back to her to their ranch. They said goodbye warmly and cordially. All this was done taking Ogorodnik's personal qualities into account, on which the American intelligence officers played skillfully.

On the eve of his departure, the ambassador invited Ogorodnik to come to the same room where he had once talked to him for the first time after his arrival in Bogota. How quickly time flies, but how things have changed since that time! The ambassador thanked him for his work and said that he had signed his efficiency report, which, undoubtedly, would provide him with a job in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs or any other place he wished to work.

Govorukhin also wished him a safe journey and success in his work at the new place, but for a moment it seemed to Ogorodnik that he was thinking about something completely different. However, he soon forgot about it.

Before leaving for the airport, Ogorodnik spent almost the entire night without sleep. For a long time, he pertinaciously analyzed his decision to associate his life with U.S. intelligence and reached the conclusion that he took the only true step. There was practically no alternative, but also there was no special necessity. But now what was waiting for him in Moscow? How would these matters develop there? What job offers would be waiting for him at the MFA Personnel Directorate? Knowing the structure of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, he clearly imagined that his place of work should be, perhaps, only the Directorate for Planning for Foreign Policy Issues (UpVM) at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Only there would there be the information that flows in from all foreign posts of the ministry, which is what the Americans wanted.

Early the next morning he and his wife got to the ramp of the Boeing-727 with a little luggage, and after a few minutes it soared up and after gaining altitude rapidly directed its course to the northwest toward the shores of the other American continent. And after a few

hours, with intermediate stops, they landed at New York's Kennedy Airport.

In New York Ogorodnik was met, as arranged, by Ronald's friends, to be exact, members of the CIA, who gave him the Panasonic radio which provided receipt of broadcasts from the Frankfurt Radio Center in Moscow. He explained to his wife that he had ordered the radio receiver from a catalog and paid for it through one of his American friends in Bogota.

On the same day, having previously sent a telegram to relatives, Ogorodnik and Arutinyan took off for Moscow on an Aeroflot plane. They had to re-cross the Atlantic Ocean, but this time in the other direction, landing in London's Heathrow Airport for refueling.

In Moscow they were met at Sheremetyevo-2 by all those who once had seen them off on their long tour of duty. However, the ordinary-looking major of the Soviet Army had now become a lieutenant colonel, but it did not add stature to him, and the tall man named Nikolay, as it turned out, had become even balder. Everyone was cheerful and happy at Ogorodnik and his wife's return.

No one suspected in what new capacity Aleksandr had returned to his native land.

Part Two

Chapter 1

Speaking of the history of contemporary intelligence services, it should be noted that both intelligence, and counterintelligence which appeared after it, are as old as the world. They basically arose at the dawn of the formation of human society with its endless internecine quarrelling, territorial disputes, wars and all kinds of intrigues, which often did not have significantly serious bases. Apparently, a human is arranged in such way that he doesn't want to live in peace with others. Not for nothing in 1726 the English writer Jonathan Swift in his world-famous work *Gulliver's Travels*, criticizing the mores of his time, not without irony pointed out that the main reason for the fierce war between the Lilliputians was the question of which end of the egg should be broken before eating it.

With the emergence of state entities, the many contradictions between various societies took on an even more pronounced character. The first diplomatic missions began to be used everywhere as a kind of shelter for intelligence operatives that naturally caused a need for counterintelligence security.

It is so regrettable that the creation of Russian counterintelligence is one of the most poorly studied pages in our history. However, it is known that resistance to foreign agents and spies working covertly against Russia began to appear in ancient times.

On the eve of the 20th century, the tasks of a counterintelligence character were resolved in Russia by various government institutions: police department investigative units, provincial gendarme directorates, a border guards' corps, intelligence structures of the Ministry of Defense, and so on. However, activation of activities by foreign intelligence services demanded a new approach to organizing countermeasures to the intelligence efforts of Russia's enemies, of which there were always more than enough.

Russian counterintelligence organs such as a separate state Institution began to take form at the turn of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. It was a time of great scientific discoveries and inventions that

in no small measure found their application in military matters, and thus greatly influenced the state's military doctrine, strategy, and tactics of warfare. In particular, the importance of sudden attack and secrecy in preparing to conduct combat operations increased, which, in turn made it necessary to get intelligence from foreign countries on all matters following from this. Nobody, of course, wanted to give up his secrets. Especially important materials were stored away from prying eyes in secure safes, and to take something out from them was possible only by using the appropriate agents. As a result, the need for intelligence increased sharply.

By the beginning of the last century, Russia with its increasing industrial capacity, which could not but alarm and frighten its competitors in the West and the East, became the target of intensive military espionage by Britain, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Italy, and especially Japan, who was preparing change the balance of forces in the East in its favor.

In this regard Russia's leadership decided to create a separate counterintelligence service. The Executive Office of the Military Registration Committee of the Ministry of Defense General Staff prepared a draft for its creation. On January 20, 1903 the Secretary of War, Adjutant-General A. N. Kuropatkin reported on it to Nicholas II. The Czar, having familiarized himself with the report, added his endorsement: "Agreed." This organization was named the Reconnaissance Section. Its mission was to search for foreign spies and traitors. It was created in an atmosphere of strict secrecy without formal notification to the public about its establishment, because, according to the organizers of this institution, the secret of its existence was one of the basic conditions for successful implementation of its activities. The first head of this department was referred to cryptically as "at the disposal of the Chief of the General Staff."

Captain (*Rotmistr*) Vladimir Nikolayevich Lavrov, an experienced officer of the Russian Secret Police, was chosen for this position and transferred to the military department from his position as Chief of the Tbilisi Security Office. All maintenance costs of the Reconnaissance Section - and they were considerable - were paid for using the caveat "For Use Known to Your Imperial Majesty." Apparently, the Section worked rather effectively. In 1910, the head of the Reconnaissance

Section, who by that time was Colonel V. N. Lavrov, was recommended to receive a high state award for merit "for conducting surveillance of the activities of foreign military attaches in St. Petersburg and the battle against military espionage in this city and its surroundings." However, the lack of counterintelligence organs covering the whole territory of the Russian state could not but influence the effectiveness of the Section. In this regard on June 8, 1911 the Minister of War approved the "Regulations on Counterintelligence Sections" [KRO - *kontrrazvedyvatelnye otdeleniya*]. The Quartermaster General Department [otdel] of the General Staff Chief Directorate then headed their system and the central authority was represented by the St. Petersburg Section of the General Staff, who became the successor of the Reconnaissance Section. Thus, Russian counterintelligence originated on January 20, 1903, and now it is almost 100 years old!

Officially, Russian counterintelligence bodies ceased to exist in its previous form only in May 1922, when the decision was made to establish a Counterintelligence Department [Translator: here KRO - *kontrrazvedyvatel'nyy otdel*] and its local subunits* at the local level within the structure of the central apparatus of State Political Directorate (GPU) organs.

[*Translator comment: *subunit (podrazdeleniye)* has no exact English equivalent. It is a unit or entity which is a part of a larger unit; in military parlance this generally refers to units lower than regiment, e.g. battalion and smaller entities]

Our counterintelligence officers achieved their most significant successes during the Great Patriotic War in the cruel and merciless fight against the intelligence services of Fascist Germany and its allies.

A bit later, the Second Chief Directorate of the KGB USSR, specifically designed for this purpose, began to carry out counterintelligence functions in the country. Its founders were such illustrious organizers and talented leaders as generals Ye. P. Pitovranov, O. M. Griбанov and G. F. Grigorenko, who brought up a whole group of professionals of the highest class. All this couldn't but affect very positively raising the overall level of counterintelligence work that, in turn, contributed to the successful resolution of missions to ensure state security.

In the extremely complicated international situation during the Cold War, when the intelligence services of the opponent stepped up their activities, the Second Chief Directorate perfected its work methods. There were subunits with new functions both directly in the directorate and beyond its boundaries in the form of security services in facilities with possible agent penetration. In 1975 one such service was created in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of the USSR.

The creation of the Security Service did not happen without some difficulties associated with the ambiguity of evaluating its future activities in the leadership circles of the ministry. But eventually Andrey Gromyko gave his consent. After that, a group of operatives led by Col. Mikhail Ivanovich Kuryshev for the first time officially entered into the staffing of one of the ministry departments and occupied the rooms given to them in the building on Smolenskaya Square. Besides this, a number of officers from other units of our department, and also graduates of the higher school of the KGB of the USSR who earlier had graduated from civilian higher education institutions and then undertook language training, were sent to staff the Seventh Department for Work at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs (*Sedmoy otdel po rabote po MID*): Grechayev, Udalov, Shitikov, Leytan, and Molodtsov. It was determined that Kuryshev's communications with the minister on all questions would be carried out through the Deputy Minister, Igor Nikolayevich Zemskov.

A bit later I also was sent to this group from the department against my wishes. Frankly speaking, work in the so-called "Active Reserve*" never impressed me. But there was no alternative. Work on ministry security was also conducted earlier, but with too few forces and "from long range." But a short time after the creation of the security service there were the first, although not very significant, results.

[Translator comment: Officers of the Active Reserve (ODR): officers, generals and admirals of the KGB, sent to work under cover for civilian agencies and institution]

One of the first "surprises" for the minister was that in the process of an in-depth check of one of his counselors, who was scheduled to travel for an important job in the United States with the prospect of his appointment to the position of USSR Representative at the United Nations with the rank of Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary Ambassador,

it was established that actually he had a totally different surname and biographic data.

He was the son of a worshiper of a religion who was exiled to Siberia in 1932, which in those days was serious compromising material. Without registering the relevant documents, he was adopted by an aunt from Leningrad whose husband was a captain in the River Fleet. In his autobiography he wrote that his father "was a captain all his life." And all that would mean nothing. However, it turned out that he had another uncle who had lived in Pyatigorsk before the war, and during the occupation of the city by fascist invaders voluntarily joined the German police and took part in repressions against Soviet citizens. After the city was liberated by our troops he disappeared, and later he was caught and condemned for treasonous activity and given ten years' imprisonment. The uncle was a bit luckier, since he was caught later.

Having hidden everything, the counselor joined the party, and after some time made it into the immediate circle of the minister and became a member of the ministry collegium. His son, after studying in MGIMO, worked in the diplomatic service in one of the Western European countries.

By the order of the Chief Directorate (*Glavk*), Kuryshev briefed I. N. Zemskov on the summary that I had drawn up. Zemskov asked him to leave it for Andrey Gromyko's report.

A bit later, Zemskov told Kuryshev that the Minister silently read the summary for a long time - first without glasses, and then wearing them. A few days later, returning it to Zemskov, said that he did not sleep for almost two nights, causing a great concern in his home environment, and he wondered how this could happen to a person whom he wholeheartedly trusted.

The end of this story was unique. The counsellor was transferred without explanation to a similar position in the Historical and Documentary Directorate. He continued to use the dining room and buffet for the ministry leadership and ordered food there. No other sanctions were applied to him. And even the ubiquitous inquisition body in such cases at that time - the Communist Party Committee - kept silent, apparently having received instructions from above.

Soon after this case, I. N. Zemskov, perhaps executing the will of the minister, expressed a desire to get acquainted with all security

officers, including those who worked in the Seventh Department in the KGB building at F. E. Dzerzhinsky Square.

The meeting took place at the end of the working day in M. I. Kuryshev's office at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. They drank coffee and good brandy, which I procured for this event. Igor Nikolayevich did not fail to approve my choice. For me, it was particularly flattering, as he knew a lot about brandy.

We talked about life and work. Zemskov, having among other qualities a sense of humor, joked a lot and thereby created a relaxed atmosphere. Later, he told Kuryshev, with whom he had established a good and trusting relationship, that he liked his guys: "They are nice people with open and bright faces, and it is pleasant to deal with them."

But not everybody in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs had such an opinion. Once Mikhail Ivanovich told me that he by chance learned from one of the eyewitnesses that one of the deputy ministers in his entourage made a quite inappropriate statement against him with such content: "This Lt. Colonel (*"polkash"*) Kuryshev – he's a wolf in sheep's clothing! Most of all you should be afraid of his imposing boys in white shirts - gray wolves, too!" Kuryshev didn't hide that he was unhappy after hearing such words but did not return to this matter. It was especially a pity for him, for a soldier who was covered cruelly with wounds in the war, that these words were heard from an official's lips who all his life danced around receptions and in warm offices.

It so happened that in 1977, on occasion of the 100th anniversary of the birth of Felix Dzerzhinsky, by request of the KGB a commemorative souvenir medal was minted with his image. It was handed to a quite narrow circle of people, also including the leadership of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

Mikhail Ivanovich was asked, on behalf of the Chairman of the USSR KGB Yuri V. Andropov, to present these medals to all deputy ministers of Foreign Affairs. But it turned out that he had failed to fully comply with this order and at the last minute went to a sanatorium. Then the leadership of the Chief Directorate suggested I do it since at that time I substituted for him, and to pass on - not present the medals to the other persons, including the deputy who made the above remarks towards Kuryshev and his staff, as Kuryshev, whose position in the

Ministry of Foreign Affairs was a counselor, and I was only a second secretary.

Not really understanding in this case the levels of official positions, the Deputy Minister accepted the medal from my hands and in the presence of his administration solemnly declared:

“I ask you, Igor Konstantinovich, to give the Chairman of the USSR KGB Comrade Y. V. Andropov my deep appreciation and gratitude for this sign of sublime attention and to assure him that we, Soviet diplomats, will always stand shoulder to shoulder in unbroken ranks with Soviet security officers on guard for the interests and security of our great state of workers and peasants... “

It was a classic example of self-righteous Pharisaism.

I could not, of course, give his words to Y.V. Andropov, as I was not in good stead with him, so I reported his request to the Chief, Major General Vyacheslav Yervandovich Kevorkov. He, as I noticed during the report, smiled quite sarcastically but said nothing, and turned the conversation to another topic.

The Chief of the Seventh Department, Vyacheslav Kevorkov, deserves to be discussed in detail. A native of Moscow, since 1945, after graduating from the Military Institute of Foreign Languages, he worked in Berlin as an interpreter for the Allied Military Government in Germany. He served in the General Staff of the Soviet Army. In the late 50s, he was assigned to the KGB, where he began to work as an operational officer in the counterintelligence system. In 1969, by direct order of the KGB Chairman, he established a secret communications channel between the leadership of the USSR and FRG, and until 1982 served as a liaison officer. In the same year, he retired with the rank of Major General, and then held the position of the Deputy General Director of TASS. Beginning at the end of 1991 he headed the ITAR-TASS bureau in Germany.

An expert operational worker, Vyacheslav Kevorkov was distinguished by his high culture and brilliant erudition. Due to these qualities, plus his congenial democratic character and decency, he enjoyed immutable authority and respect within the team staff. He was deputy head of the department for a long time, and then chief.

Working under the guidance of the KGB Chairman Yuri Andropov on the communications channel between the Soviet Union top leaders and the leadership of Germany represented by its Chancellor Willy Brandt and later Helmut Schmidt, Vyacheslav Kevorkov, along with journalist Vladimir Lednev, greatly contributed to the successful management of the negotiations on the preparation and conclusion of the Moscow Peace Accords that put an end to the condition of war in Europe. Knowing excellent German, he was a key figure of this channel from the Soviet side.

Vyacheslav Kevorkov later recounted all this in his book *The Secret Channel*. At that time, only the leadership of the Seventh Department and a limited number of officers who were working on the German line knew about the existence of all this.

However, the many years of fruitful work of Vyacheslav Kevorkov under the personal guidance of the KGB Chairman Yuri V. Andropov contributed not only to the growth of his authority among those informed of his activity, but for various reasons also caused a spiteful attitude towards him by certain heads of the Committee and, in particular, some Deputies of the Chairman.

The GDR Ministry of State Security (STASI), led by Erich Mielke, also jealously watched Vyacheslav Kevorkov during his stay in the capital of the German Democratic Republic and West Berlin. As a matter of fact, the party leadership of the German Democratic Republic did not always approve of a lot of things that the "elder brother" did in its interests. Erich Honecker and his predecessor Walter Ulbricht had their own opinion of the fate of the German people and prospects of relations with the Federal Republic of Germany. Categorically considering themselves as "leaders of the entire working class of Germany," they did their best to exaggerate their role in the historical perspective of Germany development and did not miss a chance to sharpen the political situation there. A political crisis in Germany was managed with participation of Erich Honecker, caused by a compromise unfavorable toward Chancellor Willy Brandt, who enjoyed great respect and authority not only in Germany, but also abroad. The upshot was that he had to retire. In undermining the position of Brandt, a considerable role was played by GDR Ministry of State Security officer Captain Guillaume, embedded in his office. In fairness it should be noted that the special

services of this republic succeeded in obtaining information on all questions interesting them. It came to the point that they, as it turned out very recently, monitored telephone conversations of Chancellor Helmut Kohl and knew practically everything about the internal party life of the ruling Christian Democratic Party.

In the aforementioned book, Vyacheslav Kevorkov writes that in one of the conversations on the leadership telephone communications line, Yuri V. Andropov said: "The development of our relations with the Federal Republic of Germany using the direct channel between the leaders of both countries took place right in front of our German friends, which caused them nothing but distrust and irritation. This also included our relationship with Lednev. My conversations with Mielke didn't change the situation. We have become an eyesore in our relationship with our German friends that can't occur in the future. You're not a stupid person and should understand that, in spite of all your merits, because of you nobody will quarrel with the leadership of the GDR."

"It became obvious," he says further, "that the information coming primarily from East Berlin that Andropov from time to time passed to me, that because of their long-term association with the West Germans, Lednev and Kevorkov had changed their political sympathies from the East to the West, which had an impact."

And on this note the secret channel ceased its existence.

In the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of that time the situation was very peculiar. Everything was subordinated to the one person heading it. What did the minister order? What will the minister say about it? We can't say that the entire support administration worked for the minister, but the head of the subunit that enjoyed his special favor took special care both of him and for members of his family every day, especially his wife - Lydia Dmitriyevna, who, according to eyewitnesses, had exerted serious influence on the placement of diplomatic personnel in her husband's Ministry for many decades. In addition, she was a great lover of various kinds of gift offerings, especially when traveling abroad. Not accidentally, in the same book Vyacheslav Kevorkov noted about her, not without humor, "Her (L. D. Gromyko) invasions on the Soviet Embassy - mainly, in the industrialized countries - were perceived by employees of these offices and their heads as a disaster, comparable

only to long-term drought and crop failure in a moderately developed agrarian country.”

Looking at some of the leaders, their subordinates also didn't doze. Once we received information from the Foreign Counterintelligence Directorate of the First Chief Directorate (FCD) that before departing to Moscow after finishing his tour of duty, the Consul General in the city of Santiago de Cuba misappropriated, or simply stole four tires from a state-owned Zhiguli, packed them into his belongings and sent them to Leningrad by a passing cargo ship. This was reported in an encrypted message received at the USSR Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Of course, catching thieves and pilferers was not a direct duty of the security services, but it was necessary somehow to react to the message.

It was suggested that I contact Deputy Minister Igor Nikolayevich Zemskov about this issue. He, as always, graciously accepted me - he always addressed to me as a "namesake" - and asked me to help the Ministry investigate this question, which I promised to do.

A message was sent to the Leningrad KGB Directorate to check for the existence of tires in the household goods shipment of the former consul general, using x-ray equipment.

I prepared this message together with a recent graduate of the F. E. Dzerzhinsky Higher School of the KGB USSR, Vladimir Igoryevich Grechayev, who before this often carried out some of my assignments and distinguished himself as a thoughtful, observant and capable worker. He already had some life experience and seniority. He was married to very sweet and vigorous woman. He and his wife Ira raised two boys, naughty and fidgety rascals. Thanks to his quiet, open and balanced character and diligence, he quickly adapted to the new team.

After a few days an answer was received from Leningrad: the cargo ship arrived, and the tires were found in one of the boxes of his shipment. This was reported to Zemskov. According to his instructions, a commission was set up from members of the staff of the Personnel Directorate to carry out the relevant proceedings.

Upon arrival of the shipment at the Leningrad Train Station freight yard, the opening of the shipment was to be performed in the presence of the former consul general and members of the commission. However, he persuaded them to transfer this process to the courtyard of the Ministry on Smolenskaya Square.

After arrival there, the former consul general asked the committee members to wait a bit, as allegedly he intended to meet again about the issue with one of the leading members of the ministry. Members of the commission, suspecting nothing, left the truck to take a smoke in the fresh air. Meanwhile, the vehicle suddenly rushed away from that spot and disappeared around the corner. When the pickup truck came back approximately a half hour later, it turned out that one of the boxes had been opened and the contents had almost completely disappeared. The motor pool driver explained that he felt an attack of thirst and seeing that he had a little time decided to go to the dairy shop at Plotnikov Lane to drink a bottle of kefir. While he was away from the vehicle, "unknown assailants" got into the car, opened the box and stole something from it. The discouraged personnel officers immediately reported this to Zemskov.

The phone rang, and I got a new task - to investigate the incident immediately. Grechayev and I left for the scene, carefully inspected the area around the dairy shop building on Plotnikov Lane and found tire marks of the pickup truck and a Volga automobile on the ground in the yard and under the arch. We only needed to find the car carrying the shipment at the 6th Motor Pool (Taxi Park).

Grechayev and I went there immediately. Under the guise of Moscow Criminal Investigation Department officers, we examined all pickup vehicles at open parking with the consent of the administration and found the one in which the shipment of the former consul general was transported. We found chips from the box, nails, and scraps of the Cuban newspaper *Granma*. We opened it quickly, using available tools such as a crow bar. To our chagrin, it turned out that the driver Nikolayev, who had worked on this car, was out on a round, and would arrive back at the garage, as we were told at the dispatching office, no earlier than 23:00. We had to wait for him in the same pickup. We were dressed lightly, so both Grechayev and I were chilled. Finally, Nikolayev appeared.

It was already late; all service rooms of Taxi Fleet administration were closed, and we had to settle for some cubbyhole at the club stage. For lack of suitable chairs to use I defiantly sat down on something like a table and our conversation began.

We introduced ourselves to him as staff of the Moscow Criminal Investigation Department. Earlier I had warned Volodya that I, as a "cop", would behave rudely and without much class. At the same time, I told him about an unfortunate event that happened to me. A few years ago, working in Minsk, one night at the police station I happened to have talked with two hard-currency prostitutes who had been detained, without giving a sign that I was really interested not in them, but in their foreigner friends. I was in my tie and addressed them with the formal "you" and treated them to cigarettes. As it later became known, they immediately guessed that they were dealing not with the police, but with a KGB officer. It had no consequences, but it was a good lesson for the future.

Nikolayev was a quite pleasant tall guy. In the past he had served in the airborne troops. But he behaved with an extreme lack of candor. However, under the pressure of an impressive tirade of not exactly literary language, after ten or fifteen minutes he "cracked." He told me that this whole "operation" had been planned by the former consul general and his son, who as it turned out later was an instructor at the USSR Ministry of Internal Affairs Academy, a Major with higher legal education. The son, in his Volga, secretly accompanied the pickup truck all the way from the Leningrad Train Station to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and then they, as agreed, met in the dairy shop, where one of the boxes was hacked open with the participation of his "offspring", and then they put the four tires taken from it into the car of the consul general's son. The driver of the pickup truck was paid two hundred rubles. After a few minutes Nikolayev was writing his account. He was so upset with the incident and demoralized that he constantly asked permission to drink at least a sip from the port wine bottle which he still had in the car. Such permission was given, but only after he wrote his account and signed the protocol. Considering his sincerity, we did not inform the motor pool administration about the incident with Nikolayev.

Digressing from the main topic I would like to note that later when it was necessary in his work, Volodya Grechayev successfully played the role of a police officer. But as a rule, he was the "benevolent and intelligent" guy. Although I'm sure that if the situation demanded, he could undergo a transformation.

The next morning I reported the results of the investigation we conducted to the Department leadership and it was communicated to I. N. Zemskov.

The former consul general was not reprimanded, and, as was planned, he was put out to pasture. In quite a performance he beat his breast and repeated, "I had sixteen commendations from the Minister of Foreign Affairs." But how much he stole from the state during this time remained a mystery. And he didn't give back the tires. His son continued to teach students at the USSR Ministry of Internal Affairs Academy "logical reasoning."

Once Kuryshev told me that, according to information obtained from the Directorate of Foreign Intelligence, the text of Andrey Gromyko's speech at a session of the UN General Assembly, held in New York, became known to the French delegation in advance, and then also to the UK. He instructed me and Volodya Molodtsov to investigate this matter, but it soon became apparent that to delineate the range of individuals who had access to this document was practically impossible. We were in a deadlocked situation. The translation department, which was headed by a lady named Babkina, was almost a revolving door. Only one thing was clear: since a text correction of the minister's speech, which he made while working on the document on the flight going to the United States, was missing from the French and British copies, the leak occurred in Moscow. The question of involvement of one of the employees of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in the leakage of the information hung in the air.

Meanwhile, in April 1975, in the Colombian capital city of Bogota in one of the Hilton Hotel rooms, Ronald and Pilar, who are already known to the reader, discussed issues related to documents for the ranch purchase for Pilar and TRIANON. According to instructions of CIA headquarters the purchase-and-sale contract should be executed for Pilar, and the subsequent sharing of the land and property located thereon is guaranteed for TRIANON, about which he would be informed through channels available to headquarters.

"Pilar, I think you will have no objections to this matter, especially as all your additional expenses will also be paid. As for Sasha, as I told you,

he is fine. In Moscow, he works in the right place and regularly sends you greetings.”

“Thank you, Ron, I'm glad for our common success and that Headquarters is taking care of Sasha and me. But in my heart, it's still a little disturbing. I would like to fly home for a few days and visit my parents to get away from it all and unwind a bit.”

“Pilar, I understand you well. Work is work, but human feelings cannot be changed. I have nothing against a trip to Spain. I wish you good luck in everything. Finish up all your affairs quickly. I'll wait for your phone call.”

Chapter 2

The office of the Chief of the Security Service of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs USSR in the high-rise building on Smolenskaya Square. From the windows a panoramic view of the capital opens up. In the haze the Kremlin Towers and the Bell Tower of Ivan the Great can be seen. The Chief of Security Service, Colonel Mikhail Ivanovich Kuryshev, is talking to one of his officers:

“Yuri Aleksandrovich, more than two months ago we received information on the Soviet community in Colombia from the Directorate of Foreign Counterintelligence of the First Chief Directorate which deserves close operational attention. We have more information on this issue today. Having familiarized myself with the work you have performed on this notification, I have come to the conclusion that you didn't attach much importance to it, and the plan of primary action you've drawn up is purely formal and suffers from serious shortcomings; and its possible implementation, frankly speaking, does not promise us any prospects for the future. I, of course, take into account that you are busy with other matters, but in any case, you need to be able to recognize what is important, the most significant things, and to focus your main efforts there. You evidently did not do this. Therefore, please send all your materials to Igor Konstantinovich, who will deal with this issue. I spelled this out in my resolution based on additional information we received.”

“Mikhail Ivanovich, I will not make excuses, since in my daily routine I really did not pay due attention to this alert. I will give all materials with your instructions to Igor Konstantinovich today.”

Kuryshev immediately called me at the Department on the operational communications phone.

“Igor Konstantinovich, in June 1975, the Directorate of Foreign Counterintelligence of the First Chief Directorate passed us information about violations of behavior standards of Soviet citizens abroad by individual employees of our embassy in Bogota. Considering the activities of the special services of the enemy in Colombia, they suggest that these people could have come within the field of view of American intelligence, and in all probability a recruiting approach was made to one

of them. No member of the Soviet community in Colombia has given a statement of such a fact to the Soviet ambassador or the KGB Rezidentura. In their opinion, two officers and one family member could be important targets. In the additional materials which arrived in August, one other surname was given. Yuri Aleksandrovich will transfer these materials to you today along with my decision. Please examine them and report the plan of action to me.”

“Mikhail Ivanovich, I understand you. But is it really worth transferring these materials to me? Yuri Aleksandrovich is a skilled operational officer who has worked “under cover” for many years and knows the Ministry of Foreign Affairs well. He knows the ropes!”

“Igor Konstantinovich, all this is certainly true, but I believe that it will be better if you handle this case personally. Besides, you will look at the materials with fresh eyes.”

“Mikhail Ivanovich, everything is clear! Sailors, as they say, have no questions.”

“So we are in agreement. Good luck!”

On October 29, 1975 I opened an operational investigation case about a possible recruitment approach of U.S. intelligence to an officer of the Soviet Embassy in Colombia under the codename CAIMAN and made up a plan of action. I have always regarded the selection of aliases very seriously and meticulously, and in this case, I chose it as symbolic, since a caiman is a kind of alligator which is found only in Latin America, and the targets came from there. M. I. Kuryshev studied the plan and approved it.

We needed to identify and verify in a short space of time, in accordance with operational records, persons who had worked at the Soviet Embassy and other foreign offices in Colombia in 1974-1975, with particular emphasis on studying individuals who showed up in the records of the Directorate of Foreign Intelligence of the FCD. The following persons were identified as targets of operational investigation of the CAIMAN case with the assignment of corresponding aliases:

AGRONOM - Second Secretary of the Soviet Embassy in Colombia Ogorodnik, A. D. In the past he had contact with KGB organs and was registered under the alias Dmitriyev. During his tour abroad he was

promiscuous, showed elements of money-grubbing, and had uncontrolled meetings with the Americans. Currently back in the USSR;

BOB - Senior Officer of the Embassy Bobin, N. V. He and his wife abused alcohol constantly, often quarreled and almost came to blows, and displayed tendencies for money-grubbing. BOB's wife violated behavior rules for Soviet citizens abroad, bought things in local stores on credit, and maintained contact of a doubtful nature with one of the local doctors. A number of unexplained events were observed in her behavior. Both have returned to the USSR;

FYODOR - Embassy administrative officer Fedotov, A. I. In rooms vulnerable to interception he repeatedly expressed dissatisfaction with his official position, since he was not a diplomat in the truest sense of the word and spoke of his desire to work for the KGB but was later denied, which also caused negative emotions. He has returned to the USSR.

All four of the above-mentioned persons are now established in their new job positions. Three of them are at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of the USSR.

A month later, Mikhail Kuryshev asked how the implementation of the plan for the CAIMAN case was going.

I reported that so far, I had nothing special to brag about. A lot of grunt labor had been done, in which I had involved Vladimir Igoryevich Grechayev, who came into our organization rather recently and expressed the opinion that it would be beneficial to him, as he would get acquainted with the process of handling development, as they say, from the ground up. He is a conscientious and intelligent guy. Although before our school he graduated from the Bauman Moscow Higher Technical School, he has begun to understand jurisprudence and cases rather well.

The only thing that so far deserves attention, I said, is the fact that every time FYODOR leaves the building at the Consular Directorate of the Ministry where he works, he carefully, though sometimes clumsily checks around, apparently trying to detect external surveillance.

I also noted another thing. We received information earlier that BOB's wife, who already had a higher education, asked her mother, who was living in Moscow, to help her after her return to enroll by any means in the Law School at Moscow State University to study criminology and

psychology. If necessary, she guaranteed bribes. It puzzled me a little, and I guess this could mean it was a whim or something more serious.

I inquired about the results of our request for extension of surveillance on at least one suspect.

Kuryshv replied that he had already talked to the Deputy Chief of the *Glavk* [Second Chief Directorate], Vitaliy Konstantinovich Boyarov, about this question, but, according to him, it is now almost impossible since the *Glavk* is big and other departments also have targets of operational interest, so allocation is tight. Therefore, he suggested we make up the lack of external surveillance with the use of other, no less effective capabilities, which often give us even more interesting information.

Let us also note that Vitaliy Boyarov started working in the KGB in 1945. Until 1962, he served in KGB Ukraine counterintelligence. He was sent to Moscow in the job position of Chief of the Foreign Intelligence Department. Later he was the Deputy Resident of the KGB London Rezidentura. In 1965 he was declared persona non grata. At the Center he worked in the Directorate of Foreign Counterintelligence of the First Chief Directorate. From the beginning of 1970 he was the Deputy Chief of the Second Chief Directorate, and later named First Deputy. He was a man with great life and operational experiences. He was a talented organizer and an erudite and thoughtful man with a broad outlook. His favorite pastime was playing tennis.

I told Mikhail Ivanovich that I would like to make an addition to the existing plan, namely to resume contact with Ogorodnik on behalf of the KGB, but this time it would be cover that would allow us to better feel him out while socializing, to study him more deeply as a person, and to check the objectivity of information on the issues that are already well known to us. Specific prerequisites for this, in my opinion, are available. And the main thing among them is the fact that both of us in the past were sailors, love the sea, and sailing.

In reply Kuryshv said that the proposal was quite good, and he rather agreed with it. But he would still think it over and consult with the authorities, and then we would decide.

By May 1976 the situation with BOB, his wife and FYODOR was clarified.

A thorough check of BOB and his wife, through our sources and objectively using operational and technical means, showed a low probability of their belonging to enemy intelligence services.

In this regard it is important to emphasize that I have always adhered to the principle of not rushing to judgement, that one action or other of the person of interest may be suspicious to us, and up to a certain moment I consider that it simply makes no sense. As a rule, in the course of subsequent checks everything falls into place and is quite explainable. For this purpose, only time and certain efforts were necessary. Young operational officers also were accustomed to it.

The situation with FYODOR also was becoming clear. The thunderstorm of Voronezh hooligans, Komsomol leader and former neighborhood order volunteer (*druzhinnik*), had made friends with the "green serpent." Each time he left the Consular Directorate building on his lunch break - I note, by the way, that to come back after the established lunch time was far from the general rule - he went to a nearby kebab house or dumpling bar and "had a shot" there.

From a surveillance report: "He bought a glass of soda water at the dispenser near the kebab house on Smolenskaya Square and looked around carefully several times. It was noticeable that the party being observed strongly blushed."

Judging by the reaction that ensued, somewhere else the day before he drank a few more than he should have. He checked out quite normally; "the envoy of the Lenin Komsomol" apparently did not have a great desire to show his weakness among his fellow workers.

After carefully analyzing all incoming operational materials on BOB and his wife, as well as FYODOR, I was forced to conclude that these people both with their professional level and behavior abroad could hardly be of interest to American intelligence. After all, the recruitment of this or that person isn't an end in itself and should be subject to the real possibility of obtaining classified information and, in addition, have a degree of reliability as a potential partner with his purely human qualities. What about BOB? The shadow of his father's glory fell in a certain way on him, the son of the famous hockey player that in general involuntarily affected his relationships with others, upon whom he looked with a sense of superiority. A lot of things developed in his life that were not like ordinary, normal people. Take at least his admission to college with

daddy's help. From an intellectual point of view his circles of friends were far from the best society. And then the binge drinking of his father, which ended with suicide. Naturally, his wife was of the same sporting bohemian clan. In her social groups she behaved arrogantly and bragged about some incredible relationships in Moscow. She had maintained a liaison of doubtful character with a local Colombian gynecologist.

As for FYODOR, he was, as they say, a man from the boondocks. He lived and worked in Voronezh, was a Komsomol activist and an active neighborhood order volunteer. Once, on duty in the city, he got a serious knife wound during the arrest of a malicious bully. This fact in itself certainly deserves respect. For active work in the Komsomol he was chosen to study at the Moscow State Institute of International Relations, upon termination of which he was directed first to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of the USSR, and then as an administrative assistant to the Soviet Embassy in Colombia. The position, frankly speaking, was unenviable, and considering his merits, he expected something much greater. It was no secret to him that many former Komsomol activists, not to mention party, often lacking the necessary credentials quickly occupied high positions in ministries and institutions. In addition, during his study at the Institute, before his graduation, he was even interviewed for a possible job placement in state security organs which, in principle, was a common phenomenon also in other higher educational institutions. However, the matter for unknown reasons ended with this conversation. He, of course, didn't guess that with his personal qualities he would not be suitable for such work.

One can't say that BOB and FYODOR were redundant people at the embassy. When it was necessary to work hard and, to some extent, save a situation, as it was with the Soviet exhibition in Bogota, they both showed praiseworthy dedication. Thanks to their work, for example, the exhibition mentioned before went over successfully.

And what about the Americans? They perfectly understood with whom they dealt, and they did not have absolute confidence that these people, in addition to being binge drinkers, could be useful for anything else. Gradually, all of us came to a consensus that these people weren't of interest to the Americans.

We should also note another important fact. While working on studying BOB, his wife, and FYODOR, no obstacles and limitations were applied either to their work or to their personal life. It was our principle.

And another fact about the Americans. Through the eyes of local security services officers, the CIA staff of course, clearly observed the facts of violations of basic behavior rules by certain members of the Soviet Embassy, but externally, as a rule, they did not always react to them so as not to give reason to suspect there was active interest.

All these considerations reinforced suspicions that AGRONOM might be connected with the intelligence services of the enemy. Considering his personal qualities and behavior, he significantly differed from his above-mentioned co-workers and, above all, was weightier than they as an individual, and was a man to whom it was impossible not to draw attention.

But let's return to the process of studying him further.

With the authorization of the *Glavk* leadership, contact with Ogorodnik was restored and an undercover agent relationship was established. I was assigned as the lead officer for developing the relationship.

From the window of my office as well as that of my chief Mikhail I. Kuryshev, on one of the top floors of the grandiose high-rise building on Smolenskaya Square where the Ministry of Foreign Affairs is located, the Ivan the Great Bell Tower, towers, numerous domes of churches and buildings in the interior of the Kremlin were clearly visible. And somewhere below jostled ancient Moscow alleys and lanes, jammed from all directions by houses: Plotnikov, Krivoarbatsky, Kaloshin and Sivtsev Vrazhek, mentioned quite often in works of our writers, including Ilf and Petrov.

In bright sunny weather, from the altitude of a bird's flight a magnificent spectacle opened up. It is a pity only that neither Kuryshev nor I ever managed to admire the view on the historical part of our capital for long. Sometimes during a quick glance out the window we rejoiced at a sunny day. The leaden sky of an impending storm heading for the city or drizzly autumn rain, moreover with wet snow, caused us some grief.

When you work with interest, a lot of the surroundings, naturally, move off into the background.

The Directorate of Planning for Foreign Policy Issues (UpVM) at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of the USSR, where Ogorodnik worked, was in the neighboring building opposite. It was possible to get from it to the main building just by crossing the street.

I called Ogorodnik and invited him to one of the offices of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs Security Service. A well-dressed man, taller than average, appeared in front of me; he had a full build, was handsome and had the slight smile of a self-assured person. Calling him by his name and patronymic, I introduced myself to him as a member of the State Security subunit at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs USSR, Lieutenant Colonel Igor Konstantinovich Peretrukhin. Inviting him to sit down, I said that I knew about his past acquaintance with our officers who worked through the Committee of Youth Organizations of the USSR, as well as by his work in Colombia. Ogorodnik confirmed this and noted that he didn't see anything special in the invitation to conversation, since he well understood the importance of our work as a whole. I asked if he had free time and received an affirmative answer.

Then I asked if he was settled in his new place, if he had any problems, and proposed that he continue to cooperate, if he did not mind, here in the Central Apparatus in order to help us understand several issues, including those concerning Colombia. At the same time, I stressed that we needed the help of proven and honest people who were at the same level as us, to solve problems of national importance.

Ogorodnik said that he had settled in his new place very well and his work was interesting. He had already become accustomed to it and in the near future intended to begin work on his doctoral dissertation. He was ready to continue cooperation and believed it was his civic duty, moreover it opened up for him the opportunity to express specific reasons about his relationship with some members of the KGB Rezidentura in Colombia.

I assured him that he could rely on my impartiality and objectivity. I am a lawyer by education and a naval person just as he. For us these are inherent qualities characteristic of sailors, and this factor is important.

Ogorodnik said that he was pleased to hear that, as sailors really, wherever they may be, have much in common, and expressed regret that due to his loss of sight he had to leave the service.

He took an interest in what fleet I served and whether I participated in the Great Patriotic War.

I said that in 1942 as a sixteen-year-old I entered the School of Ship's Apprentices in the Solovetsky Islands, after which in 1943 I was sent to the active Northern Fleet, first on the new minesweepers that had arrived from the USA by lend-lease⁴, and then in my main profession as a boatswain on torpedo boats.

I had participated in naval battles in the Petsamo–Kirkenes Operation and was awarded two combat medals. During the war our brigade was awarded the honorific title **“Pechenga Orders of the Red Banner and Ushakov First Degree Brigade.”* At the beginning of April 1945, I was transferred by railway to the Baltic and East Prussia District along with the Twice Hero of the Soviet Union Aleksandr Osipovich Shabalin Torpedo Boat Detachment, where the war soon ended for all of us. By then I was nineteen years old.

**“Pechengskaya ordena Krasnogo Znameni i Ushakova pervoj stepeni brigada”*

“After the war, I studied long and hard, and now I sit in front of you here.”

Ogorodnik, who had carefully listened to my story, said that he could only envy such a biography, especially because he was also from the School of Ship's Apprentices of the Navy. At the same time, he asked why I left the service in the Navy.

I explained that continuing military service after the war, I graduated from the evening 10-year school of young workers in Riga. At that time I was already 23 years old. It was already too late to enter the M.V. Frunze Leningrad Higher Naval School with its five-year period of training, as the prospect of receiving a rank of junior lieutenant at 27 — 28 years didn't delight me. I remember how after the war a junior lieutenant, a former sailor appeared in our squadron (*divizion*) upon termination of school. At that time, we were in Kronstadt. He was sent to study in the war years. Among his age-group peers, who had become

⁴ Lend-lease (translation from English - providing a loan and leasing) - the United States system of transfer by loan or lease of arms, ammunition, strategic raw materials, food, and various goods and services to the countries allied in the anti-Hitler coalition during the Second World War 1939-1945.

senior lieutenant and captain-lieutenant, he looked pitiful. So, I, frankly speaking, faltered.

Ogorodnik noted that despite my youth at that time, I argued quite soberly and logically.

But his maritime service was quite different. He was born into a navy family in legendary Sevastopol. And this fact couldn't but determine his future. Anyone who from boyish years heard the sounds of sirens and the watch bell beating the glass tube, saw at the docks and in a sea haze the majestic silhouettes of warships at anchorage could not but dream of the sea and service in the navy. He was the oldest of three children in the family. He was assigned to study at the Sevastopol Nakhimov Naval School, from which he graduated with a gold medal, which granted him the right to enter any higher naval school. He chose the M. V. Frunze Leningrad Higher Naval School. But then disaster struck. Quite unexpectedly - it remains a mystery for him up to this day - his sight began to deteriorate, which was a disaster for the future sailor. He had to be discharged, retrain and eventually become a diplomat.

I expressed my sympathy about his failed naval career and asked about sailing.

Ogorodnik, having perked up, said that he still had a passion for sailing. During his years of study at MGIMO he met with some yachtsmen and on weekends now he sailed at one of Moscow's reservoirs and finds relaxed oblivion in it.

I expressed my pleasure concerning our acquaintance and asked him if he had any objections to meeting here next week at 14:00. Ogorodnik said that he also was glad to get acquainted with an experienced sailor. And the appointment time quite suited him. On that note we parted.

I will not deny that overall Ogorodnik made a positive impression on me. But some hardly noticeable affectedness in his behavior didn't escape my attention. It felt like he knew where, to whom and what to say. Running a little ahead, I would like to note that Ogorodnik neither said anything reprehensible about the social system in our country nor even about politicians of the past. He never told jokes on political subjects of doubtful substance, though outwardly we maintained quite friendly relations with him. That is, in everything he was extremely loyal.

At the next meeting the conversation was continued, and Ogorodnik began it. He declared that during his recent tour in Colombia he had the impression that some officers of the KGB Rezidentura in the Soviet Embassy had a not quite objective attitude toward him and they had mostly stopped working with him, and he was quite sure that a number of shenanigans against him were organized with their participation. Meaning, as they say, they tried to lay the blame on him. As far as he caught on, they accused him of lack of discipline, willfulness and excessive independence.

To this I replied that, as mentioned earlier, our service guarantees absolute objectivity and impartiality in the consideration of any matter, even if it concerns our officers working abroad. Unfortunately, we sometimes got people in our environment with certain shortcomings. Such facts are regrettable, but we must recognize that they exist among officers in foreign postings. This is particularly regrettable. As Chatsky in *Woe from Wit* said, "ranks are given by people, and people can be deceived." After all, if someone put a fat mark near some name in the list, this marked person may start to have trouble. Just like in the joke: either someone stole your coat, or you stole someone's coat. Although in this case, as they say in Odessa, there are "two big differences."

I asked Ogorodnik as a first step to specify the work direction and what was required from him.

He replied that he was asked first of all to observe violations of behavior rules of Soviet citizens abroad and to report on the nature of relations of his colleagues and their families with foreigners - especially with US citizens. Of course, the Americans were also interested in Rezidentura officers

On the question of which of the Soviet citizens they were interested in, he answered that basically it was Bobin and his wife, as they generally were a toothache for all the community. They were rather well-educated, nevertheless they abused alcohol and incessantly brawled. Sometimes it reached even assault and battery. And in the conditions of a small collective everything became public knowledge at once. Bobin was proud of his father, a famous hockey player. His wife, a quite foolish woman, also boasted of some unimaginable opportunities and liaisons in Moscow.

As for foreigners, he never noticed anything suspicious in their behavior.

Then I asked, "And what happened there with those financial documents?"

He replied that it was a quite banal story with the sale, as directed by the ambassador, of the office car which was at his disposal. He sold the car, but due to circumstances beyond his control, the submission of supporting documents was delayed a little bit and he gave the money to the embassy cashier in two steps. In Colombia, he said, they have their procedures with the payment of money in the process of implementation of the sale contract. If the sale has not taken place, then, of course, there is no money. They first buy and then resell. The persons about whom he spoke, especially Comrade Vladimir Vasilyevich Govorukhin, did not fail to take advantage of this case and created a scandalous situation for a while, having compromised him in the opinion of the ambassador and all the collective.

I said that I quite believed him. The main thing is that everything was now behind us. The embassy gave him a flattering personal evaluation, and he works in the brain center of the Ministry – the Directorate of Planning for Foreign Policy Issues. And it is very honorable! I will report all information in the greatest detail to my leadership.

Since we would both be leaving on vacation in the coming days, we would meet in about two months. I wished him a good holiday and happy return to the shores of the Black Sea. At the same time, I asked if he had any problems en route to his vacation and whether he needed my help. Ogorodnik thanked me for my attention and said that he did not know exactly when and where he would be.

The next day I gave a detailed report on the results of the two meetings held with Ogorodnik and my impressions to M. I. Kuryshev and the Department chief Vyacheslav Kevorkov. We decided that at one of the follow-up meetings after vacation to hold a follow-up control meeting with Mikhail Ivanovich (Kuryshev) and, in our operational interests, to reveal one of our safehouses to him, which supposedly would strengthen confidence in Ogorodnik that we fully trusted him.

The next meeting was held after our return from vacation. We continued to talk about the situation in the Soviet community in Colombia. Ogorodnik provided some minor facts about embassy employees and gave some very superficial personal details. To the question about his wife and her job, he said that his family relationship, unfortunately, hadn't turned out well. Besides, his wife, against his will, had plastic surgery in Bogota, having turned, as he expressed, her Armenian nose to Greek and changed to unrecognizability. Now the issue of divorce is being resolved. As an honorable man, he is leaving her the apartment on Perekopskaya Street and now is busy looking for housing.

It was suggested to Ogorodnik that we hold subsequent meetings in the safehouse near Belarusian Station and he agreed.

The following meeting indeed took place in the safehouse VYSOKAYA (High), located in a multi-story building. It was convenient in every respect and was literally a five-minute walk from the nearest metro station.

Having met at the Belarusian Station, we walked to the apartment together. There I introduced him to the Chief of the Security Service of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, Mikhail Ivanovich Kuryshev.

During the conversation between them, Kuryshev emphasized that he was not inclined to give value to slanders that have been leveled against Ogorodnik by some Rezidentura members and he personally knows V.V. Govorukhin as a person, and he shows, unfortunately, a tendency to certain overexposure in assessing some facts, and that we fully trust him, Ogorodnik. He also declared that due to the fact that Ogorodnik plans to begin work on his doctoral dissertation, we won't especially burden him with our tasks and would like to resort to his help in the most serious cases.

Ogorodnik on this occasion expressed his gratitude and said that he was always ready to help in word and deed.

After he left, Mikhail Ivanovich and I exchanged impressions. He was pleased with the results of the meeting held and said that Ogorodnik in general made a positive impression on him. He is, first of all, a clever and intelligent person, a typical employee of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and he saw many such persons in his twenty years of work abroad. He isn't chatty, weighing each word and does not tell too much,

is self-confident and knows his own value. And as if to shove aside our suspicions, he emerged as a quite friendly and engaging person.

I should say that Mikhail Ivanovich's opinion was very significant for me, as he had great work experience in our foreign missions and had seen everything there: however, we nevertheless both agreed on the need to take a closer look at him.

At the next meeting with Ogorodnik, which took place in the same safehouse VYSOKAYA, we talked about the economic situation of the most developed Latin American countries and about the prospects of their development in the near future. Then the conversation turned to a naval subject. We recalled the battles off the coast of South America in the years of the Second World War, about the tragic death of the German raider or about the "pocket" battleship "Admiral Graf Spee", which was severely damaged during the battle with the British Fleet and was scuttled by a team in the (Rio de) La Plata Gulf near Uruguay, and about the no less awful fate of its commander.

As it turned out, Ogorodnik knew the history of naval battles quite well, not only of the Second World War, but of the First, too. He said that he was serious about his studies at Nakhimov and Higher Naval Schools. Scrupulosity in everything was undoubtedly a personal quality of his.

In turn, he also complimented my knowledge.

To my question whether it was necessary for him to hurry, Ogorodnik replied that he had told colleagues that he had urgent affairs in the city and he wouldn't be back at his workplace until tomorrow.

Then they drank tea and chatted on abstract subjects. I answered his question about my destiny after finishing the institute that in 1953, when I was sent to work in the security organs, I chose the city to which I had to go because the position assigned to me in the Sverdlovsk Directorate, but it was suddenly taken by another person by a phone call from Moscow. When in the personnel department a conversation came up about Kamensk-Uralsk, about which I had a very vague notion, and I just asked if there were a theater and tram there. In my opinion, that was enough to consider the city quite decent. And I didn't even ask about the salary.

Upon arrival at my duty station, I noted with satisfaction that there really was a drama theater there. Later my wife and I often visited it. I

remember the theater director till this moment – a very kind and nice woman with a beautiful surname, Georginskaya. Later, I knew that her husband - a war veteran, a military officer – had been captured, and later was among the repatriates, served ten years in Stalin's camps, and having returned to the family, got the job of a simple worker at the Sinarsky Pipe Plant, not without difficulty. His surname was Negodyaev: it is difficult to think up anything worse [Translator comment: the meaning is “scoundrel”] However, he later changed it to his wife's surname.

But in regard to the tram, the details were not entirely accurate. The city authorities with the help of the administration of the Urals Aluminum Plant and other enterprises built the tram line and bridge over the Iset River, and they even purchased trams somewhere. The tram line was built from the aluminum plant's so-called socialist town, where most of the city population lived, to the Sinarskaya Railway Station. But because of a design fault, it so happened that the tram, having crossed the bridge to the right, higher river bank, could go through the woods for about two kilometers only if both the motorman and conductor were in the tram, and, using the language of sports, the tram car was “a light weight.” Everything came to an end here. The copper lines soon were stolen by unknown malefactors. Later the sleepers and then rails disappeared. There were only iron poles for wire: nobody was interested in them.

The city was quite nice, and my wife and I quickly became accustomed to it. The city was created at the end of the XVII century as a village for an ironwork and foundry. Over time it became a large industrial center. The Ural aluminum plant was constructed there, which in days of the Great Patriotic War produced more than 94 percent of all our aluminum capacity for the aviation industry, the Sinarsky Pipe Plant, non-ferrous metals processing works and many "post boxes" belonging to the military-industrial-complex of the country. I feel in love with this city, and I was forced to leave it only because to circumstances beyond my control.

Ogorodnik laughed over the history with the tram and, in turn, told a couple of amusing cases from his life.

In general, the conversation proceeded in a calm, relaxed atmosphere. He was eager to talk about his passion for music, that he

loves opera and sometimes visits the Philharmonic hall, where he prefers to go alone so no one will interfere with his enjoyment of art⁵.

Leaving, we agreed about the date and time of the next meeting.

Summing up some results of the meetings held with him, it was possible to draw the quite certain conclusion that he doesn't like to speak about his relationships and their nature, avoids talking about his relatives and the subject about the relationship between his parents.

Externally our relations with him were developing quite well and, as it seemed, there were friendly relations. The studying proceeded.

A suburb of Washington. CIA headquarters in Langley. The Directorate of Operations.

Ronald, who just arrived from the Washington-Virginia Airport, entered Nils's office.

"Hello, Ron! Glad to see you! Sit down. First of all, I want to give you happy news. Our godson justifies our hopes. He has literally inundated us with valuable information about which in the past we could not even dream. There are documents that are reported by the Director at the highest level. Henry Kissinger is especially glad about this. After all, he has the capability to read copies of documents that his old 'friend' Soviet Ambassador Dobrynin sends to Moscow!

"You understand what it means for him in the big game we are playing with the Soviets! The authenticity of the documents is confirmed by experts. The Directorate leadership has decided to increase his regular cash payments. Well, how is our beauty Pilar?"

"You know, Nils, before your message I also was sure that TRIANON was a great find for us. As for Pilar, she is, of course, a fine girl. She played her role flawlessly, although her heart nevertheless suffered. It isn't difficult to understand for a woman her age. For now, she has flown off to her parents in Spain for a few days in order to get away from it all."

"I sympathize with her, Ron, but in our case, there are victims, although I do not tend to over-dramatize the situation in her personal life. I'm only telling this to you: TRIANON officially filed a divorce with his wife. However, there is another problem. Within a year, he will be able to

⁵ Once surveillance actually fixed Ogorodnik's visit to the Moscow State Philharmonic, but there was nothing suspicious in his behavior. During the intermission he went to the toilet and visited the buffet but didn't buy anything there and then strolled around the lobby up to first call.

leave for another tour abroad, as he suggests, to Spain; in general, it will not be particularly good news for us, since we would lose a very important source of information. The CIA leadership will hardly be delighted with it. As an unmarried person, he definitely won't be allowed to take this tour: in this respect they have a rigid rule. Therefore, he has to marry. TRIANON informed us through the Station that he is going to arrange to marry Olga Serova - the wife of the Trade Mission former employee in Colombia, but due to circumstances beyond his control, he indefinitely postponed it. If he does it after all, it will create a lot of difficulties for us. This Olga is not like his former wife, who easily could be twisted around one's finger. As you know, she is quite intelligent, with quite a strong character for a woman and with the same convictions. Let's see how things develop, but we can't treat them indifferently. And now about the main thing. You, of course, can't guess the true reason for your call to Langley and my straight talk with you. The fact is that the Directorate leadership lays high hopes on TRIANON, who already has become a source of valuable information - and not only about the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. In all this there is also your considerable achievement, and the issue about your transfer to headquarters is almost resolved. The draft order has passed through all authorities and is waiting to be signed by the Director. He will sign it, no doubt, as this issue was discussed with him in advance. Coordination of work with TRIANON will be entrusted to you personally. So, in two or three days you will be free. Go back to Bogota and prepare to move. Transfer all your affairs to John until your replacement arrives. He will continue to contact Pilar, but don't enlighten either of them on work details of work with TRIANON. Housing for Pilar should be changed to something more modest. The deed is done, the villa has played its role, and expenses for its contents simply won't be claimed. You need to follow up with this as delicately as possible, and at the same time we must not forget that our beauty got a nice gift in the form of the ranch. Mysterious are the ways of God! But Pilar under any circumstance will always be the owner of it. I am sure that you will resolve this problem with no difficulty. I think that to start with you will have more than enough news and worries. And now I'm going to the Directorate leadership and make it a point to report on your arrival and our conversation. Time is money! Let's have supper in

the "Statner," where a room is reserved for you. So, till evening!
Goodbye, Ron!

The transfer to headquarters was a complete surprise to Ronald and interfered with some of his personal plans, but at the same time it was certainly recognition of his contribution to the acquisition of such an important source of information. All these promised good prospects for his future. Finally, he upstaged some sceptics and envious persons who disliked him. And his wife and children would be delighted to return to their homeland. As for personal plans, they can be corrected. And concerning Pilar their opinions completely coincided.

Chapter 3

Another month passed. In a conversation with me, Mikhail Kuryshev asked what's new on Ogorodnik. I told him in detail that during working hours he quite often drives his Volga around the city. He still lives on Perekopskaya Street, but often visits his father's apartment on Krasnopresnenskaya Naberezhnaya. A lone female pensioner lives in a communal flat with him. Lately, his father almost never shows up there and it is possible that Ogorodnik uses this apartment for meetings with his mistress, because once external surveillance already spotted him going there with a woman. They didn't succeed in following her when she left: the team got into a traffic jam and all measures taken were ineffectual. Mikhail Ivanovich instructed them to find out who she was if the chance arises, and to consider whether it would be possible to look into the room from the opposite wing of the house window with the help of technology.

He recommended we discuss this issue with Nikolai Petrovich Tsurin from "Seven" (so we call the Seventh Directorate of the KGB, which carries out surveillance), the great expert in this field.

And, besides, he advised us to think about drafting a new plan for the case, as the former is almost completed and quite a few new circumstances which require study have accumulated. And he said, we will get it approved by Vyacheslav Kevorkov. Let it be a Department plan, not one of the Security Service. This will help us hammer out "external surveillance" and equipment more easily.

In the course of preparation for drawing up the new plan, I asked Volodya Grechayev what information he had found out about the house on Krasnopresnenskaya Naberezhnaya. He gave a detailed report that on the fifth floor of this U-shaped multistory building, built in the 50s, there is the two-room apartment with the room which interests us, about 20 square meters, and it has a window overlooking the yard. Ogorodnik's father is registered and until recently lived in this apartment. The second room, as you know, is occupied by a lone female pensioner, who intends as a result of a complex exchange to move out with her daughter, who lives somewhere near Tyoply Stan. Ogorodnik's father,

apparently, has not lived with his mother for many years, has a mistress and at the moment resides in her apartment.

He works in the Archives of the Ministry of Defense on Bolshaya Pirogovskaya Street. He is characterized positively as modest, hardworking and a teetotaler. In the past he was a captain second rank. Currently he is retired. Once he was the adjutant of Admiral N. G. Kuznetsov, Commander of the Soviet Navy.

Having praised him for a clear answer, I said that it would only be necessary to track when and who moves into the apartment after the exchange occurs and immediately check them out, also to find out about who lives there in the neighborhood in more detail. At the same time, I asked him how he knew that Ogorodnik's father was the adjutant at Nikolay Gerasimovich Kuznetsov. Grechayev first joked that it was a company secret, and then said that he was told about it by the passport registration officer of the Housing Office. She was very talkative. She even reported that on this landing - he asked about several floors - lives a retired general, a former military attaché to Vietnam and other countries of the East. His apartment is a true branch of the State Museum of Oriental Art. She highly praised their local precinct policeman, evidently assuming that Grechayev was from the same office.

I have to say that this kind of message did not particularly surprise me because so many workers of house departments, among them the passport registration officers, always give noteworthy help to the work of security officers and police. The "grannies," sitting in the summer at entrances, are also a good source of information, because they know almost everything about residents of their apartment. You only have to get them on your side and inspire confidence.

Reporting later to Kuryshev about Olga Serova, I told him that after returning from Colombia, she broke up with her husband and currently lives with her parents. Her father is the chief doctor of one of the city hospitals. Most often she meets with Ogorodnik on Krasnopresnenskaya Naberezhnaya, and they sometimes stay there until morning. Once he told me that he intended to marry Serova, but she persuaded him not to rush into marriage, as her divorce could damage her husband, who had just entered into study at the Academy of Commerce. He was forced to agree with this argument. There is still reason to believe that when

traveling around the city in his black Volga he checks to see if he is being followed, putting the surveillance team sometimes in a difficult situation. Recently, while driving along the underground bridge, he made a right turn in the direction of the university and suddenly stopped. Olga Serova jumped out of the car and he began to photograph her. External surveillance had to proceed past on Vernadsky Prospect and leave him without supervision. It is also worth noting that the background Ogorodnik chose for photographing Olga was of no interest. Much better would have been to do it after driving a few hundred meters further to the observation deck on Sparrow Hills, from where the fantastically beautiful architectural miracle, the Novodevichy Convent, opens up a majestic panorama of the capital against a background of the drowning greens of a bend of the Moskva River.

The impression was that he did it intentionally so that the surveillance vehicle fell into the camera lens immediately after racing out from behind a corner.

Mikhail Ivanovich said he did not consider himself an expert on photography but thinks there is an issue here and something lies behind it.

Looking ahead, it should be noted that Ogorodnik made a serious mistake: he really tried to verify if he was being followed but did it too coarsely, which could not but cause suspicion from our side.

A suburb of Washington. CIA headquarters in Langley. Nils's office.

"I am glad to see you, Nils! All problems with my move have been resolved and I have begun carrying out my official duties and am reading up on documents."

"Great, Ron. Shortly before your arrival, I instructed two of our guys who have already left for Moscow to assist the Station in preparing and conducting dead-drop exchanges with TRIANON. You are probably already acquainted with possible candidates who will be subsequently charged with this work directly in Moscow from our post in the embassy. Pay special attention to the woman, as she, in my opinion, would be the most suitable option and will cause less suspicion. And just for your information. The leadership has agreed to sending two special containers to TRIANON. They have been sent by diplomatic pouch to

our embassy Station in Moscow and will be handed over to him through a dead drop in one of the forest parks.”

In accordance with our action plan for the Ogorodnik case and in cooperation with other KGB subunits, we directed our attention to materials of the Seventh Directorate testifying to the intensification of activities by Americans in Moscow, including in particular Agency intelligence officers DUNCAN, Jay Gruner, and Serge Karpovich:

DUNCAN - Jack Downing, born on October 21, 1940 in Honolulu (Hawaii), Administrative Officer of the Defense Intelligence Agency, and an Assistant Military Attaché of the U.S. Embassy in Moscow⁶;

Jay Gruner, born August 23, 1935 in St. Louis (Missouri), US citizen, passport number X 081 495, employee of the State Department, diplomat. Purpose of the trip to the USSR - consultations at the U.S. Embassy in Moscow and visiting Kiev and the US Consulate in Leningrad;

Serge Karpovich, born July 13, 1929 in the city of Hanover (New Hampshire), US citizen, passport number X 091 562, employee of the State Department, diplomat. Purpose of the trip to the USSR - consultations at the U.S. Embassy in Moscow and visiting Kiev and the US Consulate General in Leningrad.

It was recorded that in Moscow from 16th to 19 November 1975 career intelligence officials Jay Gruner and Serge Karpovich, who arrived in Moscow as US State Department employees, took photographs of the Berezhkovskaya Naberezhnaya, Novodevichy Convent and other places in town. Similar pictures were taken by our staff and external surveillance. Later, these pictures came in handy.

Almost at the same time the Radio Counterintelligence Service logged the appearance of a new communications channel of the Frankfurt Radio Center of the CIA, which is easily heard in Moscow and the Moscow region.

On the basis of the time for making so-called “active and empty,” that is incessantly repeating identical and short broadcasts, a subunit of

⁶ In 1986-1989 he worked as a first secretary of the U.S. Embassy in Moscow; from 1997 to 1999 held the post of Chief of the CIA Directorate of Operations (*Operativnyy Departament* in Russian)

one of the Directorates of the Second Chief Directorate carried out an interesting analysis and, in particular noted that "the addressee is single or divorced and has a separate apartment or room."

In practice it meant that the addressee could listen to broadcasts intended for him at any time. A similar situation would be quite suitable for Ogorodnik.

In the course of studying the relations of our "ward" and the environment at his place of work it was established that an officer with whom I was on a long tour of assignment in Rostock, East Germany worked in the Directorate of Planning for Foreign Policy Issues. He later worked at the Consulate General and we maintained friendly relations. I knew that in due time, for some reason, he was dismissed from the First Chief Directorate of the KGB. At that time there was an unwritten rule in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs: all officers of foreign intelligence who retired or were rejected for health reasons, were dismissed and if it was connected with insignificant offences, they made an exception. It so happened with my acquaintance. It was not difficult to guess the reasons why personnel officers didn't dismiss him. In Rostock he maintained close relations with one of my fellow workers in the Intelligence Group, Stanislav V. Zukul which were not related to official duties, and it characterized him only from the positive side. Both of them were inveterate fishermen and often spent free time together as they were united by a common hobby. As we could easily rely on this person, it was decided to establish operational contact with him and use him to study Ogorodnik directly at his place of work.

Shchukin (we will call him this for his fanatical addiction to fishing [shchuka –pike] was pleased with our meeting and willingly went into contact. He said that Ogorodnik had been recommended for work in the Directorate of Planning for Foreign Policy Issues by one of the old high-ranking diplomats. There are only a few persons like him in the Directorate. Basically, it is staffed by former plenipotentiary ambassadors, envoys and advisers. The UpVM (Directorate of Planning for Foreign Policy Issues) is the brain of the Ministry. Information from around the world flows into here. It is processed here, and also the fundamentals of our regional policy are formed here. Ogorodnik has access to classified information. When the Secretariat officer

Kudashkina is absent Ogorodnik replaces her, receiving encrypted messages in the special reading room used to acquaint the particular officer of the Directorate to whom they are addressed with their contents. Entrance to the room is prohibited to strangers. This changeover occurs frequently, as Kudashkina often leaves for trips abroad or is absent for other reasons.

Shchukin drew attention to the fact that when Kudashkina is absent and Ogorodnik performs her duties, the door to the special reading room is often closed from the inside. Shchukin, who did not take a special liking to him and considered him a hot-shot, thinks that he either sleeps there or reads books there during working hours. In general, in the Directorate of Planning for Foreign Policy Issues he is in good standing and gives the impression of being a pretty good and active worker. At meetings held in the Directorate he does not doze like some "tired of life" people and listens carefully and makes various notes in his workbook. He is outwardly smart and disciplined except for the fact that from time to time, against the rules and for unknown reasons, he retires to the special reading room. Ogorodnik doesn't maintain close relations with anyone from the Directorate except with Pozdeyev, with whom he sometimes goes to dinner together in the central building of the Ministry.

Considering the information received from Shchukin, attention was drawn to considering Pozdeyev as a possible source of information for our operational interest. Pozdeyev - the hereditary diplomat, the PhD, the conscientious worker. During his foreign tours he proved himself only with a positive side. By nature, he is a sociable and open person, with an analytical mind. He's a good family man and has a sense of humor.

The department leadership authorized us to establish operational contact with him and this was also charged to me.

The contact confirmed our expectations. Pozdeyev willingly went halfway and informed me in detail on all issues about the situation in the Directorate and the American Department and on its officers as well.

During one of several subsequent meetings, describing Ogorodnik among others, Pozdeyev noted:

"If you take a closer look at Ogorodnik, you can't but notice the fact of what particularly attracted this Foreign Ministry official to the work. By his temperament he gives the impression more by the way of life and work of an official of a scientific institution or academic institute: creative

work, a free schedule and visiting, and reading scientific literature. He treats the bureaucratic hierarchy and a daily walk to work disapprovingly. His official position, Second Secretary, is far from brilliant for his age and hardly suits his ambition.

“At the same time, on his return from Colombia he was offered good spots and positions in the scientific world, particularly in the Latin America Institute of the USSR Academy of Sciences, where he has a good relationship with the Director Volskiy. The idea was to give him a Sector, which with the possession of a scientific degree provides a good salary and creative independence.

“He chose to go to the Foreign Ministry, despite the obvious difference in salaries: there he would get about 320-350 rubles, while working with us - 230-240.

“Ogorodnik's decision was dictated by some calculating.”

And in this point of view Pozdeyev, as time has shown, was very close to the truth.

In December 1975, Major General Vyacheslav Kevorkov, having returned from another trip abroad, summoned Mikhail Kuryshev and me to his office and said that he had examined the Plan for Developing Ogorodnik. He stressed that in fact there were a number of new circumstances which deserved operational attention that needed serious study. In this regard Pozdeyev's reflections about why Ogorodnik chose work in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs are of interest. It was curious.

I answered that Pozdeyev's reflections could confirm our suspicions to some degree, but there are circumstances which highlight the target of development absolutely in another way. So just yesterday, as I had already reported to Mikhail Ivanovich, Pozdeyev told me an interesting fact. At the end of November, he approached Ogorodnik, who was working in the special reading room of the Directorate of Planning for Foreign Policy Issues and who at that time was replacing Kudashkina, with a request to allow him to examine one of the encrypted telegrams, without which he couldn't draw up an urgent document for authorities (the Central Committee of CPSU). The chief who had to grant permission for it had left the report to one of the deputy ministers. Therefore, he turned to Ogorodnik directly, but Ogorodnik answered that despite their good relations he was compelled to refuse him, referring to the need to respect the instructions for working with classified

documents. This information practically weighs down on the opposite pan of the scales. Ogorodnik looks like a conscientious worker worrying about the preservation of our secrets.

Vyacheslav Kevorkov noticed that this fact should not discourage us, because we must not forget that all the suspects in the verification process were taken off the list in the absence of any proof, and Ogorodnik remained in the center spiral, and it is our duty to investigate in the most careful way. Otherwise we would have to start all over again. Personally, I was very disappointed when I realized that it would take about an additional year of hard work. It should be noted that Kevorkov, despite the fact that his work on the "secret channel" took a lot of time, always was concerned about the Ogorodnik case and was aware of everything happening.

A few days later I reported to Mikhail Kuryshev that, as we had agreed, I had met Maksimov, the former counselor of the embassy in Bogota. He said that in due time at the request of the ambassador he searched for a certain Colombian correspondent of *El Tiempo* newspaper, Fernandez Nunez, who reported in 1974 that one of the senior diplomats of the Soviet embassy allegedly intended to ask the local authorities for political asylum. He didn't know how events developed later, as the ambassador didn't come back to this conversation again. But he believed, judging by the question asked, that the ambassador informed the KGB Rezident at the embassy about the incident.

Describing the embassy officers in Colombia of that period, Maksimov among others spoke about Ogorodnik. According to him, he was a man who put his personal interests above everything. During his tour of duty abroad he began numerous connections that promoted his personal purposes over official ones. Actually, he didn't maintain friendly relations with colleagues, didn't ask anyone over, and if he did invite him it immediately raised the question: what would Ogorodnik get from this person?

Also, the fact was known that he took 10 pesos from one of the embassy staff for giving his sick wife a lift to the doctor: "So what, you would have to pay the taxi driver!"

The counselor [Maksimov] made a good impression on me. He was sociable, fairly talkative. He took part in the Great Patriotic War. He got a

severe wound near Volkhov and was demobilized. He was awarded the Order of the Patriotic War II Degree. After demobilization, he went to study at what was at that time the Department of International Relations of the M. V. Lomonosov Moscow State University, and after its reorganization graduated from the Moscow State Institute of International Relations. He worked for many years abroad, in particular on the island of Spitsbergen. Of course, we talked about this place, as during the war, while participating in escorting the allies' convoy caravans, I had been approximately in the same places.

It is unfortunate that this remarkable man died of a heart attack a few years later in one of the African countries.

Mikhail Ivanovich remembered that I told him that some person with the name Volodya, who studied with Ogorodnik in the past at the Nakhimov Naval School, works in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs or somewhere else, and asked him to define more accurately this fact, since this Volodya could be useful, at least for his bio.

A few days later I phoned Mikhail Ivanovich Kuryshev on the operational communications telephone line and gave him some unexpected and unpleasant news: Olga Serova had died suddenly. I knew about it from Ogorodnik. He said that a week before he got sick with pulmonary flu, which was raging in Moscow. Most likely, she caught it from him, as she visited him daily. Olga had a high fever; she stayed at his apartment and began to take the medicine in the form of pills that had been prescribed to him by the doctor at the polyclinic. After a couple of days she got worse. At the request of Olga, he called her father, the head physician of one of the city hospitals. An ambulance came and drove her away, but despite the measures taken it wasn't possible to save Olga, and two days later she died. Apparently, Ogorodnik was in despair. The funeral would take place at the Troyekurovsky Cemetery, the Novodevichy branch. Ogorodnik promised to call after the funeral. I expressed my sympathies to him.

Mikhail Ivanovich was surprised no less than I at the awkward death of the young woman. But he asked on the spot whether I found it a little strange, and what the autopsy showed. I replied that no autopsy was performed because the father did not allow it, although it was in his power. Why? A plausible answer was found: apparently, he was afraid that she was pregnant and did not want to hurt himself even more.

Three or four days later in the presence of Kuryshev, I reported to Kevorkov the results of the meeting with Ogorodnik, who had called me the day before. I spoke with him in the safehouse.

I told that Ogorodnik had a quite depressed look: he probably was genuinely emotional over Olga's death. The funeral, as planned, took place at the Troyekurovsky Cemetery. Telling the details, Ogorodnik noted that he considered it his duty to place an engagement ring on the ring finger of Olga's right hand in the coffin at his farewell parting. The ring had been purchased in advance for their upcoming wedding. Speaking at the wake at the family home, he said, to the considerable amazement of many attendees, that in the person of Olga he lost his beloved woman and civil wife.

In my opinion, Ogorodnik's behavior in some ways did not match his real personality. The fact that he is selfish is beyond doubt, but here he has such strong emotions...

Kuryshev supported me, saying that it was something to ponder. Apparently, to clarify the cause of death, it would be necessary to do something that wasn't done by Serova's father and resort to exhumation. The leadership, he believes, would agree with it, especially as we need to clearly answer the question of what really happened.

Vyacheslav Kevorkov supported this thought and suggested that while the issue was being resolved by the leadership of the Directorate to task me and Grechayev to at least find Serova's grave at the cemetery and to evaluate the situation there beforehand. Thus, he advised us to act carefully and to try not to go to the cemetery administration.

The next day, early in the morning, Volodya Grechayev and I went to the Troyekurovsky Cemetery. We needed to look for a grave without resorting to the help of the administration and the gravediggers. The rain drizzled. The tracks on the newly reclaimed areas were covered with sticky mud. And the cemetery environment, especially on a cloudy day, didn't cause positive emotions. It so happened that some contact still could not be avoided. The grave was found with great difficulty by the inscription on the mourning ribbon on one of the wreaths. There was no plate with the surname and photo on the grave. One of the gravediggers who took part in the ritual burial was also buried nearby. He died, as a garrulous old lady said, a cemetery frequenter, "from wine" and a

stomach ulcer. The situation was favorable for the exhumation process since the tomb was located in relative proximity to the concrete fence of the cemetery, wasn't visible from the neighboring houses, and was surrounded by rather high trees and dense bush.

I reported the results of the work we had carried out to the Department Chief, Vyacheslav Kevorkov, who in turn said that in principle, the leadership of the Directorate didn't object to exhumation but on this occasion, he had to get the prosecutor's approval. He assigned the resolution of this issue to his deputy, Colonel Vladimir I. Kostyrya.

And in the end, they had to forbid us from carrying out the exhumation insofar as they could foresee only a small probability of detecting a minute quantity of an unknown poison in the organism, as was confirmed a bit later.

A suburb of Washington. CIA headquarters in Langley. In one of the rooms after lunch Nils and Ronald sit in their comfortable chairs.

"You know, Ron, I'm also completely satisfied with the results of our guys' trip to Moscow, Leningrad and Kiev. They did some really good work and we need to give them their due. However, there can't be an absolute guarantee that they weren't spotted by the Chekists and those guys didn't note all the suspicious instances, in their opinion, of the behavior of "the American diplomats." And think about the question: who, when and where exactly will a private meeting with TRIANON be held? Taking into account his well-known merits, about which we should never forget, it seems to me that it is extremely important not only operationally but also in psychological terms."

"Ok, Nils. I will think about it too."

"And never forget that his increased worry about his health should always be at the center of our attention. By the way, check again to see if the Station gave him the medical impressions of our doctors based on the results of the analyses we presented to them, and also the medicines and vitamin supplements intended for him."

Chapter 4

From the report to the leadership of the Second Chief Directorate:

"By the middle of 1976 a moral and psychological portrait of Ogorodnik, the target of the AGRONOM case" was drawn up based on messages from our sources and materials from operational and technical actions.

"Ogorodnik, Aleksandr Dmitriyevich, was born on November 11, 1939, in the city of Sevastopol into a serviceman's family; Russian; married; no children; member of the CPSU since 1959. In 1967 he graduated from the Moscow Institute of International Relations. In 1970, he ended postgraduate study and defended his dissertation for Candidate of Economic Sciences. Earlier, through the Committee of Youth Organizations of the USSR, he went on short-term missions to Colombia, Costa Rica and Bulgaria. Fluent in Spanish and English. In 1974 he returned from a long tour of duty in Colombia.

"An erudite man, expert in issues of the countries of Latin America, has a good knowledge of the history and culture of these countries and an analytical mind; intelligent, does not drink, and does not smoke. At the same time he has extremely elevated self-esteem; careerism, a tendency toward money-making, egoism bordering on egocentrism, posturing, duplicity, and an excessive passion for women.

a) during his stay in Colombia after the sale of an official car tried to appropriate 20-21 thousand pesos (800 US dollars);

b) greedy - for driving an embassy employee's wife to the doctor took 10 pesos for gasoline;

c) engaged in intimate relations with several wives of the Soviet embassy and trade mission staff (B, G, S, etc.);

d) partly because of him a complicated situation emerged, and conflicting cliques formed among themselves at the Soviet Embassy in Bogota...

"In search for a way out of the car sale and money assignment, he engaged in speculation of alcoholic beverages and cigarettes through the owner of a gasoline station, the agent of the CIA and Colombian Military Intelligence Uribe, the brother of the Director of the Colombian-American Cultural Center, also an agent of the U.S. CIA.

"In 1974, while in Colombia, he went into seclusion:

a) the story of the sale of the automobile spoiled relations with the ambassador;

b) the open knowledge of his pursuit of trade mission officer Serov's wife ruined both families;

c) relations with the Rezidentura soured, and eventually it refused to work with him;

d) the embassy staff expressed lack of confidence in him and did not re-elect him to the Union Bureau (the Party Bureau) ...

...All the same, the illogical behavior of the Rezidentura and embassy leadership should be noted. After the cessation of contact with Ogorodnik he was out of the Rezidentura's sight practically all of 1974 and at the same time, during the last stage of his stay in Colombia, was involved as a special security courier, that is, he had access to the embassy's classified and encryption department room... Before departure from Colombia, he received a positive official personnel evaluation. By the way, it was noted: '... Ogorodnik A. D. is a disciplined, efficient worker ... his tour of duty at the Embassy of the USSR in Colombia was characterized positively.'

In December 1974, he returned to Moscow, and in February 1975 was put on the staff of the American Department of the Directorate of Planning for Foreign Policy Issues of the MFA USSR (the "think tank" of the Ministry, staffed with high-ranking people - ambassadors, counselors) and in practice got access to important classified reports and documents.

In view of the seriousness of materials received on Ogorodnik, we submit for consideration by the leadership of the Second Chief Directorate of the KGB the Plan for Further Active Measures for this case..."

The plan was reviewed and approved by the Head of the Chief Directorate Lieutenant General Grigory Fyodorovich Grigorenko, and active development on Ogorodnik continued. The leadership's attention soon enough affected the results of the work. More significant forces and means were allocated to resolve the missions.

By the way, after showing the program "Top Secret" on Central Television in 1997 about the exposure of Ogorodnik as an American spy, some of the Foreign Ministry old-timers remembered him. So, the teacher, having taught him English, admitted that she had a strong dislike for her pupil, believing Ogorodnik to be a slippery and two-faced

man. It would be good if those gray-haired diplomats and personnel officers, who favored Ogorodnik during his work in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, had had her insight! And, after all, she communicated with him only incidentally in language classes!

On June 10, 1976 the external surveillance team recorded that from 1730 till 1930 hours the black Volga car belonging to Ogorodnik with state registration plate MKShCh 42-92 was parked at a small open space of Metrostroyevskaya Street near the MGIMO building and by the entrance to the metro station "Park of Culture" opposite the trestle across Sadovoye Ring.

Ogorodnik left the car and walked towards the "Chaika (Seagull)" pool, stood there for two or three minutes, and then went down to the subway. Upon reaching the station "Lenin Library", he went up by the escalator to Kalinin Prospect, and then at 1755 hours slowly walked to the Voyentorg store where after a few minutes he met with the reception room employee of the Presidium of the Supreme Council of RSFSR Olga Fomina, with whom he had established meetings earlier. After a walk through the city center and visiting a cafe near Petrovsky Passage, which took about two hours, they came back to the car together. Ogorodnik gave Fomina a lift to her place of residence and then drove to his home on Krasnopresnenskaya Naberezhnaya and parked the Volga by the fence of the kindergarten in the vicinity of the entrance.

On the same day at 2120 hours Ogorodnik left his house with an umbrella. The rain was drizzling. He walked along the waterfront and Konyushkovskaya Street to a public transportation stop in front of the Council for Mutual Economic Assistance. He got on a passing Route Number 2 trolley, reached the Dunayevsky Street stop and got off. He transferred to a nearby bus stop.

A few minutes later he got on an arriving Route Number 45 bus, proceeded to the "Ninth Kilometer" stop and got off the bus alone. He moved to the opposite side of the highway, then walked through the forest to Staromozhayskoe Shosse and passed by the twisting footpath of the wooded area of Victory Park, and at 2145 arrived in the area of the foundation stone of the site of a future obelisk in honor of Victory Day. The rain drizzled off and on. Ogorodnik sat down on one of the benches, stayed for two or three minutes, got up, went to the alley

leading to the street, then returned to the bench, looked at it and walked to the next one. He sat on the bench again across from the previous one and having sat a bit stood up and walked through the bushes and trees toward Staromozhayskoye Shosse. He passed it and began to stroll between Minsk and Staromozhayskoe Shosse, passing eighty to a hundred meters in one direction and returning.

At 2220 Ogorodnik walked through the woods in the direction of the railway. In the twilight his actions were barely visible. In the future, as mentioned in the summary, in order to avoid detection [Translator comment: author called it “decryption”] in accordance with the instructions of the executive, surveillance was discontinued, but the most likely exits from this area were cut off.

At 2230 external surveillance was transferred to the house on Krasnopresnenskaya Naberezhnaya.

At 2345 Ogorodnik came back home with the umbrella. After a half an hour the lights went out in his room.

On June 12, having come to work and finding out about the information received from the Seventh Directorate, I at once called Kuryshev on the operational communications phone and asked how he liked the reports from June 10, 1976, which he had already read, and asked if he found that they raised too many questions for us. For example, why was it necessary to leave the car near MGIMO and go on foot to a date with the young mistress? Wouldn't it would be better to appear before her, as they say, on a spirited horse that is, in the black Volga? Of course, it is possible that he may have left the car for his father, a familiar mechanic or someone else. And then this walk... After all, Trolleybus Number 2 and Bus number 45 followed the same route to Minskoye Shosse. Both of them have a stop at Ninth Kilometer. The weather didn't particularly favor walking, the rain drizzled, and his Volga was left in the yard. If we assume that he wanted to get some fresh air, then this could be done by driving to the same area, and by car it would be much more comfortable.

Mikhail Ivanovich said that he thought about the same thing. He also didn't understand Ogorodnik's behavior. And so, he offered immediately to get in the car and follow the same route in the hope that it would clear something up. Right then and there I suggested that maybe

Ogorodnik was gay and was just looking for a partner. Mikhail Ivanovich also did not exclude such an option, but for now, as he said, too much is unclear, we should go to the site and look at everything through our own eyes, and then to consult with the American Department of the Chief Directorate. Perhaps there are some coinciding signs?

Soon I was back at the Foreign Ministry, and from there we left for the area of interest. By that time the weather had not significantly changed. As before, it was cloudy, and the rain drizzled from time to time.

While repeating Ogorodnik's route we noticed that the paths were covered with mud that sticks to the soles and heels. Walking on them was quite unpleasant, and, after all, there was the hardened paved street, and it was much easier to walk on it in the rain. Both in the evening and in the afternoon the area around the foundation stone was almost deserted.

After discussion of the questions that had arisen with the Department leadership the decision was made to inform the leadership of the First American Department of the Chief Directorate of our observations.

The next day Kuryshev told me about the results of his visit to the Deputy Chief of the American Department, Rem Sergeevich Krasilnikov⁷, whom he told about our observations. Krasilnikov, in turn, told him about the strange walks of the officer of the U. S. Embassy, the known American intelligence officer Jack Downing (DUNCAN) along the same route in Victory Park. As a rule, from the vehicle stop he passed the foundation stone on the right and left sides and returned to it by various routes. Always going at a slow pace, stopping periodically and carefully studying the surroundings. It also was not absolutely clear to them.

The results of comparing the data obtained by Kuryshev and Krasilnikov were immediately reported to the Chief of the Second Chief Directorate Lieutenant General G. F. Grigorenko, who gave the following instructions: observe extreme care in the Ogorodnik operation: set up his

⁷ R. S. Krasilnikov — one of the leading experts in countermeasures against the American intelligence services of that time. He had worked in the Second Chief Directorate since 1949. From 1979 until his retirement in 1992 he was the Chief of the First American Department. Major General. The author of books: *The Ghosts of Tchaikovsky Street* (Geya Publishing House, 1999) and *The KGB against MI-6* Tsentrpoligraf Publishing House, 2000).

surveillance from secure positions using optical means, and on his trips around the city by automobile have external surveillance follow him only in exceptional cases.

Grigory F. Grigorenko's counterintelligence experience began in the severe years of the Great Patriotic War when he, as a young officer of Front Counterintelligence, came to grips with the fascist Abwehr. And it was a serious opponent, and to defeat it meant a lot of work.

With a wealth of experience and exceptional organizational skills, Grigory Fyodorovich Grigorenko was the unquestioned authority in matters of counterintelligence. The concrete results of this work — arrests of agents of foreign intelligence services were confirmation of that. Whoever had the opportunity to communicate with him needed a particular school of operational art. One should add to all this that G. F. Grigorenko possessed a strong and independent character that not everyone found pleasant. He had many hidden and visible enemies and envious persons among the top leadership of the KGB, who didn't miss an opportunity to annoy him, and, first of all, to compromise him in the eyes of KGB Chairman Yuri Andropov, and they often succeeded. These were people often far from professionalism and incidental to our system, the names of whom I simply do not want to speak.

A conversation on the operational communications phone.

Valentin Pavlovich Marchenko called - the chief of a subunit of one of the Departments of the Seventh Directorate.

"Igor Konstantinovich! Yesterday at two o'clock in the morning our guys observed that in your target's room, the one with closed curtains, a big light lit up and was on for about twenty minutes. We don't send the official report to you and therefore we ask you to note it. Perhaps it is useful."

"All this is good, but how did they see it when surveillance was carried only till 2400 hours?"

"Very simple: they voluntarily decided to stay until morning."

"Oh, but in an attic, it is always quite cold because of drafts, especially at night."

"I can't limit a useful initiative, besides our guys are case-hardened, working outdoors all the time and in bad weather, too. And at 9:00 a.m. they, by the way, were already at work."

“Please convey to them our heartfelt gratitude and many thanks from our team. We never doubted their absolute reliability.”

“Well, thanks for kind words, I will pass them on for sure!”

Chapter 5

In accordance with the case action plan, the active study of Ogorodnik and his contacts proceeded.

Once, after a conversation in my private office at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs where I sometimes invited him, Ogorodnik asked for permission to use my phone. I let him, and with the purpose of not showing my curiosity, I went to the safe and began to sort folders with documents there, pretending that there was something I was looking for.

He dialed the phone number and said:

“Hi, Anya! I’ll come over to your place in twenty minutes. I need you very much!”

And he hung up. When he dialed the number, I very much regretted that I could not see him dialing: there was a strong desire to know the phone number that he called.

After he left, I immediately tried to figure out where he could presumably be in twenty minutes, considering that he needed to go down on the elevator from one of the top floors of the high-rise building on Smolenskaya Square, then walk to the parked Volga car in the parking lot and make a short drive to the meeting place. The circle, which I mentally outlined on the city map, passes approximately through points: MGIMO, the Ukraine Hotel, the Arbat Metro... for some reason MGIMO seemed the most likely, though there were no solid bases for thinking so, just that previously Ogorodnik studied and defended his thesis at this institute and his contacts could be there.

Before long, while monitoring him, a meeting with an unknown young woman was recorded. They met in the city. They arrived together in his car to State Dacha Number 9 in Serebryanny Bor.

There he changed clothes into a tracksuit and for about two hours carried coal to the cellar. After a rather short stay in the house, they got into the car together and he drove her to a large apartment block on Aleksey Tolstoy Street which was protected by officers of the Ninth Directorate KGB, that is, governmental protection.

As it turned out in the course of a subsequent check, State Dacha Number 9 for many years belonged to one of the famous Moscow municipal planners who died a few years ago. Currently his daughter,

Anna Kolotova, who works at MGIMO, was living there. She was divorced, and her work and everyday life was characterized positively. To resolve the question of the possibility of using her to study Ogorodnik, to clarify their relationship, and also create conditions for the subsequent examination of his personal belongings, notebooks and carrying out other operational and technical actions, I arranged a personal introduction to Anna Kolotova using an appropriate legend. The legend was that my job as a security service specialist allegedly included the supervisory management through the KGB of various issues related to MGIMO as the institute which was directly connected to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of the USSR.

I met with her many times. Performing the task assigned to me, I visited the high-rise apartment building on Alexey Tolstoy Street mentioned earlier where she occupied a spacious apartment in which she lived together with her school-age son. Outwardly, she made a good impression as a quite loyal and honest person, who was ready to provide all possible assistance to the appropriate authorities in solving their tasks. Frankly, I was really counting on her support, naively believing that it was an environment where we could achieve a full understanding.

But gradually I began to reach the conclusion that the first impression was deceptive. Responding to leading questions, Kolotova talked about her closest friends, but said nothing about Ogorodnik, although it was suggested she provide the names of people she knew during her studies at MGIMO who had recently returned from abroad. At the same time, she constantly came back to her assumption from one of the first meetings that someone was constantly following her and said that she would like my help to deal with this question.

It was absolutely clear that Kolotova was insincere, and in connection with the complete hopelessness of establishing a confidential relationship with her, the contact was terminated using a specious excuse. Later with some surprise I learned that a certain part of residents of houses of this sort, especially young people, as a sign of "respect and appreciation" for ensuring their safety and peace, referred to officers of the Ninth Directorate as nothing more than "ordinary servants." I felt something similar and hardly noticeable towards myself, though superficially nothing was shown. The desire, which was carefully

hidden by Kolotova, to learn more information from me than she was told also didn't escape my attention.

The work with this woman took about half a year and I felt bad for wasting my time on her.

Once a phone conversation of Ogorodnik was recorded with a certain Nikolay, which had a mundane and somewhat strange nature.

Nikolay several times playfully repeated:

“You're such a bear cub! My, my! La-di-da!.. “

Nikolay turned out to be a teacher at MGIMO, and then at the Diplomatic Academy of the USSR. Dimov was a middle-aged bachelor who lived with his mother. In the course of study, we obtained information about his homosexual bent. The phenomenon of homosexuality, unfortunately, occasionally manifested itself at MGIMO and led eventually to shameful scandals. Once, back in the 70's, about twenty teachers and students at the Institute were dismissed and expelled in this regard. It was recognized as inexpedient to make contact with Dimov: he was characterized as slippery and not a frank person. Later this was confirmed, and I was personally convinced.

Olga Fomina, whom Ogorodnik met in 1976, worked as a secretary in one of the departments of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet of the RSFSR. She was a single woman living with her mother without a father. He sometimes visited her in the room at the Presidium building. As we discovered later, Ogorodnik had a practical opportunity to communicate with officials of both the central organs and the periphery. On one of such visits he met with the First Secretary of the Party Committee of one of the regions of Eastern Siberia (Omsk or Tomsk), who, being a garrulous person, in the conversation which took place with the nice diplomat told in quite some detail about the very deplorable condition of agriculture of this area and named some figures.

The leadership didn't allow us to determine who exactly this too-talkative first secretary of the regional committee was.

Thus U.S. intelligence received, thanks to Ogorodnik, classified economic information, as they say, firsthand.

In addition, we found another contact of Ogorodnik with Zinaida Kirsanova, who worked in the teletype room of the USSR Ministry of Defense. She lived in a separate apartment with her young daughter and was divorced from her husband. She was in an intimate relationship with

a Lieutenant Colonel Vinogradov of the Soviet Army, who was serving at one of the important sites of the Ministry of Defense of the USSR and had a wife and two children. The difficult financial position of the lieutenant colonel in connection with his current situation, which under the given circumstances required additional expenses, could have been used by U.S. intelligence.

Ogorodnik's sister was characterized negatively as a woman of unbalanced character. There were frequent quarrels and scandals in her family. Also, her husband, a teacher at one of the military academies, who had a reputation as an arrogant, foolish and quick-tempered person, was a good match for her. The attitude of the command structure of the academy towards him, most likely, was defined by the position of his uncle — Marshall of the Soviet Union Sergey Leonidovich Sokolov, the First Deputy Minister of Defense of the USSR, who was respected by everyone. Probably only because of this reason was he tolerated at the academy.

Later it became known that Ogorodnik received some information behind the scenes on military matters from the nephew of the Marshal. Therefore, he was one of the first who learned from him that after the death of Soviet Defense Minister Marshal Grechko, his place was taken by Politburo member Ustinov. The official announcement of the appointment of Ustinov to the post was only published in the press a few days later. So, the US intelligence agencies knew about it in advance. On its own it was not an event of much importance, but it couldn't but raise the significance of Ogorodnik in the eyes of Americans and he received his "thirty pieces of silver" for it. After all, the information was laid down at once on the table of the U.S. President! And it was an unequivocal success of the CIA.

On April 13, 1977 Ogorodnik wrote in his diary:

"I have the character of a warrior, a strong will, honesty, devotion to the ideals of freedom, courage ... Finally, outstanding training, rare in its richness by the most difficult life events."

On April 19, 1977 at 1850 hours the target drove back home to Krasnopresnenskaya Naberezhnaya.

From the external surveillance report on Ogorodnik:

"It was noticed that he drew the curtains, through which at first very little light penetrated, and after 20-25 minutes the chandelier was switched on⁸. About 2100 the target fully opened the window, turned off the lights and turned on the table lamp. At 2140 he was observed walking out of the house with a small leather bag. A few minutes before it was recorded how the target, already dressed, strolled about the room. Then he took the bag, put it on the table, and sat down in the chair. After sitting for a few minutes, he got up, picked up his bag and left the room;

"At 2330 the target in the car MKSCH 42-92 was placed under external surveillance on the turn from Minskoye to Staromozhayskoye Shosse. He reached the entrance to the site where the monument in honor of Victory Day was to be erected. He stopped in the middle of the roadway and, without leaving the car, sat there for 30-40 seconds. Then came out on Kutuzovsky Prospekt."

Comparing this data with information received in the American Department from R. S. Krasilnikov, it was possible to assume with a certain share of confidence that there could be some connection between DUNCAN's walks and Ogorodnik's behavior. We only regret that twenty years ago we had no opportunity to store all materials received by various subunits in the databank of a computer system that would allow us to work considerably more quickly.

At the beginning of summer of 1977 Ogorodnik, as a member of an initiative group of the Committee of Youth Organizations of the USSR, went to the city of Nakhodka, where he took part in the Youth Conference of Pacific Region Countries.

The Chief of the Primorsky Krai Directorate of the Committee for State Security (UKGB) Lieutenant General Konstantin Aleksandrovich Grigoryev was informed beforehand by a message signed by the leadership of the Chief Directorate about the need for surveillance over him but observing special care.

A few days later I couldn't wait and bypassing my bosses, called K. A. Grigoryev on the secure line to Vladivostok, as I had known him for a long time and had collaborated with him in the Sverdlovsk region.

⁸ I remind the reader that at this time of day it was still quite light, the sun sets only at 20 hours 41 minutes.

In those days I was still a lieutenant and worked in the Kamensk-Uralsk Municipal KGB Department, and he was a captain and the Chief of a Section in the Oblast Directorate. Grigoryev then came to us several times with verifications and for assistance in his work. The KGB leadership and he personally were very disturbed about the behavior and work style of the Chief of the Municipal Department, Lieutenant Colonel Pavel Vasilyevich Chupin, an uneducated man who would not meet the requirements of modern times, preferring to use methods that were compromised a long time ago. His other distinctive characteristics were extreme ambitiousness and excessive self-confidence. Visiting performances at the local drama theater with members of the family, Chupin never bought entrance tickets, believing that he had the immutable right of so-called "political control", which remained allegedly from a not so distant past. Trying to use his one-man right, he repeatedly put before the KGB Personnel Department the issue of dismissing experienced officers who disagreed with him, just because they dared to defend their points of view on various operational issues. To the above words one might add that he "graduated" from tenth grade classes of the evening school of young workers and received a night school certificate, invariably passing teachers' examinations, while working in his office! Perhaps I was the only officer of the department whom he did not offend, although one day in order to get rid of specialists with higher education and also a lawyer, he tried to propose my candidacy through the Party Committee for the position of Secretary of the Municipal Committee of the Komsomol, despite my disagreement. But soon I was elected secretary of the party bureau of the municipal department, and it became much more complicated to arbitrarily determine my fate. He also had difficulties with official bio files on some employees since by that time the signature of the Secretary of the party organization was required for approval.

Grigoryev saw all this, but his attempts to talk some sense into Chupin were not crowned with success. Later, Directorate leadership interfered in this case, and Chupin, despite desperate resistance, was transferred to the police, from whence he was soon dismissed for criminal abuses of his position. Hunting, motorcycles and cars were his passion.

After some time, I began to be invited insistently to work in the Sverdlovsk Directorate with a promotion, but I persistently refused, which eventually caused anger even from one of the deputy chiefs of the Directorate. At that time I didn't suspect that it was Konstantin Aleksandrovich's initiative.

The same Deputy Chief of the Directorate was quite an extraordinary man, Colonel Semyon Prokhorovich Davydov, a former Baltic sailor, who had gotten a higher education and then became a Chekist. He knew not only dizzying highs, but rapid falls in his career. After the Great Patriotic War, he worked for a time as the KGB Representative in Poland, and then Plenipotentiary of the Council of Ministers of the USSR in Germany, and, at the same time was a deputy of Marshal V. I. Chuykov — the Commanding General of Soviet Troops and also the Vice-Chairman of the Commission on Reparations. After formation of the GDR, the Germans quickly appreciated his administrative and business qualities. He had a quite good relationship with the leadership of the Socialist Unity Party (SED) of Germany and personally with the president of the country, Wilhelm Pieck.

In 1951, the SED leadership and then W. Pieck also approached him with a request to transfer to the government of the GDR certain files of the party and state archives of Nazi Germany which were in the hands of the Soviets. Semyon Prokhorovich knew that archives of this nature that had been seized by the Americans were immediately taken to the US and there subjected to thorough study. Being guided by operational expediency and common sense, he refused this to the highly-placed requestor using a specious excuse. In response, Wilhelm Pieck found an opportunity to complain about this obstinate Plenipotentiary of the Council of Ministers to Joseph Stalin. Stalin personally gave a reprimand to Davydov. He was recalled from the GDR and, after a while he served in the modest position of Deputy Chief of the Sverdlovsk Directorate. After Stalin's death in Moscow there were influential people who tried to block S. P. Davydov's return to the more large-scale and vigorous activity of which he was worthy. Motivating them in particular was the record of his party reprimand. As for the archived files mentioned earlier [Translator comment: i.e. those the Soviets seized], in an evil twist of fate they remained in the USSR for many years.

In Sverdlovsk, the KGB Directorate loved and highly respected him because of his sharp analytical mind, deep knowledge of facts, and his humor and natural goodness.

S. P. Davydov called me to Sverdlovsk and made an official offer to transfer me to the Directorate apparatus with increased duty responsibilities. However, he didn't like my tenacity, and the conversation clearly dragged on. From my point of view, I figured that I had strong reasons to refuse. I had interesting work in my staff group at the municipal department and had good relations there. Besides, my wife, Liana Pavlovna, had worked for several years as Chief of the First Department in a factory for processing of non-ferrous metals; she was in good standing there, led a major public works, was elected deputy of the People's Court of the rayon, People's Assessor of the Sverdlovsk Oblast Court and had successfully coped with these responsibilities. And frankly, I would have been sad to leave the hospitable city and our hunting team. From his side, unfortunately, the conversation with Davydov ended approximately on a note like this: "As long as I am here you'll never set foot in Sverdlovsk." At these words, as it seemed to me he even stamped his foot. Somewhat distressed by this turn of the case, I went back to my previous post in Kamensk-Ural, plunged into my work, and this was benefit enough. And it passed thusly for more than a year.

Back in the war years, when on torpedo boats of the Northern fleet I happened to participate in a landing of our reconnaissance-saboteurs under cover of polar night on the coast of northern Norway, I had the desire to try my hand in this difficult work. It was much too hard for me! At the beginning of 1957, I submitted an official report addressed to the KGB Directorate with a request to be sent to study at the Higher Intelligence School of the First Chief Directorate KGB USSR with language training. Leadership agreed. I passed the medical commission and had to wait my turn for the 1959 class. On September 26, 1957 in the Chelyabinsk Oblast there was a major accident at the nuclear site "Mayak", after which Kamensk-Ural and its outlying areas found themselves in the active radiation zone. In 1958, on the way back from an official trip to Hungary while at the Personnel Directorate in Moscow I unexpectedly learned that the previous candidate to be sent to school was rejected on medical grounds and, therefore, as a person on the waiting list, I should appear immediately before the credentials

committee. On the same day, after a small dispute among the members of the commission about my physical description, I was assigned to study a completely new language, German, and this was how I became a student.

Upon returning home, at the family council we decided to move my wife and children to Sverdlovsk to my parents' home, which was done. Believing that the question of a residence permit wouldn't require any special effort, I quickly left for Moscow. But it was not so easy, as the city was in a sensitive restriction situation. Being rejected in all instances, my wife asked Semyon P. Davydov for help, and he immediately met with her. After listening carefully, he asked her to give him all the prepared documents and passport, and after two or three days the Directorate officer came to my parent's apartment and gave the passport with the residence permit to my wife with a Sverdlovsk registration. She phoned Davydov and thanked him for the attention and care shown. Such was Semyon Prokhorovich, a kind and sympathetic person. It is unfortunate that a year later he was gone. The city gave him big honors at the gravesite.

Grigoryev immediately recognized me and reminded me of the story of my failed transfer to Sverdlovsk. He also remembered Chupin, who was fond of saying: "Every crook has his reckoning!" Apparently, without scruples, "crook" also applied to himself.

I apologized that I had violated office subordination rules to call over the heads of the chiefs, but as I was the one most directly involved in developing the target, I would like to know what had been done in accordance with the Chief Directorate's message about the target of our interest who was currently in Nakhodka.

Konstantin Aleksandrovich said that he already knew about this case and that there were instances in his behavior deserving operational attention. He is not a simple man and most likely has a hidden agenda. The comrades from Nakhodka were keeping him informed constantly. So, there's no need to worry, everything would be alright.

He assured me, "We won't delay our response to the message and will send all documents by mail. I'll keep it under control!"

I thanked him for the preliminary information and expressed the hope for a meeting in Moscow when he came there for his deputy or official matters.

Many years later, while living in Moscow, Konstantin Aleksandrovich Grigoryev presented me with his book *Rifts of Fate*, and quite recently another one, just published - *Ups and Downs*. In them he tells about the "soldiers of the invisible front," interesting events he had witnessed, and the people he met in fifty years of work in state security. He also remembered P. V. Chupin in the latest book. He also remembered me with a kind word.

Soon, as promised, the mail arrived from Vladivostok. The Far East counterintelligence guys worked quite well.

The Chief of the Primorsky Krai Directorate of the Committee for State Security (UKGB) Lieutenant General Konstantin Grigoryev remembers in *Ups and Downs*:

"After receiving the message from the Center, I immediately went to Nakhodka, where I held a meeting with a small circle of knowledgeable officers, headed by Colonel N. M. Demidov and his deputy ... they both belonged to the category of responsible professionals, and I had no doubt that they would cope with the mission laid down by the Center. Nevertheless, I added some of the Directorate's people to them, in particular an experienced counterintelligence officer, Chief of the Subunit Lieutenant Colonel Ya. P. Redko."

From the materials received from Vladivostok it became known that Ogorodnik and his friend Nikolay Dymov, who was mentioned earlier, took an active role in the work of the Youth Conference of Pacific Region Countries. In this case it drew the attention of Ogorodnik's active association with one woman - a member of the U.S. delegation. It was noticed that he deliberately evaded an excursion for members of delegations, simulating just missing of the bus, and expressing, according to observations, chagrin that looked too theatrical. After that he spent a long time with the American in her hotel room. In Nakhodka, at one of the events with the participation of local youth, he met the daughter of the port chief. At his request, she organized an excursion on the bay area of the gulf for conference delegates, during which he could not but notice the ships of the Pacific Fleet stationed there, in which he, as a former sailor, was an expert. And apparently, he was pleased with

the sea cruise since his new friend got an expensive gift, perhaps an investment for the future. It is difficult, of course, to blame her for anything except carelessness, and then only conditionally.

Although the materials obtained from the Primorsky Kray KGB Directorate didn't catch Ogorodnik in espionage activity, together with existing data on him, it forced us to think about a lot of things. Before us was a man with a hidden agenda that was becoming a real fact.

During Mikhail Ivanovich Kuryshev's report to the Deputy Chief of the Chief Directorate Vitaliy K. Boyarov about the results of developing Ogorodnik, Boyarov asked who other than Peretrukhin and Grechayev was working this case. Kuryshev answered that Peretrukhin led the development and Grechayev actively assisted him. To this Boyarov said that the development could be significantly strengthened through the creation of an Operational Group/task force and he understood that Kuryshev has more than enough worries, but this case required special attention. He also asked what impression Ogorodnik had made on him personally, as he, Kuryshev had already met him two or three times and had worked with Ministry of Foreign Affairs officials for more than twenty years.

Mikhail Ivanovich answered that he didn't see any special difficulty in creating the group, but this was not the only matter. As he considered that, an external surveillance team or even two should be attached to the Security Service because their work, which had been conducted in fits and starts, was insufficiently effective. And as for his impression, in his opinion, he is a typical employee of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, with positive and negative qualities which develop in a certain environment that is characteristic of such structures as the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and the Ministry of Foreign Trade. This environment shaped not only experts in their field, but also, unfortunately, careerists, opportunists and other "actors" like Ogorodnik. Certainly, there were many uncertain and even suspicious things in his behavior, and our mission is to investigate everything and do it as soon as possible.

Vitaliy Boyarov suggested Mikhail Kuryshev compare the transmission time of the CIA Frankfurt Radio Center to the Moscow area with the locations of Ogorodnik at those moments, because such a simple method would allow us to quickly clarify the matter. Besides, he advised us to maintain constant communication with the American

Department of the Chief Directorate. And he would try to help with external surveillance.

Ogorodnik's conversation with his mother by phone:

“Mom, hello! How is your blood pressure and overall health?”

“Not bad, son, apparently, the years are taking their toll!”

“And you are taking the drugs that I brought from abroad?”

“Yes, I take them, but it doesn't do much good!”

“And what about our guys? Did they get back from the Crimea?”

“No, they just called from the sanatorium. They said that they'll get back on Thursday or Friday by plane from Simferopol.”

“By the way, Mom, could you lend me another fifty rubles until payday?”

“Of course, Sashenka, what a question?”

“Okay, then till Friday! Goodbye! Kisses!”

Ogorodnik borrowed money on purpose to give the impression that he lives within his means, but it isn't always enough.

In early January I reported to Kuryshev that since January 1, 1977, on my initiative, for the first time the Ogorodnik Operation was included in the Chief Directorate's Operational Plan. The department management supported this proposal (usually Kevorkov's deputy, Colonel Vladimir I. Kostyrya, dealt with departmental plans and reports).

Kuryshev answered that frankly speaking, he had no certainty that Ogorodnik was an American spy, although there are many instances for which we found no satisfactory explanations. And he wouldn't have particularly rushed to get to the level of Chief Directorate, but now what can we do, we would continue to move forward. We only need to actively involve Udalov, Molodtsov, Shitikov, and Leytan, and to define specific sectors of work for each of them.

The Operational Plan of G. F. Grigorenko's Chief Directorate was submitted for approval to the Chairman of the KGB USSR Yuri Vladimirovich Andropov, and from this point he was aware of the Ogorodnik Operation as a possible American CIA agent. And it imposed on all of us an even greater responsibility.

Shortly after Kuryshev told me about his meeting in Boyarov's office and about the mission set for us, I asked Grechayev who had moved into the apartment where Ogorodnik was living in place of the elderly

woman pensioner who decided to reunite with her daughter somewhere in Tyoply Stan.

Grechayev reported that as result of a very complex exchange, a worker at the Hammer and Sickle Plant, Yevdokia Ivanovna Lusheva, was living there with her son Nikolay, a pupil in the fourth grade. She is divorced from the child's father. She is characterized as a decent, conscientious person and careful mother. She has been given awards repeatedly for industrial successes. Her photo currently is on the Board of Honor of the workshop in which she works. The reason for divorce - drunkenness and beatings by her husband, a worker at the same plant. She gets a paltry alimony. Nikolay is an excellent student, but his father pays no attention to him.

I told Volodya that management had given the green light to conduct a covert search of Ogorodnik's room and the apartment common areas and we needed only to figure out how to get her and her son out of the apartment for the period of our activities, as quite likely it could happen that we wouldn't be limited to just one search.

I understood from his story that he had visited the plant.

"We probably can't to do it without the professional union organization, and maybe it is worth sending Kolya to a pioneer camp in the south and his mother could go with him. At the same time, as they say, we would also do a good deed for good people."

Two days later Kuryshev and I reported the special plan which we had prepared for Kevorkov to create conditions for carrying out the covert search in Ogorodnik's apartment, for approval by the Directorate. We had already received the approval of the prosecutor.

The plan provided the following.

Kuryshev and I would invite Ogorodnik to a meeting, where we ask him to get acquainted with a person of interest to us.

The target of interest systematically visits a sauna at the "Chaika" swimming pool near the Crimean Bridge in the company of friends.

Through contacts with management of the sports complex, which are allegedly available for Mikhail Ivanovich Kuryshev, we could set up a visit to the sauna at any time.

On our signal we would visit the sauna together, where I would point out the "subject of our interest" to him, as I know him by sight. Ogorodnik

would be tasked to get acquainted with this person and to create the possibility of subsequent meetings to study him.

There would be two groups of three or four people in the sauna which notionally are independent of each other, consisting, naturally, of officers of our department.

Thus, we would get an opportunity to photograph the notebook's contents, to look through his clothes and to prepare the necessary conditions for entry into his apartment.

For this purpose, we needed an external surveillance team and operational and technical experts of the Chief Directorate.

The overall control of the operation was assigned to me. The department officers who would take part in Action SAUNA had to be allocated in coordination with the Chief of the Department.

Kevorkov agreed with the plan and added that we also needed to plan the inspection of Ogorodnik's car by our specialists. He said that in an hour he would take the report to Boyarov, so we still would have time to reprint the last page.

“Tell Zinaida Ivanovna⁹ that it is urgent. If there are no objections, you are free, and we will talk with Mikhail Ivanovich about the upcoming certification of Security Service specialists of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.”

After 15-20 minutes, I came back to his office with the reprinted last page of our plan. Mikhail Kuryshev wasn't there and Vyacheslav Kevorkov was talking to someone on the governmental communications phone. In such cases it wasn't accepted to enter the Directorate, so I moved back, but by gesture he suggested I sit down by the side table. I didn't listen to the conversation, but, as always, I darted a glance at the graceful figure of a character from the book of the famous Spanish writer Miguel Cervantes — *The Ingenious Hidalgo Don Quixote de la Mancha*, which was cut out from wood and stood permanently on his desk. In due time, I was surprised a little by the presence of such an unusual character on the Chief's table. Once I didn't hold back and having chosen the right moment asked him about it. Half-joking, half-seriously Kevorkov answered that it was a particular symbol representing nobility, justice and purity of thought. Soon the phone conversation ended.

⁹ Zinaida Ivanovna Maleva — secretary in the Department.

Kevorkov once again clarified one of the details of the action, signed the document and, previously having called the Chief of Chief Directorate G. F. Grigorenko, left to report. The everyday routine continued.

Chapter 6

Action SAUNA was conducted in the first ten days of May 1977. The meeting with Ogorodnik was agreed to in advance. However, he was not at the specified place on time, which puzzled me and made me pretty nervous: it was a pity that for some unknown reason an important and well-prepared operational action was becoming unhinged. After half an hour, I reported this to Mikhail Ivanovich from the nearest payphone, who said that a few minutes ago, Ogorodnik called him and apologized, saying that circumstances that suddenly came up prevented him from getting to the meeting place on time. He was now free and asked him to tell me after I got off the phone that he called and that he would be waiting near the "Delicatessen" store on Zubovsky Boulevard exactly at 11:00 a.m. Ogorodnik arrived at this specified place in his Volga a bit later, and after three or four minutes we were at the "Chaika (Seagull)" pool and parked there in a small dead end. Ogorodnik agreed that he would wait for me in the car, and I'd go to the director, where the tickets to the sauna were waiting for us in advance. The sauna was in one of the rooms on the back side of the complex.

After returning a few minutes later, I found him, contrary to our agreement, standing on the stairs at the entrance to the lobby of the pool, keeping a close eye on cars passing along Metrostroyevskaya Street and people coming up to the pool and sitting on the benches in the little square in front of the entrance. There were several people of different ages and among them was a young woman with a baby in a baby carriage. He didn't know, of course, that there was a doll in the baby carriage instead of a child.

Pretending that I did not attach importance to the fact that he wasn't waiting for me in the car but at the entrance to the lobby, I said to him that the tickets were in my pocket and everything was going according to plan.

The room where the sauna was situated was quite spacious and could easily accommodate about twenty people. It consisted of a small vestibule, locker rooms, rest room and massage, common room with kitchen, steam room, shower and toilet.

In the sauna everything was proceeding according to plan. One of the groups was already in the steam room; the other was still in the locker room. Ogorodnik and I were the last ones who left there, in advance checking together the entrance door lock from the inside. It turned out that a bit later there were two groups in the steam room at the same time. The temperature was very high.

After a few minutes Ogorodnik, saying nothing, suddenly came out of the steam room. After two or three minutes I also left the steam room, saying that everyone had to stay in the sauna for some time and then go out one by one. Thinking over the situation, I decided not to go far and pretended that I wanted to take a refreshing shower. Soon Ogorodnik, went from the locker room to check if there was anyone there, but at the same time he wanted to make sure that the door was still closed.

Without asking him about the reason he left, I said to him that it was my first time in the sauna, and my heart was rather weak for such powerful thermal treatments. But a few years later, by chance I had become a professional of this kind of bath. In Helsinki, in a private sauna, I withstood all the required tests and was awarded an honorary diploma "Cavalier of the Sauna Bath" with appropriate signatures and seals.

Right there I gave Ogorodnik the description of the "person of interest," whose role was played by a Department member.

After the second go in the steam room, the two groups sat down at the table separately from each other. They drank a good Czech beer - each group had its own kind - and snacked, in spite of the fact although I brought for such cases some exquisite appetizers and Czech "Budweiser," Ogorodnik refused to eat or drink anything, having mentioned that he was following a strict diet because of his excess weight.

In the next room one of the groups began to take a massage. Volodya Kasparov, one of our Department members, was an experienced masseur. I faked an agreement with him that he would rub down Ogorodnik for recompense in the form of beer, and Ogorodnik agreed.

Thus, we were able to keep the target in one place for a few minutes, giving the opportunity for the Operational Group to enter the locker room and search Ogorodnik's things. During the massage he refused to eat

the small salmon sandwich offered to him, which I had to eat myself in front of his eyes.

After the massage Ogorodnik, in a relaxed atmosphere, got acquainted with “our target of interest” and conversed with him for some time. But his attention was then drawn to a different Department member, Stasis, a Lithuanian by nationality, apparently having detected his slight accent in their conversation. He asked him about his relatives who lived in Lithuania. He sounded out a possible trip there for vacation in the summer, asked his home phone number, and gave out his own.

Both groups, pretending to be fairly tipsy, proposed to move their tables and put them together. Vodka appeared naturally in such cases (as in the movie *Irony of Fate or Enjoy Your Bath*) and around the table the atmosphere became more free and easy. I also said that under the influence of alcohol I had become more relaxed, but continued to keep a watchful eye on Ogorodnik, and noticed at the first onset that he was not touching the glass of beer poured for him, but, he thought inconspicuously, drank from the other men’s glasses. In general, “the whole party” looked quite natural and even picturesque. And the weight-lifter “masseur” didn’t look like an officer of Dzerzhinsky Square.

Gradually the whole company began to break up. Ogorodnik and I also left the sauna.

As result of the SAUNA event we executed our plan. In particular, we found a wad of money in the amount of 1000 rubles (for that time it was quite large amount) and a large number of certificates. Noteworthy information was also obtained during his car’s covert inspection.

Reporting the results of the event to the Department leadership, I said that I found the appearance of such a large sum of money in Ogorodnik’s pocket rather strange as well as his incomprehensible behavior in the sauna. He went to the locker room apparently in order to ensure that the door was locked from the inside, and despite his fastidiousness he insensibly drank beer from others’ glasses and strongly refused to eat. He showed heightened interest in the Lithuanian, but he treated passively “the target of our interest.” The behavior of Ogorodnik at the entrance to the pool showed his desire to identify possible surveillance (which was true).

I also noted that the actions of all participants deserved the highest praise. The atmosphere in the sauna couldn't have caused any suspicions.

At our regular meeting, Ogorodnik informed me that in his opinion the contact likely could not be developed because of the lack of interest from the target's side. We agreed to organize another "accidental" meeting. He said nothing about his interest in the Lithuanian.

Washington. The restaurant in the fashionable Hotel Statner. Nils and Ronald are sitting at one of the tables. Their conversation is somewhat deafened by the noise of water falling in the fountain.

"Frankly speaking, I am not happy with the fact that the local security organs reestablished work with him. It's like a stick with two ends. Despite his assurances that he completely controls the situation and his new friends are not dangerous for him, we need to continue detailed training and constantly remind him to be vigilant."

"I also worry about it, Nils, but on the other hand, it may give us information about particular enemy persons of interest who are already within the field of our attention.... Or at least to get the Lithuanian.... "

In the middle of May Ogorodnik went to the south with his fiancé, Olga Fomina.

He reported the itinerary of the trip to Shchukin, Pozdeyev and me, however he gave us most contradictory information. The cities generally corresponded, but the sequence of their visits and time spent there were different. My offers to assist in case of difficulties with hotel accommodations, just as the last time, were declined. All this could not but give rise to certain thoughts.

Considering the need for continued investigation of Ogorodnik, we decided to inform the KGB Chairman of the Georgian SSR and KGB head of the Krasnodar Kray of our interest in him and to send Captain V. I. Grechayev there, and after appropriate briefings coordinate our activities.

Due to the fact that Grechayev's hair and eyebrows were light-colored and his appearance was eye-catching, in order to follow the route of travel of the target and his fiancé, he was asked in the interest of the

case to dye them an inconspicuous color. The next day he came to the Department with a completely new image.

He told the officers who were joking with him that the night before he went into a hairdressing salon on Arbat Street and was invited to sit in the chair by a middle-aged female hairdresser. Having heard that he wanted to recolor his hair and eyebrows, the master began to dissuade him, saying that it would spoil his appearance. He had to take extreme measures - show Moscow Criminal Investigation credentials and declare that it was necessary for his work. Only then did the master agree. She assured him that everything would be done in the best possible way and it would be easy to wash off the coloring in a few days.

But the funniest part was after his return from his business trip. He solved the problem with his hair, but his eyebrows still remained dark for a long time in spite of the fact that he tried to wash them vigorously several times a day using different cleaning agents. Jokers in the Department, of course, didn't quiet down. Volodya liked to joke and took it easily.

It turned out that the Municipal KGB Krasnodar Directorate in Sochi, tired of countless requests to monitor targets of territorial authorities and the Center, and besides having limited capabilities in this area, in practice didn't respond to our request.

The request was treated more seriously in Georgia. Grechayev was received by the KGB Chairman [of Georgia] Colonel General A. N. [Aleksy Nikolayevich] Inauri – the same Inauri whose troops in the days of the Great Patriotic War fought with his troops across Poland and finished it victoriously in Germany by storming and capturing the city of Schwerin. The general assured him that there would be no problem and they would do everything necessary.

He immediately invited the chiefs of the subunits that were involved in the active participation in Ogorodnik's case and introduced them to V. I. Grechayev, with whom, as he said, they would coordinate all details of their activities in advance. The corresponding action plan was developed and approved at once.

As V. I. Grechayev later told it, when following Ogorodnik on the train from Tbilisi to Batumi at night along the state border, they had taken all measures so that if he suspected something was wrong he would try to get off the train indiscreetly, aiming to subsequently cross the border. By

the way, as it turned out after Ogorodnik's death, the Americans had supplied the agent with detailed instructions for the actions that would be needed in case of the threat of failure as an agent. According to the instructions, he had to quickly leave Leningrad by train and from there get on the electric train (*elektrichka*) to Sestroretsk (the schedule of trains and electric trains was attached). There, at a gas station in close proximity to a train platform, American intelligence officers would be waiting for him, supplying our "ward" with the passport of an American citizen, which would have brought him through the Vyborg checkpoint to Finnish territory, just as this was done later by British intelligence authorities with the traitor O. Gordievsky. After we ended all our activities in the Ogorodnik case, I visited Sestroretsk and assured myself once again how thoroughly Americans had worked out the schematic of their agent's actions. There was no need to go there, everything was abundantly clear.

In the implementation of operational and technical measures and external surveillance in Georgia, it was found that Ogorodnik secretly wrote some notes and instantly destroyed the drafts, displayed a clear distrust of Olga, and secretly read her letters which were waiting to be mailed - and this occurred at the time, on August 5, when they had already registered their marriage in Moscow.

In Georgia he had a good many acquaintances from the time of his work in the Committee of Youth Organizations who had reached high positions in the Central Committee of the Republic Communist Party. They drove him around using government vehicles with special flashers, visited expensive restaurants and other hot spots, and Ogorodnik misrepresented himself as a Soviet intelligence officer who was working abroad. By the way, his favorite hero was Stirlitz from *Seventeen Moments of Spring* by Yulian Semyonov. His young companion and fiancé Olga, or as he called her, "Olyunya," always accompanied him.

While in the South, for the first time his notebook, diary entries and other materials were photographed, which were of great importance in the subsequent explanation of many details of his behavior. But we will discuss this later.

In Batumi there was a curious episode. Grechayev, who was there, periodically went to a public telephone booth to call Moscow to report that everything was all right and going according to the plan. One day, leaving the post office, he suddenly met Olga Fomina in the doorway, whom he easily recognized from photos. This meeting lasted only some

seconds. She did not know Grechayev, especially with dark hair. However, a few months later when Volodya and I, after having completed the case, in a conversation with her tried to find out some details of Ogorodnik's behavior, she confidently said that she had seen him somewhere but couldn't remember exactly where. The visual memory!

During their trip around Georgia, in the company of young people Olga gave reason for jealousy on Ogorodnik's part several times, and one day he, in order to show her his will and patience, burned a small area of his skin between the thumb and forefinger of the left hand with a lighted cigarette. There was a scab on this place for the rest of his life.

On June 7, 1977 during an excursion across New Athos their last picture was taken. They were framed against an ancient monastery covered with mighty cypresses and subtropical palm trees, suntanned and cheerful in the company of compatriots who were vacationing there.

In all fairness, we must pay tribute to our Georgian colleagues. All planned activities were carried out at a high technical and professional level and it allowed us to obtain interesting information, which earned positive feedback from the leadership of the Second Chief Directorate, and we were grateful for it.

And here are the words of FSB Colonel V. I. Grechayev, after returning from the Ogorodnik matter in Georgia:

"Having received the necessary briefings and recommendations for local security agencies about the specifics of organizing work relating to A. Ogorodnik, I went by plane to Tbilisi.

"An encrypted message signed by the leadership of the Chief Directorate was sent to the Chairman of Georgian KGB Colonel General A. I. (sic) Inauri with a request to arrange the necessary actions for the target's arrival and with a notice of my arrival in the republic to coordinate our activities. As is appropriate in such cases, I was met at the airport by our Georgian colleagues who drove me to the KGB building. A. I. Inauri received me in just a few minutes. After my message concerning our concrete interests in relation to A. Ogorodnik, he immediately called in the chiefs of subunits who would be participating in the forthcoming work. Everyone had been warned about the high degree of secrecy for the events that would be conducted.

“It soon became known that there was a call from the reception desk of Central Committee of CPSU Secretary K. V. Rusakov to the Central Committee of the Georgian CP that in Rusakov’s name they were to arrange to meet Ogorodnik in Tbilisi and create the necessary conditions for his rest in Georgia, including providing security. The reaction was immediate. Before his arrival, a special car with flashers and a luxury room in the Hotel Iveria, the most prestigious at that time, was booked. Someone decided that Ogorodnik, who was on vacation leave, was an officer of our foreign intelligence.

“All this news immediately became known in the Republic KGB. Of course, this news created some problems for the Chairman of the Georgian KGB. On the one hand – the KGB, on the other hand – CPSU, in the face of one of the Secretaries! But A. I. Inauri knew his work well. He quickly vetted and approved the plans for operational and technical measures for the case, for which all subunits allocated for this task had already been trained to carry out.

“I was also booked in the Iveria, but of course, in a considerably more modest room, with which I had no complaints. I was already at peace with my new appearance and got ready to play the role of ordinary vacationer.

“The situation was not favorable. On the one hand our colleagues had to ensure the implementation of the activities planned against Ogorodnik, on the other hand, under no circumstances were they to come within sight of those supporting Ogorodnik’s stay in Georgia and his security. By the way, I was accompanied by an armed operations officer.

“A. I. Inauri paid great attention to the work of external surveillance, whose members were strictly forbidden any communication with Ogorodnik’s entourage.

“We have to pay tribute to the foresight of V. K Boyarov, who proposed to change my appearance as much as possible. I lived in the same hotel as Ogorodnik and Olga, so our casual meetings were inevitable. Four times we met in the hotel and the city market. One day in the Iveria lobby we met face to face. Olga looked at me. I quickly went to the nearby bar and loudly said “Bring me a bottle of vodka and some sandwiches, quickly.” The order was carried out, and only afterward, not having touched the bottle, did I feel relieved.

“Upon the departure of Ogorodnik and Olga from Tbilisi to Batumi, the staff of the Central Committee of CP Georgia accompanying them instructed the train chief and conductors on security issues for the “important” personage, who along with his travelling companion would be transferred to their care.

“Because of the fact that the train passed in close proximity to the Turkish border in hours of darkness, we also took necessary measures from our side. Ogorodnik was in effect under constant surveillance by external surveillance officers. However, our Georgian colleagues, acting in a most secretive way, made a mistake. At one of the stops in the late evening, a surveillance officer lost Ogorodnik for a while and not knowing about the briefings he asked the conductor of the train about the target. The appearance of the officer was not presentable because of his clothes and overly scarred face. Suspecting something was wrong, the conductor hurried to inform Ogorodnik about the interest from a suspicious stranger. Her actions, quite natural under such circumstances, could be explained by the fact that there had been two robberies on this train two days earlier. “Later we had to take that officer under our protection to save him from inevitable punishment for this mistake.

“Immediately upon arrival in Batumi, Ogorodnik indignantly informed the representatives of the local party leadership who met them about the incident and called Tbilisi from his luxury room in the hotel several times to complain about the incident. And he calmed down only after receiving confirmation about the recent robberies on the train.

“During Ogorodnik’s stay in Batumi, we managed to familiarize ourselves with his notebook, diary and other documents and to photograph them, although with great difficulty. We got systematized records of his conversations with the leaders of the Communist party of Georgia, which was typical political intelligence information. As a result of surveillance, it was noticed that he carefully destroyed the drafts of his records, and always kept his notebook with him.

“He continued his vacation in Pitsunda. He and Olga visited historic sites of the city and spent time at the New Athos...

“Unfortunately, I noticed that from swimming in sea water my hair color had changed noticeably. I had to use all my efforts to keep out of Ogorodnik’s and Olga’s sight. However, when I went to the post office to

receive a postal money order from Moscow, I could not avoid a meeting with Olga at the exit to the street, although it lasted only a second or two.

“After carrying out a whole range of planned operational activities and completing the mission, I came back to Moscow and reported on the work done. Jokers in the Department laughed at my hair color and eyebrows for a long time, seeing a faint resemblance to the famous film actor Kisa Vorobyandinov, who in the movie *Twelve Chairs* washed his head with an “imported” hair-dye which had actually been made in Odessa.

“The trip once again proved the fact that there can be no trifles in our work. Any, even the smallest mistake could negate all our efforts, time, and money, and ruin all development in general.”

I want to add with a feeling of keen sorrow that several years ago the veteran of the Great Patriotic War and former Chairman of the Georgian KGB Colonel General A. I. Inauri was killed by terrorists in the city of Batumi. Nothing was reported officially about the reasons of his death. Unfortunately, the former Chairman of the KGB of the Republic of Armenia, Marius Abramovich Yuzbashyan, whom I knew from joint work abroad, suffered a similar destiny. His killers were not found.

But let's return to our work in Moscow, to our intra-departmental lives.

At some point during our conversation, I said to Kuryshev that the head of the Department informed me about my performance review that I well knew was Kuryshev's work. I thanked him for the high evaluation of my work and assured him that all his recommendations for improvement would be taken into account. I told him that his description of my character as "tough" was the most pleasant. It's just like Yulian Semyonov in *Seventeen Moments of Spring*: "Tough, Nordic character."

In this regard, I told him that during my long official tour of duty overseas in Germany, I had spent several years in Rostock, where by chance I became acquainted with an interesting German. During the Second World War he served in the position of medical assistant on one of the Flagships of the German Navy, the Battleship Bismarck. The ship was sunk by the British near the French port of Brest.

The German became a prisoner. After the war he returned to his native Rostock and graduated from the Medical College of Rostock University. He eventually became a Professor and Doctor of Medical

Science. He worked in a government clinic and was my neighbor. I also knew that he was in good standing with our German work colleagues and they trusted him. Once sitting in a military Post Exchange restaurant, he asked me: "Igor, tell me frankly, are you an ethnic German?"

Having received a negative answer, he began to ask me about my family tree.

I told him that according to my paternal line, all my ancestors were pure-blooded Russians who lived in Saratov Province and they were known to me by photographs, up to my great-great-grandfather. In my maternal line I do not exclude that there was a bit of Polish blood because according to the words of my mother, who was born in Vitebsk Province, my great-grandfather was convicted and shorn of all rights of state for participation in the Polish uprisings in the years 1883-1884. He was under police surveillance, though not long.

He died not long after the verdict. But he was also of Slavic blood. Then the German, having apologized, asked permission to examine my head. I didn't mind because we were sitting in a separate room. He said that my skull was Nordic, as representative of the superior race. Laughing, I replied: "But Dr. Goebbels and Rosenberg said we were an inferior race, and on this basis were subject to extermination. After all, I am a Slav in all respects!" Eventually, having examined my head once again, he recognized the inadequacy of the fascist racial theory though I believe he had felt doubts about this subject earlier. Just as Yulian Semyonov had correctly formulated "tough, Nordic character," it would sound no worse than simply "northern, Slavic."

Mikhail Ivanovich listened to me and said that I had earned a good work evaluation through my labor, and he just wrote it down objectively on paper.

- "In general, in your personnel file you have almost all positive evaluations, except for some individual ratings which were purely subjective. Probably somebody did not like you. But don't be distressed: truth and fairness will prevail sooner or later. It just doesn't happen in life that today all marks for you are good, and tomorrow - the opposite, then again good, although nothing changed! Inherent human qualities are still preserved!

After Ogorodnik's departure to the South, through the trade union leadership at the Hammer and Sickle Plant, not without the involvement of V. I. Grechayev, the issue with his neighbor and her son was resolved without any problems because she was a good worker, and her son was an excellent pupil. The school gave them free trade union trip tickets for a health resort on the Crimean coast. The vacation tickets were "hot," as is the custom in these situations, so they immediately left for the South. Mother and son were ecstatic! And we were satisfied, too.

After Ogorodnik's departure to the South, with the approval of the prosecutor, a search of his apartment was carried out with participation of the Operational and Technical Department. Both common spaces and his room were searched. In principle we didn't find anything special there, however we noticed that Ogorodnik, as a rule, didn't wash his socks and shirts, throwing out his dirty clothes down the garbage chute. Of course, to wash them or throw them away is a personal matter, but having a quite small salary, such things looked unusual. We also noticed empty and thoroughly cleaned cans of Bashkir honey. It seemed rather strange, compared to his lordly attitude to all the rest. And only a little later did we find out what they were for.

Officers of the Security Service and the Operational Department Major V. Udalov, Captains V. Molodtsov and Yuri Shitikov did great work in those days and made a significant contribution to the exposure of Ogorodnik as an agent of American intelligence. In this regard we need to name Senior Lieutenant Nikolay Leytan, thanks to whom we finally found his cache with the most important material evidence of the fact that Ogorodnik was an agent of the CIA. In recognition of the savvy he showed that day, he was awarded deservedly a facetious nickname – Hawkeye, all the more so since he lived in one of streets on Sokolinaya Gora [Translator comment: "Hawk Hill"].

Chapter 7

June 17, 1977 Ogorodnik and Olga Fomina came back to Moscow after their rest in the South.

The 18th and 19th of June were his last days of vacation and he mostly stayed at home. The apartment's windows were tightly curtained, but our equipment allowed us to hear and see him. He was nervous and masturbated, and played around with a flashlight, talking to himself: "Last time.....don't want"

Judging by his behavior, it seemed to us that he did not notice that the room had been searched. We were satisfied.

Late in the evening of June 20, with the help of operational equipment, another secret cache with a container was detected. Ogorodnik took a flashlight lying on the bookshelf in his hands, shook out the batteries, took the cardboard off one of them, unbolted the metal case, took out the processed film from the hollow part and then using a table lamp and magnifying glass started reading a sealed text. Then he repeated the operation in reverse order. In conclusion he turned on the flashlight, pointed it at the wall, reset the focus and turned it off; and he did so a few times more.

Being satisfied, he put it back¹⁰.

The discovery of this hiding place was immediately reported to the Head of the Chief Directorate, Lieutenant General G. F. Grigorenko, who received Nikolay Leytan personally and listened to him attentively. Grigorenko in coordination with the Chairman of KGB of the USSR Yuri V. Andropov, considering the nervous behavior of Ogorodnik in recent days, made the decision to finalize development of the case. But for a final decision on his arrest we had to examine the contents of the container and film, urgently.

In regard to this I got an order to call the target and have him come to the safehouse VYSOKAYA immediately, where he was to meet and be interviewed by the Chief of the Security Service of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, Colonel M. I. Kuryshev.

¹⁰ It should be noted that in its assembled form the battery supplied power just like an ordinary one, and to provide added weight it was supplied with weighting material.

I quickly contacted Ogorodnik by phone and took a bottle of vintage "Gremi" brandy and a package of truffles and went to the meeting place at the exit of the Smolenskaya Metro Station.

Ogorodnik didn't appear on time. Ten minutes later he hadn't arrived. I started to worry and lost myself in conjecture. In the current situation, these circumstances could not but cause worry, especially since in carrying out such serious actions significant forces from several of the Committee's subunits were involved. Finally, although long overdue, Ogorodnik arrived, having explained the reason of his delay, which I did not even notice as I was immensely glad that the planned activities would take place. Making small talk, we went through an underground passage to his parking place on one of lanes on the Sadovoye Ring opposite the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Before long we got in the car. Incidentally, having my own car I was always surprised by his negligent attitude towards his Volga. For example, his passenger front door was closed shut due to a faulty lock. It was obvious that Ogorodnik cared little about his car. The only thing that he did: when leaving the car for a long time he locked the car pedals of his vehicle using a special anti-theft device.

Needless to say, I couldn't suggest the trip route to Ogorodnik; as a rule, the driver decides himself. To my horror he chose the shortest way from the parking spot to the area of Belarusian Station, just passing his house on Krasnopresnenskaya Naberezhnaya. In his apartment, it occurred to me, perhaps the Operational Group was already working at photographing the film from the cache which Ogorodnik had read the night before. What would happen if he for some reason wanted to go home? Simulate an unexpected stomach ache or attack of appendicitis? Would it look convincing and natural? Would it be possible to play this role? The hope was that the vehicle would come into the view of external surveillance which was safeguarding the Special Group and give an alarm. But fortunately, we drove by Krasnopresnenskaya Naberezhnaya. I inconspicuously wiped cold sweat from my forehead. In my operational work all sorts of things could happen. I had to risk my life in an unfriendly environment - even play the role of an imaginary foreigner in front of my "compatriot." But nothing like this had ever happened! And thank God, everything worked out!

On the way, Ogorodnik by mistake, but perhaps deliberately, turned slightly before the right turn to the safehouse and drove the car into a dead-end alley.

There was another black Volga at Ogorodnik's heel. A young man wearing a white shirt and tie was sitting in the front seat next to the driver. It quickly turned around and drove back.

"Is that vehicle surveillance?" he asked me cautiously.

"Aleksandr Dmitriyevich, what nonsense? Why would they keep watch over me? Just like you, he simply made a quick right turn. Who hasn't made a mistake, after all we also made a mistake! "Furthermore, did you see his face? He looked like an important Komsomol worker at least at the Soviet Union-level: a real big shot," I joked.

Muttering something unintelligible, he drove out of the dead-end and stopped the car near the safehouse.

Mikhail Kuryshev was already there. He met us as a hospitable host. After an exchange of greetings and a few words about past holidays and health he suggested we make ourselves at home and proceeded to talk business. I put down the brandy and shot glasses and put the candy in a crystal bowl.

Unfortunately, I noted that the phone in the neighboring room for some reason didn't work. It was necessary to call the Department and report the pre-arranged text that everything was all right and we were in place.

Having noted that there was no tea in the safehouse I quickly went to the store located on the first floor, bought tea and reported to the Department that they had time, the situation was quiet, and everything was proceeding according to plan.

When I returned, Mikhail Ivanovich and Ogorodnik were discussing the next version of the meeting with the so-called "target of our interest." Soon all the details of the "upcoming event" had been clarified and the conversation turned to abstract themes. Outwardly, Ogorodnik carried himself in an assured and relaxed way. We drank tea with cognac and truffles, and I noticed that Ogorodnik had taken candy from the bowl from my side. But I was not surprised at all. Now it was possible to tell with confidence, without waiting for the results of the search, with whom we were really dealing. Such stressful work inevitably led to its logical

conclusion. That was good, although in the future, as it seemed to us, a lot of difficulties could arise before all the materials obtained after careful analysis and review could be turned over to the investigating authorities, and then to court. However, as it turned out afterwards, the difficulties on our part were far more than expected, even being gifted with a rich imagination. But all this was later.

Meanwhile, the Operational Group had already finished its work in Ogorodnik's apartment. A cleverly disguised container with film in one of the batteries was discovered in the pocket flashlight of Chinese manufacture, which was immediately photographed. The film contained instructions from American intelligence and began with the words:

“Dear S.! We thank you for your package in May. Your summary of document “A” was very valuable and was shown at once to the highest levels of our government. We want to thank you for the materials you provided. The information materials, as always, were reviewed with great interest. Your work continues to be extremely important to our understanding of Soviet policy and for formulation of our thinking. We thank you for the excellent choice of materials transferred to us in April, especially for materials on the People's Republic of China and the U.S. Our information specialists also reacted positively to your decision to copy the last and most important part of the annual reports....

“...in personally taking a risk, you have done a lot for us and for the benefit of our common cause. We salute you and assure you that we will continue to protect you in every way and support you... We also want to let you know that the highest authorities are touched by your support of their position and expressed their sincere gratitude to you.

“... Ron, N., Moscow and headquarters collectively salute you.”

From subsequent "messages" we knew that the Americans had reported to him earlier the following financial data: "In this package there are 2000 rubles, 1000 for June and 1000 for July remuneration (from January to June 1977) by 10,000 - total 60,000 American dollars.' Total: 319,928.92"¹¹.

¹¹ The data given here clearly show how greatly Ogorodnik's efforts were reimbursed. Vladimir Potashov, a "foster child" of the Yanaevskiy Committee of Youth Organizations (KMO) of the USSR and a research fellow at the USA and Canada Institute, who was arrested by the Second Chief Directorate in 1987 and is currently being punished by being sentenced to the Perm-35 prison colony for his treason that he committed in 1981, received, for example, only 1500 dollars from American military intelligence (DIA). The aforementioned MFA officer Makarov "earned" a little more for his twenty years--true, with a long break—25,000 dollars.

These obtained materials were immediately reported to the Chief of the Chief Directorate, Lieutenant General G. F. Grigorenko, who was soon received by the Chairman of the KGB of the USSR, Y.V. Andropov together with the corresponding report.

Taking into account the nervousness of the target who might detect evidence of strangers in his room, and the dangers of his destroying incriminating evidence, and also in view of the character of the committed crime falling under criteria of Point "A" of the Article of the Criminal Code of RSFSR on Treason to the Motherland, the decision was made to arrest Ogorodnik in the evening on June 22, 1977.

For this purpose, an Operational Headquarters headed by the Deputy Chief of the Chief Directorate Major General Vitaliy Konstantinovich Boyarov was created immediately.

The headquarters was comprised of the Chief of the Department, Major General V. Ye. Kevorkov, his Deputy, Colonel V. I. Kostyrya, and the Chief of the Security Service of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs Colonel M. I. Kuryshev.

The headquarters was located in the immediate vicinity of Ogorodnik's place of residence and was equipped with all necessary communications facilities.

The Operational Group for Ogorodnik's arrest, administered by Colonel V.I. Kostyrya, included me and representatives of the Investigation Department of the KGB of the USSR, headed by Colonel A. A. Kuzmin who had conducted the interrogations of American U-2 spy pilot [Gary] Powers.

It was decided not to carry out external surveillance over Ogorodnik that day. I had to meet him in the evening at the entrance to the yard of his house under the pretext of the need to discuss with him the details of recommendations regarding the continuation of contact with "the target of our interest" with whom he became acquainted in the sauna.

A stakeout was set up in the yard of the house.

As I remember, twilight came quickly, then evening arrived. It got cold in the yard. The wind blew through arches of the house. The feeling was that you were in a wind tunnel. An hour passed, then another. Vyacheslav Kevorkov looked out of the bushes and nodded in support: "Hold on, we'll wait until he comes!" He was dressed lightly and judging from his appearance, he shivered just as I did.

Another hour passed and finally the headlights of the Volga entering the courtyard flashed under the arch. I immediately determined that it was Ogorodnik by his license plate number. He parked at the fence of the kindergarten, got out of the car, and opened the trunk. I immediately went over to him and said that at the request of Mikhail Ivanovich, we urgently needed to discuss the proposed plan in detail, and Ogorodnik did not object. He asked me to help him bring some heavy folders with materials from the Pacific Youth Congress to his apartment. I agreed. He opened the trunk and began to sort folders there. The trunk lid was open and concealed Ogorodnik's arms and head and I thought that in this position – I was standing to his side, close to the left door of the vehicle - if he suspected something it would be easy to hit me right in the stomach with a pistol or gun firing a live cartridge. I regretted that I didn't have a gun to defend myself or, if necessary, to prevent his escape.

Having taken the folders with the documents, we came to the entrance. There were two men a few steps away from us. They were Colonel Vladimir Kostyrya and the Deputy Chief of a Department from the Seventh Directorate, Lieutenant Colonel N. P. Tsurin. I explained that they were our officers and were sent by Mikhail Ivanovich. He would arrive a little later.

The four of us went to the elevator. Kostyrya and Tsurin entered first, then by my invitation Ogorodnik entered. I was the last. Standing on the landing and waiting for the elevator, I kept thinking that if Ogorodnik suspected anything he could simply not enter the elevator and after slamming the entrance door behind us, try to run. None of us had weapons, while Ogorodnik, as it became clear later, was armed well. During the search of his room, combat and gas pistols with a set of cartridges were found, also a firing fountain pen with a live round. The gas gun was equipped with cartridges of neuro-paralytic gas and could also fire a poisoned needle.

When they got to his floor, Ogorodnik took out the keys to the door and tried to open it. No matter how hard our techies had tried, my fears were proven: the old lock jammed.

“There was someone here,” he exclaimed.

I tried to calm him down, saying that apparently his neighbor with her son came home from the South. We entered the room. There was a

desk, sofa, bookcase and shelves with a large library, a refrigerator, and a few chairs in the room. There was a TV and the Japanese-made radio receiver on a bedside table. Ogorodnik switched on the light and turned on the radio receiver. Immediately he invited everyone to sit down and offered coffee, whisky and cognac. Kostyrya told him to turn the radio off: it was a little more than 500 meters straight from Ogorodnik's home to the American Embassy, which did not exclude the possibility of using an electronic alarm.

They barely had time to sit down and start the conversation before officers from the Investigation Department, headed by Colonel Aleksey Aleksandrovich Kuzmin, plus witnesses in accordance with the requirements of the Criminal Code, entered the room. Ogorodnik was presented a warrant signed by the Prosecutor for his arrest and to conduct a search.

He lost his bearings and turned to me:

"Igor Konstantinovich, there is some misunderstanding! Where is Mikhail Ivanovich? He'll confirm that this is a ridiculous mistake!"

"Aleksandr Dmitriyevich! - I said firmly. - Be brave! Everything is correct." Mikhail Ivanovich will come, if that becomes necessary. But now you are dealing with investigators who are acting according to the law.

After an investigator carried out a body search, Ogorodnik was asked to sit down on the sofa. Kostyrya and Tsurin sat down very close to him. I sat down a little farther away.

To avoid any unexpected actions on the part of Ogorodnik, Kostyrya asked me to put away the electric iron standing on the coffee table and close the window, which was done immediately. When Tsurin finished his own business, I sat down in his seat after the investigator examined Ogorodnik's jacket carefully once more, and especially his lapels, for a possible poison ampule like the one that was discovered during the search of American spy pilot Powers from his U-2 reconnaissance plane that was shot down by our missile over the suburbs of Sverdlovsk many years ago.

Addressing Ogorodnik, Kuzmin, as investigative actions demanded, asked whether all the things and objects which were in the room

belonged to him. After his positive answer, he took in hand the Chinese pocket flashlight lying on the bookshelf and asked:

“And this?”

“Yes, that flashlight is also mine – he answered.” Then Kuzmin asked the witnesses to come closer, removed the "Mars" batteries from the flashlight, removed the paper casing from one of them, unscrewed the metal case and pulled out the film with the instructions from American intelligence which we already knew about, beginning with the words “Dear S.! We thank you for your package in May....” Ogorodnik visibly paled and though he tried to stay calm, his legs began to tremble so strongly that he had to hold them with both hands. He didn’t look like a self-confident man.

“And this is also yours?” asked Kuzmin, showing the film emptied from the battery.

“Yes,” exhaled Ogorodnik. “It is also mine.” Trying to control himself, he clenched his hands constantly and tore the scab on his left hand at the spot of the cigarette burn. The wound began to bleed, and he asked me to give him a Band-Aid to seal the wound, saying that there was a first aid kit in the desk drawer.

I found the first aid kit and Band-Aid of foreign manufacture. But I didn’t rush to give it to him since it could be poisoned.

Sure, it may seem dubious, but at that moment I really did think in such a way. Kostyrya and I suggested the easiest way for him was to use his tongue to lick the blood, which he started doing.

It wasn't absolutely clear why Ogorodnik asked investigators repeatedly to leave all things in their proper place and not rearrange them. He immediately reported to investigators the designated hiding places with the containers in his metal garage near Borodino Bridge, which we unfortunately did not know about because he almost never used it for his Volga. We already had a duplicate of the key for the garage as it was in the car when it was examined at the Chaika swimming pool. Two investigators and witnesses immediately went to the specified location.

Finally, M. I. Kuryshev entered the room. Ogorodnik didn’t react to his appearance and didn't ask any questions. After a short pause Mikhail Ivanovich asked:

“Aleksandr Dmitriyevich, I guess you understand the gravity of the situation in which you are involved. Now a lot of things will depend on you and your frankness. It will lighten your fate.”

“Tell me the truth, will I be shot?” Ogorodnik asked.

“I can't say this. This doesn't depend on any of us. The court will decide everything. Here a lot of things will depend on you and how honest you are in the process of the investigation and trial. First, now you should choose on which side of the barricade you prefer to be. If you are with us, you still can bring us a certain benefit and, in that way, to lighten your fate. You, of course, understand what I mean?”

“Yes, I understand, but you deceived me! How can I trust you now?”

“I do not know what you mean, but this is not the main issue for you now. Do you agree with my proposal? Think good and hard before you answer.”

“No, you deceived me and I don't believe you!”

By the way, none of us understood what he meant. It's quite possible that Ogorodnik, feverishly analyzing everything that preceded the tragedy, as a person with an analytical mind, came to the conclusion that from the very beginning, when state security organs established contact with him, he fell into a trap and everything that happened to him afterwards was nothing but a game that he lost.

“Take your time, Aleksandr Dmitriyevich, you will have time to make the right decision for yourself. We will continue this conversation later. There is time for it.” Kuryshv left and the search was continued. A textbook on forensic medicine for legal higher education institutions, with bookmarks in the section describing murders with the use of poisons and other chemicals, had attracted the attention of investigators. We also discovered the weapons mentioned above. Between the pages of books of his rather large library we found a notebook for decrypting the radiograms he received, a carbon paper for a concealed writing, and films with instructions from American intelligence, in almost all of which they reminded Ogorodnik about the need to destroy them after reading. Individual documents were produced on water-soluble paper, which quickly dissolved in water. But Ogorodnik, due to his self-indulgence, could not destroy these documents because of the praise addressed to him in almost all of them. Americans knew his personality, but in this case it turned out to be a tragedy for their agent.

All this time I was sitting alone with Ogorodnik and keeping a watchful eye on him. He sunk into deep thought and from time to time answered A. A. Kuzmin's questions concerning the search that was taking place. The nervous trembling passed, and outwardly it seemed that he had calmed down and accepted his tragic situation which was so unexpected for him. At the same time, it was obvious that his brain feverishly worked in search of ways out of the situation. The relevant material evidence found in the search process was shown to the witnesses in the room. Everything was done in full accordance with the Code of Criminal Procedure. I was given the opportunity to see individual details of the interior parts of the room. In the bookcase which was opposite me, I, being a collector of books from the series *Life of Remarkable People*, spotted the recently-published book *Washington*, written by Doctor of Historical Sciences Professor N. N. Yakovlev, an expert on the history of the United States and, as I found out later, author of the monograph *CIA against the Soviet Union*. You see, the thorough and attentive Ogorodnik had carefully studied the history of the country he had sold himself to.

Thinking it over, I suddenly heard A. A. Kuzmin's cry: "I'm asking outsiders to leave the room!" I guessed that he was talking about the representatives of the Operational Department i.e., me and N. Leytan. However, knowing that Vitaliy Boyarov was directing the entire operation from the nearby Operational Headquarters, I did not react to these words. Leytan did the same, attentively looking at me first, and he didn't repeat his request.

We were still in close proximity to Ogorodnik, and we excluded the possibility of his unauthorized movement around the room. We didn't interfere in the search process the detectives were doing.

By the way, in the following years I met A. A. Kuzmin from time to time. As often as not we remembered that memorable night of the two of us in the house on the Krasnopresnenskaya Naberezhnaya, and I got the impression that he felt uneasy because of that same shout that was intended for me. However, it was not his main mistake as a lead investigator. You never know, if I had stayed there until the end of the search maybe what happened wouldn't have occurred. But fate decreed otherwise.

At 1 o'clock a.m. I was called into Operations Headquarters, where I was instructed by Vitaliy K. Boyarov:

“Go home. Tomorrow morning there will be lots of work and you need to get enough sleep.” Kostyrya had already left.

A Seventh Directorate car was waiting for me. We drove along deserted but lighted streets, and in some 20-25 minutes I was home, which at that time was almost at the outer limits of the city.

Early morning, as was usual those days before going to work, I called the Department duty officer to find out how matters were going, and I was taken aback by what I heard. Ogorodnik had poisoned himself! He was dead. It was beyond belief. How could this happen during the investigation process, and when everything was regulated by the Criminal Procedure Code? It was beyond belief for me as a lawyer by education. I could not imagine this even in a bad dream.

Here is what happened. After I left, about 2:00 a.m., Ogorodnik asked the investigator to give him a paper and a pen to write down an explanation addressed to the leadership of the KGB. He received what he needed, but a little later he asked them to give him his own pen, which was lying on the table. One of the investigators had already inspected it but not sufficiently carefully. After a repeated and more careful inspection he allowed him to use it. Ogorodnik began to write with his head reclined upon his hand:

“To the Committee of State Security of the USSR.

Explanation.

I, Ogorodnik, Aleksandr Dmitriyevich, admit ...”

After writing that he thought a bit. He understood that he was being observed by at least two operational officers, who were standing in different parts of the room, and he suggested that they take turns examining the pocket flashlight batteries, which supposedly contained films of interest to us and were material evidence.

When they left, and nobody was near the table, he began to manipulate the pen, incidentally squeezing it in his palms and shifting it from one hand to another.

Suddenly he shivered, leaned back and began to wheeze. The investigators jumped up and began to unclench his tightly set teeth with a metal ruler, trying to find what they supposed was an ampule of poison, but it was unsuccessful. There was bloody foam coming from his mouth. A pungent and unpleasant odor began to spread around the room. An ambulance was called immediately. Literally within a few

minutes two cars drove into the yard of the house, and immediately Ogorodnik, accompanied by an external surveillance vehicle was taken to the Sklifosovsky First Aid Institute. All this took about 20 minutes. A team of medical workers, informed by phone of the incident in advance of the arrival of the vehicle at the Institute, was in the emergency medical care room for poisonings.

Despite emergency measures, Ogorodnik died without regaining consciousness. It happened at four o'clock in the morning on June 22, that very day when the Great Patriotic War against Germany began in 1941. The war veterans M. I. Kuryshev and I noticed it. We, like everyone else, who belonged to our generation, remembered this date for life.

The poisoning of agents of foreign intelligence services during their detention has become an inheritance of the past. For the last quarter of the century, of the total number of agents exposed in Russia by the state security organs, only three, apart from the famous U-2 spy pilot Frances Gary Powers, who was shot down by a missile near Sverdlovsk, had poison in case of their exposure. They were recruited by the Americans: Tolkachev – a leading designer of Research and Development Institute “Fazotron”, GRU officer Smetanin, and Ogorodnik. Tolkachev and Ogorodnik had ampules of poison in their pens, and Smetanin had one built into his eyeglass frame.

With publication of the New Criminal Code of the Russian Federation, where the death penalty for intelligence activity for a foreign state is not stipulated, the necessity to provide our agents with similar means to move to the other world, naturally, disappeared.

After Ogorodnik's death, in the back of my mind I often asked myself what had induced him to take such a fateful decision - to die from poison received from the Americans. At the time of arrest, to his question as to whether we would shoot him, we told Ogorodnik straight out that a lot of things depended first of all on him, which side of the barricade he chose. Feverishly analyzing the situation, being a very intelligent man, he surmised that most likely he had fallen into a trap, and state security organs had information not only about his espionage activities, but also about his involvement in the death of Olga Serova. And even if, having accepted the offer to cooperate in our work against the CIA, we would be able to remit the sentence for treason; but his responsibility for another

serious crime – the murder of a person – he could not avoid. Perhaps he also didn't exclude the possibility that Serova might have told her father something about him in her extreme moments, and he told someone else about it. Or he likely believed that an autopsy had been done after all, though against the will of her father, and some questions in the process of the postmortem examination had arisen. All this couldn't but aggravate the feeling of hopelessness that had arisen, especially as, having received "special containers" from his foreign handlers, he had to be ready to make the decision about their intended use. This, in particular, was confirmed by the fact that he had shown the desire to replenish the poison.

It is necessary to add that judging by monitoring Ogorodnik's behavior during operational measures code-named SAUNA, and later and in the safehouse VYSOKAYA, he closely followed the instructions and advice of CIA officers who assured him that the KGB actively and regularly used tranquilizers to influence the mental state and human nervous system to facilitate the acquisition of data hidden from them. I don't think that he worried about the fate of those people of whom he would be compelled to give evidence during the investigation if that took place: he didn't care for the family of the Secretary of the Central Committee of CPSU Rusakov, for his sister's husband, for the Secretary of the Oblast committee, and many others. Loving himself more than anyone, Ogorodnik could not bear the thought that all his grandiose plans and aspirations had broken down like a house of cards. In this regard, he began to think about death. The question was only whether to take the poison at once while there was still a real opportunity or to die after the trial in agonizing suspense of carrying out the sentence. Involuntarily I remembered the fragments from entries he made in the diary: "I have the character of a warrior..... extraordinary professional training which is rare in its richness due to the most difficult life events," or: "I won't die growing decrepit in bed." Regarding the last phrase, Ogorodnik was close to the truth. In his diary he mentioned that he expected to live forty years at most, but death overtook him two and a half years earlier than his planned date.

Chapter 8

During the morning of the next day, Ogorodnik's corpse, which was at the Sklifosovsky Institute of First Aid where it was registered under the name Sidorov, was transported according to instructions from above to the N. N. Burdenko Military Hospital Mortuary of the Ministry of Defense of the USSR. A post-mortem examination was scheduled immediately.

In late afternoon by order of the leadership of the Chief Directorate, V. I Grechayev and I went there. I had already seen many things in the war and had completed a course in forensic medicine at the Institute of Law, but upon visiting the morgue in Sverdlovsk, at first, I felt uncomfortable. The state of Volodya Grechayev, a former graduate of the Bauman Moscow State University, was no better, although he tried of course, to screw up his courage. While Ogorodnik's corpse was being taken from the cool room on a gurney, I suggested Grechayev look into the common room of the morgue for practice. There were a lot of corpses on anatomical tables. One of them was absolutely distinguished by a yellow skin covering. Volodya paled but withstood this test. At long last they brought in Ogorodnik. We saw him naked for the first time. Even being dead, he gave the impression of a healthy and powerfully built person whom death found unexpectedly. His southern suntan was noticeable, though his skin had a little blueish color. There was evidence of an autopsy, as was necessary, a seam of Hippocrates on his breast and stomach. There was a readable ink inscription "Sidorov" on his left foot. The main thing for us was to make sure that it was Ogorodnik's body. We asked how long he could stay in the cool room. It turned out that due to some technical problems he could stay no more than two weeks. Of course, we were not pleased: work on the case continued, despite the death of Ogorodnik, and it was necessary to have the needed spare time.

The forensic medical examination that was carried out gave a quite voluminous and nebulous conclusion of Aleksandr Ogorodnik's cause of death:

"Considering the fact that the death of the body occurred in this case in the presence of histoenzymological shifts (as it is usually observed in

poisonings), it is necessary to assume, apparently, that the lethal outcome was caused by influences of a fast-acting highly toxic substance, or the adverse somatic background preceding the death of the body... The clinical picture of Ogorodnik's death also doesn't fit into the framework of the clinical picture of poisoning by any known poisonous and toxic substances."

The conclusion was signed by authoritative experts; however, it was clear that the chemical composition of the poison wasn't determined. By the way, a little later there was an article that appeared in our press which was reprinted from an American publication which exposed CIA work methods, in which it told about the wide arsenal of poisons they used in their work, including curare [arrow-poison] and poison from a tropical shellfish known to few.

The results of the work done in the apartment of Ogorodnik were summed up at a meeting in the Chief of the Chief Directorate's office. For three hours we managed to get enough materials revealing his collaboration with the CIA and treason. And most importantly – the hiding places were found in the room and the garage with carbon papers for applying concealed writing, cipher books, lipstick with which to make marks in prearranged spots, plus firearms.

By morning of the next day, members of the Special Directorate of the KGB were already using the cipher books and had at their disposal decryptations of the methods and conditions of communications (attention was drawn to the thoroughness and accuracy of their preparation), the radio transmission schedule, and about thirty places for setting signals and caches for packages with espionage materials.

It was confirmed that our Radio Counterintelligence Service had correctly determined the communications channel from Frankfurt-am-Main since February 1975.

But we had to do a lot of hard work to prepare to capture red-handed the American spy who was under the cover of the U.S. Embassy in Moscow, to clarify what possible roles each of his links played in the criminal activity of Ogorodnik, and to resolve many other issues, and first of all this: how to hide his death from those who, under any circumstances, were not supposed to know about it.

Captain Grechayev and I were given the most thankless task — to talk with his parents and close relatives.

We developed a legend for his death. According to it, on June 22, Ogorodnik was allegedly found dead in his apartment. The previous day an unknown foreigner visited him. Since he was an important officer of one of the most important directorates of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and a foreigner was involved in the case, the KGB would lead the investigation, and requested all his relatives to keep secret the fact of his death and the activities of the operational officers. Within the Ministry of Foreign Affairs it was announced that Ogorodnik had left on an urgent official trip.

Ogorodnik's mother was the first to learn about his death. There is no need to describe her reaction to that news.

Considering that TRIANON's role in telephone communications with Americans wasn't clear, the mother agreed to having KGB members conduct round-the-clock watches in her apartment on Sadovo-Kudrinskaya Street.

The situation with his father was easier. He was given our version of the circumstances of his son's death, and we expressed our condolences. His father bravely listened to our message, after which we instructed him about what he should do. He said that many things had now become clear to him, but what they were he didn't specify. With respect to his condition, we decided to continue this conversation later. Looking ahead, it should be noted that he didn't explain the meaning of these words, saying that he spoke them without any sense. God will judge him! It is difficult to say if his father had guessed anything. But the insistence of the elder son Aleksandr that his younger brother change his family name was very strange. The elder Ogorodnik asked him to change his family name to Kholmogorov, motivated by the reason that some distant relatives on their mother's side had this surname. Or the fact that without any explanation, after a trip abroad Aleksandr left three thousand rubles with the younger brother, a sum very large for those times, and maybe there was something more that we would never know about.

The situation with Ogorodnik's sister and her husband was more difficult. Her husband was a teacher at one of the military academies and a nephew of a Marshal of the USSR, with whom Udalov and Shitikov had talked. His sister's husband immediately expressed doubt about the cause of his death and he didn't believe a word of what they said.

However, Udalov and Shitikov managed to reach an agreement on the secrecy of their report and, in addition, they gave him a phone number he could use to call an operations officer at any time.

The attention of the Operational Group that worked on the case was drawn to the unexpected arrival from France to Moscow of a certain Chernyavskaya, with whom Ogorodnik had a very close relationship in the past.

Chernyavskaya had been living in France for a long time. She was a teacher at the Sorbonne. At that time we did not know if TRIANON was working alone or in a group with a contact agent. After unsuccessful attempts to find Ogorodnik she went to Kutaisi for vacation. During a preliminary study it was found that she was a close friend of the wife of Secretary of the CPSU, Tamara M. Rusakova, who was mentioned earlier. The Deputy Chief of the Department Colonel Ye. N. Vinokurov went to the place of her resort to continue checking. Our fears were not confirmed. A further conversation with her gave us no information of interest. However, Chernyavskaya was warned that without our consent she could not return to France. With help of OVIR she was temporarily blocked from departing the USSR. The implementation of the agreement with OVIR was assigned to me, which was done.

Subsequently it was found out that Chernyavskaya had no relation to Ogorodnik's criminal activity, so a bit later she went back to Paris.

It was not so easy with Nikolay Dymov, who was persistently searching for Ogorodnik.

On the one hand, it was completely understandable. On 21 June he gave Ogorodnik materials about the Pacific Youth Congress and asked him to write a conclusion in the shortest possible time. And suddenly - surprise. Ogorodnik didn't even warn him by phone, he completely disappeared. He wasn't at home or at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, who told him he was on a business trip. It was found by monitoring that Dymov didn't use his home telephone number and called every time from a telephone booth. It seemed especially strange since he was the one in closest contact with Ogorodnik. However, despite a certain threat which he represented, it was decided to avoid any contact with him and even reduce monitoring.

Olga Fomina also created a definite problem for us. She was one of the first who had lost sight of Ogorodnik and had begun to worry. After

the leadership thought it over for a long time, we decided to establish operational contact with her and for the period of subsequent activities to take her outside Moscow to one of the KGB resorts or vacation homes.

This job was assigned to me and to Udalov's wife —Captain Elvira Udalova, an officer in one of subunits of the Chief Directorate.

The news of Ogorodnik's death put Olga almost in a state of shock. And there was fully understandable.

She lived with her mother on a small income. Upon graduation, she was able to find a good job and dress more stylishly. Then she met a respectable diplomat, he proposed to her and their wedding day was scheduled for August 5. Bright hopes... And suddenly everything was destroyed...

Having recovered, in response to the questions we asked, she reported some interesting information about TRIANON's behavior, and showed locations of stops during trips around the city in his car which she didn't pay serious attention to at the time.

Eventually she agreed to go with Udalova to one of the KGB vacation retreats in the Moscow Oblast for a while. I visited her a couple of times there to encourage her and to resolve some issues associated with the situation. Later this duty was entrusted to Udalov, at his insistence. Everybody knew that Udalov was pathologically jealous and that is why nobody was surprised. And they even joked a little about me.

Chapter 9

In accordance with the plan to capture the American intelligence officer who worked with TRIANON, an officer was selected from among the Seventh Directorate officers who in his personal appearance had some similarities to Ogorodnik (unfortunately only in statics, but not in dynamics), for use as a double for visual contacts with CIA officers. He was dressed in his suit and was wearing his sunglasses. Olga Fomina's role was performed by a surveillance officer. She also was appropriately dressed in clothes that belonged to Olga Fomina.

For parking TRIANON's car in agreed-upon places, its duplicate with the same license plate, body defects and trinkets in the rear window was prepared.

Everything was developing according to the plan, when suddenly the Department received a telephone call. Ogorodnik's sister's husband had called and rained down angry words on the duty officer that the KGB had cruelly deceived everyone: he had just seen Ogorodnik's passing car on Kutuzovsky Prospekt, which he was driving and next to him sat his fiancé Olga Fomina!

I had to meet with him immediately and explain the merits of the case. However, it was evident that he still retained his beliefs about the treachery of security officers of our time, and in one of the telephone conversations with Volodya Grechayev which took place a bit later even threatened him with punishment.

Meanwhile, our double, instead of gaining weight and becoming more similar to Ogorodnik, lost weight due to circumstances beyond his control: his father was seriously ill and later died. He was very upset about this, which was understandable. But we couldn't help him with all the best intentions in the world.

Studying a number of the deciphered telegrams passed to TRIANON allowed us to compare our actions with the reaction to them by the American side.

So, at the end of 1975, communications with him as the agent were reestablished, and then it was said that "the KGB has no complaints about you."

On this occasion Americans told him the following:

"We were very pleased to see your signal for SETUN¹². It also brought relief. We are glad that we are now able to resume regular communications and are relieved because your signal means that everything is all right with you and your office's vetting has been completed. As we said to you many times, we believe that your personal safety and well-being are the most important things for us."

In April 1977, as was mentioned before, the cover event SAUNA was held with a faked group and with a "the target of our interest."

In response to TRIANON's information, the Americans reported:

"Dear S.! We read with interest your comments that the KGB had recently established contact with you. We don't know exactly how to treat it properly. On the one hand, it indicates that the KGB is certain that it is possible to rely on you and you can be trusted. On the other hand, it demands caution from you. We ask you to report to us as much as possible about the KGB's plans to use you to expose the group that you mentioned. Who is suspected as being a member of the group? How is the KGB going 'to expose' them? Can you give us more information about the person to whom you gave your phone number?"

All these reports meant that our actions accurately hit the target. And their careful preparation excluded the possibility of any miscalculations from our party.

A room of the CIA Station in the American Embassy in Moscow. A conversation between two officers.

"Martha has already told the Station Chief that she's ready to carry out the operation. According to headquarters' instructions, another special vial with an appropriate checklist was put in the package.

"And what should we do with the drugs intended for him and our doctor's recommendations for their use? I've collected a lot of packages."

"We'll send them next time when the container will be a large one."

So, the main goal of our future actions was to capture the American spy who had been contacting agent TRIANON.

An Operational Headquarters was formed, headed by the Deputy Chief of the Chief Directorate Major General Vitaliy K. Boyarov to achieve this goal and coordinate efforts of the many subunits of the

¹² Meaning Krasnoluzhsky Rail Bridge over the Moskva River near Luzhniki with a pedestrian walkway.

Committee for State Security. Overall control of the operation was performed by the Head of the Chief Directorate Lieutenant General G. F. Grigorenko, who regularly informed the Chairman of the KGB Yuri V. Andropov about the development of events. From that moment the "think-tank" of the Chief Directorate got into the case more actively, and the duel between the KGB of the USSR and the CIA of the USA began.

According to the information of the Second Chief Directorate which was obtained as a result of searching TRIANON's home, it was known that the next covert operation was planned for June 28, 1977 at 2300 hours at Victory Park on Poklonnaya Hill. It was also known that on June 26, at Lenin Hills from 1800 to 1900, a signal under the codename PROGULKA (Walk) would have to be placed - TRIANON's car (in this case with the double). Only one component was missing - the exact place of the meeting in the park.

According to the CIA Operation Plan LES (Woods), at 2300 TRIANON had to arrive at the park and pick up a broken branch in the agreed-upon place, and at 2315 put in another spot, known to him, a tin can with intelligence information enclosed. And the intelligence officer, in turn, had to put a crumpled milk carton in another place as a signal that their information was received.

Significant forces comprised of operational officers and surveillance officers were concentrated in advance in this area. It was expected - and for that there were good reasons - the American intelligence officer would arrive by car on the main road, Staromozhayskoye Shosse. Since the exact location of the meeting was not known, it was decided to disguise one hundred twenty surveillance officers within the range of 1.2 kilometers. The use of radio communications was strictly forbidden.

In case the intelligence officer, having arrived at the park, managed to lock his car doors and refuse to leave it, one of the versions of the plan was to haul it to the nearest police station using a trailer with a tractor and crane. It was also suggested to invite foreign correspondents there. As directed by the leadership of the Chief Directorate, I visited this office and made the appropriate arrangements with its chief, previously having examined rooms that could be used in case of need. All the rooms were in good condition, as quite recently a thorough overhaul was conducted in this section, and this was reported to the leadership for the

final decision.

So, the climax came closer. The length of the day on June 28 was about 1730 hours, the sun should set at 2215, which was less than an hour before TRIANON's planned arrival there. Gradually, with the approach of twilight, the last visitors left the park area, and participants in the operational activity began to fill their place. Even though there were about 200 people in the park that evening, it looked deserted.

There was painful expectation, sometimes interrupted by the distant noise of passing cars on Kutuzovsky Prospekt (twenty years ago there were many fewer cars than now).

At first there was clear and warm weather, but about 2300 the clouds began to close in over the park, a thunderstorm approached from the northwest, a strong wind blew, and light rain began that subsequently grew into a downpour. Despite this everybody remained in his place until the cancel signal. In the outer darkness two unknown person were detained and carefully searched, but after the check they were released in the absence of any proof. They were residents of nearby houses on Kutuzovsky prospect.

Around 2400, Headquarters, which was located in a special van at the edge of the forest park zone, passed the cancel signal. At various places in the park participants of the failed operation began to appear one by one and in small groups, wet but busy talking among themselves. Everyone knew that something had not worked in this delicate matter, but the spirit of optimism didn't suffer from it.

In a couple of days an encoded radiogram to TRIANON with the following content was intercepted:

"There were some bystanders near LES on June 28. It is clear why you didn't pick up. We picked up our package at 2340. We will use SETUN at the same time on July 1, 7 or 9. The package will be a piece of concrete with a yellow line on the side that opens. To confirm readiness for SETUN — park the car near PARKPLATZ¹³ between 1830 - 1900 on July 1, 5 or 7."

What put a crimp in the success of our action in Victory Park became clear from the letter from the CIA Station to TRIANON which was found during the arrest of the American intelligence agent Martha Peterson on July 15, 1977. Here is the text of the letter:

¹³ P a r k p l a t z – (German) vehicle parking space

"Dear S.! We put our package for you near LES at 2250 hours on June 28 without any difficulties, when no one was there. However, returning to LES at 2330, our officer saw a car near LES, as well as a person passing through the forest. Our officer waited until the car left, and then picked up our package. We did not see your car near LES and assumed that because of these bystanders you could not come to LES to pick up our package and to leave yours. Having seen your signal KOLONNADA (but not PROGULKA), we assumed that you didn't want to come back to LES and that you were waiting for further instructions from us by radio. Though we are sure that "LES" is still a safe place, we decided that it would be better if our bilateral contact took place near SETUN to avoid such problems as at LES.

In fact, it turned out that the American intelligence officer*, contrary to our assumptions, did not use a vehicle, but came* on foot to the southern edge of the park from the Moskovskaya-Sortirovochnaya Railway Station, where, apparently, he* noticed a man and an unfortunate vehicle which had nothing to do with us.

[*Translator note: here the male gender form of intelligence officer, *razvedchik*, is used]

From the content of the encrypted message we intercepted, it was clear that the Americans preferred to carry out the transfer of materials according to the SETUN plan and for this reason they reported the necessary parameters: date, time and to confirm readiness park the car near PARKPLATZ. We knew everything except the last one. The fact was that they always painted in great detail everything that was necessary for contactless meetings, as a rule, also supplying instructions with corresponding drawings.

As an example, here are the descriptions the Americans drafted that we received after Ogorodnik's arrest for sites TEATR (Theater) and DEVUSHKA (Girl), to mark signals:

"TEATR

"Leave your car on the south side of Kutuzovsky Prospekt between Dunayevsky and Dorogomilovskaya Streets, and east of the passage which goes from Kutuzovsky Prospekt to the gates of the Prizyv Theater (Kutuzovsky 25). Do not confuse the "Prizyv" with the "Pioner" Theater, which is located on Kutuzovsky on the other side of the street, but 100

meters to the east of the Prizyv Theater.

"DEVUSHKA

"From the Sportivnaya Metro Station walk along Frunzenskiy Val, passing by the Novodevichy Convent, until Frunzenskiy Val runs into the Novodevich'ya Naberezhnaya. At this point you will have a gasoline station on the right and the Moscow River in front of you. Cross the Novodevich'ya Naberezhnaya. Along the fence and slightly to the right (toward the CMEA (Council for Mutual Economic Assistance) building there will be a fence column, on which P 3/8122 is written in large red figures. Using red lipstick, draw a thick line 15 cm long under these figures."

In this case it didn't require us to make any drawings since just one description was enough.

PARKPLATZ had been used so actively earlier that there was no need to repeat its description every time. The entire question rested on it. Operational Headquarters had to decide the mission.

On the eve of the next action, the Head of the Chief Directorate arranged an operational meeting for the top leadership of all subunits of the KGB that were participating. All of them were of general's rank, and only representatives of Kostyrya's Department and I were an exception to their number.

G. F. Grigorenko was a skilled, strong-willed, and business-savvy organizer. Many people were afraid of him, as he was impatient with incompetence and superficiality in assessing these or other situations, and also hackwork and deception.

They, the participants of the meeting, were asked questions that had a clear and purposeful character. I felt a little sorry for those dear chiefs, who couldn't give the same answers to the questions raised. And there were many questions: whether everything was taken into account in preparing to capture the American intelligence officer. And what measures were foreseen in the event of unforeseen circumstances? And what would happen if they did... And what actions would you take? All possible situations that could complicate carrying out our action must be taken into account in one way or another. Namely...

There was only one consolation: Grigory Fyodorovich had no complaints about our Department, and we gave quite detailed answers to the questions he asked Kostyrya and me.

On July 1, two black Volgas with the appropriate license plates were parked at the prearranged place for the PARKPLATZ signal.

On this day a known American intelligence officer, Arthur, made a trip by car around the city and stopped at a small vacant lot on Plyushchikha Street near a transformer house, opened the hood and fiddled with the motor for a long time. All this continued from 1830 till 1900 hours. Then he drove towards the center of the city.

I went to this spot according to instructions from the leadership but didn't find anything suspicious there. Arthur's behavior was unclear though it was possible to assume that it was most likely connected somehow with the action scheduled on July 7. We had to take a risk.

Significant numbers of officers were concentrated in the area of the Krasnoluzhsky Bridge for the purpose of supporting a possible operation to capture the American intelligence officer.

The time dribbled along languidly, and suddenly at about 2300 hours on the bridge, which was usually empty at this time, a mass of people rushed on the footpath. It turns out that on the ice a performance of the famous American Ballet "Holiday on Ice" at Luzhniki Stadium had ended.

Individual groups quite noisily walked across the bridge almost till 2400. Believing that it could support an interruption of the Americans' operation, the signal to cancel was given.

However, most likely, the main reason for our failure was that it was not possible to determine the place of the PARKPLATZ signal.

But after a while, the Americans unexpectedly helped us. In their radiogram to TRIANON they wrote the detail that was necessary for us:

"We picked up our package near the LES "without any difficulties on June 28. We give you several options for the exchange at SETUN at the same time on July 15, 19 or 21. The package will be a piece of concrete with a yellow line on the side that opens. Our pick-up signal – a milk carton at the bus stop on the Naberezhnaya as before. Readiness for SETUN - your car near PARKPLATZ between 1830 and 1900 hours on July 13, 17 or 19 or the mark DETI (Children) on July 14, 18, or 20. Or we will wait your delivery to us at KOLTZO (Ring) as indicated."

In the midst of work in preparing for the new event it suddenly became clear that the maximum retention period of Ogorodnik's body in

the morgue at the military hospital had expired, and the corpse had to be interred immediately. Besides, as we were warned earlier, the cool room had malfunctioned and could not maintain the required temperature for an extended period. It was out of the question to conduct any negotiations with the administration of the hospital.

The leadership ordered me to quickly drop all my affairs and start preparations for the funeral. And a lot of time was required for this purpose.

When all the preparatory work had been completed, close relatives of Aleksandr Ogorodnik: mother, father, brother, sister and her husband, and also Olga Fomina were invited to the Ceremonial Hall of the N. N. Burdenko Military Hospital Mortuary. We decided not to inform his former wife Aleksandra Arutinyan about it, since she broke her word not to disclose the fact of the death of her ex-husband and almost at once told one of her close acquaintances about it. Fortunately, it didn't cause any harmful consequences. But we didn't invite her to the funeral.

Early morning of July 12, 1977. The N. N. Burdenko Military Hospital Ritual Hall. Ogorodnik's relatives had already gathered here. After a few minutes the coffin of the deceased was delivered there from the morgue, and relatives came up to him for farewell. The mother first attentively inspected her son's head from all sides and convinced herself that there were no obvious signs of violence on his head. Earlier she had suggested that we killed him during the arrest, possibly not even wanting to. Now this question, apparently, had become irrelevant. His father, who approached the coffin after his mother, also attentively looked at his son's head. The farewell was without words.

The coffin with the body was loaded into the funeral bus. In addition to his mother and sister, relatives who had not gone to the cemetery were also in the funeral bus.

Low grey clouds rambled over the Khovanskoye cemetery near Moscow, and a slight rain was drizzling almost continuously, similar to autumn, which emphasized the dismal situation in the cemetery even more. Ogorodnik was followed to his gravesite by his father, brother, sister's husband, Lieutenant Colonel Sokolov, Olga Fomina, and in performance of our duty by Volodya Grechayev, Yura Shitikov and me. At that time this part of the big country cemetery had only recently been opened, was devoid of any vegetation and entirely covered with wet

clay, making a depressing impression. The only exceptions were paved paths for hearses to pass.

As humans we felt sorry for everyone, especially for Olga, who was dressed in all black, and whose grief was understandable: she lost not only her loving man, but all her hopes, which had crumbled overnight and were taken away. The gravediggers, as is usual in such weather, were already slightly drunk and categorically objected that the process of the funeral was photographed. Among them, by the way, was a former officer of the Moscow Criminal Investigation Department, who changed his profession for some reason unknown to us. He worried most of all about this subject.

Although the rain gradually stopped, the sky still remained uninvitingly gloomy.

When the funeral was over, the relatives went to town in the official bus, and we came back to the office by our separate automobile to report to the leadership on finalizing Ogorodnik's earthly path and include ourselves in the preparation of our next operational action again. All costs associated with the funeral were covered at the expense of the Committee of State Security.

Now, after many years have passed, during summer large trees rustle with foliage in the grounds of Khovanskoye Cemetery and during spring the forest birds living in this quiet place sing. When I make my annual visit for my combat commander from my military years Captain 2nd Rank Victor Ivanovich Shlenskiy, who, by a twist of fate was buried at the same site of the cemetery as Ogorodnik, but at some distance from him, I also visit TRIANON's grave. Recently, his mother was also buried near him. Of course, he remained the son for her, regardless of his fate and there were no reasons to blame her.

But things really could have been different for Ogorodnik. There could have been the joy of life, interesting work, and much, much more. But he decided everything differently, and, as a result, his life ended in tragedy. Turning up in the enemy's camp, he consciously caused significant damage to our country. And although he managed to escape both the court and his deserved sentence, he still remains a traitor and can't be forgiven. And if those buried near him knew about all this, they would move farther away from him. Because traitors, no matter in what country they were in, have never been held in high esteem.

At the meeting with Grigorenko, where Boyarov, Kevorkov, Kuryshev and Kostyrya were also present, it was decided to accept the proposal, addressed to Ogorodnik from the Americans, for carrying out the SETUN event on July 15 with use of the back-up sign - DETI, which we had figured out earlier.

During the night of 14/15 of July a mark was made on the sign DETI on a lamppost on Krupskaya Street, visible from a distance. The sign specified that there was a middle school in the neighborhood. In U.S. intelligence's instructions to the agent it was stated: "... "DETI." From the Oktyabrskaya Square get on Trolley Number 33, which goes across Leninsky Prospekt in the direction away from the city. Get off at the Krupskaya Street Stop, which is before the Vlasta store at Leninsky Prospekt 82. Go on the right side of Krupskaya St. As soon as you pass the second bus stop and before you reach House Number 8, you will see a lamppost from the left near the street. You will see a triangular road caution sign specifying "Children are playing." In the same place on the column "GK" at eye level will be written in red letters. Make a strong horizontal 10-cm long red line at waist height, so that we can clearly see it from a vehicle when we are driving on Krupskaya St. from Leninsky Prospekt to Vernadsky."

Digressing, I can just say that twenty years after the events we described, I, together with the editor of the television consortium "Top Secret" Lena Petrova, the operator, and Colonel V. I. Grechayev were there by this column on Krupskaya Street. Of course, everything was still there: the school and the column with the sign "Attention — Children" (but not the sign "Children are playing" as was specified in the instruction by the CIA officers. But time didn't leave any trace of the mark made by the ill-fated lipstick — the signal placed there by the American female intelligence agent...

However, let's return again to those far times and to Martha Peterson.

In the morning of July 15 vehicles of U.S. Embassy staff had begun to hit the road. It wasn't anything new for us. The point of mass departure usually included "splitting up" our surveillance teams, as their numbers weren't boundless, and thus to give CIA officers an opportunity to drive off to carry out their assignments. But in this case, they were

wrong, since the surveillance was for all persons driving out in their automobiles. During the first half of the day, Vice-Consul of the U.S. Embassy Martha Peterson proceeded past the signal on Krupskaya Street in her car.

Martha had appeared at the embassy rather recently. Based on the results of scrutinizing her, it was established that she arrived in the low-level position of a technical officer; her husband-officer had died in the Vietnam War. She was a woman of easy virtue and obviously addicted to alcohol. Once she was even seen sleeping on a staircase landing of the housing quarters in a drunken state.

During trips around the city she did not arouse any suspicions by her behavior. A bit later she was appointed to the position of vice-consul, which guaranteed her diplomatic immunity. It was suggested that she warmed some chief in her bed and it gave her the opportunity to get a promotion. Gradually, against a background of active work by established American intelligence officers, our interest in her to a large degree was lost.

And so, we awaited the latest opportunity to capture the American intelligence officer during Operation SETUN-2.

Due to the complexity of resolving the mission, we needed to create additional preconditions that would guarantee the absolute success of the operation. The fact was that we had accurate diagrams made by the Americans of movements at the bridge by the intelligence officer and knew the spot to place the container with the information. This place was in a rectangular aperture of the bridge's right tower, on the side of the Novodevichy Convent. The bridge was built in 1912. Its solid coastal structures were made from granite blocks, making it virtually impossible for us to use any technical equipment and devices. Near the aperture, between the tower and railway tracks, in the middle of the pedestrian walkway, was a hatch with a massive iron cover, through which we could get to its base under the bridge. We had to use it, too. Two external surveillance officers had to be situated at great height on a suspended scaffold built for this purpose, supplied with a telephone and throat microphones connected with Headquarters. The capture of the intelligence officer had to be carried out by the signal "He's here!"

As it was difficult to watch the whole neighborhood during nighttime, we decided to install a tank night vision device on a large high crane of a

building which was under construction on the opposite side of the Moskva River. But this didn't turn out without an amusing incident. The officer who had to go up on the crane with the device while preparing for the operation suddenly stopped approximately halfway. He didn't expect that the swing of the crane would be so considerable — about one meter. He didn't respond to requests by radio. Then the command to come down followed, but he didn't react to it either. There was a pause. Then the "Spiderman," getting used to the phenomenon which was unusual for him, gained strength and courage, quickly climbed up and from the crane cabin reported on the difficulties. Everybody was relieved.

It was planned that the airwaves, as before, would be "lifeless."

All preparations were finished in time. Colonel Vladimir Ivanovich Kostyrya headed the Capture Operational Group again, and Deputy Chief of the Seventh Directorate Major General Mikhail Grigoryevich Kalabashkin led the external surveillance and technical support forces.

On the evening of the same day, on July 15, 1977, the attention of the External Surveillance Service was drawn to the fact that Martha Peterson in a Zhiguli automobile with license plate D04-589 was parked in one of the deserted side streets near the Rossiya Cinema where at that time there was a festival of Soviet and foreign films. She left the car and went into the cinema. She was in a light white dress and the hair on her head was in a topknot. About an hour later she appeared again. After she went to her car, she sat in it for a while and then changed her clothes to dark trousers and the same jacket, let her hair down and, having transformed herself totally, she looked like one of our modest local girls. Leaving the car, she went towards Gorky Street. In accordance with the order of Operations Headquarters, further surveillance on her was terminated.

The known CIA officers were also not surveilled that evening, as it was clear that one of them would be coming to the area of the Krasnoluzhsky Bridge. The removal of surveillance was necessary as Americans had repeatedly told their agent:

"We assure you that we will come to the package place ONLY IF THERE IS NO SURVEILLANCE."

It was growing dusk. Over the bridge and nearby trees packs of

crows circled, screeching. The time to begin the operation approached. Unexpectedly, at the gasoline pump opposite the right tower of the bridge a noise was heard. Someone started raising hell with "the queen of the gas station." A police car approached the gas station. The police officers intervened in the conflict, and the noise intensified even more. Then M. G. Kalabashkin, who was nearby, went to the place of the quarrel. He probably knew some magic word as the fracas stopped instantly and cars quickly disappeared from sight.

The crows also ceased. There was a silence again. The sky in the southwest was lit up by summer lightning from a thunderstorm, but it was so far away that claps of thunder were not heard.

About 2330 hours a message came in on the phone from the observation post set up on a construction crane that a figure in dark clothes was moving slowly on the Naberezhnaya of the Moscow River from the Novodevichy Convent.

At the approaches to the gas station it could be seen that it was a woman in dark trousers and jacket. She quickly walked up the steps and walked over to the tower. Almost at once the signal "He's here!" followed. The Capture Group, led by Kostyrya, was on the scene in two or three minutes, literally. Martha Peterson — and it was exactly she — had already gone down the steps and had been seized by surveillance officers. She was frightened from being surprised, but quickly collected her wits and began to shout loudly to warn TRIANON, who was supposed to be somewhere nearby, about the incident. She mounted active resistance. She knew karate techniques and made a few kicks to our Department officer Lyudmila Dmitriyevna Nazarova's groin and thigh, who had rushed forward to conduct a personal search. We seized Peterson's miniature radio receiver, which was tuned to the frequency of our Surveillance Service. It was used with a special earphone and an antenna wrapped around her body. We also seized heavy gold charms depicting an ostrich chick and a fig on a chain of the same metal, since it could not be excluded that an ampule with quick-acting poison might be hidden inside them. Everything happened not without insults to our officers. But after V. I. Kostyrya gave her an appropriate reply in his good English, she drooped and stopped shouting. Simultaneously, a cellophane package with a container was recovered from a niche in the bridge, camouflaged as a piece of cement with a yellow line on one side.

All this, in spite of the dark, was recorded on film. At the end of the search Peterson was invited to get into the minibus. L. D. Nazarova took the seat next to her. It was felt that the American was in serious condition. Seeing it, Nazarova offered her a validol pill, but she refused flatly, probably believing that it could be the next cunning move of Soviet counterintelligence.

As an aside, it is worth noting that after the struggle at the Krasnoluzhsky Bridge during detention of the American, L. D. Nazarova was compelled to ask for medical care at the KGB Polyclinic, where she underwent the necessary course of treatment.

In a few minutes Peterson was brought into the KGB reception room at the Kuznetsk Bridge. There she was awaited by another Operational Group, headed by Major General Yevgeny Mikhaylovich Rasshchepov,* a skilled expert in the business. For many years he had headed the work of the American Department of the Chief Directorate.

When leaving the car, Martha saw a group of people and the camera flashes of our officers. Mistaking them for foreign correspondents, she raised her hand up and said loudly in English: "I have no problems with Soviet authorities!"

A phone call from the reception room to the U.S. Embassy was made immediately with a request for their official representative to come immediately to the KGB reception room at Kuznetsk Bridge regarding the detention of a U.S. citizen who had conducted an act of spying.

Even though it was already nighttime, the US Consul in Moscow, Mr. Gross, and his wife drove very quickly to the reception room. His wife remained in the car. After introducing himself he walked into the reception room. Although he tried to hide it he looked visibly alarmed. He had watches on the wrists of both hands. Grechayev and I were both members of the Operational Group and we assumed that one wrist watch had a recorder or a microphone which transmitted to the car where the consul's wife was waiting. The consul was photographed with his two watches. He apparently did not realize that it immediately caught the eye.

Meanwhile, in the neighboring room officers of the Operational and Technical Department of the Chief Directorate, observing precautions, opened the container and found a sheet of paper with this piece of text:

"WARNING

"Comrade! You accidentally found your way into someone else's secret, having picked up someone else's package and things that were intended not for you. Keep the money and gold, but don't touch other things in the package so you won't know too much and expose your life and the lives of your loved ones to danger. Take things that are valuable for you and throw the package with other things into the river, in any deep place, and forget about everything. Do not tell anyone about what you found, otherwise you will just subject yourself and your close ones to trouble.

You have been warned!!!!"

Besides this, neatly placed inside were:

- two tiny cameras with cartridges, and poison with instruction for its storage and application: "... We are very reluctant to give you another special cartridge (*"spetskonteyner"*) for your pen. We know that you will handle it with care, and do not use it recklessly ... and always remember exactly, where to put them ... "

- items of gold: rings, pendants, bracelets;
- contact lenses for eyes and medicine, medical history (anamnesis)¹⁴;
- two thousand rubles (for the months of June and July).

In the instructions attached to contents of the container the following was written:

"...Also included in this package are green-tinted contact lenses bought in the south, "Wetting solution," two cameras with corresponding cassettes (the full explanation follows below), 2000 rubles for June and July and if there had still been enough space also jewelry for your "entertainment fund." At your request we also bought a small but good set of binoculars, but it isn't in this package since we will give it to you in September at SETUN..."

The cameras which the CIA officers supplied to the agent TRIANON were camouflaged as lighters or marker pens (both it and others functioned according to their purpose). In practice, only the lenses were directly camouflaged. All other things were encased in cassettes, which depending on the camouflage were a little more than half the size of a

¹⁴ TRIANON was treated only with assistance from the Americans.

finger-type battery.

Originally, TRIANON used the camera in the form of a lighter, but then as he rarely allowed himself to smoke one or two cigarettes in company, the "lighter" was replaced by a marker.

The photography didn't represent any big complexity and didn't require additional lighting, as the film was highly sensitive. It was only necessary to hold the camera at the height of 28 — 30 centimeters over the document and to press the forefinger of the right hand to the small refill button which was the thickness of a pin. With the help of one cassette it was possible to take 60 to 80 pictures. The cassettes were transported to TRIANON, as a rule, in the packing for ordinary "3336 L" batteries for a flat pocket flashlight. There were eight cassettes.

While at work in the familiarization room, TRIANON in practice had the opportunity to photograph all classified documents addressed to officers at the Directorate of Planning for Foreign Policy Issues (UpVM) of the MFA. For this reason, he had a habit of closing the room from inside, and not at all, as Shchukin believed, to read fiction during working hours or to sleep: his business was a bit more important.

After we interrogated the women who were in close relationships with TRIANON, it became known that he had had at least one meeting in Moscow with an unknown foreigner. According to their indications, he had started studying English somewhat strenuously ... telling them that he was worried, because he had an important meeting soon with the foreigner "for official purposes." As the check showed, nothing similar through the MFA Directorate of Planning for Foreign Policy Issues (UpVM) was assigned to him. Also, there was every reason to believe that it was his personal meeting with an officer of the CIA Moscow Station. Apparently, the Americans wanted to see firsthand that nothing had changed, and to ensure that they were dealing with TRIANON, but not with a KGB dangle. It is very difficult to explain such a risky meeting with a valuable agent in an urban environment in another way.

The text of the instructions found in the container brought some clarity to the version about Olga Serova's poisoning. From the records of subsequent interrogations of TRIANON's acquaintances it became known also that in the presence of some of them, he sometimes received broadcasts from his radio receiver and wrote down five-figure groups.

He explained this by the fact that he was a Soviet intelligence officer, and in preparation for his next trip abroad the KGB was training him on the radio channel on which he would have recourse in case of emergency.

As a rule, it didn't raise any doubts. But absolutely otherwise was the case of Olga Serova. Being an intelligent woman with a broad outlook, she, most likely, doubted such an explanation and suspected something was wrong. Having sensed it, TRIANON was afraid that Olga would share her doubts with others, in particular with one of the former officers she knew well at the KGB Rezidentura in Bogota who had already returned to Moscow. And he began to seek a way out of this situation. All his life TRIANON loved only himself. Therefore, his decision was unambiguous: everything that disturbed him had to be eliminated! The means of action were suggested to him by the Americans, who provided him with "special containers" with powerful poison. One of them was built into the pen, and the other was kept in a cache, perhaps for some of those who supported with him undercover agent relationships and would be one of the first to suspect something. To carry out the plan, a textbook on forensic medicine for legal higher education institutions was bought to exclude the possibility of suspicion, from which TRIANON studied the sections that interested him. And that fact is evidenced by the bookmarks. Soon an opportunity turned up. Infected by him with pulmonary flu, then raging in Moscow, Olga got sick. At that time, she was living with Ogorodnik in his apartment on Krasnopresnenskaya Naberezhnaya and looking after him. On TRIANON's recommendation she began to take the same antibiotics that were written out to him by his doctor, which naturally wouldn't raise any doubts. It is possible to assume with a high probability that he, by means of a safety razor, did scrapings from the poison capsules and in small amounts added them to water with which Olga swallowed the tablets. To create an alibi, he fixed the quantity of pills taken in the diary: "... Olga — 3, I — 3... Olga — 6, I — 6... Olga — a pack, I — a pack..." How could there be anything suspicious — everything equally!

Under the slow influence of the poison because of the scanty doses, Olga felt worse and worse. Her condition became critical. Having felt it, she asked TRIANON to call her father urgently at the hospital and to report to him about her illness. Soon an ambulance arrived and took her

away to the hospital, from where she never returned. The danger of exposure had been eliminated, but TRIANON would have to strengthen his innocence in Olga's death even more. His crocodile tears at the cemetery explained everything, and other tricks that had to strengthen his alibi even more.

TRIANON was so self-assured that he didn't even consider it necessary to destroy the textbook with the bookmarks which remained there.

Most likely, as he feared for his life, he had no time to coordinate his actions with the CIA in Moscow and told them about poisoning Olga Serova later. Indirectly, the phrase in their letter directed to him testified to this: "We are very reluctant to give you another special container" - and the mention of "the inadmissibility of its rash use."

They absolutely feared, justifiably, that any careless use of poison could lead to the fact that he would be suspected of murder, and, respectively, law enforcement agencies would conduct operational and investigative actions using technical equipment that was already threatening his exposure as an agent of foreign intelligence services. And in this case, they were right.

As for the binoculars mentioned in the instruction, most likely, they were needed by TRIANON during his boat trip over the bay water area of Nakhodka, where ships of our Pacific Fleet were deployed.

At 2325 hours the contents of the container were laid on the large table in the reception room of the KGB, where Martha Peterson and the American consul, Mr. Gross had been sitting. Both had a downcast look, as they rightly believed that the upcoming conversation would not be pleasant. The small chamber was brightly lit for the filming which was necessary in such cases.

Major General Yevgeny Mikhaylovich Rasshchepov outlined to the consul the circumstances for which the officer of the American Embassy Martha Peterson was detained on Krasnoluzhsky Bridge, and suggested they examine the contents of the container with espionage attributes seized from her.

At the request of Rasshchepov the consul several times asked Peterson questions concerning the mission of these or those objects, found in the container, but every time she answered in English in monosyllables: "Shut up!" And only after instructions of the Chairman of

KGB of the USSR Yuri Andropov, who was at that time under treatment at the Kislovodsk Sanatorium "Red Stones," were the gold charms with the chain, which belonged to her personally and had been seized during detention returned to her, she said in Russian: "Thanks!"

Since Martha Peterson as Vice Consul enjoyed diplomatic immunity, after the procedure which was described and recorded above she was released at 3:00 am and together with the Consul went in his car to the American Embassy.

Presumably, that same night she informed the CIA Moscow Station Chief, who was known to us, in detail about the failure of the operation to communicate with TRIANON.

It is difficult to clearly answer the question about what was said that night in the CIA Station on the seventh floor of the American Embassy on Tchaikovsky Street. Perhaps even about the possibility that Martha Peterson made a serious operational mistake while carrying out the covert operation with TRIANON. Instead of continuing across the bridge to the opposite side of the Moscow River after placing the container in the specified place, she had come back at once and that way designated the end point of her walk. And if we hadn't known exactly the spot to which she went, but had only carried out external surveillance on her, then in such a situation in cases like this we would need to act with extreme caution. And our intelligence officers — with all due respect, I am not afraid to say it about all this — also might not have noticed her placing the container, which only took a total of two or three seconds and in conditions of limited visibility. Having carefully surveyed the end point of Martha Peterson's walk, we were able to find the container she placed in the cache without effort.

It would be useful to mention in this context that our leadership envisaged the two above options of behavior of the American intelligence officer. Although the main part of the capture group, obeying the logic of operational thinking, was on the opposite side of the bridge, it did not reflect in the results of the actual operation in any way.

It is difficult to say what exactly forced Martha Peterson to act in such a way. Maybe it was fear? Suddenly finding yourself in a strange city at night on a deserted railway bridge, and under such psychological stress! Although, frankly speaking, it is difficult to suspect Martha Peterson of cowardice. Or, perhaps, it was a mistake of operational

procedure committed by members of the CIA Station?

Most likely, we will never know how the CIA Station Chief Robert Fulton or Gardner Hathaway, who had already replaced him that year, explained it in their encrypted message to the CIA leadership. With all certainty it is possible to say just one thing: drafting the message was not such a simple matter!

On the same day, without wasting any time, the Americans had turned to the Foreign Ministry USA Department with a pressing request to urgently receive their representative. The meeting took place and was properly formalized:

"Recording of the conversation with the Counselor of the U.S. Embassy in Moscow J. Matlock on July 16, 1977:

"In agreement with the leadership of the Department, at 1330 hours I received J. Matlock in connection with his pressing request.

"Citing instructions from the State Department to urgently bring the following to the leadership of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of the USSR, Matlock said: "You most likely know about the detention of embassy Vice Consul Martha Peterson during the evening on July 15.

"I want to tell you that we intend to recall Mrs. Peterson soon — most likely on July 17. We also intend to arrange her departure so as not to draw attention to it. We hope that this incident won't become known."

"Matlock added that he made the above-stated message based on established practice.

"I told Matlock that his statement would be brought immediately to the attention of the leadership.

"Note: At 1400 hours the content of the conversation with Matlock was reported to the Deputy Minister of Foreign Affairs of the USSR Comrade G. M. Korniyenko.

"First Secretary of the USA Department (OSShA),

"Signature (O. Krokhalov)."

On July 17, 1977 Martha Peterson, who had been declared persona non grata, took off from Sheremetyevo Airport to Vienna.

Soon after arrival in the U.S. she was awarded a medal by the CIA "For courage shown in executing her call of duty." We don't know whether it was the medal "For Outstanding Service" or "For Special

Merit", but it was not of great importance for us¹⁵.

The same day, the US ambassador in Moscow, Mr. Toon, was invited to the Soviet Foreign Ministry, where the Deputy Minister of Foreign Affairs G. M. [Georgi Markovich] Korniyenko handed him a note of protest and was shown the spy attributes seized during the arrest of embassy staff member Martha Peterson and Soviet citizen Ogorodnik, unmasked as an agent of the CIA codenamed TRIANON.

According to leadership's order, as an official officer of the Security Service of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, I was to be present during this procedure to give possible explanations. But extremely urgent matters, to my considerable chagrin, prevented it. So, another person went there. Frankly speaking, I had no great desire to see and listen to this "politician" Korniyenko who, as well as his chief, didn't exactly like us. I just wanted to see the face of US Ambassador Mr. Toon when the evidence of espionage activities in the territory of the USSR seized from Vice-Consul M. Peterson, and the so-called special container intended for CIA agent TRIANON containing an ampule with a fast-acting poison that he could use in the future at his sole discretion, would be shown.

And now we will come back again to the seventh floor of the high-rise building of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of the USSR on Smolenskaya Square.

Toon confirmed that Martha Peterson had already left the borders of the USSR, apologized, and expressed a pressing request not to publicize the incident in the press, which would be highly appreciated by the government of the United States of America.

G. M. Korniyenko assured the ambassador that Minister of Foreign Affairs Andrey Gromyko would be immediately informed of his request.

Running a little forward, it should be noted that in May 1978 two of our intelligence officers, V. Enger and R. Chernyaev, who didn't have diplomatic immunity, were arrested in the U.S. with use of provocation and sentenced to fifty years in prison, but thanks to efforts of the Soviet government were later returned to the USSR. I happened to work with Enger at our Mission in Berlin. Our subunits were on the same floor and therefore I met with him several times a day. I sometimes joked with him, asking how many years he had left to be held in an American prison. To

¹⁵ But the case of Martha Peterson did not end on this point. She worked in one of the Eastern European countries. Currently, the former 'vice-consul' of the American Embassy in Moscow teaches at one of the CIA intelligence schools.

that, not without humor, he answered that it was necessary to serve so many years and so many months. He, of course, knew, why Americans got their revenge on us and what connected us with him to some extent in this case.

But we will return to the Deputy Minister. Two or three years ago, in an interview broadcast on Central Television, during a conversation with the anchorman he categorically declared that organs of the KGB of the USSR, which also implied the Security Service of the Foreign Ministry, systematically carried out mass interception of telephone conversations of employees of the Ministry, working, as it should be understood, in the spirit of total surveillance. By what information he was thus guided, I don't know. But as a former Security Service specialist, who worked there about four years, I must note that there was no element of truth in this statement, especially because even for this purpose it would have been necessary to have very powerful and appropriate technical capabilities. Of course, intercept of telephone conversations, just as in other countries, is actually one element of operational activity, but as accepted by us there have to be strong reasons for this purpose. Indeed in 1975 our attention was drawn to increased interest in the USA Department of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of the USSR, the chief of which at that time was G. M. Korniyenko, and to his executives, by American diplomats among whom were known officers of intelligence services. It then became known that Americans possessed some, though not really important, data, which they could not have received other than from conversations with someone other than an officer of this department. With approval of the leadership of KGB of the USSR, we carried out a complex check of this alert, but were soon convinced that there were no grounds for serious concern. We actually listened to two phones, but it was only two, not all of the MFA! However, it would be superfluous to note that our work or subsequent events have not reflected on those people investigated at that time, and one of them even got a significant promotion. It would be naive to believe that we did not also use such technical capabilities in the investigation of TRIANON. Examples of that were already given earlier.

Chapter 10

The next day the leadership of the Chief Directorate instructed me to urgently clarify the question of just what information Ogorodnik had passed to the CIA. To do this they recommended that I prepare a proposal to create a special commission made up of authoritative representatives of the ministry which in the summary of their work would draw up an appropriate conclusion with an enumeration of specific documents.

In coordination with Mikhail I. Kuryshev, I made a draft of a list of such a commission which would be manned by employees of the Directorate of Planning for Foreign Policy Issues totaling thirty people. They suggested the commission include not only experienced diplomats but officers who were capable of carrying out technical functions.

I telephoned the Deputy Minister of Foreign Affairs, Igor N. Zemskov, and asked him to receive me for this pressing matter.

I arrived at his reception room at the designated time and was quickly received by Igor Nikolayevich. He was in good spirits and, as always, greeted his namesake graciously. He immediately said that he recently had lunch at the French ambassador's residence and had a rather interesting talk with him. Looking through the mail his secretary brought him, he proudly showed me a message sent to him personally by Politburo Member Konstantin U. Chernenko, which in my rush I mixed up with the Soviet Ambassador to France Chervonenko, which upset him a little even though he then turned it into a joke.

I told him about the purpose of my visit and handed him a list of potential members of the commission to examine. Igor Nikolayevich read it carefully for a long time, and then expressed doubt about the need to man the commission with such a large number of officers. I answered that if the number bothered him then it might be possible to limit it to eleven or even nine workers, but that would drag out the time. Zemskov was quiet for a long time and then, having decided to hide nothing from me, expressed the fear that the minister would not agree at all on creating such a commission. To a large degree this surprised me even though I knew that Andrey Gromyko did not hold us in high regard. Naturally, the antipathy was mutual. Despite the tradition that existed at that time to "love unselfishly" members of the Central Committee of the

CPSS, at our place, at least in the MFA Security Service, it was more than they didn't love Gromyko, but he even had a rather insulting nickname in which a deformity in his face was reflected – “slant snout” (*Kosorylyy*). Our harshly negative attitude toward him was not by chance: working directly in the Ministry apparatus, we had at our disposal more reliable information about his personality and the ‘activities’ of his honored spouse than our colleagues on Dzerzhinsky Square.

But no matter what, Zemskov promised to report to the minister about the Security Service's proposal anyway and assured me that he would try to act in the direction of interest to the KGB, and he personally had nothing against the creation of such a commission and considered the proposal to be quite correct.

In order to give the readers an idea about his attitude toward us I'll give an example. Being incurably ill (he had lung cancer) and well understanding, as a doctor, that a catastrophe could come at any moment, he left his mother an envelope which was to be opened in event of his sudden death. In a note located inside it was said that the keys to his personal safe should be immediately handed only to M. I. Kuryshv, that is, the Chief of the Ministry Security Service, which was done. It is hard to imagine more illuminating testimony. But this happened significantly later.

Two days later I. N. Zemskov invited me to his office and said as agreed he reported the Security Service's proposal to the minister about setting up a commission to clarify the issue of the amount of the leak of classified information through the exposed agent of American intelligence Ogorodnik in the Directorate of Planning for Foreign Policy Issues. However, Andrey Gromyko didn't agree with the proposal, giving the reasons that the work of the commission would get too much undesirable publicity and reminded us that the fact that only a limited circle of people in the leadership staff was familiar with Ogorodnik and none of the others knew anything about this case.

I immediately reported this to the Chief of the Department, who in turn informed the leadership of the Chief Directorate. All of us were certain that the leadership of the Chief Directorate and the KGB would find some kind of argument to convince Andrey Gromyko to change his decision. However, this did not happen, and the narrow bureaucratic and

personal interests of one man took precedence over good sense and the law.

Our officers laughed among themselves about the fact that our Dear Chairman Yuri V. Andropov, who was the ambassador to Hungary in the 1950's, apparently could not overcome the obedience barrier of his former chief, the Minister of Foreign Affairs Andrey Gromyko. And it was a pity: after all, we could have found out something interesting, but the main thing was that we would have been able to secure our overseas sources of information by conducting disinformation measures and somewhat lessen the extent of damage to our diplomacy and the country.

So that it is clear to the reader what the author has in mind, it is sufficient to say that the CIA carefully studied the intelligence received from TRIANON from Moscow plus the copies of classified documents passed to them, in particular in terms of finding sources of intelligence.

As result of work that the Americans did, they concluded that a lot of intelligence materials was originating from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs came from one of the small European governments, namely Norway.

On recommendation of the CIA, local intelligence services checked out employees of the ministry, including our source of information. This was done rather crudely, and in the end our KGB Rezidentura found out about it. We had to cease contact with our source temporarily and only after normalization of the situation was it restored, naturally observing the strictest secrecy.

Soon the Americans directed the attention of local intelligence services again to the fact that the leak of information from MFA was continuing. As a result of conducting more active and joint actions with the Norwegians using operational and technical means, the source of information was detected and arrested while communicating with a Soviet intelligence officer.

As Christopher Andrew, an English writer and leading Western theoretician on intelligence issues, writes in his book, this source turned out to be Greta, the secretary of the Norwegian Minister of Foreign Affairs Frøken Gunvor Galtung Haavik. She was arrested during the evening of 27 January 1977 on the outskirts of Oslo while handing over documents to an officer of the KGB Rezidentura, Aleksandr Kirillovich Printsipalov, who had put up desperate resistance while being detained.

Six months later she died in prison from a heart attack, so she never appeared in court. However, she confessed to “being a Russian spy for almost thirty years.” It cannot be excluded that a former officer of the First Chief Directorate, the traitor Oleg Gordievsky, had a hand in her failure.

I will also add that a few years ago Sasha Printsipalov died, before reaching his fiftieth birthday. Well after the tragedy that occurred in Oslo, Printsipalov and I worked well together for a long time at the end of the 1980’s in Berlin, the capital of the GDR. I grieve for both of them.

Continuing my theme, I’ll note that as one might expect in connection with uncovering the informer and our intelligence officer, a scandal broke out. Norwegian leaders declared several of his work colleagues persona non grata, who then had to terminate their stay in the country. To restore our positions in this country required a large expenditure of effort and a great deal of time.

Several years later I made an official visit to Norway and immediately felt the close attention of local intelligence services. A surveillance tail stretched behind me almost constantly. However, this didn’t surprise me since I travelled under my real name, which was well-known to the Americans whom TRIANON had informed, and it follows also to the local intelligence services.

Once a curious event occurred. In my free time, strolling around the city, I was searching for something I needed for my car and went down the stairs to the cellar of an underground garage to a shop located by a gas station. Having determined that it was not available to purchase there, I quickly started going back up the steps. A door burst open unexpectedly and a surveillance female officer, whose face I already knew well, literally fell against my chest. I grabbed her with difficulty and to this day am surprised that I kept my balance, as the staircase was rather steep. I wanted to tell her caustically that in civilized countries it isn’t accepted for women to run after men so actively, but limited myself to just saying “Pardon, madam.” We have never found it acceptable to offend or tease surveillance officers who were following us since these people were only doing their jobs.

They even escorted me in the train during my trip to the capital of a neighboring country and to this day I’m surprised that neither the Americans nor their colleagues in this country committed any type of

provocation against me. Indeed it would have been easy to deal with me and my companion on the night express where two surveillance officers were travelling in the neighboring car, and there were only a few passengers and a single conductor comprising the entire staff on the entire train.

To conclude this chapter, I would like to return again to the subject which was interrupted earlier concerning the Minister of Foreign Affairs of the USSR Andrey Gromyko. I must say that the more I found out about this man, the less I liked him. To characterize him it is sufficient to remind one only of the matter of his promoting [Arkady] Shevchenko, who was the Deputy Chairman of the USSR in the United Nations in the rank of Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary. Gromyko trusted him fully and he was included in the staff of his closest company. And also, their wives were friends. Within the circle of his own closest friends who expressed fears about his adventures with women and constant drunkenness, Shevchenko said as long as Andrey Andreyevich was alive he wouldn't be afraid!

And everything likely would have been fine if one beautiful day while on tour in Florida he had not been recruited by American intelligence, who had been following him for a long time, and had set him up before using their female agent as a dangle.

Concerning Shevchenko, the Foreign Counterintelligence Directorate of the First Chief Directorate long had suspicions with which the KGB Rezident differed repeatedly from those of his leadership in unofficial and presumably classified messages. Inasmuch as the evidence was circumstantial the decision was ripe to do everything possible to recall him to Moscow and use officers of the Second Chief Directorate to arrange his thorough study. But this intention was not destined to be. One of Shevchenko's friends, who was a Department chief, happened to spot a KGB message on the table of his supervisor, a Deputy Minister of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, showing heightened interest in Shevchenko. Immediately afterward, while on official business in the US, he told Shevchenko about the message. Shevchenko then told the Americans, who having had the bitter experience with TRIANON, decided that it would be better if he disappeared and later requested political asylum. This is what happened.

The case accusing Shevchenko of treason against the Motherland was reviewed in a closed session by the Supreme Court of the USSR and in the trial proceedings, in which the above-mentioned Department chief was questioned as a witness, Shevchenko was sentenced to death in absentia.

At the conclusion of the trial the serving prosecutor confided to me that he “would be extremely surprised if he found out that the MFA Department chief (he had in mind the notorious S. – I. P.) who had been questioned at the trial session remained at his job in the Minister of Foreign Affairs system.” In spite of the prosecutor’s opinion, they never touched him.

I will add one more touch to what was said above. As I was told by the operational officer who controlled the entrance to the room, not without humor, when the secretary of the court session, in accordance with established Criminal Procedure Code, declared “I request you stand! The court is in session,” he stood up, but felt a bit uneasy since he was the only one in the room except for the prosecutor and lawyer, and the accused was not there at all!

Let’s return, however, to the fact that many of us in clear conscience erred, mistakenly interpreting the true character of relations between Yuri V. Andropov and Andrey Gromyko. As this matter fared in reality we only learned much later from Vyacheslav Kevorkov’s book mentioned earlier, *Secret Channel*. In it among other things he tells of the role of Chairman of the KGB Yuri V. Andropov in the covert negotiating process between leaders of the USSR and the Federal Republic of Germany (FRG). Knowing Yuri V. Andropov well from many years from the long-term joint work on the channel of communications, giving him his due to his farsightedness and wisdom as a government figure gaining power and being acquainted with his work style as well as his inherent flaws, the author underlines his attempts whenever possible not to strain relations between members of the Politburo of the Central Committee of the CPSS, which included Andrey Gromyko. Considering the adherence of the Minister of Foreign Affairs to the immutable postulate of Marxism-Leninism, his irreconcilability in the class struggle not only within the country but also in the international arena and his disapproving attitude toward the existence of the secret channel, belittling, in his opinion, the significance and capability of the diplomatic institution which headed it,

Yuri V. Andropov preferred not to spoil his relationship with Andrey Gromyko. In special situations such as when dire necessity arose, he acted through L. I. Brezhnev, who for Gromyko always remained the indisputable authority. But the question of creating a special commission to clarify the question about just which of our secrets went to the Americans through TRIANON was clearly too trivial a reason to turn to the General Secretary, and even Gromyko immediately would understand from whom the initiative would originate. And so that's the way it was.

Chapter 11

The Americans were convinced that everything was fine with Ogorodnik and he worked for them as before. But he, now dead, was working for us.

On 19 July 1977 an encrypted message addressed to TRIANON was sent from the CIA Frankfurt Radio Center:

“274 gr. 19

32014 44730 46971 35432 74472 02517 87927 70461 21939
89994 15155 21967 78258 78258 75283 79855 62245 88382
70677 37320”

The decrypted message text said:

“Continue to listen to your radio transmissions for an important message.”

(Comment: the orthography of the author is preserved.)

Resolution of G. F. Grigorenko: “Reported to S. K. Tsvigun.”

Soon after the conclusion of all our activities on the TRIANON case, I, along with Volodya Molodtsov and one more officer of the Security Service, was unexpectedly invited to the Deputy Minister I. N. Zemskov, who in the presence of a group of leaders of the MFA officially announced to us the decision of the Ministry Board to award us diplomatic ranks. I was awarded the rank of First Secretary, First Class. This was the last rank before Counselor Second Rank. For this reason, Igor Nikolayevich shook my hand amiably and said that now I was a “Colonel of Diplomatic Service.” Molodtsov and the other officer received ranks of Second Secretaries. I should note that this was a rarity. Usually KGB officers received diplomatic ranks after long delays which often allowed foreign intelligence services to pick out unranked diplomats with no special difficulty as potential KGB and GRU intelligence officers.

Soon in the Committee a Decree of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet USSR was announced dated 21 October 1977 on the rewarding of a group of officers of the KGB “For successfully conducting actions to

uncover an especially dangerous agent of American intelligence, for high professional expertise and resourcefulness in resolving complex operational missions which made it possible to catch an American intelligence officer red-handed in a scheduled operation with a spy.”

G. F. Grigorenko, Vitaliy K. Boyarov, V. Ye. Kevorkov, and M. I. Kuryshev were awarded the Order of the Red Banner; V. I. Kostyrya and I – the Red Star; and Nikolay Leytan, Volodya Molodtsov and Yura Shitikov – medals “For Military Merit.” By order of Yuri V. Andropov, Volodya Grechayev was awarded the title of Honored Member of State Security.

The First Deputy of the Chairman of the KGB USSR, Colonel General S. K. Tsvigun, handed out Orders and Medals to officers of the Seventh Directorate and other subunits of the Committee in a solemn occasion. Somewhat later Mikhail Ivanovich Kuryshev told us that Tsvigun, comparing Ogorodnik with uncovering the earlier American intelligence agent (Oleg) Penkovsky, called the latter a “mangy puppy.”

Only many years later did we find out that the process of our awards was not at all so cloud-free. Not all high-level leaders of the KGB truly rejoiced at the success of the Second Chief Directorate headed by Grigory Fyodorovich Grigorenko. Despite the decision that Yuri V. Andropov had already made to recommend military decorations and medals to a group of officers who had distinguished themselves in this case, his First Deputy, standing in for the KGB Chairman during his illness, dragged out the matter of sending the appropriate documents to the Central Committee of the CPSS in every way possible, referring to the fact that while conducting the operation TRIANON succeeded in poisoning himself, and this could not be looked at other than as a failure, etc. This story ended when Yuri V. Andropov, after his recovery, did everything himself. So, justice, thereby, triumphed. For a long time, these exact same people obstructed the publication of Yulian Semyonov’s book *TASS is Authorized to Announce...*, which was written on the subject of the TRIANON case, as well as the multi-series TV serial movie of the same name, justifying this by not wanting to declassify our work methods.

At a meeting of the leadership staff of the Chief Directorate, Lieutenant General G. F. Grigorenko summarized the results of the work that had been performed. In his presentation he remarked that the

American intelligence agent TRIANON actively studied and in separate situations used his contacts in the Secretariat and teletype room of the Ministry of Defense of the USSR, the executive office (apparat) of the Central Committee of the CPSS, and other organizations and institutions. While replacing the person responsible for familiarization with encrypted messages within the Directorate of Planning for Foreign Policy Issues (UpVM) of the MFA USSR, he had access to encrypted correspondence, and it follows to the annual budgets of embassies, and regularly informed the CIA about all meetings in which he took part.

Grigorenko said that an analysis of materials removed from his room during his arrest provides a basis to believe that Olga Serova's death occurred as result of her poisoning by TRIANON because of his fear of being caught, plus the oblique signs in his diary, bookmarks in his textbook on forensic medicine, his behavior at the funeral and burial and other facts provide more evidence.

From an analysis of results of work performed it can be concluded that, first, American intelligence actively studies and recruits Soviet citizens in Third World countries and conducts rigorous training of newly-recruited agents, and second, the CIA actively uses its agents in the territory of the USSR and works with them from the site of their Station in the American Embassy in Moscow.

Besides this, the facts revealed during the investigation process placed in serious doubt the inherent opinion that there cannot possibly be traitors among ministry employees of the MFA USSR. A notion such as this unwittingly gave rise to a situation of calmness and nonchalance.

Grigorenko also stated that during the operation they obtained information about the specifics of how the Americans in Moscow carried out clandestine and dead-drop operations. The latest operational and technical equipment used to conduct HUMINT and dead drop activities were obtained -- camouflaged cameras, etc. Also revealed were individual tricks of the trade used by American intelligence in their recruiting operations and in their subsequent psychological effect on agents, including in part higher attention to those among them who suffer from heightened self-esteem, systematic commendation to them for the work they did, and informing them about the highest authorities' valuation of the activities they performed, and so forth.

In addition, it was established that in the case of failure of one of their agents, American intelligence continue to work actively with others, even though, in all probability it raises the level of secrecy.

In work with their agents the enemy uses the latest achievements of technology, including using the spy satellite Marisat-2 for communications. They pay serious attention to the security of the agent during this activity.

“We are glad you like the idea of electronic signaling –the Americans wrote to their agent TRIANON. – We successfully use such communications in other areas, and experiments in Moscow showed excellent results... The main requirement is that there be a small device that is always plugged into the electrical network... The location of the apartment plays a critical role for such communications.”

An operation for communicating with a valuable agent is prepared carefully and takes a rather large interval of time. It is divided arbitrarily into three stages:

- transmission of instructions for the agent through means of a radio center;
- the agent giving a signal about readiness to conduct a dead-drop or leaving for a meeting;
- leaving to carry out a dead-drop or personal meeting.

The Chief of the Chief Directorate emphasized that from all this one must make the appropriate conclusions which should be considered in future practical operational activities.

He said further that one should also remember actions that were not properly thought through by the investigating authorities. Because of their negligence the American agent TRIANON, who after being arrested, was able to lull the alertness of the investigators who were sidetracked with searching and following protocol and take the poison he had in his pen. The Department Chief, Colonel A. A. Kuzmin, of course, deserves strict punishment since it was his fault that we were deprived of the possibility of getting more complete information from TRIANON about his activities and contacts.

However, the Chairman of the KGB Yuri V. Andropov considered that the main goal of the operation was achieved: the CIA source of information in the MFA ended his existence, the American intelligence

officer Martha Peterson was caught red-handed, and she left the country.

But Kuzmin, considering his service in the past to State Security authorities, was relieved of punishment by the Chairman's decision.

On this point the meeting ended.

The Investigative Directorate did everything possible so that such annoying slips were not repeated. When another American agent, Filatov, was arrested, after a body search he was immediately dressed into prison clothes and put into handcuffs.

Sometime later after I was given increased job responsibilities but still worked in the MFA Security Service while reporting to the First Deputy Chief of the Chief Directorate Lieutenant General Boyarov. I requested permission to address him personally over the heads of my direct bosses with a request for my return to the Department:

"I am ready to report!"

I don't know what Vitaliy Konstantinovich was thinking, but he was listening to me carefully and said that he never thought that I internally felt so deeply about my stay in the Active Reserve.

"You have even changed your appearance!" he observed. "And I thought you were satisfied with your job at the MFA, where you have proved yourself well! This is big news for me! I'll think everything over, and now go back to work!"

Chapter 12

In autumn 1978, when I was returned to my job with increased responsibilities in the Seventh Department, the Chief of the Department, Major General Kevorkov, unexpectedly invited me to visit him. There was a short man in his office whose outward appearance reminded one of the famous Russian industrialist and philanthropist, Savva Timofeyevich Morozov. I immediately recognized him: it was Yulian Semyonov, author of political novels under the title of *Alternative*, *Vietnam Diary*, and other compositions.

Vyacheslav Kevorkov introduced me to him and gave a short description of me as an active participant in the effort to uncover an American intelligence agent in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, adding that during the years of the Great Fatherland War I was a seaman apprentice and took part in combat operations in the Northern Fleet. The conversation was not drawn out. Yulian Semyonov listened a lot and said little but remembered well everything we discussed.

After this he started appearing at our place on Dzerzhinsky Square rather frequently, both at Kevorkov's office, the First Secretary of the Chief of the Chief Directorate Boyarov's office, and sometimes also at the office of the Chief of the KGB Press Center, Major General Ya. T. Kiselev.

Shortly after this we learned that Semyonov had written the novel *TASS is Authorized to Announce...*, in which he outlined in fictional form known isolated details that had been given to him about the work of Ogorodnik and the American intelligence officer Martha Peterson, who had been captured red-handed. He published it in the magazine *Friendship of Peoples (Druzhba narodov)*.

All participants in the activities except for the investigator Agibalov were portrayed under pseudonyms, and I – as “Group Chief Colonel Igor Trukhin,”¹⁶ a former “apprentice seaman of the Northern Fleet and now an ace, a true counterintelligence ace.”

I was asked many times later how such a high estimation of my activities could be explained when I was mentioned only a few times in the book.

¹⁶ For a reason unknown to me Yulian Semyonov raised my rank a little higher

I must explain that this was after all a fictional production and not an account of the actual case. Along with this I answered that several of the scenes in which I took part were simply taken out by strict “censors” in draft stage due to a fear of “revealing Chekist* work methods.” But I didn’t complain to them since I considered that if the bosses did not strike out the phrase that I was “a true counterintelligence ace,” then on this matter they probably had no serious objections to it.

[*Translator comment: a “Chekist” is a KGB officer; derives from ChK – Chrezvychaynyy komitet – predecessor of the KGB]

In time I became acquainted more closely with Yulian Semyonov and we established a friendly relationship. Later this helped our common efforts on the serial TV film based on his book.

The need to create a TV film of this type was dictated by the fact that in past years there had not been a single production on the screen which told about the Committee of State Security’s work.

After the decision to make a TV film was finally made, they named Lieutenant General Vitaliy Kevorkov the chief consultant. They named me and an employee of the KGB Press Center, V. D. Kalinin, consultants. Kevorkov and Kalinin were presented in the credits under pseudonyms, and I as a colonel – at that time I had already achieved that rank – under my true name. At the time I joked that if they cursed it as a bad TV film they wouldn’t be able to track down the others, but they could find me quickly by my last name and all the crap would reach only me. Happily, no one began to search for me, even though not everyone was thrilled with the film. But this is a matter of taste. I only know that all actors without exception approached their work with great responsibility and great interest.

Being in the film studio rather often, I got to know his work and the actors who were preparing to take part in the filming: Tikhonov, Kuravlev, Shutov, Gluzskiy and many others. To be frank, I liked Mikhail Gluzskiy most of all, as a person who was wise with life experience and a talented actor, but less so – Vyacheslav Tikhonov. He was certainly an extremely talented actor but, in my opinion, it was a significant miscalculation to compare him to the flamboyant figure of Vitaliy Boyarov (in the film – Konstantinov). As I see it, his personality did not come through.

I recall an annoying scene early in the shooting of the TV film. One of the cinema studio employees who had been seeking permission to emigrate permanently to Israel apparently did not conscientiously deal with those who resisted him in this matter, identifying all of them with our organization. He was directed to speak with the famous film actor A. Kalyagin and make him an offer to participate in the film. Ostensibly, he categorically refused. This, of course, was not a tragedy and maybe it was not true. But no matter what, the “requestor” left for Israel after all - good riddance to him – however, an unpleasant aftertaste from his behavior remains in my soul up to this day.

This was the second time I happened to be a film consultant, but to be honest the first time was not so official. At that time, back in the 60's, I was on an official trip to the GDR. Once, while I was on vacation in Sverdlovsk, I ran into Gleb Panfilov, who had arrived from Leningrad and whom I had known well since before the war as we lived in the same apartment building.

Gleb asked me to consult with him on his graduation thesis – a short movie film *The Case of Kurt Clausewitz*, about the tragic fate of a German soldier who under sentence of a military court-martial was shot for humane treatment of wounded Soviet soldiers.

I liked the film, with which I had become acquainted in the viewing room of the Sverdlovsk cinema studio, and I made only two observations about characteristics of German daily life which no way fit: the Christmas tree overloaded with toys Russian-style, and the champagne glasses filled to the top. But, unfortunately, it was too late to correct anything and Gleb, who did get to explain my opinion, left for Leningrad. Later I learned from his brother that his graduation thesis received a high mark, and nobody paid such attention to such subtleties as I, who had lived several years in Germany, noticed.

Afterwards I was always happy to follow the success of Gleb Panfilov, who being a talented man, became a famous movie producer.

Perhaps the main assignment for all actors who took part in shooting the film based on Yulian Semyonov's short story should have been to reproduce an image of the counterintelligence officer of today, but how to do this became a definite problem. It is no secret to anyone that “warriors of the invisible front” could be depicted only after you see them in nature and you touch them.

Related to this I'll point out an anecdote.

Sometime in the summer, before a meeting with Vitaliy Boyarov, a group of actors gathered in my office in Building No. 2 on Dzerzhinsky Square. We awaited Nikolay Nikolayevich Gubenko, who was a little late. A window which faced the south toward the inner courtyard had been thrown wide open. Everyone was casually dressed for summer. I was not wearing a jacket as usual did but had on a bright shirt with an unbuttoned collar and a slightly loosened tie. The door opened unexpectedly and Gubenko entered the office. I was standing up talking with someone on the phone. After greetings, the first thing he said was:

“Just look at him – an officer of our counterintelligence!”

That is, as we learned to understand him, a most ordinary business person.

The question of how to film the *Sauna* operation was discussed for a long time at the Arts Council. The subject itself was without doubt interesting, but in some measure, it made one recall the film *Irony of Fate, or Enjoy Your Bath!* which are well-known and beloved by fans. This created anxiety, and wouldn't this episode call for a smile and wouldn't it place in doubt the truthfulness of the subject? After long debates the decision was made to reject this fragment so as not to call up an association. And it's a pity.

As the chief consultant for the film, B. K. Boyarov gave lots of worthwhile advice. His speeches at the Arts Council occasionally even surprised the attendees with his depth of analysis of these or the other situations and with his interesting recommendations for the actors.

The Director of the Gorky Film Studio, Yevgeny Nikolayevich Kotov, who had lots of experience in creative activities, gave significant help in making the TV film.

Of course, everyone was sad that the talented producer Tatyana Lioznova, famous for her TV film *Seventeen Moments of Spring*, categorically refused to work with Yulian Semyonov on the screenplay and screening of the new TV film. The fact of the matter was that in the past, for various reasons, mostly due to the intransigence and in part stubbornness of Yulian, who at that time was working on a different book, the relationship that emerged between them was far-from friendly. They also said that to force the author to make a few corrections to the

screenplay, she was forced to lock him in his office with a key since she didn't believe his promises to do it at home.

In the process of making the film some curious things happened. Once, in the viewing room, they showed me a scene that had just been shot on the arrest of Zubov (Ogorodnik) by KGB officers at the entrance to his apartment.

I instantly didn't like the fact that the entrance was literally filled with Chekists in disguise who allegedly were repairing the elevator, and therefore he had to walk up the staircase under their surveillance. Opening the door to the apartment, he was seized suddenly by a large group of officers who then and there surrounded him and threw him to the floor. As the door opened, a Chekist with an imposing air appeared; who knows how he got there.

I immediately rejected this scene, explaining to those present at the review that there was no need to bring in so many operational officers and it would take only two or three people to arrest Zubov (Ogorodnik). It was also unnecessary in this regard to use physical force on him. Besides, the presence of a KGB officer in his apartment was against the law and immediately would place in doubt the genuineness of material evidence which could have been fabricated and dumped off there.

The director of the picture tried to object, saying that this would be much more interesting for the TV viewer, and it would not be possible to re-shoot the scene since the props had already been taken down.

Upon return to the Chief Directorate I immediately reported to Vitaliy Boyarov about this. He agreed completely with me and insisted further that this scene be redone. In the new version the episode looked more natural, partly because there were no strangers in the apartment.

While filming the scene at the Crimean Bridge the reaction of pedestrians was brought to our attention. Most of them watched for two or three minutes and continued on their journey, while others – curious “fans” we'll call them – having forgotten about their own business literally stood for hours at the bridge railing and from the elevation watched how they filmed one of the scenes in several variations, several times. Thanks to the latter category of citizens there was never a lack of those wishing to take part in crowd scenes.

At first the producer of the TV film was Igor Shatrov, known for his film *And It's All about Him*, one of a few survivors from among the heroic

apprentices of the Valaam School who fought from the beginning of the war. Unfortunately, he could not work with Yuri Semyonov.

The screenplay was modified many times. A difficulty arose in playing the role of Colonel Trukhin. At first the role was offered to Martirosyan who had played in the movie *Pirates of the Twentieth Century*. But he turned out to be too young, since in the screenplay in the first version Trukhin was to be a war veteran. Then they tried Igor Kvasha, and finally they stopped with Zaslukhin, but in his outward appearance he didn't look like me at all (which, however, may not have been the main thing). Then it was decided to "combine" the Trukhin and Konovalov (M. I. Kuryshev) characters under the name Makarov. And leave me in the credits under my real name – perhaps so I wouldn't be offended.

In my occupational job as consultant I, along with Boyarov and Kevorkov, had to attend sessions of the Arts Council rather frequently, where the most difficult questions connected with shooting the TV film *TASS is Authorized to Announce...* were discussed.

In his role as Colonel Slavin, N. N. Gubenko was not entirely successful in looking like him. Something was missing. He was nervous. To all the other stuff was added the fact that the Arts Council didn't approve his suggestion that his wife Zhanna Bolotova play the role of Pilar. In her external appearance little was similar to the temperamental Spaniard. This offended him even more, and finally he refused to participate further in shooting the TV film. In fairness I have to note that in Yuri Solomin, Slavin came out more colorful and interesting than Yulian Semyonov's subject. And as regards Pilar, arguments did not end there. They offered this role to the famous Estonian actress Kuul, but she was "turned down" because she "lacked bitchiness," as was expressed by one of the solid ladies who took part in the session. In the end there remained as candidates manikins from Vyacheslav Zaytsev's House of Models. Elvira Zubkova, recommended by Vakhtang Kikabidze, looked pretty good in this role even though her hair was tinted (her voice was dubbed by someone else).

I had to meet with Yulian Semyonov often, both in his apartment on Begovaya Street, which he called his studio, and at his dacha in the village of Krasnaya Pakhra where he had a plot of land in some piney woods and a large, tastefully decorated wooden home. His sauna, which

held up to fifteen people at one time, was located not far away. It was especially nice to run out of the sauna on a bright moon-lit and frosty evening and with a smash, plunge into a snowdrift.

In Yulian's apartment on Begovaya there was, as they say, artful disorder. On the table in the living room you might see at any one time lots of papers, books, and letters, cartridge cases, foreign currency, ties, and sometimes house slippers.

Yulian Semyonov was a hospitable host. In his kitchen – and he lived alone – there was always something to eat, such as a large piece of smoked sturgeon or an entire ham. On the floor a collection of various unopened bottles of liquor was stored. Every time, each of his guests had to wash his own dishes. The duties of his chauffeur, Misha, included replenishing stocks and cleaning empties.

Yulian Semyonov was an encyclopedically educated man who possessed an excellent memory. Among his main qualities was a striking capability to listen to his fellow conversationalist literally for hours. Everything interested him down to the smallest detail: And just what does one feel in battle at the moment of fear of death? What is he thinking at that moment? How does he overcome fright? He interrogated me about my participation in combat cruises and about many other things, trying to gain insight into every detail.

Once just after getting to work I was immediately called to the office of B. Ye. Kevorkov, the Department Chief. Taking along several documents for any situation for reporting, I was in his office in a couple of minutes since it was almost next to mine. Major General A. A. [Anatoly Aleksandrovich] Kaznin, the Deputy Chief of the Chief Directorate was already there. The conversation going on there was a totally unexpected for me. They reported that I had received an advancement of position as First Deputy to the Chairman of the Committee of State Security of the Lithuanian SSR. Emphasizing that this was a general's billet, they suggested that I consult with my wife. As for the latter I perhaps paid special attention to the fact that my wife Liana Pavlovna had served many years as the Chief of the Department of Personnel Management of the Central Directorate of Statistics and knew a lot about various moves.

Returning to my office, I tried to assess the situation that had emerged. From joint work in the central apparatus I knew Eduardas Eismuntas quite well, who recently had been named Chairman of the

KGB of the Lithuanian SSR. He was an educated and intellectual man with experience in operational work, a Lithuanian by nationality. And outwardly he made a favorable impression. And my son Yevgeny spoke well of his wife. He worked under her leadership in one of the KGB operational and technical subunits before she left for retirement because of years of service.

Inasmuch as this was not an order but only an offer, it was a personal decision for me alone. At home while discussing this question it immediately became completely clear that my wife under no circumstances wanted to leave Russia and in part because she already had considerable experience in visiting and working outside Russia, for example, in the sister Republic of Belorussia. We can't say that everyone didn't treat us kindly but even at that time, that is in the second half of the 60's, professions of nationalism by no means were rare, especially if you were talking about selection and placement of personnel. In Belorussia they were not especially fond of "Vikings" (*Varyagi*), as they called citizens of other republics. Of course, not the final factor in making our decision was not knowing the Lithuanian language and considering our age and the great difficulties with the prospect of learning it. At one time I studied Latvian but that was a long time ago, and it was not at all similar to Lithuanian.

The next morning, not going into detail, I reported to Kevorkov and Kaznin about the results of our family council. Then and there they agreed and made a decision to prepare an order for my nomination with duties as the Deputy Department Chief for confirmation by the leadership of the KGB, which totally settled it for me.

Many years later my wife and I frequently valued the significance of the decision we made back then.

Yulian often met with Yuri V. Andropov. Yuri Vladimirovich was actively interested in his creative work. In one of his telephone conversations, when Yulian told him that he had finished work on his book *TASS is Authorized to Announce...* and intended to publish his short story in the pages of the magazine *Friendship of Peoples*, and he needed only fourteen more days to finish writing it, Yuri Vladimirovich half-joking asked him "And won't that hurt the quality?" Semyonov answered that the book about the Chekists' work simply could not be bad. In one of the talks with Yulian, Yuri V. Andropov suggested that he

create serial works of fiction on a Chekist theme preserving in it the personalities of the book *TASS is Authorized to Announce...* and similarly popular pre-war works such as *The Tales of Major Pronin*. And he started this work. But after Andropov died someone didn't like it and the pseudonyms were changed even though any reader could figure out specifically who was who using the aliases Fyodorov, Konstantinov, Trukhin and others. *TASS is Authorized to Announce...* was translated into many European languages and published first in Yugoslavia, Finland, the GDR and then in other countries, including the U.S., where the book attracted significant interest.

And as concerns the TV serial film of the same name, twenty years later an article based on Yulian Semyonov's work was published in the international monthly *Top Secret* by its columnist Taisiya Belousova called *Scapegoats*, which shed light on intrigues which trailed around *TASS is Authorized to Announce....* For example, the Committee for Lenin and State Prizes announced: "The film enjoys enormous popularity but there is a game of giveaway of our intelligence in it, which after the 27th Party Congress and many speeches by Mikhail Sergeyevich Gorbachev is not allowed."

Chapter 13

In summer 1997, before the famous TV show *Top Secret* was shown on the blue screen on the anniversary of the creation of the TV serial, in which participants in this operation told the TV viewers about things about which they knew nothing, Artem Borovik said:

“While that film was being shown on television the Soviet country simply died, and as police reports showed, the level of crime fell almost to zero. The production *TASS is Authorized to Announce...*, based on Yulian Semyonov’s novel of the same name had fantastic success with the TV fan. However, not everyone knew that the subject of this TV series was based on an actual operation of Soviet foreign and internal counterintelligence. The TRIANON case without creative embellishments is accepted to this day as a boldly entangled action film, but for twenty years the absolutely true story was kept under the classification “TOP SECRET¹⁷.”

It’s not surprising that officers of state security organs also showed great interest in this film.

Shortly after it was shown, I was invited to Riga by the Chairman of the KGB of Latvia, Major General Boris Fyodorovich Vasilyev, to participate in a reader’s conference on Yulian Semyonov’s book *TASS is Authorized to Announce...* Vasilyev and I had enjoyed good and friendly relations for a long time. Without doubt it was interesting to visit the city I first saw at the end of the war and in which I served and studied in the post-war period, and where I still have acquaintances and friends.

In the assessment of Major General Boris K. Pugo, both the reader’s conference and my subsequent speech before officers of the Committee were well-received and were beneficial for them. Afterward I met on multiple occasions in a warm and friendly atmosphere with B. F. Vasilyev and S. V. Zukul, with whom I had studied together in the 101st School (about which – a little later) and then worked overseas for several years.

Pugo, who in the past had been a Komsomol worker and was not a professional in our business, made a good external impression on me at that time, although I indeed had doubts that he could be a

¹⁷ It’s a pity that quite recently Artem Genrikhovich Borovik, at the peak of his talent, died tragically in an airplane accident at Moscow Sheremetyevo Airport.

knowledgeable, authoritative leader in such an important and complex sector of the job. In this respect he could not be compared to his Deputy, Boris Vasilyev, who had worked many years in the central apparatus of the KGB in leadership positions and who had, without a doubt, a great deal of experience in operational activities.

A few years later, when I was in Riga on official business with a group of officers from the Department which I headed with the purpose of rendering practical help in organizing efforts to combat international terrorism, my observations were added to significantly in many ways. So, after my report to Boris Pugo on the work that had been done by officers of the Department was finished, he unexpectedly, half-jokingly, half-seriously noted that my visit to Riga had one more purpose - a meeting with "our people" – and that now he would have to report to his bosses about it. "Frankness" of this sort at that time surprised me a lot. For no apparent reason he had caused a great deal of trouble for his Deputy, Boris Vasilyev. But afterward Boris Pugo was transferred to a job in Moscow, where he later became the Minister of Internal Affairs of the USSR and took part in the notorious August Putsch – the GKChP, State Committee for Emergency Situations – after which the tragic denouement occurred – his suicide ...

The life of my old friend Stanislav Viktorovich Zukul also ended tragically. By that time, he was a Lieutenant General and Chairman of KGB of Latvia. He had said farewell at the Moscow Train Station in Riga when I departed for home after my official visit to that city, which turned out to be my last. He died for reasons unknown to me after the breakup of the USSR. Knowing well his character, I cannot exclude the possibility that he had made his own decision to end his life. I feel the deepest pity for this man who was dedicated to our business and who loved his little Latvia and its people boundlessly. As a consultant for the multi-series TV film *The Long Road in the Dunes*, Colonel Zukul left a memory of himself.

After my last trip to Riga the leadership ordered me to go to the Voronezh KGB Directorate, where I gave a lecture on materials from the Ogorodnik affair. This visit was especially pleasant for me since my old friend Sergey Savin lived and worked there. I had fought with him in the Barents Sea while on the staff of the Northern Fleet's "Pechenga Orders

of the Red Banner and Ushakov First Degree Brigade.” After the war he was demobilized and left for his wife’s motherland, worked at one of the industrial combines, headed a Communist Labor team, and became a Hero of Socialist Labor. At one of the party congresses at which he was a delegate, he was elected a candidate-member of the Central Committee of the CPSS and a few years later – a full member. All this time we had periodically met in Moscow and exchanged notes. As it turned out he was widely known in Voronezh and had a lot of friends, among whom was the Chief of the KGB, who had made a most favorable impression on me. He was a highly qualified professional who combined high demands on himself and his circle with fatherly concern for subordinates. His promotion to a high position he characterized, for example, as due to the fact that he built a dining hall for officers of the Directorate, thereby solving a years-long problem with feeding them.

The leadership and operational staff of the Directorate responded with high interest to the concrete materials related to the work of uncovering the American agent.

Speaking of my stay in Voronezh, I would like to mention the interesting meetings with residents of this city, including with S. Savin, about the visit to the aircraft factory, other industrial enterprises and, finally, the Voronezh beaver nursery preserve, where among other things I became acquainted with the writer Vasily Pesok.

Next was my visit to Leningrad. There I was honored to give a lecture for officers of the [KGB] Directorate for the city of Leningrad and the Leningrad Oblast, the Special Department (*osobyi otdel*)* of the Baltic Fleet, and the KGB Border Troops Directorate in the Red Hall of the Big House [Translator comment: KGB HQs], which I remembered well from my long-ago childhood when I strolled with my father along the bank of the Neva. At the lecture all leaders of the subunits mentioned above attended. The Hall was filled to the maximum. The lecture, as usual, lasted for more than three hours with a short break and included charts of operational activities. I answered questions for the last thirty minutes. And later there were trips to Petrodvorets and Kronshtadt, a visit to the Russian Museum, and meetings with friends.

[Translator comment: *osobyi otdel* – special KGB department assigned to military entities for counterintelligence purposes and more]

Fond memories also remained for me on a similar visit to Sverdlovsk, where it was especially pleasant to see in the first rows in the KGB Directorate audience my mentors and old comrades from whom in my youthful years I gained knowledge and experience for my future work.

It is common knowledge that the Sverdlovsk Oblast and her important defense industry enterprises were always targets of stubborn interest of American intelligence services, which was confirmed yet again by the flight of the U-2, flown by pilot-spy [Gary] Powers, which was shot down by Urals missile men on the outskirts of the city.

And the lecture this time also attracted genuine attention among the leadership and operational staff of the KGB Directorate. In this respect the photograph taken by the operational photographer turned out to be fortuitous. After a break was announced, the main part of the attendees vacated the hall. It seemed that all were supposed to leave. However, in reality this turned out not to be so. About fifty officers, rather than take advantage of the break, surrounded me and threw out questions concerning several details of the case. Not only young but also seasoned gray-haired operational workers were filmed, equally wishing to hear something new and useful in their everyday work.

I have to say that the Sverdlovsk Directorate, in comparison to and with no offense intended to their neighbors, had always distinguished themselves by a higher level of professionalism of its officers. It is possible that one of the reasons for this was that it included many prominent and talented organizers from the staff of the Central Apparatus who had been sent there for one or another reason. Included among these are the aforementioned Colonel S. P. Davydov, Generals Drozdetskiy, Fitin and others, supported by their rich experience which helped raise the level of work of their subordinate collectives and the creation of certain traditions in their approach to resolving various operational tasks.

And later there was a trip to Kamensk-Uralskiy, where one of my old friends, Colonel A. G. Korotkikh, Chief of one of the departments of the Directorate, accompanied me. A meeting took place there with officers of the Municipal Department and friends and veterans with whom I had worked well many years ago. We recalled ancient cases and those who unfortunately were no longer in our ranks. We had no doubt that the death of many of them was related to the tragedy that occurred at the

nuclear site “Mayak” in autumn 1967. This was after N. V. Timofeyev-Resovskiy, the world-renowned Russian scientist and founder of radiation genetics and author of works on population genetics and biological methods of combating radioactive contamination, and who in the past had worked many years in the Urals, was turned down [when he recommended] creating a Scientific Research Institute there to study the harmful effects of radiation on the human organism. Those who made that decision were obviously had no interest in this. And because you never know, perhaps the work of such an institute may have helped ameliorate the fate of those victims of the accident at the Chernobyl Nuclear Power Station.

We recalled how for good reason a certain Avtandil Nadarishvili was uncovered. He was suspected of belonging in the past to a German intelligence agency, and who, it turned out, tried to rob a store and killed a member of the police. Upon his arrest and search at his home we were unable to find a firearm although we and our operational driver had to search all night right up to morning digging up several cubic meters of earth under the floor of his room in the barracks. Later, however, we found the weapon, but in a different place. The Oblast Court sentenced the Caucasus barnstormer to the highest level of punishment – firing squad.

Not without humor we recalled the extreme reports made by alert local residents of some “enemy spies and saboteurs” who were caught near defense sites and pioneer camps, but in reality, turned out to be correspondents of local and Oblast newspapers. The process of detaining these individuals to establish their identities made an indelible impression on them and probably remained in their memory for a long time. But what do you do: such were the times, and we were only carrying out our duties in good conscience. However, we also recalled that it was precisely in these years that groups of saboteurs were dropped down in Belorussia. Former Belorussian partisan Colonel I. V. Gaba, one of the active participants in their liquidation, subsequently told me about this. The enemies, down to the last man, were killed or caught during KGB military operations in the Belorussian forests. But our side also took casualties.

Chapter 14

Well, and what about the Americans? A few months after the loss of the CIA's agent TRIANON, a member of the leadership of the U.S. State Department turned to our ambassador in Washington, trying to clarify the issue of possibly getting information about Aleksandr Ogorodnik and resolving his future fate. A corresponding message was sent to Moscow. Soon a laconic answer followed, the idea of which was that "we can only speak about Ogorodnik in the past tense." And this leader was none other than the US Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, who in TRIANON had lost an important source of information.

In this way the question of TRIANON on the official level was exhausted. But in his book *Confessions of a Spy*, the American journalist and writer Pete Earley, the talkative, but not always narrating, it seems, on his own behalf, added a little more on this and other questions on this subject. But about this a little later.

Having summarized the narrative about the duel of KGB USSR counterintelligence with the CIA USA, I would like to note that successfully conducting the planning of activities for studying and uncovering TRIANON and catching the American intelligence officer Martha Peterson red-handed, especially during the concluding stage, was possible first of all thanks to the high professional leadership and operational staff of all the operational subunits who took part in them. The wise composition of officers experienced in operations with young staff members who had received special training in the KGB Higher School system no doubt led to positive results. The active participation of youth in operational activities sped up the consolidation of school knowledge and practical exercises by gaining work experience. And another thing was achieved – confirmation that the training system for operational officers was at a sufficiently high level and to a significant degree answered the stated requirements for it.

An indispensable condition for success was military discipline based on a high level of responsibility of everyone for his assigned sector of work.

And it was not by chance that many of the young operational workers who played an active role in the work for this case as a result became leaders of subunits of the Federal Security Service.

The work of the Seventh Directorate of the KGB deserves every kind of praise. It is difficult to choose words that characterize the selfless labor of officers of this Directorate, who were always ready to carry out the mission assigned them, no matter whether in a severe winter cold, unbearable heat, or torrential rain.

Workers of the Radio Counterintelligence Service and other technical subunits of the KGB contributed their unassuming but very significant share. And we give them their credit due.

We deeply regret that many of them are no longer living. These include M. I. Kuryshev, E. M. Raschchepov, and V. P. Marchenko. A. A. Kuzmin also died.

And again about the workers of the investigative subunits of the KGB. It is hard to find words to justify the failure of those investigators who took part in TRIANON's arrest and the search of his apartment, as result of which he was able to "withdraw from the game," depriving us of the prospect of receiving additional and critically important information about the work of the enemy from their location at the Moscow Station in the U.S. Embassy, and the process of capturing the CIA officer on his channel of communications was made significantly more difficult.

Fortunately, that failure was not typical of the generally high level of work of the investigative apparatus of the KGB and its experienced leaders, with whom I was well acquainted from their work in following years. It is sufficient to recall such remarkable people as Aleksandr Fyodorovich Volkov or Leonid Ivanovich Barkov, who in no small degree contributed not only to the well-coordinated, efficient work of their subordinate workers, passing to them their rich professional and life experience, but also to the further strengthening of lawfulness and the rule of law.

It is regrettable that quite a bit later, after the retirement of the Chief of the Investigative Department, Major General of Justice, L. I. Barkov, and many of his other allies, one of the former leaders of the Department who had a direct relationship to the Ogorodnik case (I won't give his name), began to claim that he died not as result of the poison he took but as result of some sort of heart attack which allegedly was caused by his stressful condition.

If you speak of Ogorodnik's death in such a way, then it is sufficiently clear to all that, to put it mildly, it followed as result of a blunder by

workers of the Investigative Department, and first of all by the Group Leader while carrying out his arrest and conducting the search of his apartment. It is known that to protect the honor of the tunic is, as they say, a “holy matter.” But only in the event that the facts are not distorted or falsified. It is hard to imagine that a young, healthy man full of strength upon returning home after a good rest with his lover in sunny Georgia and the Black Sea coast suddenly, after returning to work, dies instantly as result of a heart failure or something like this.

You can only argue this issue if you are supported by evidence of witnesses, since facts are a stubborn thing. Not without reason on the building of the first courthouse in history in Rome these eternal and wise words were inscribed: “In order to learn the truth, you need to listen to both sides.” Well, so to say, we already know now the opinion of one side. And what does the other side say?

From Pete Earley’s book *Confessions of a Spy* it is already known authentically that the CIA directly provided their agents, including A. Ogorodnik, with poison; that it is confirmed in part by the detection of the so-called special container designated for him that was collected from the officer of the CIA Moscow Station in the American Embassy, Martha Peterson. Everything is extremely clear with this matter.

In support of the fact that the reason for the death of Ogorodnik was the poison he took, we can show, for example, the testimony of Colonel (Retired) V. V. Molodtsov, who took part in the detainment of TRIANON. Talking about what happened after Ogorodnik swallowed the poison and lost consciousness, he writes:

“An ambulance was called immediately by radio. Two vehicles immediately arrived at the courtyard of the building. The doctor and nurse of one of them rushed up to the apartment. Looking over Ogorodnik and wondering about the cause for what happened, the doctor immediately noted that everything indicated he was experiencing pulmonary edema and that he was in a state of agony.

“On instructions of the doctor we placed Ogorodnik on a stretcher and quickly took him down the stairs, and then carried him in to the building courtyard. The bloody foam that exuded profusely from his mouth stained my hands. I wiped it away but was not always successful. When we put him in the vehicle I took out a cigarette using my hand with the stained dried foam and lit up, then immediately felt that something was

amiss. An unpleasant feeling in my nasopharynx developed and dizziness began. I threw away the cigarette and sat down in the vehicle and only after some time did I feel better.

“Literally after several minutes we were at the Poison Center at the Sklifosovsky First Aid Institute, where they were already waiting on us. And medical personnel immediately started to render help. As before Ogorodnik was unconscious, breathing heavily and hoarsely, and from his mouth bloody foam exuded profusely. At this point they began washing out his stomach and a tube for pumping out foam was inserted in his lungs. The doctors were interested in what poison he had taken so as, if possible, to give the appropriate antidote. But they immediately expressed the supposition that in this case it was most likely a poison of vegetable origin, which, after rendering a destructive effect on the blood system would quickly dissipate. Ogorodnik laid on the table naked and it was apparent that his body was gradually turning blue. As the doctors explained, this was evidence of the destruction of capillaries affected by the poison, which was unknown to them.

“At four o’clock in the morning, despite the measures taken to save him. Ogorodnik’s heart stopped beating and he died without regaining consciousness.

“During the process of helping Ogorodnik and then while opening his corpse, two doctors felt poorly and had to stop work for some time. As the doctor who conducted the autopsy of the corpse stated, no pathology of the heart was revealed. It was in normal condition and worked two more hours after the effect on the organism of the fatal dose of poison.

It is noteworthy that Olga Serova, who was poisoned by Ogorodnik, also died as result of pulmonary edema, which supports the idea of an identical poison.”

A discussion of this theme could continue using evidence of other witnesses to the tragic event. But is it worth it? You don’t have to be a great expert in the medical field to know that the main result of heart failure is the stopping of the heart. And Ogorodnik had what he needed: it obviously gave out last!

Chapter 15

After becoming familiar with the story of the recruitment and the subsequent spy activities of Aleksandr Ogorodnik, a fully natural question arises for the reader: so, what was the reaction on the pages of the American press to the scandalous failure of CIA agent TRIANON in Moscow and the officer of the American Station Martha Peterson, who was working undercover as a Vice Consul?

For long years the American press maintained stubborn silence, and only after twenty years – or more accurately, in February 1997 – on the shelves of bookstores and in kiosks a book appeared, *Confessions of a Spy: The Real History of Aldrich Ames* written by the famous American journalist and writer Pete Early.

He narrates in his book how the US citizen Aldrich Ames, who spent a long career in American intelligence, had worked many years for Soviet intelligence. It's interesting that devoid of any originality, Pete Early took a sentence from A. O. Chekhov's short story, *The Lady with the Dog*, as the epigraph to his book: "... He had two lives: one, open, seen and known by all who cared to know... and another life running its course in secret." A familiarity with Russian literature undoubtedly does honor to the writer. Even so, however, let's return to the content of the book. In it he describes in great detail not only the history of Aldrich Ames, but also publishes rather broad materials about Russian citizens who cooperated at different times with the CIA and FBI. Among them Aleksandr Ogorodnik occupied a special place.

The so-called recruitment of Ogorodnik by American special services was published not without prompting from the CIA.

Jumping a little ahead I should note that the CIA's wish to cover up for their valuable agent, who had played a significant role in studying Ogorodnik and making the recruitment pitch, is fully explainable. But just why so unpardonably and primitively lie? Especially since it could not be excluded that Early's book would be read not only in the U.S. but also Russia.

Even if lacking an adequate sense of humor, it is difficult not to laugh out loud when reading these "revelations," which I offer verbatim so that everyone might make certain what they represent:

“I am pregnant!” the voice of a screaming woman, in Spanish, is heard on a magnetic tape.

“I will take care of you, don’t worry,” a man answers her in poor Spanish with a strong Russian accent.”

Such conversations are usually of no interest to officers of the Colombian Intelligence Service, known by its abbreviation DASS, but, when this short telephone conversation was recorded they decided to conduct an investigation. The woman called from Madrid and talked with one of the employees of the Soviet Embassy in Bogota. He said that he could not speak freely on the phone in the embassy and suggested she call him using the number of the pay phone nearest to the embassy.

Later, DASS agents saw that Aleksandr Dmitriyevich Ogorodnik carefully approached the pay phone from which rings were heard. The conversation confirmed their assumption. Ogorodnik was in an intimate relationship with Pilar Sanches (the name is fictional – *comment by Pete Earley*), who was visiting her relatives in Spain. Soon after Sanches returned home, two DASS agents demanded that she introduce them to Ogorodnik. If she and the Russian refused to cooperate, they would make information about their liaison public, Sanches would be subjected to humiliation, and they would recall Ogorodnik to Moscow. Sanches agreed to cooperate but Ogorodnik balked. He said he would do business only with the CIA. Two weeks later Ogorodnik and a CIA operations officer met in a bar in the business center of Bogota.

The Russian agreed to spy on the leadership. In response the CIA promised to pay Sanches’s costs for her child’s birth, settle her and the newborn in Spain, and give her money sufficient to open a care center for children. (Pilar and her daughter still manage the work at that center – *comment of Pete Earley*).

This opus does not hold up to any kind of scrutiny. First, it is hard to imagine that a woman of Pilar Suarez Barcala’s age (the actual name of Sanches. – I. P.), who had quite a bit of life experience and would hardly throw a big tantrum claiming she was pregnant - Ogorodnik was hardly her first Russian man - and also to take the reckless step of calling her lover at the Soviet Embassy, almost certainly knowing that this might become public and come to the attention of Soviet intelligence services. Second, Pilar was not a Colombian, but a Spaniard, and in addition the daughter of rich parents living in Spain, such that she could

count on their support. Therefore, it was not likely she would have panicked in such a situation. Third, was it logical that Pilar, who in reality was an intelligent and educated woman, would endanger her lover, from whom she expected help? Based on eyewitness accounts of a lot of employees of the Soviet Embassy and their wives who knew her rather well, this is in no way similar to Pilar Suarez Barcala.

And further. Originally the Americans assumed, as Pete Earley writes, that Ogorodnik was none other than an agent of the KGB or GRU.

“This point of view quickly changed when they read what the agent sent them in the Directorate of Intelligence (*informatsionno-analaiticheskiy direktorat*). You could hardly call the Soviet Embassy in Bogota a diplomatic hot point, but the ambassador was constantly kept in the know with the flow of messages from Moscow, which explained Kremlin positions relating to Latin America and issues discussed in the United Nations.

The material was explosive... Seven months after their agent was revealed it was reported that he would be called back to work in the Directorate of Systemic International Problems (*Upravleniye obshchikh mezhdunarodnykh problem*) of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. This was one of the more important and well protected subunits of the MFA. Every Soviet ambassador had to submit to the Ministry an annual report which analyzed the country where they were based, with an evaluation of what the embassy was doing to achieve the goals of communism. Through Ogorodnik, the CIA could see the world exactly it looked to the Soviet leadership.

Ogorodnik was given special cipher notebooks with his personal cipher. Only the person who had the identical notebook could decipher the message. The CIA also provided him with a “T-100” spy camera which was camouflaged as a tube of lipstick, but capable of taking 100 photos...¹⁸ Ogorodnik was given the alias TRIGON... Very soon they had to resolve a problem that came up unexpectedly. TRIGON asked them for a pill with a deadly poison that he could take if he were caught in Moscow... The CIA worked on preparing an “L” (fatal) pill... In rare

¹⁸ “You gotta be kidding!” [Translator comment: literally: As they say, you heard a bell but don’t know where it is].

situations during the Second World War they were given to officers they sent to the front lines... TRIGON stubbornly insisted on his own, therefore a CIA technical subunit hid the pill in a lighter and sent it to the agent. A few months later TRIGON let it be known that he needed another such pill since he lost the lighter. The Directorate sent him another one hidden in an expensive fountain pen.

In Moscow TRIGON began to photograph hundreds of diplomatic messages, including classified reports written by the Soviet Ambassador in the United States, Anatoly Dobrynin and Oleg Troyanovsky, the Soviet Representative at the United Nations in New York. The material of TRIGON was so important that the CIA introduced a separate system for its distribution. The diplomatic cables that TRIGON photographed were translated and printed verbatim on pages with blue edging. They began to be called "Blue Border Documents" and were delivered by courier to the White House, the State Department, and the National Security Council. It was known that Henry Kissinger carefully studied them."

Analyzing this extract from Pete Earley's book I have to say that in fact Ogorodnik was known in CIA materials as TRIANON ("thrice unknown") and not TRIGON, as the author insists. We can also excuse, of course, the author for the inaccuracy in his name for the Directorate of Planning for Foreign Policy Issues of the MFA USSR, in which the American agent TRIANON actually worked.

Officers of the CIA in this concrete situation were not so naïve as to supply their agent with items that could place him on the edge of failure when he crossed the border while returning to his homeland, even though some of them were camouflaged in an appropriate manner. Besides this they considered the peace of mind of their newly-recruited agent. Everything that TRIANON needed for his future work, except for the Panasonic radio receiver he received in New York, he got in Moscow after being established in his job at MFA. He received them by conducting drop operations with officers of the CIA Station in the American Embassy.

Later, after acquiring important and classified documental information from him, they decided to give him a significant increase in material remuneration not only in US dollars but also in Soviet rubles.

A passport was also issued for him in the name of a US citizen for a situation such as when a threat of failure emerged, and it was necessary for him to evacuate the country immediately, escorted by Americans across the Soviet-Finland border in the area of Vyborg.

Also Pete Earley's statement that the T-100 camera was camouflaged as a tube of lipstick calls for doubt. The question emerges: why a man would carry a tube of a clearly woman's accessory – a tube of lipstick, even more so that it might attract the attention of his wife. Another matter was that in some situations TRIANON used the lipstick to place signals, but for this he didn't always have to have it in his pocket. Such a tube was found in his apartment when he was arrested. In it trace amounts of small particles of sand and cement were found, preserved after a usage for which it was not intended.

In reality TRIANON, when he still smoked, took photos with the camera that was camouflaged as a lighter. And after he decided to get more serious about his health and quit smoking, the Americans provided him with a felt-tip pen designated for the same purpose.

As concerns the "poison hidden in an expensive fountain pen," it was the fountain pen made by the famous American company "Parker" and was not very widely available here at that time, and which he was using when arrested, lulling to sleep the alertness of the investigators conducting the search in his room.

Most important for the bottom line was that the American side admitted the repeated transfer of the "special containers" with poison, with the aid of which Olga Serova was poisoned.

Let us also note that the idea shows through in Pete Earley's book that the uncovering of agents in the USSR who were recruited by the CIA from among Soviet citizens was not the result of painstaking and persistent work of organs of USSR counterintelligence, but only evidence of betrayal by Americans who had been recruited by Soviet intelligence and who in their line of work had access to this type of information. In in his opinion Ogorodnik was no exception, and real victories always were won only by the CIA and no one else.

In no way could I ever agree with the statement of B. A. Solomatin, Major General of the Foreign Intelligence Service (SVR) Retired, published in the epilogue of Pete Earley's book *Confessions of a Spy* that the "special services" used forceful methods, blackmail... in recruiting... Ogorodnik..."

Among us – the participants of the development study – a precise picture was formed as result of careful analysis of all materials received relating to Ogorodnik, including those obtained after his arrest and death, his dealings with people who knew him, and also on the basis of observations during rather extended dealings with him: he was potentially ready to become a traitor due to his inherent egocentrism, hypertrophied evaluation of his own personal and business qualities, and early on, his thirst for enrichment. Even at the time when as an employee of the Soviet Embassy he received American dollars for his articles and speeches in spite of instructions and ethical norms, he could not but know that behind those who so generously handed him money were foreign intelligence services. He knew about it with all obviousness and continued to act in the same such spirit right up to their making the recruitment pitch to him, which, in general, did not especially surprise him. He willingly answered questions that interested the Americans and reported corresponding information without any pressure on him. And just as willingly he passed the special training course and on his own volition he continued to cooperate with the CIA in Moscow, showing thereby his high work operability, initiative and resourcefulness. Here is the Americans asking him to not photograph all documents in full, but only the more important spots. He is the one who asks his bosses to give him two ampules of poison in case he was caught. All this is hardly similar to evidence of blackmail and need. Ogorodnik was our convinced ideological enemy, who skillfully covered his true face for a long time.

Chapter 4

Over the years much has changed in our country, and this could not but affect the Russian state security organizations. It is regrettable that during the period of so-called Perestroika, when they said: "The cause is over!" for various reasons many experienced and promising officers left and moved on to various kinds of commercial firms and other organizations. True, they are still contributing there by organizing and strengthening areas of endeavor related to security issues.

Under the influence of the further development of democracy and glasnost, the structure of the KGB and the FSB, the Federal Security Service which was brought online with the missions it faced, including new ones, underwent significant changes. Such areas of activity as the fight against international terrorism and other forms of crime were strengthened. Many leaders were replaced, giving way to younger professionals. The vicious practice of sending "envoys" of the party and the Leninist Komsomol to leadership positions in the security organizations became a thing of the past. Many of these, not being professionals, caused considerable damage to the moral and psychological climate within workers' collectives.

Numerous party committees and endless party meetings with tortured agendas also became a thing of the past. The air became purer.

Loyalty to the law, and not to any persons, and work only within a legal framework is not just a phrase of current FSB workers. And this is the guarantee that the tragic pages of the past will never be repeated. But it would be wrong to limit the historical legacy of the FSB only as a temporary segment of recent decades. The roots of domestic special services go back centuries, to the time of the emergence and subsequent formation of a centralized Russian state. Therefore, as Nikolay Patrushev, Director of the Federal Security Service, emphasized in his article in the pages of the press, the two-headed eagle of pre-October Russia and the traditional symbol of the Cheka-KGB, the sword and shield, are connected in the same manner with the FSB emblem. "The best professional traditions of the special services of imperial Russia, the Chekists of the Soviet era, and the meaningful experience of

the heroic and tragic is the "gold reserve of the FSB," he said. This state organization is subordinated directly only to the president of the country. The motto of the new Russian state security bodies became the trinity "Nationhood, Legality and Honor."

Of special importance to FSB officers is the provision of Article 2 of the Law "On the Organs of the Federal Security Service in the Russian Federation," which establishes a nonpartisan, politically non-agenda-driven nature of the institution. In this regard, I recall, however, that in 1990, when I had just returned from a long official trip to the GDR, I was invited to speak before the leadership of a KGB Academy's related unit. I agreed. But it cost me dearly when I said a few words about my exceptionally positive attitude about this article; I immediately became "persona non grata": although no one said anything to me, I have not been invited there since. At the same time, I know that my videotaped speech on Central Television about exposing the American intelligence agent, A. Ogorodnik, became a tutorial for students which remains to this day. Apparently, such were the times!

It is common knowledge that people are judged not by what they say or think about themselves, but on their specific deeds. This is quite applicable to organizations of the Federal Security Service. The Russian Federation has something to be proud of: although the work has become much more difficult --this primarily concerns counterintelligence--it has many glorious achievements on its account.

In January 2000, at an extended meeting of the collegium of the Federal Security Service of the Russian Federation, the FSB director, Colonel General Nikolay Patrushev, emphasized in his speech that intelligence services of foreign states continue active intelligence activity in Russia. During 1999 alone, state security authorities suppressed the illegal activities in our territory of sixty-five officers of foreign intelligence services and other hostile organizations and thwarted attempts by thirty Russian citizens, on their own initiative, to hand over to foreigners classified information known to them. Along with this, the Federal Security Service successfully dealt with and are resolving other tasks falling within its competence for combating international terrorism, ensuring the country's economic security, combating corruption and other crimes in the financial and economic sphere, countering illicit drug

trafficking and weapons, and implementing controls at nuclear and other high-risk facilities.

FSB plans, in addition to the traditional tasking of countermeasures against intelligence services of foreign states, envisage further intensification of work in all the above-mentioned areas, which, as before, will be carried out in close cooperation with other state structures.

Answering the reader's natural question, who is specifically engaged in intelligence activities in our country and collects classified information, we can say with all certainty that this is primarily the United States, Britain, Germany, Israel, China, Poland, the Baltic Countries, Sweden, South Korea... As before they want our secrets, and not only in the areas of defense and industry.

We also note that continuity of the best traditions and accumulated experience of counterintelligence work over the years contributes to overcoming the difficulties of today and to achieving positive results in FSB activities to a significant degree.

We wish our counterintelligence officers further successes in their field of work.

NOTES

Good description of the 101st Intelligence School, which Peretrukhin also attended. It summarizes info found on some web articles:

<http://www.agentura.ru/english/dossier/svr/academy/>

- translation of article by KGB FCD Chief Lt. General Shebarshin – very good:

<http://espionagehistoryarchive.com/2015/03/24/the-kgbs-intelligence-school/#more-63> //

Copyright page of book 1, *Agent Codename – Trianon*

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Peretrukhin, Igor Konstantinovich.

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What TASS did not Announce. The true story of "Trianon" / Igor Peretrukhin. - Moscow: Algorithm, 2017. - 304 p. (Soviet Intelligence Officers in Movies and in Life).

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In 1977, in Moscow, during a Chekist detainment, a valuable CIA agent, "Trianon", a senior official of the USSR Foreign Ministry, Aleksander Ogorodnik, committed suicide under mysterious circumstances. Rumors spread around the capital that counterintelligence agents helped him die.

In 1984, the serialized film "TASS Is Authorized to Announce" was shot, where the story of the exposure of an American agent was shown in a relatively detailed and authentic manner. Although many important details remained behind the scenes.

Many years later, counterintelligence officer Igor Peretrukhin, who took an active part in exposing the CIA agent (in the film he was featured as Colonel Makarov), told the whole truth about Trianon.

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