

couple of days after his attempt, her boss, Igor Gregorievitch said to her, "Take an Intourist car, go to a restaurant, get some fruit, take Rimma, and go to visit Lee Oswald at Botkin hospital."

Rosa remembers he was wearing hospital clothes and had a bandage on his arm, but she didn't think he could have cut his veins very deeply because he looked well. They joked a little. She didn't want to touch upon a delicate subject so they just had a general conversation. Maybe the visit took 30 minutes and she left with Rimma. The Intourist car was waiting for her.

Oct 24. Hospital routine. Rimma visits me in afternoon.

Oct. 25. Hospital routine. Rimma visits me in afternoon.

Oct. 26. Afternoon. Rimma visits.

Oct. 27. Stitches are taken out by doctor with "dull" scissors.

Wed. Oct. 28. Leave hospital in Intourist car with Rimma for Hotel Berlin. Later, I change hotel to Metropole.

October 28 (con't) Rimma notified me that the passport and registration office wishes to see me about my future.

Later, Rimma and car pick me up and we enter the office to find four officials waiting for me (all unknown to me). They ask how my arm is, I say OK; they ask, Do you want to go to your homeland? I say no, I want Soviet citizenship. They say they will see about that. . . They make notes. "What papers do you have to show who and what you are?" I give them my discharge papers from the Marine Corps. They say, "Wait for our answer." I ask, "How long?" "Not soon."

Later, Rimma comes to check on me. I feel insulted, and insult her.

October 29 Hotel room 214, Metropole Hotel.

I wait. I worry. I eat once, stay next to phone. Worry. I keep fully dressed.

October 31 I make my decision. Getting passport at 12 o'clock, I meet and talk with Rimma for a few minutes. She says: "Stay in your room and eat well." I don't tell her what I am about to do since I know she would not approve. After she leaves, I wait a few minutes and then I catch a taxi. "American Embassy," I say. Twelve-thirty I arrive American Embassy. I walk, say to the receptionist, "I would like to see the Consul." She points to a large ledger and says, "If you are a tourist, please register." I take out my American passport and lay it on the desk. "I've come to dissolve my American citizenship," I say matter-of-factly. She rises and enters the office of Richard Snyder, American Head Consul in Moscow at that time. He invites me to sit down. He finishes a letter he is typing and then asks what he can do for me. I tell him I've decided to take Soviet citizenship, would like to legally dissolve my U.S. citizenship. His assistant (now Head Consul) McVickar, looks up from his work.

Snyder takes down personal information, asks questions. Snyder warns me not to take any steps before the Soviets accept me, says I am a fool, and says the dissolution papers will take time in preparing. (In other

words, refuses to allow me at that time to dissolve US citizenship.) I state: "My mind is made up. From this date forward, I consider myself no citizen of the USA." I spend forty minutes at the Embassy before Snyder says, "Now, unless you wish to expound on your Marxist beliefs, you can go." "I wish to dissolve US citizenship." "Not today," he says in effect.

I leave Embassy, elated at the showdown, return to Hotel. I feel now my energies are not spent in vain. I am sure Russians will accept me after this sign of faith in them.

Mr. Snyder. . . . It didn't seem to me the sensible thing to do. . . . It is sort of automatic, I think, in the consular service that when a man, a citizen, comes in and asks to renounce his citizenship, you don't whip out a piece of paper and have him sign it. This is a very serious step, of course, an irreversible step, really, and if nothing else you attempt to. . . . make sure that the person knows what he is doing. You explain, for one thing, what the meaning of the act is; and, secondly, again speaking for myself--I cannot speak for the Foreign Service in this--provide a little booklet, if possible, make the man leave your office and come back to it at a later time, just to make sure--for what value there is in making sure--that the man's action is not something completely off the top of his head. (a.1)

Oct. 31. 2 o'clock. . . . A knock. A reporter by the name of Goldstone wants an interview. I'm flabbergasted. "How did you find out?" "The Embassy called us," he said. I send him away. I sit and realize this is one way to bring pressure on us by notifying my relations in the U.S. through the newspapers. They would say, "What for the

Chapter 4 -- Snyder

Mr. Coleman. Why didn't you provide him with an affidavit at that time?

Mr. Snyder. . . .it didn't seem to me the sensible thing to do. . . .it is sort of axiomatic, I think, in the consular service that when a man, a citizen, comes in and asks to renounce his citizenship, you don't whip out a piece of paper and have him sign it. This is a very serious step, of course, an irrevocable step, really, and if nothing else you attempt to. . . .make sure that the person knows what he is doing. You explain, for one thing, what the meaning of the act is; and, secondly, again speaking for myself--I cannot speak for the Foreign Service in this--provide a little breather, if possible make the man leave your office and come back to it at a later time, just to make sure--for what value there is in making sure--that the man's action is not something completely off the top of his head. (n.1)

Oct.31. 2 o'clock A knock. A reporter by the name of Goldstene wants an interview. I'm flabbergasted. "How did you find out?" "The Embassy called us," he said. I send him away. I sit and realize this is one way to bring pressure on me by notifying my relations in the U.S. through the newspapers. They would say, "It's for the

public record."

A half hour later, another reporter, Miss Mosby, comes. I answer a few quick questions after refusing an interview. I am surprised at the interest. I refuse all calls without finding out first who it's from. I feel nonplussed because of the attention.

10 o'clock I retire.

Mr. Coleman. Mr. Snyder, could you tell the Commission what the Petrulli case was?

Mr. Snyder. Yes. The Petrulli case I remember quite well.

Mr. Petrulli was an American citizen who. . . did apply for Soviet citizenship while in Moscow, and was interviewed by me to renounce his American citizenship. I did not, in accordance with the thinking I outlined to you earlier--I did not accept his renunciation the first time he came in, but did accept when he subsequently appeared, and insisted that is what he wanted to do.

The case had a. . .rather rapid denouement, when the Soviet authorities, after having looked him over for a number of weeks, decided that they did not want him as a citizen or resident of the Soviet Union. We subsequently learned. . .that Mr. Petrulli had been discharged from the Armed Forces some time earlier on, I believe, with a 100-percent mental disability [and] the head of the consular section of the Soviet Foreign Ministry, called me into the

Foreign Ministry one day and said words to the effect that an American citizen, Mr. Petrulli, had overstayed his visa in the Soviet Union, he is living here illegally, and "We request that you take steps to see that he leaves the country immediately."

I told the Soviet official that to the best of my knowledge Mr. Petrulli was not then an American citizen, he having executed a renunciation of citizenship before me.

The Soviet official said in effect, "As far as we are concerned, he came here on an American passport, and we ask that you get him out of here."

Well, again to end what was a long, involved and terribly time-consuming story at the time, it was determined by the Department that Mr. Petrulli's renunciation was null and void because he was not competent, and therefore he was an American citizen, and we shipped him home.

The Petrulli case, as I say, was very much in my mind when Mr. Oswald showed up. (n.2)

November 1 More reporters. Three phone calls from brother and mother. Now I feel slightly exhilarated, not so lonely.

Mr. Snyder: Yes, sir.

Senator Cooper: From your examination and interview with Senator Cooper. . . Is that correct? [Oswald] said he knew how to renounce his citizenship?

Mr. Snyder: Yes. I attempted to explain to him at the time the seriousness of his move, [but] he was quite curt in his manner, and apparently among other things, declined to have me read the law to him.

Senator Cooper. Exhibit 920 refers to the letter received by the Embassy from Lee Oswald. . .dated November 8. . .

This could be speculation. It appears to me, though, it is a very well-written letter. "I, Lee Harvey Oswald, do hereby request that my present United States citizenship be revoked. I appeared in person at the consulate office of the U.S. Embassy, Moscow, on Oct. 31st for the purpose of signing the formal papers to this effect. This legal right I was refused at that time. I wish to protest against this action and against the conduct of the official of the United States consular service who acted on behalf of the United States Government. My application that I be considered for citizenship in the Soviet Union is now pending before the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R. In the event of acceptance, I will request my government to lodge a formal protest regarding this incident."

Signed "Lee Harvey Oswald."

Senator Cooper. I would assume that the last sentence referred to the Soviet Union.

Mr. Snyder. Yes, sir.

Senator Cooper. From your examination and interview with Lee Harvey Oswald, your talks with him, does that letter appear to be one which he had the capacity to write in

that language and form?

Mr. Snyder. That is a difficult thing to speculate on, Senator Cooper. I would say this--

Senator Cooper. It is a very good letter.

Mr. Snyder. At first blush, I would not say that it is beyond his capacity. He did strike me as an intelligent man. He was certainly very articulate. Actually still a boy, I suppose, in a sense--he was 20 at the time I saw him. He was a very articulate person, and quite intelligent. I don't think from what I saw of him that the letter is beyond his capacity to have written.

There is also an element which is very much Oswaldish, and that is the last paragraph, the rather strident tones of it. One finds this in his other correspondence with the Embassy, and in the tone which he took when he first spoke with me--extremely strident tone. It is almost comical in a sense, this last paragraph, in its pomposity, its sonorousness. I am quite prepared to believe that the last part at least is Oswald's. . .

Representative Ford. Was he satisfied or dissatisfied with the result of his conference with you?

Mr. Snyder: I think he was dissatisfied, if anything. I think he had come in there to renounce his citizenship, and had found himself thwarted. It is quite possible, though, that this is reading into it things which were not necessarily evident to me at the time. It is quite possible that this was to be his big moment on the stage

of history as far as he was concerned. He may have contemplated this for some time, as he said--and thus my refusal at that time may have been a hurdle which he was totally unprepared for. . .

I recall probing a bit on the subject of the formation of his attitudes towards Marxism. I developed at this time the impression that he really had no knowledgeable background at all of Marxism. I think I asked him if he could tell me a little bit about the theory of labor value, or something like that, and he hadn't the faintest notion of what I was talking about--I mean something basic to Marxism.

(n.3)

Chapter 5 -- What's my News?

He still didn't know whether he could remain in the country. They were deliberating. To Rimma, his situation began to seem bad. His tour was finished. He had no money. Hotel Metropole, for him, was not deluxe like Hotel Berlin but still a good room. Only now it was cold. Not winter, not yet snow, but cold outside. No tour, no sightseeing, no money to eat and who should pay for his hotel?

She went to Rosa and both of them described his condition of clothing to Alexander who gave approval for purchase in GUM department store of a good hat. One was obtained for 28 rubles. Lee Harvey Oswald liked it very much and tried to hug Rimma and Rosa and kiss them. He was very happy. Affectionate, yes, yes, emotional. And Alexander had no fear of buying this hat, because, certainly, he would report it. Nothing unreported.

From Tachikawa Airbase in Japan, a telegram was sent on November 9th to Lee Oswald c/o American Embassy in Moscow.

Its author was Sgt. John E. Pic:

PLEASE RECONSIDER YOUR INTENTIONS.
CONTACT ME IF POSSIBLE.

LOVE

JOHN

NOTE FOR OSWALD FILE

Nov. 9, 1959

I took a typed copy of the message from Pic (Oswald's half-brother) down to the Metropole Hotel today to deliver to Oswald. I went directly to the room (233) and knocked several times, but no one answered. The cleaning lady told me that he was in the room and only came out to go to the toilet. She suggested that I ask the dejourney in charge of the floor. The latter told me that he was not in his room. I decided not to leave the message, but to have it sent by registered mail. On the way out I phoned from downstairs, but no answer.

McV [John McVickar]

Nov. 2-15 Days of utter loneliness. I refuse all reporters, phone calls. I remain in my room. I am racked with dysentery.

Now, in Hotel Metropole, Rimma would go up to his room.

She had been given new rules, like a new case. She was assigned to taking full care of him. He was no longer a tourist but still they said, "Stay with him." They took it very serious, and so did he. He thought it was their fault. They were not solving this problem of his staying. Maybe his attitude was: "You put me into such a situation. Now figure out what to do." But still he was very nervous. He told her that all his money, all he had, every bit, had gone for this tour deluxe. He had done it purposely. If he was on a tour alone, more attention would be given to him than in a group, and that way he could fulfill his plan. Now, he didn't know if he was staying or not, and Rimma didn't know. So, she went to her boss who told her officials were considering what to do.

Now Rimma's relationship became a good deal closer with him. He was even more like a relative, not a brother, not a boyfriend, in-between. He wanted to kiss her and was ready to try but she didn't want that. She never kissed him at all, not ever. In King's English, it was considered not good form to behave like that. People who did, could lose their jobs. Of course, for her, as a person, she could certainly kiss him if she wished it that much but, you see, she did not. Certainly not. She had a boyfriend, a young engineer, graduated from Moscow Power Institute, whom she would see once

a week. A loving fellow. Moreover, with Alik it was a situation where it was impossible to be light-minded. Consequences of improper behavior could not be simple. A Russian writer said once "It's better to die than to kiss without love" and good girls were of same opinion. If she didn't love him, and didn't want close relations, then she should not kiss. So she patted him on his hand. Enough. For real love, she must give more. Her psychology.

Besides, she had to send reports to her chief. Well, in such reports, she was always factual, factual, factual. Always. So how could she kiss? Report that? She would say Alik was OK, he wanted to be accepted into Soviet Union; she tried to give good impression of him, but factual. Sometimes she wrote her report daily, sometimes weekly; it depended on information received. They didn't ask her to tell them every day but absolutely when she felt she should. Very difficult days.

However, she must say: She enjoyed her Intourist job immensely, an adventurous job and patriotic both, and connected with protecting her government and her country in right way, as a patriot. She considered herself as doing a very important job that country needed. So, when she gave her impression of Oswald to her chief, it was to enable them to make an educated decision on what to do. KGB needed,

therefore, educated, intelligent reports. They had to know by as many aspects as possible how this specific person is different from other people. Had to know if he is coming in as a tourist or if he is spy pretending to be tourist.

For first few days, she had reported every day, usually at end of day. It was very important for his fate. Alik was quite different from others. Although she did not think he was a spy from American intelligence, she had never met a spy. So, despite personal impressions to the contrary, she had to be careful. Nowadays, if she were working in Intourist, she could analyze him, but in those days, they simply said to her, "Did he meet people in your presence? What kind of conversation? What kind of people did he meet?" They never asked her opinion if he is sincere. She would have told them he was, that he is frank and wants to stay. But she wasn't asked. And of course, it was KGB not Intourist who would make big final decision. Besides, she didn't know what he did after dinner. Between 9 and 5 in the afternoon, yes, but not after dinner.

November 15 I decide to give an interview. I have Miss Mosby's card so I call her. She drives right over. I give my story, allow pictures. Later, story is

distorted, sent without my permission, that is: before I ever saw and OKed her story. Again, I feel slightly better because of the attention.

November 16 A Russian official comes to my room, asks how I am. Notified me I can remain in USSR until some solution is found on what to do with me. It is comforting news for me.

Priscilla Johnson MacMillan, later to write Marina and Lee, would encounter Oswald that day.

I had just returned from a visit to the United States, and on November 16, I went to the Consular Office of the American Embassy, as the American reporters did, to pick up my mail. John McVickar welcomed me back with these words: "Oh, by the way, there's a young American in your hotel trying to defect. He won't talk to any of us, but maybe he'll talk to you because you're a woman."

McVickar turned out to be right. At the Hotel Metropole, I stopped by Oswald's room, which was on the second floor, the floor below my own. I knocked, and the young man inside opened the door. . . To my surprise, he directly agreed to be interviewed and said he would come to my room at eight or nine o'clock that evening.

Good as his word, he appeared, wearing a dark gray suit, a white shirt with a dark tie, and a sweater-vest of

tan cashmere. He looked familiar to me, like a lot of college boys in the East during the 1950s. The only difference was his voice--he had a slight Southern drawl.

He settled in an armchair, I brought him tea from a little burner I kept on the floor, but he started talking fairly easily. He spoke quietly, unemphatically, and only rarely betrayed by a gesture or a slight change of tone that what he was saying at the moment meant anything special to him. . .

During our conversation, he returned again and again to what he called the Embassy's "illegal" treatment of him. . . Once he became a Soviet citizen, he said, he would allow "my government," the Soviet government, to handle it for him.

Lee's tone was level, almost expressionless, and while I realized that his words were bitter, somehow... he did not seem like a fully grown man to me, for the blinding fact, the one that obliterated nearly every other fact about him, was his youth. He looked about seventeen. Proudly, as a boy might, he told me about his only expedition into Moscow alone. He had walked four blocks to Detsky Mir, the children's department store, and bought himself an ice cream cone. I could scarcely believe my ears. Here he was, coming to live in this country forever, and he had so far dared venture into four blocks of it.

I was astounded by his lack of curiosity and the utter absence of any joy or spirit of adventure in him. And yet I respected him. Here was this lonely, frightened boy taking on the bureaucracy of the second most powerful bureaucracy on earth, and doing it single-handedly. . .

"I believe what I am doing is right," he said. He

also said that he had talked to me because he wanted to give the American people "something to think about."

Now days started to go by and still they didn't give an answer. Everything was through her chief but nothing came back. And every working day, Rimma spent with him. It seemed long, very long, intolerable days. He was upset, he didn't know what to do, and she didn't even try to teach him Russian because from a psychological point of view, it was not a time to learn; his situation had too much anxiety, too pessimistic. To her mind, he was in his room too much, thinking and thinking, and she didn't know whether he was reading her gift of Dostoyevsky--Idiot. Maybe he had been a little shocked at such a title; could wonder if was personal, yes. And maybe Dostoyevsky was difficult for him, very difficult. He was interested in nothing but his own fate. Very self-centered.

Sometimes he would still say that all people are brothers and sisters, and Soviet Union wanted more good for our world than America. But Rimma felt he had come to such ideas without knowing facts. Very superficial. Not natural. Not deep. He had never read Marx, Lenin, never. If he had to have a proper dialogue on such a subject, he would fail.

She never said this to him, however, because it would be too easy to hurt his feelings. He knew that too. He would never insult her, she knew, because she could say something back that would show him to be a person who thinks too much of himself, and shouldn't behave as he does. You should know the kind of person you are, she was ready to tell him, should he get unpleasant--you are just nothing. Most important thing, she was sure, was that he wanted to be famous. Idea number one. He was fanatic about it, she decided. It was inside him, goal number one: Be different from others.

"What's my news?" he kept asking her. Always this same question: "What's my news?" And she had a feeling that maybe he was going to ask her to marry him. But he didn't. He knew she wouldn't agree. However, he hinted many times, gave her compliments, said how good and how happy he could feel to be with her, but when she went to her chief and asked about his situation, one question they would always ask her back is "What can he do for a living? What kind of job?" Unfortunately, he could do nothing. And every day from Monday through Saturday, she was with him from 10 o'clock until 18:00 hours, your six o'clock at night.

Finally, since he had no money, her boss told Rimma they should move him from present good room to something smaller. They found such a cubby hole in Metropole, very small, very

modest. His life was going from Deluxe down and down. Which means up. Higher floor, smaller room.

Rimma couldn't even eat with him. In those days, even if her salary was 100 rubles a month because of her excellent marks, meals at a hotel were too expensive, especially best hotels such as Metropole. She went to outside place to eat where it didn't cost much. Then, because they couldn't afford to give him restaurant meals at his hotel any longer, higher-ups said "Special meal." Poorer quality. Of course, he wasn't always gloomy. Sometimes he was certainly romantic, and would tell jokes, but mostly she had to try to cheer him up. He would say that if he was allowed to stay in her country, he would live in Moscow. Of course, if he married her, it would be easier for him to do that. But she never discussed this with him, and didn't think he was just pretending that he loved her, she thought his feelings were sincere. But he wasn't sleeping well. He was thinking of his situation. Always. His Russian didn't get much better either, no, no.

November 15 to December 30 I have bought two self-teaching Russian language books. I force myself to study eight hours a day. I sit in my room and read and memorize

words. All meals I take in my room. Rimma arranged that. It is very cold on the streets so I rarely go outside at all for this month and a half. I see no one, speak to no one, except every now and then Rimma, who calls the Ministry about me. Have they forgotten? During December, I paid no money to the Hotel but Rimma told the Hotel I was expecting a lot of money from the USA. I have \$28 left. This month I was called to the passport office and met three new officials who asked me the same questions I answered a month before. They appear not to know me at all.

All this time, no company for him. Maybe at night when she wasn't there, somebody could visit. Rimma can't say for fact, but in evenings, maybe other people did talk to him on problems that might be of interest to both of them. All during November and December, all those weeks when she met with him, maybe he began to try to find more people, Russians and foreigners. Sometimes he said to her that he spoke with some Russians, so he must have met some people. Maybe it was people on his floor.

Most days he spent alone in his room. If he had had more funds, it is possible his behavior would have been a bit different, but he had no warm clothes, and no money. It was snowing, he didn't know Moscow, didn't know Russian language. It was all "How do you pronounce this word?" "What is Russian for that?" Can't go around this big city by himself without

language.

Most of the time, he was in a bad mood. And it was difficult to get to his room which was somewhere on top, you see. No rooms for foreigners there. A floor for Russian people who worked in Metropole Hotel, employees. It was given him from point of view of economy. Authorities could have found a better room, but maybe there were other reasons, maybe for surveillance. "That could be a reason, I don't deny it. Maybe." She doesn't know because girls in Intourist never talked about a room being bugged or a section of hotel being prepared. They did not talk like that; they did not try to think that way.

One day, finally, end of December, 1959, just before New Year's, they called Rimma into Intourist office and told her they were sending Oswald to Minsk. When she told him, he was so disappointed he even cried at first, with tears, yes, he wanted Moscow not Minsk, but he was also happy he was allowed to stay, relieved and happy. Of course he was happy. He was shining. He did not hide it. But he was still upset he had to go to Minsk, he was upset.

He had no idea where Minsk was. He had never heard of it. Rimma told him it was good city, which was true, she liked Minsk. She often took foreigners there in a railroad

coach on trips. She liked Minsk Hotel, its newer hotel, built in 1955 by order from Khrushchev. People in Minsk, she told him, are much better than in many other places. But he was depressed. He wanted her to accompany him on his all-night railroad trip from Moscow to Minsk, but by now he understood that everything was not so simple as he had thought before. He had thought they would embrace him but now he saw it was far from being this--everything was more serious than he had thought. In beginning in America when he took this decision to go to Russia, he must have been like a child, but then in these days he grew up, you see. In this very short period of time he changed from child to youth and, yes, to being grownup, so now he understood that even if Rimma wanted, she couldn't leave her job and go with him. He understood it was impossible. Yes, he knew it was a very serious place here.

December 31 New Year's Eve, I spend in the company of Rosa Agafoneva at the Hotel Berlin. She has the duty. I sit with her until past midnight. She gave me a small Boratin clown.

January 5 I go to Red Cross in Moscow for money [and] receive 5,000 rubles, a huge sum!! Later in Minsk, I am

to earn 700 rubles a month at the factory.

January 7 I leave Moscow by train for Minsk, Byelorussia. My hotel bill was 2,200 rubles and the train ticket to Minsk 150 rubles, so I have a lot of money and hope. I wrote my mother and brother letters in which I said, "I do not wish to ever contact you again. I am beginning a new life and I don't want any part of the old."

Rimma remembered that on this day he left for Minsk, it was snowing when she said goodbye to him. He was crying and she was crying.

But she did not write letters to him. It was a habit with Intourist not to write letters and she could not violate that.

Representative Ford. If you had known that Oswald was in Minsk, what would your reaction have been?

Mr. Snyder. Serves him right.

Representative Ford. Why do you say that?

Mr. Snyder. You have never been in Minsk.

Well, in the first place, my own feeling is that there is no better medicine for someone who imagines he likes the Soviet Union than to live there awhile. Representative Ford. In Minsk?

Mr. Snyder. Provincial towns in the Soviet Union are a very large step below the capital and the capital, believe me, is a fairly good-sized step down from any American populated place.

But the difference between large cities and minor cities, and between minor cities and villages, is a tremendous step backward in time. And to live in Minsk, or in any other provincial city in the Soviet Union, is a pretty grim experience to someone who has lived in our society. . . .I mean to land up in Minsk, working in a grubby little factory, is quite a comedown.

Representative Ford. Have you ever been in Minsk?

Mr. Snyder. I spent about an hour walking around Minsk, between trains, one time. (n.1)

Part II -- Minsk

Part II -- Minsk

Chapter 1 -- Igor

Now Igor Ivanovich Kuzain looked when young would be hard to decide because all of him, his whole presence these days, spoke of what he was now-retired general: fine KGB, big, old, with red complexion and large face, a face that would belong to some Irish police chief in New York, impressive from his nose up, with pale blue eyes to black with varifocals, full of dedication, but he looked corrupt from the mouth down--he kept a spare fire around his chin, a blatted police chief's neck.

Kuzain, Igor Ivanovich, had retired as Colonel General in KGB, its highest rank. Born in 1925, he had lived in Byelorussia (now known as Belarus, of which Minsk is capital) and there he had worked for KGB from 1946 to 1977. He had been sent to Minsk after his first years in KGB Oryans. Moscow Center had dispatched him there to undertake "strengthening of cadres," and there he remained for more than

Part II -- Minsk

Chapter 1 -- Igor

How Igor Ivanovitch Kuzmin looked when young would be hard to decide because all of him, his whole presence these days, spoke of what he was now--retired general from KGB, big, old, with red complexion and large face, a face that could belong to some Irish police chief in New York, impressive from his nose up, with pale blue eyes to blaze with rectitude, full of dedication, but he looked corrupt from the mouth down--he kept a spare tire around his chin, a bloated police chief's neck.

Kuzmin, Igor Ivanovitch, had retired as Colonel General in KGB, its highest rank. Born in 1922, he had lived in Byelorussia (now known as Belarus, of which Minsk is capital) and there he had worked for KGB from 1946 to 1977. He had been sent to Minsk after his first years in KGB Organs. Moscow Center had dispatched him there to undertake "strengthening of cadres," and there he remained for more than

half of fifty years in KGB. Started in Minsk as Deputy Chief in Counter-Intelligence, then became Deputy Chief of Branch, and finally was promoted to Chief of Department in Byelorussia. Having arrived five years after Nazi occupation of Minsk in July of '41, an occupation that had gone on for three years, he could inform people that one out of every four persons in that Republic had died in combat, in German concentration camps, or under other circumstances. He said no more about that. His point was that rebuilding in Minsk had been done under obviously difficult conditions. There was not only physical disruption, but a population compromised by collaboration. Certainly all standing policemen, local army, village headmen--all persons installed by Germans--were collaborators or fascist agents. His state security office had, therefore, to cleanse everything that obstructed reconstruction. Many people didn't want to take responsibility for collaborative actions and so had gone underground which, in turn, gave security Organs a further task of uncovering such elements in order to free society from them.

Part of their territory, especially the western part of Byelorussia, was plagued by banditry, one more problem. It was a lot of work. KGB wasn't finished dealing with all that until 1953. By then, their main task was to guard Byelorussia

from outside penetration, that is, spies. Yet, by 1957, their economy and government structure were restored, and Byelorussia was a wholly functional state with all appropriate state attributes, Communist Party of Byelorussia, Supreme Soviet of Byelorussia, Council of Ministers of Byelorussia, plus the Ministry of State Security, Byelorussia.

Igor Ivanovitch does not, however, recall any episode in security tasks remotely similar to Oswald's arrival. Repatriates might be scattered around Ukraine and Byelorussia, but they were Byelorussians, whereas Oswald had been sent here to Minsk as a political immigrant for permanent residence. Of course, foreign agents had been dispatched to Minsk before, members of British or American or German intelligence, sent by air, smuggled across borders--in one manner or another, implanted. Much of local KGB work had been concerned with exposing, arresting, and putting such people on trial. During peak of Cold War activities in early Fifties, there had been a number of spy missions from British and American intelligence inside their territory. In fact, four American agents had been foisted into Byelorussia in 1951 alone, but these were cases of airborne missions and did not last for long. Within a month, KGB caught all four Americans.

On Oswald's arrival in January of 1960, some material had already been sent to Igor's office in the form of reports from

Intourist Moscow guides and officials, so Igor had some data regarding particular circumstances under which Lee Harvey Oswald had been allowed to stay in Soviet Union. It was a small dossier, however. He was informed that Oswald was being sent to Minsk for permanent residence, and other branches of government would take care of settling him in. KGB was to find out if Oswald, Lee Harvey, was who he was claiming to be. Igor, however, had very little information at this point with which to begin, although he was naturally most aware of inclusion of a document to state that it had been decided at highest level to grant Oswald permission to stay in USSR after his suicide attempt, even though such attempt may have been staged. This was accompanied by a directive from Moscow Center: Start investigation of this person.

There was an analyst in Igor Ivanovitch Kuzmin's department who would serve as his developer, that is, would conduct their inquiry--an intelligent, efficient man named Stepan Vasilyevitch Gregorieff. Igor Ivanovitch Kuzmin's reasons for choosing this man were as follows: Stepan Vasilyevitch was pure Byelorussian, born in Mogadev region, and knew local ways of life, habits, and such specifics very well. Even more important was his professionalism. He had led assigned developments in espionage; he had handled interrogations of captive German spies and British spies; he

had been specifically adept at locating and then defining suspect people who said they were here for repatriation, that is, those who had stayed in the West after 1945, but, for various reasons, had repatriated themselves. Now back in USSR, they had to be checked. Stepan also knew a little English, and where he would lack fluency, an English-speaking deputy could assist in translation of documents--as, for example, letters Oswald might receive from America.

Besides, there were no real alternatives: Stepan's professionalism was known. When Igor proposed him as Oswald's developer, he was approved right away. Stepan was seen, after all, as a very serious person, cool-minded, with steady character and patience, who, in his labors, liked to develop questions down to their essence. Obviously, he was diligent. "The work of our officers has no limit on the hours, and Stepan Vasilyevitch was able to work a day and a night, as much as work required, never capricious, a good fellow officer. Besides, I knew him well. We lived in one apartment house and I knew his wife and children, so his domestic side was spoken for." Stepan would report directly to Igor, who in turn would communicate with the chief of counter-intelligence in Byelorussia, and from there to head of Moscow Center. It could be said, then, that there were only three steps upward in their chain of command before reaching apex in Moscow.

Igor Ivanovitch would add that there was a reason for such extreme attention and arch-secrecy concerning Lee Harvey Oswald. If only three such high officers were involved, and nobody else had access to full knowledge on this case, it was because in preliminary analysis in Minsk, opposing hypotheses suggested themselves: That a US citizen happened to be coming to their city was, of course, most unusual, but then this entire situation was odd. By endangering his own life, Lee Harvey Oswald had been forcing his residence into USSR. So, this one question they had to ponder, a primary question. A first "variance," as he calls it. The odd element.

Then there was Oswald's service in U.S. Marines. Among people in Counter-intelligence, it was taken for granted that since U.S. Marines serve not only on ships but also guard American embassies, CIA and FBI recruit people from Marines. Lee Harvey Oswald's service was therefore, another point of alert. Oswald had already related to Moscow sources that he had experience in electronics and radar. Such knowledge was not alien to serving in intelligence.

Their next variant was that he had a pro-Communist attitude, was Marxist. But closer examination disclosed that he was neither proficient in Marxist-Leninist theory nor in other ideological areas. That elicited considerable suspicion. Why was he not following through on his ideals?

Already in Moscow, they knew that he never discussed serious questions in Marxism-Leninism. They couldn't figure out why, in essence, he didn't increase such knowledge if he was interested in staying in USSR. If he wanted to make his life here, why not work more at it?

Then, it was another matter to make certain whether he had been trained in studies of Russian and was now concealing his knowledge. That was difficult to determine, and could best be examined by how he would proceed to acquire more proficiency in Russian while in Minsk. So that also became a task for people associating with him. Any person teaching him Russian would have to be able to understand whether Oswald was jumping from lesson to lesson with suspicious progress, or was there real difficulty? That would be a question to clarify in due course of conducting their investigation.

Now came still one more variant: KGB had lately been testing legal channels for penetration of their agents into other countries. Igor's inquiry had to consider, therefore, a possibility in reverse: Had an American intelligence service, CIA or U.S. Naval, sent Lee Harvey Oswald to check out Soviet legal channels and determine how they could be used to implant moles for special tasks?

Igor Ivanovitch's opinion was that Oswald had been sent to Minsk because of high standards of efficiency in

Byelorussian counter-intelligence. Being a border state, they had hands-on experience in exposing and arresting spies. Moreover, in human terms, Oswald was also being accepted as a potential immigrant, so it was considered desirable to create good conditions for him in order that he not be disillusioned about way of life in Soviet Union, and by 1960 Minsk did have a level of life that might not disappoint him about Communist society. Besides, for their purposes, KGB needed a big city like Minsk, with many people circulating in the streets. Watching a person was thereby facilitated.

Be it said, their investigation was most carefully thought over, and deeply prepared. They had a double goal: not to miss anything suspicious in Lee Harvey Oswald's behavior, yet not limit his personal freedoms. They also were very interested to talk to him personally but, given their ultimate objective--to discover whether he was or was not a spy by close observation on his activities--they had to abandon this idea. Direct contact would disrupt their attempt to elicit objective answers to all these most delicate and advanced questions of investigation.

Chapter 2 -- Developer

Stepan Vasilyevitch received notice of Oswald's arrival in Minsk just two days before he was on their doorstep. Information sent at that time was brief. Oswald's KGB file followed quickly; it, too, was minimal.

Stepan noted that Oswald had entered USSR by way of Finland. Since he was not travelling on business but as a student with a tourist visa, action had been routine and quick. Those persons who belonged to a diplomatic corps or were mass-media or business people often had to wait as long as a month, but a tourist visa was not difficult to obtain overnight in European countries in 1959. KGB would receive a list of persons that each Soviet Embassy had given visas to, and, of course, a black book was kept in each Embassy. If Oswald's name had been on such a list, he would not have received his visa.

Details, however, of where he had been in the U.S. armed services were also minimal. Instead, came information of when he had arrived in Moscow, how he had behaved after slashing his wrist, how insistent he was on remaining in Soviet Union.

In Minsk they had a special postal channel by which they

corresponded with Moscow Center, and Stepan did receive word that Oswald had been with U.S. Marine Corps in Japan. But no number was given for his outfit. In any event, KGB did not pay too much attention to this matter in Minsk. Obviously, military counter-intelligence already knew all about it, and was not requesting more.

On the other hand, Oswald was certainly special: "As we could see by materials received from those doctors who treated him in Botkinskaya Hospital, it was clear that his intentions to reside in our country could not be altered. Since no advice could affect him, a determination was made in Moscow that Oswald, if once again refused a stay in USSR, could, given his strong will, repeat his attempt to commit suicide." Of course, it was equally possible that Oswald's insistent desire to remain in USSR was connected to fulfillment of a task of some special American service--but what kind of task: He had gone into U.S. Marines when he was 17. Now suddenly he became angry at whole American way of life, before having much experience of it himself. All very suspicious. It was possible he represented some new phenomenon in American intelligence methods.

In their work during this period, if they studied a person with the eventual perspective of unmasking him, then they were not supposed to take any actions that might alert

their target. Since questioning Oswald would put him on guard, no official from KGB ever debriefed him about his service in U.S. Marines. It was more important to know whether he was really an agent than to obtain military information that Soviet military, without doubt, already possessed. Whatever useful information Oswald might be able to give would have to be sacrificed, in any case, in order not to make him suspicious. Otherwise, their entire operation of surveillance could be spoiled, and this they did not wish to do to a person who might be the first U.S. agent to use a legal Soviet channel--first bird of spring, so to speak.

What came down to them in Minsk, therefore, was a firm and concrete order to organize deep and thoughtful study of this man in terms of finding out whether he was or was not an agent of American secret service. Having been given an order and a direction for their work, they would know how to do the rest themselves.

Before this, Stalina and two other officials, her hotel manager and secretary of Ministry in charge of all Minsk hotels, had been sent to Moscow for training. That was when she learned how KGB people in Stalina's position did

Chapter 3 -- Alyosha

In 1960, Stellina was manager of Intourist Service Bureau at Minsk Hotel and two translators worked under her. She was, at that time, already married and had a year-old daughter, and her husband was a teacher at Foreign Language Institute. Stellina herself spoke English and German, also Byelorussian, and for that matter Czech and Polish and even some Yiddish. When she was young her family had Jewish neighbors with whom they would all converse in Yiddish.

Before 1959, there was no Intourist in Minsk, so she was actually first organizer of this Service Bureau of Intourist. Minsk Hotel, where she worked, was brand new, best in city, and had been built, in fact, because Khrushchev, during a visit, remarked that Minsk lacked a good hotel. Now, two floors, second and fifth, had been assigned to Intourist for their foreign guests. Other floors would be occupied by Russian and Soviet peoples.

Before this, Stellina and two other officials, her hotel manager and Secretary of Ministry in charge of all Minsk hotels, had been sent to Moscow for training. That was when she learned how Intourist people in Stellina's position did

not have definite working hours but rather must be ready to serve an unlimited day. When there were tourists in plenty, she would even be on call days and nights but in slack time, she could take time to herself. So if some tourist group came in suddenly from Brest or Finland, a person might call her at home and say, "Stellina Ivanovna, please, can you come and help?" She would quit everything she was doing at home and run over.

There was one case she would remember all her life. A couple arrived in a car, some Canadian who brought along his girlfriend from Hungary, a model, and they wanted to stay in one room. Minsk Hotel administrator said, "You are not married and you will have to take separate rooms." But this Canadian's young lady did not agree. She was very angry. Her Canadian happened to be a very attractive man and he agreed to Intourist's terms because he did not wish scandal, but his Hungarian was furious. So, when he was given his suite, and Hungarian model was put into single bedroom, she opened her door, pushed hotel bed in front of it, took off all her clothes, lay nude on top of all bed covers, lit a cigarette and started to scream as loudly as possible, if you please. Intourist didn't need scandal either, so Stellina was asked to come over from her apartment: Potential problems in this situation--numerous. There were many people from Finland in

Minsk Hotel then, and these Finns drank. They did not have complexes. They would wander into their hotel corridor nude and drunken. So at that time, with Hungarian girl lying there also nude, and a lot of men from Finland on same floor, some of them with clothes off already and walking around, Stellina certainly had to talk to her. But this Hungarian model said, "Who are you?" Stellina said, "Please, put on your clothes. You are a woman. You cannot behave this way." Hungarian model answered, "Blat!" which translates in this case to "whore." She said blat. She knew only a few words, which is why Stellina remembers that she was also called "Russian piece of pig." This Hungarian was lying nude in front of men and calling Stellina a whore. Then she said, "Don't you dare close my door. If he doesn't take me into his suite, these Finns can come and make love to me here, all of them."

Who could deal with such a problem? Even her Canadian couldn't quiet her down. Stellina had that couple removed from hotel.

And, of course, there were always problems with Finnish people. They were not up to Soviet moral standards. Finns would come to Minsk and pick up whores, but since such women were not allowed to spend a night in hotel, these Finns would hide them in their wardrobe if somebody knocked. When Intourist suspected this kind of improper activity, Stellina

would tell her general manager.

It was different with Americans. At that time, relationships were not warm between these two countries, but some admiration. Stellina had been brought up to be good hosts to people, nice to them, it was part of your education, and besides, she had been in an orphanage during Great Patriotic War, and remembered how afterward a lot of humanitarian help was received from America--nuts, sugar, chocolate, beds--imagine, beds!--and clothes. So for her, America was a country that been nice to her. So when Lee came, her attitude to him was sincere, not formal, not bureaucratic, and she could see that he felt it, and knew there was no danger from her, but then this day he arrived in Minsk was January 7, and that was Stellina's birthday. So! It was auspicious meeting, out of ordinary--on her birthday, a white kitten comes.

Stepan says that no one accompanied Lee Harvey Oswald from Moscow to Minsk. At Minsk railroad station, he was met by two women from Byelorussian Red Cross who brought him to his hotel. Stepan did not even know the names of these women. "We didn't watch them and didn't know them. But from our

materials it was clear they were employees of Red Cross, so there was no need to establish who they were."

Nor had there been any concern that since Oswald was travelling alone, he might try to escape from his train. KGB had not been concerned. If Oswald wanted to stay in Soviet Union so much, what reason would there be for him to run away? But if one was to suppose Americans had sent him so he could escape and become illegal, it would be a most primitive and stupid act to get off at some midway stop. Security forces would find him quickly. CIA had to know from their own experience that KGB could even catch people dropped from planes at night.

If he had been sent to Minsk and didn't arrive, of course KGB would become alarmed. But that wasn't expected, and, of course, he came in--there it was!

Stepan doesn't even have information about how he travelled, whether by first or second class, but, absolutely, he came by sleeping carriage. All trains Moscow/Minsk are sleeper trains. What is certain is that from the moment he arrived, surveillance started. At railroad station. In first minute he came to Minsk.

From KGB Chronology

8.01.60 Oswald visits the chairman of the municipal council (the mayor) of the city of Minsk, C. Sharapov, who promises to provide him with an apartment and recommends that he enroll in polytechnical institute for study.

January 8 I meet the city mayor, Comrade Sharapov, who welcomes me to Minsk, promises a rent-free apartment "soon" and warns me about uncultured persons who sometimes insult foreigners.

From KGB Observation

Performed from 08:00 to 23:00
on January 9, 1960

At 10 o'clock Lee Harvey entered lobby of Hotel Minsk, came up to hotel administrator and started talking to him about something. After that he went up to lobby on fourth floor, took a seat and began a conversation with a floor administrator by name Rosa who was joined by another hotel worker.

After talking to them for about 40 minutes Lee Harvey returned to his room 453.

At 11:40 Lee Harvey left hotel and hurried down Sverdlov street towards butcher store. In there he walked around, looking briefly at displayed products after which

he left and headed down Kirov street towards intersection of Train Station Square, stopped, looked at photo display window of Byelorussia train station technical cabinet, then came up to Raduga Restaurant, stopped there for a minute, then went to grocery store on Kirov street. While entering this store, he paid attention to people entering after him. He walked around this store, left it without buying anything and went straight to a book store where he walked along its sections without stopping anywhere then left and walked fast. He was back at his hotel by 12:25.

At 16:40 Lee Harvey left his hotel room and went down to Hotel Minsk restaurant. There he took seat at vacant table, and waited for waitress. (Observation at this restaurant was not done because there were very few people in there.)

He left restaurant in about 45 minutes and went up to his room. He did not leave his room until 11 PM and observation was terminated until next day morning.

Lee Harvey's Specific Features

Above average height, normally built, looks 20-23 years old, has fair hair, narrow thin face, straight, normal-size nose, shaves his beard and moustache.

DRESSED: ear-flaps faux-astrakhan fur hat with brown leather top, light blue overcoat, brown pants, brown shoes with rubbers.

Notice. On January 8, 1960, observation was done from 5 PM till 11 PM. He did not leave hotel during this time.

January 10 A day to myself. I walk through the city.
Very nice.

From KGB Observation

Performed from 08:00 till 24:00
on January 10, 1960

At 11 o'clock Lee Harvey left Hotel Minsk and went to GUM. There he came up to electrical department, asked a sales person some question, then took money out of his pocket and went to a cashier of this department. He did not pay for anything but just put money back into his pocket and started pacing first floor of department store up and down looking at different goods. Then he went back to electrical department, paid 2 rubles, 25 kopeks for electrical plug, put it into his pocket and went up to second floor. There he spent some time in department of ready-made clothes, looked through available suits, then left GUM store walked fast. He was back at his hotel by 11:25.

At 12:45 he came out of his hotel room and went to restaurant. He took seat at vacant table and began to eat. (No observations were made during this meal because no other people were in there.)

At 13:35 Lee Harvey left restaurant and went back to his room.

At 18:10 he left his room and went to restaurant. He took vacant table, had his meal, left restaurant at 18:45, and took elevator to fourth floor where he went to his room.

He did not leave his room up to 24:00 after which time no observation was made until morning.

Since Stellina was short, she saw Oswald as tall. He had a long muscular neck and his hair was cut short in a crew cut, but he had a narrow oblong face. He seemed unhappy to her, a bird who'd fallen out of its nest. Usually foreigners dressed very well but he didn't, and afterward, he always seemed to be wearing his one suit. She thought: if he is asking for political asylum here in Soviet Union, he must not have been doing so well in United States. This poor, unfortunate, miserable creature.

They gave him a single room of the kind given to Soviet citizen. Nothing special. That was probably because he was going to be living here permanently. It made Stellina feel as if Oswald was entrusted to her, but then, she saw herself as a solid kind of person. He needed her. While he would be cared for free and could also eat for free at Hotel Minsk's restaurant, it did seem as if he was absolutely helpless. He didn't have anyone to talk to, and she had a motherly feeling for him, so she chose to show him around town by herself.

He was a lost soul. You had to nudge to get him to do

anything. Since she lived only two houses away from Minsk Hotel, that was easy. She wanted to make him feel good. In fact, she soon began to call him Alyosha because such a name was very respected. There were monuments looking like obelisks erected to those Russian soldiers who had freed Bulgaria, and Bulgarians used to call such obelisks "Alyosha." There was even a song about it. Actually, Stellina had not been thinking about that other Alyosha who was in Brothers Karamazov, and laughed when she was reminded. She certainly didn't think her Alyosha was a saintly kind of person, but they did have a kind of family relationship. Since her pregnancy, Stellina had remained heavy, and she thought he must have seen her as an older person, for while she was only twenty-eight, he may have thought she was a nice married woman. He certainly seemed to recognize that anything he wanted to accomplish in this city right away would have to be done through her. So after a while he just started coming over on his own. While he would tell her a few things about himself, she saw him as a secretive, very secretive person. She does remember saying to him on this first or second day, "You have to have a plan. How do you expect to live?" He said he wanted to study, and asked what kinds of universities and institutes were in Minsk. He'd prefer something in humanities, not something technical. Since she was a graduate

of Minsk Foreign Language Institute, she knew people and suggested that maybe he apply there. Such an idea interested him. But a couple of days later, he came and said, "I have a job at that radio factory on Red Street." Krasnaya Street was its name--Red Street in English.

January 11 I visit Minsk Radio Factory where I shall work. There, I meet Argentinian immigrant Alexander Ziger, born a Polish Jew, emigrated to Argentina 1938, and back to Polish homeland (now part of Byelorussia) in 1955. Speaks English with an American accent. He worked for an American company in Argentina. He is head of the department, a qualified engineer in late 40s, mild-mannered, likeable. He seems to want to tell me something.

From KGB Chronology

13.01.60

In accordance with order N6 (12.01.60) Oswald was taken on as a regulator, 1st grade in experimental shop at Minsk radio plant.

From KGB Observation

Performed from 08:00 till 24:00
on January 13, 1960

At 8 o'clock there was placed an observation upon
exit from Radio Plant where Lee Harvey got a job.

At 16:25 Lee Harvey left radio plant and went down
Krasnaya and Zaharova street toward a trolley bus stop
where he got on a trolley bus, route N2 and without
talking to anybody got to Volodarskogo stop, got off
trolley bus and went to hotel. It was 17:00 when Lee
Harvey entered hotel. He went straight to his room. . .

At 21:55 Lee Harvey left his hotel room and went down
to restaurant where he took a seat at vacant table,
ordered his meal through a waitress, had his dinner, then
paid, and was back in his room by 22:25.

He did not leave his room. At 24:00, observation was
stopped till next morning.

According to Igor Ivanovitch, KGB had done nothing
directly about choosing Oswald's place of work or where he
would live. That was assigned by Council of Ministers. KGB
was not even consulted. It was part of policy. No matter how
carefully KGB might work at placing him, a sense of their
efforts could still reach Oswald and spoil their case. Now,
however, that he had been given a job as a fitter-trainee at
Gorizont (Horizon), and was able to use radio equipment and

communication devices, it could be said that it did not hurt their purposes. If he was a specially trained agent, it would be possible to observe in a factory environment what level of expertise he had in handling of radio equipment under different conditions. At that time, Horizon factory in Minsk was not under high security, at least not in Oswald's shop. However, this radio factory did, at times, cooperate with secret Soviet organizations, so it would be possible to observe whether Oswald made attempts to penetrate into such collateral and special networks.

It was a large factory, occupying a good-sized city block, perhaps so much as a quarter of a mile by an eighth of a mile, and inside its gates was a sprawl of streets, sheds and three and four-story factory buildings that had gone up in separate years, a multitude of buildings, alleys, vans, trucks, and company streets not unreminiscent of an old-fashioned, and somewhat rundown movie studio.

January 13-16 I work as a "checker," metal-worker, pay, 700 rubles a month, work very easy. I am learning Russian quickly. Now everyone is very friendly and kind. I meet many young Russian workers my own age. They have great personalities. All wish to know about me, even offer to hold a mass meeting so I can speak. I refuse politely.

By her early twenties, Kolya had worked at Kirov's Radio Plant for six years. Born in a collective farm, she was shy, still didn't feel like a girl used to city. So she was very quiet, but pretty, very slim, very shy, and she never spoke to David, just observed him. Now, she's heavier, a mother, and heavier, but she was timid then. Year after year, she had worked hard, wearing Kirov's white gown with hairnet for hair so it didn't get into apparatus, all provided by factory. In case Alim, David, came called him, and he didn't surprise Kolya, just a young guy who looked like her two people, nothing special.

Except one method. This American complained always that he was cold. It was warm in shop, but outside, he said he always felt cold. People laughed at him when he talked. His Russian was so bad people laughed, not mocking, but friendly. He would try to pronounce words, get them wrong. They would laugh.

Chapter 4 -- Oswald at Work

By her early twenties, Katya had worked at Horizon Radio Plant for six years. Born on a collective farm, she was shy, still didn't feel like a girl used to city. So she was very quiet, but pretty, very slim, very shy, and she never spoke to Oswald, just observed him. Now, she's heavier, a mother, and braver, but she was timid then. Year after year, she had worked hard, wearing Horizon's white gown with kerchief for hair so it didn't get into apparatus, all provided by factory. In came Alik, Alexei some called him, and he didn't surprise Katya, just a young guy who looked like her own people, nothing special.

Except one matter. This American complained always that he was cold. It was warm in shop, but outside, he said he always felt cold. People laughed at him when he talked. His Russian was so bad people laughed, not mocking, but friendly. He would try to pronounce words, get them wrong. They would laugh.

Sonya was also good-looking when she was young, even if she did have to go to work at Horizon in 1952 when she was 16. Her mother had five children and tough financial situation so she left to find a job. But by 1960 Sonya was assigned to experimental shop which showed that she knew what she was doing.

Sonya was unmarried in 1960 and lived not far from Horizon, so she often walked to her job. From factory gate she would go straight to her shop. No breaks except for lunch, 8 to 12, then back again from one until 4, six days a week, Sunday off.

Her first recollection of Lee Harvey Oswald is that his first day there, men from her shop surrounded him in a circle and started asking questions. "You have cows in America? You have pigs in America?" He couldn't understand their words so they showed him with sign language, made animal sounds, and he laughed.

What she remembers is that Lee Oswald was a very narrow-boned person with a strong neck, a foreigner so nobody had any type of emotions against him--just a foreigner, he was treated that way.

Stanislaus Shureshkevich had seen some Americans before but this type seemed already shaped in a Soviet way. He was wearing a Russian soldier's fur hat and it was so accurate, so tidy, such a typical gray fur, and he was wearing it so comfortably that it looked like he had just stepped out of his shower.

It was sometime in February of 1960 and Shureshkevich had just finished post-graduate work at his university. Everybody considered him to know English fairly well although actually he found it easier to deal with written material than to converse. Two days after he first saw Oswald at Horizon, Comrade Lebizen, Secretary of the Party organization, a big figure in this plant both by personal size and importance, came up to say that Shureshkevich was being given an errand from the Party: Teach this man our Russian language. Up to now, any meetings Shureshkevich had had with Americans were at scientific conventions and symposia. This would be his first time in a direct relation. So it was something of an entertainment for him, and he remembers many details. Shureshkevich was not a member of the Party but even so, he had been trained and educated to understand that Americans always represented a small but concrete danger: You could give away certain types of information without intending to. For now, however, since he had been assigned officially by a

Party directive to teach this man Russian, he could be in contact with an American without producing any problems for his private life. Stanislaus was excited.

He was also instructed to work with another Russian who also spoke English. The Party obviously didn't want Shureshkevich and Oswald to be alone together. After all, Shureshkevich was a senior engineer who had developed a certain number of new devices and only happened to be working at Horizon in order to be able to fulfill requirements for his thesis. You had to have practical experience in an industrial enterprise before you could get a doctorate, so he had been working on a new kind of radio spectrometer, and that was probably considered secret enough so that they would not wish him to be alone with this American.

In any event, lessons took place in a second-floor room after the job, and Oswald would come to visit him from another building in their factory compound. Shureshkevich's first instructions from Lebizen had been "Don't discuss anything about his life before he came here." As a result, they never entered into personal conversation. Shureshkevich just worked on verbs and occasionally tried to teach him colloquial Russian.

Oswald seemed not at all tense, nor unfriendly. He was not suspicious, but was reserved and never expressed gratitude

for his lessons. Which hardly mattered. Shureshkevich didn't like him. Having been brought up in old beliefs, he thought no person was worse than a traitor. A man untrue to one side would always betray the other. It was an official assignment, however, and he took care not to let Oswald read his private opinion.

In any case, nothing Oswald did was about to change Shureshkevich's view. He seemed to show no imagination, as if structured to do things as scheduled, but no emotion, no smile. Programmed, not creative. Their lessons proceeded without great enthusiasm and Oswald found Russian difficult. Nonetheless, no homework was assigned. Shureshkevich's method was for a pupil to give maximum effort during his learning process, then don't go back and learn again. Respect the intensity of your learning process; don't learn by rote.

They did get to a point where they could achieve understanding of each other if Shureshkevich spoke slowly, used gestures, wrote words on pieces of paper and sometimes brought out a dictionary. Actually he wished to communicate with him in English, but their relation had to remain one-sided. It never occurred to Shureshkevich to worry whether Oswald might learn technical secrets from him. He would apologize, but he did consider himself smart, and he did not believe Oswald could get information from him.

Never for a moment did any personal feeling develop between them. Oswald was always very clean, very neat, always straight, and while most people would be embarrassed to wear a soldier's fur hat, Oswald knew how to put it on his head. Maybe he shaped it in some fashion, but it did make him look like a gentleman.

Finally, Shureshkevich was annoyed by this fellow. He was being given a good salary but he didn't seem to work as hard as other people who receive less money, and Shureshkevich remembers turning to one of his assistants, and saying, "Listen, we've a lot of work to do today and need to speed up. Why not give this stuff to Oswald and let him help?" but his assistant replied, "No sense. It will not be well done."

That is about all he can recollect, said Stanislaus Shureshkevich, now President of Belarus.

Stellina did start to teach him a little Russian, for which he did not pay her a single kopeck. She would instruct him when she would take her daughter for walks in her stroller out to Minsk athletic stadium a couple of kilometers away. He liked children and enjoyed playing with her child, but he was a very complex person, very impressionable. To the point of

tears, sometimes, other times wholly closed, without emotion.

When he first started work, he used to come back from the factory too tired to do anything else, just destroyed. He wouldn't even go upstairs to his room, just come into her office, flop into her one armchair, and say, "Ma, I've gotten so tired I don't even have the strength to go and take my key and open my door."

She would tell him, "Well, you should be proud. You told me you came to this society to build socialism so you don't have to feel tired; you should feel proud."

He'd say, "First I need some food and rest and then maybe I can build socialism." And he showed his shoes which were poor and worn out. He said, "Listen, it's cold outside. My shoes, they're cold too." Another girl from Intourist happened to be there and he said, "You want me to give you a gift? These are my gift so you will know what kind of worn-out shoes Americans wear," but the girl said, "We don't need gifts like that. We've been wearing worn-out clothes all our lives. It's nothing new for us."

Chapter 5 -- Echos from a Ghetto

Max Germann's parents were buried alive in the Jewish ghetto of Minsk in World War II. Born in 1937, Max was raised by an uncle who was a Russian, not a Jew, but married to Max's mother's sister. Max himself never heard much about that ghetto; it was not something he wanted to know; it still hurts. When his relatives tried to tell him, he said, "I don't want to hear." Still, everybody in Minsk knew. What is left of that ghetto is by now reduced to one street that slopes in crooked fashion down a hill. It still has old wood and stone buildings, and at the bottom is a very small park, perhaps 20 by 30 feet in area, which has a sizable hollow caused by removing all bodies buried in this place.

In 1941 a hundred Jews, maybe more, were interred there after being machine-gunned. Observers could see that ground keep moving even as dirt was being shovelled on top. Such phenomenon was caused by people struggling beneath to reach surface. Ground moved as if it had life of its own. But slowly, such life diminished. It all became calm and ground lay there with no movement.

Max was rescued from that ghetto by his uncle, a

partisan, who was soon killed by Germans. His wife, Max's mother's sister, became a widow. Since she had another sister who was also killed by Germans in that ghetto, her husband, another Russian, stole into Minsk and married Max's aunt, this widow. So again a Russian became Max's stepfather. In that manner, this family stayed together. By winter of 1942 they had to leave Minsk. They went into outlying forests and there they stayed until 1944, only coming back in those last two or three days when Germans were still there. Max's people had been informed incorrectly. Told that Soviet troops were back, back everywhere, they thought Minsk was free. But Max's family came in exactly before siege of Minsk was lifted. So arrived at dangerous time. Germans were bombing what was left of Minsk, so were Soviets. Max's family came in by foot; bombs were falling that night.

Max remembers very well that he brought with him a small sack of flour with which to make bread and he had shoes that someone had given him. It was late in June. They found a sister of his natural father who now looked like a leader of bandits. She was a very tough woman who had obtained some false Russian documents to protect her from being Jewish, and she had survived to live out her life in Minsk.

Max and his people were so tired this first night that they slept on bare ground without moving while bombs fell on

all the ruins around them. Of course, Max had been through a great deal. His first Russian stepfather had died of his wounds on Max's knees. A murder detachment of Germans had come by assigned to killing partisans wherever they could find them in the forest.

Now, after two days of bombing, Soviet tanks came into Minsk. First it was just three tanks. By nine that morning, it suddenly became very quiet. Horrible quietness. Everyone expected something terrible. Suddenly, boys began to shout, "Tanks, tanks!" and then, cried out, "Our tanks!" Three tanks. But Soviet soldiers remained inside. They were very careful. Gun on lead tank was still moving from side to side, as these vehicles passed quickly into Minsk center, and everybody saw trucks and columns of tanks following. Soldiers in these tanks threw bread to children whenever they encountered a group waving at them.

There was not a great deal of noise, however, when Minsk was liberated. Real front was already far to west since Minsk had been under siege for weeks before it surrendered.

Max felt nothing when he saw German prisoners. All the while they were rebuilding Minsk with these Germans, he remembers little. He does not recall great ideals of rebuilding. What he does remember is that he was hungry. In those days, there was never enough to feed everyone. But

later, early in the Fifties, he had enough to eat. He was seventeen and he went to work in a factory producing purses and suits, and there he stayed until taken into Red army.

Recruited in 1956, he served for three and a half years as a foot soldier in Mongolia. When he got out, he started to work at Horizon. In military, he had had some vocational experience so his job in experimental shop was not unfamiliar.

Two days after he went to work, he met Lee Oswald and Max recalls this date as late in January. Max knew nobody then. First day he saw Oswald was second day of his own work. He had been given a workplace and instruments, and he knew what to do. He prepared everything, calibrated everything on his punch-press, chose proper diameters. At lunchtime he felt free to go out and have a smoke. It was accepted practice among workers that if somebody left his bench, you had to wait until he came back and gave approval before you could start working with his machine. But when Max returned, everything had been changed; his settings had been removed, and special piece he had been working on was dismounted. It was Max's first job and he wanted to show his foreman that he was skilled. One man who worked near this machine pointed Oswald out: "He's the one." And Oswald was standing with his back to Max. So Max touched his shoulder and said, "What are you doing?" This fellow started to speak some un-Russian

language, and Max was shocked and surprised. He couldn't understand what was going on. Then this fellow turned and tried to move Max away--not a push, just to move him, but his expression was angry. Maybe it was a bad day for him also. He made this gesture as if to say "Move aside," and that made Max even angrier. He took this guy by his lapels, which is, as they say, "taking him by his breasts," and pushed him into a column. Then everybody surrounded them and pulled them apart and Secretary of Party, a huge man, Lebizen, came over screaming and took Max upstairs to see his shop manager. Lebizen explained that this other fellow he pushed had come from America. Then they brought Oswald up, introduced him and said that Max should apologize. They were polite about it, but Max doesn't know whether Oswald understood. No interpreter was called. To Max, however, they said, "He's a new person here; doesn't know our rules. He will live here, he will work with us, so you have to apologize. You started it." Max didn't want to. Still, he had to do something. This Secretary of Party, Lebizen, and his shop manager wanted to feel it was safe situation.

Meanwhile, this fellow just sat there with indifference as if he didn't care, didn't understand. Max said, "I will apologize, but I won't shake hands. It will take time to do that." Max was very angry. To shake with somebody would mean

his anger was gone; you accepted that person again. They told him, "You are equal. He's American, you're Russian, you're both workers." But Max said, "Still, he did something wrong to me and he should pay for it." Perhaps if Oswald had spoken Russian, they could have talked about it. But here they were pushing Max into a strange situation. So he compromised by standing up, putting his hand on his chest and bowing his head, not his body--he bowed his head. Because Oswald didn't understand this language, he thought Max had apologized, and he remained silent and then he left with Lebizen. And shop manager, his name--Molchak--stayed with Max and talked to him since Max was also a newcomer, and Molchak wanted to know about him. That was all Max had to do with Oswald for quite a while.

Stellina would ask him, "Why did you leave United States? Who are you leaving behind? What are you running away from? Who are you punishing?" And he would say, "I don't have anyone there, just my poor mother is the only person I have there." She didn't know it then, but when he wrote his application for Horizon radio factory, he said he had no mother, that his mother was dead.

Soon after he started coming to visit Stellina and her daughter, he began to call her "Mom." He was a very careful person and he used to take a lot of photographs on city streets and give her the film to develop. She expected that was because he didn't want to awaken suspicion. But she didn't have the feeling he was afraid; he just understood it would be better if she took his film in for development than if he did.

One of his problems that developed very soon, however, is that he needed help on many other matters and Stellina didn't have a lot of time. Besides, she was not supposed to have private contact with foreigners. So, she asked another interpreter, also named Rosa, like Rosa in Moscow, to go out with him because Rosa did speak English. Therefore, Stellina suggested that Alyosha invite Rosa to a film.

It proved complicated. While Rosa was happy-go-lucky and nice and not particularly well educated--certainly not a girl from intelligentsia who might look down her nose at Oswald--but in fact lived with her mother who was a janitor or cleaning woman, still, this early course of romance did not run smooth. Alyosha invited Rosa to see a movie called "Victory" but two theatres were in the same large courtyard and he had gone to one and she was waiting near another. Next day, he came to Stellina and said, "Ma, what kind of girls are

you introducing to me? She deceived me; she didn't come." In her turn, Rosa said, "He didn't show up." Next day, they agreed to meet at Summer Theater, but it turned out Minsk had two such cinemas, equally named, opposite ends of town. So same thing happened again. He was boiling after that. "Ma, is she mocking me?"

Stellina said to Rosa, "Look, if you don't want to meet with him, don't accept invitations. But you're an official representative. It doesn't befit you to do that." Rosa said it was he who didn't show up. That was finally worked out and they started going around together. A couple of weeks later, he came to Stellina and said, "Ma, what kind of woman did you give me? I tried to kiss her and she said, 'No kissing. First, we'll get married, then kiss.'" "

From KGB Observation

Performed from 07:00 to 23:00
on January 30, 1960

At 7:30 Lee Harvey left hotel, went to Volodarskogo stop, got on trolley bus, route N1 and without talking to anybody, went to Pobedy square, got off and went down Zaharova and Krasnaya street to his work. He was at work by 7:45.

At 14:05 Lee Harvey left horizon factory and walked

fast to Pobedy square, got on coming trolley bus N2, bought ticket and without talking to anybody went to Volodarskogo, got off trolley bus and was at Minsk Hotel by 14:20.

He took elevator to fourth floor and went to his room.

At 15:25 Lee Harvey left his room, took elevator down to lobby, bought newspaper at news stand and returned to his room.

At 17:55 Lee Harvey went down to lobby, went to a hair dresser, had a hair cut done and went back to his room.

He did not leave his room until 23:00. The observation stopped at this point until next morning.

Stellina wouldn't get to read Oswald's diary for thirty years, but she could not believe how many errors it contained. Told that he had written it in two separate days, possibly months apart, a year or two after the events described, Stellina's reaction was that her recollection going back thirty-three years was superior to his recall.

She remembers that Alyosha before too many weeks had gone by seemed to have found an English-speaking friend, a medical student who certainly spoke English very well, and this fellow would come over to the hotel often, and they would go out

together. So Alyosha began to be a little more at ease. It wasn't like the first few days when he was, as they say, "not on his own plate."

Of course, there was great interest in him as an American, a real American. Everyone wanted to see him. Young women even came to the hotel and said: they had heard there was an American here, a young unmarried American--how do we get to meet this guy?

Igor did want to point out that he as a supervisor had "a large number" of other matters to oversee and as it is important to understand that his function was to keep watch on such projects it was a required task for each developer, however, to live in his case, accumulate every fact, evaluate, and then come up with proposals for action that would amplify his viewpoint. Douglas and Stepan, therefore, were leading this way.

"Now, of course, mistakes were made," Igor said. "Not all matters were finished; sometimes actions were not installed in time; people were not instructed in time and certain actions were not prevented; nothing, obviously, can be perfect." And he did recall a few occasions when he was critical of some of his new friends because they had not taken steps that they had not designed in control. People were not

Chapter 6 -- Twice a Hero

All work by Stepan Vassilyevitch, like the work of other developers, was always studied critically by Igor. Your developer could under-fulfill some aspect, or fail to see something in time, so Igor couldn't be satisfied only with what Stepan reported, but had to give further directions.

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"Now, of course, mistakes were made," Igor said. "Not all matters were finished; sometimes actions were not installed in time; people were not instructed in time and certain actions were not prevented; nothing, obviously, can be perfect." And he can recall a few occasions when he was critical of Stepan because Oswald was able to take some first steps that they had not managed to control. People were not

properly instructed on certain actions. But such criticisms were in normal course of things.

One early instance--and it still stands out in Igor's memory--is that Stepan did not prevent Oswald from meeting an eighteen-year-old who happened to be only son of an Air Force General, a Twice-Decorated Hero-of-Soviet-Union. That son, Pavel, was considered to be of "dissident nature" and vulnerable--already he was dealing in petty fashion on black market. So they were afraid of what some really qualified agent could do with young Golovachev, maybe even recruit him over to Western side. It had been a mistake not to screen Oswald off from Pavel before a friendship could develop.

How it all began is that Lebizen, some huge fellow who was in charge of their whole radio shop, came walking down Pavel's aisle and said, "Hi, guys. Anyone here speak a little English?" Pavel happened to be one who did. Pavel was not asking for it, he could have said that he did not know how to speak it, but he did not ask for that, either. So he nodded. Lebizen took him to meet Oswald at his table, and there they were, shaking hands. Pavel had studied English from fifth to tenth grade, but

of course, it wasn't much. His first reaction to Oswald was that he looked like an extraterrestrial who had all of a sudden ended up in their factory. "Well," said Pavel to himself, "If it is not Lucifer, it is a man. That will be proved by time, but there is nothing repellent about him."

Besides, in that period, Khrushchev had started a campaign for peace and friendship. Opening up society. You had to keep in mind specifics of that time. So, there was Pavel, by second day after introduction, standing with a pocket dictionary and Lee Oswald next to him with another dictionary. Of course, not knowing that this contact would be important someday, Pavel did not keep notes. But then, for many years after, he wanted to forget whole goddam thing, you understand? He really did not keep it in his memory. He really did not think one day people were going to need it. So now, he doesn't remember too much, and he doesn't want to make up stories. He could spin a tale about how he and Lee Oswald went to pick up girls, but it was not their case.

It was more like he took Oswald around his shop and helped him to speak to other workers when a job had to be explained. At first, however, Oswald's vocabulary was minimal. Pavel had to explain a word like "falling" by taking a box of matches and dropping it from his hand. That way, he taught this American a song "Falling Leaves."

A few workers were hostile to Oswald, but just a few. There was one, Viktor, a zhlob, medium-sized guy, real strong. And Viktor always used to say, "Those American imperialists-- if I had a machine gun, I would shoot them." A real zhlob. Viktor had a clear image of his enemy, and he once picked a fight with Lee, although it was broken up immediately. Pavel's recollection is that Lee was not pugnacious. Maybe he had such qualities hidden inside him, but he was not very big in the bones. If he were six feet tall and broad-shouldered, maybe then you would not mess with him. But he did not produce such an impression.

Of course, if Viktor had gone further, Pavel would have gotten in between. It was very least he could do. While he would not call Oswald a "friend" it is only because that word in Russian is so holy that not only can you give up your last shirt for him, you are ready to die for a friend. If you think in this way, obviously, you don't have a lot of friends. In fact, you are lucky to have one. All others are "pals." In that sense, Lee was his pal. Maybe more than a pal, but still not his friend.

In fact, for a long time, Pavel did not see a great deal of Lee, other than at work. He did not go for walks with him, or hang around with him. Pavel had had to go to work in Horizon factory in order to acquire enough of a new reputation

to enter his Institute. Pavel had been kicked out of Komsomol. So, when he left Moscow to go to Minsk, his last school had written such a resume that he'd be lucky to be taken to prison with it.

He could say therefore that for a long time he only saw Lee at work. Once in a while, they would meet at lunch and later, several times at home of those Argentinians named Ziger. But that was all. It wasn't some big friendship. In fact, he and Lee worked in the same department of Horizon, and sometimes physical distance between them all day was not much more than five meters so they never did have much desire to meet after work. They were able to talk to each other enough during first eight hours of each day. Oswald might be going to his own places at night. A cat who walked by himself.

Two weeks after meeting Lee, a stranger came up to Pavel on his way home from work. There, right outside his apartment entrance, this stranger showed an identification card from KGB.

Pavel said, "Can we go to my apartment and talk? It's winter."

The stranger said, "Let's talk here."

It was too cold, however. Pavel was frozen. So he convinced this man to come upstairs.

They conversed in Pavel's room. His visitor took out about five pictures and started off by saying, "Do you know this man?" He went through each of five pictures and Pavel said, "No. I don't know any of them. Who are they?" And received for a reply: "They are state criminals." At which point, this visitor looked at him hard, as if maybe he really should know them well.

Pavel said, "I don't want you to waste your time. I have never met these men in my life. It's strange you ask me these questions."

Then, that KGB man brought out a photograph of Oswald, and said, "You know, you took on a relationship with this American guy so easily, but we would like to tell you that your Motherland now asks you and demands that you give us some information so that we know what kind of person he is. We need your help." Pavel didn't feel anything like a patriot, but knew for sure they would get cooperation. It was a demand. People senior to himself became nervous if they saw an I.D. card for KGB. It was not that he felt any kind of obligation to his Motherland; he was eighteen and scared to death. That was, of course, a strong substitute for obligation: being scared to death.

Pavel never looked at a clock during this interview, but it must have been somewhere between half an hour and an hour. A lot of questions went by. This KGB man kept going around and around for quite a while before he touched their main subject. Then he explained, "Oswald is from another country, a hostile country." It could not be more clear what he was saying. He must have been twice as old as Pavel, short, compact, sharp eyes--one Byelorussian who didn't show any feelings or emotions, just a small trim fellow with a smooth round face, a long thin pointed nose, and small dark eyes as sharp as his nose. He would depend on that nose. It looked like a clever assistant to his mind for it seemed to sniff out everything inexact that Pavel was saying.

He didn't threaten him, however, just stated, "From time to time, I'd like to meet with you. My name is Stepan Vassilyevitch."

From Igor: "We can say it now--there were people assigned to be Oswald's tails, and operators were assigned to work with him, become his associates and friends. We were especially careful to check if he was looking for personal contact, another agent. In Minsk, or somewhere on our

periphery. We were interested to see if there was a desire to travel out and search for such contacts, or whether there were any signs of a prearranged meeting."

According to Igor's plan, various hypotheses were going to be tested to find out if he were looking for secrets, military, political or economic, and also to see if he had developed any means of communication to foreign intelligence, by radio, mail channels, messenger, or through middle-men--liaison people. KGB would also make a search to find out if he had any means of cryptography to use for secret writing in his letters. Igor Ivanovitch himself was ready to study Oswald's letters should he send any, in order to make certain there was no chemical writing between lines. Later, when Oswald bought a radio, they checked that equipment, and they were always alert for signs of his ability to formulate other kinds of communication through special codes. They debated whether to create special conditions in which Oswald, if he was an agent of foreign intelligence, might bite, to use the fisherman's expression. Especially, if he was looking for specific secrets.

Nothing showed up that was suspicious in the first two months, but they understood perfectly that if he was an American intelligence agent, he certainly wouldn't make quick moves. Sometimes, someone who is not an agent can do things

that arouse suspicion; that happens often; but unfounded suspicions weren't stirred either. Studying him with close attention, they began to have a feeling that he was at the least semi-lazy, and very frugal in terms of spending money, very economic. Money was not thrown away: he didn't drink, didn't smoke, went to theatre and cinema within his budget, and he had an income of 140 rubles a month in new money. This was, after all, 1400 rubles a month by the old measure, and so a good amount. Stepan, for example, was only earning 80 rubles in new money and that was enough for him to get by. So, they were most interested in his budget and he really did live on money he received and did save every kopeck.

In those days, 140 rubles a month went a distance. His hotel room, for example, cost 3 rubles a night; you could go to cinema for 20 or 30 kopecks, and when he got his apartment, Horizon gave him a table, bed and chairs. There would be no telephone in Oswald's apartment and KGB never received information that he wanted one. On those occasions when he wished to make a call, he went outside to a pay phone or possibly he went to neighbors. They didn't exclude this possibility. It would be better if he had wanted a telephone,

but they couldn't install it for him, could they? If he had suppositions about them, what could alert him more?

From KGB Report

Volume I, Part II, page 33

REPORT

18 February 1960

By means of personal observation and in conversation, "L" did not notice that OSWALD aroused suspicion in his behavior. He was not particularly interested in his work, and often made comments such as "Why should I saw away at this metal with this saw, I'm not going to become an engineer. My real dream is to learn foreign languages and learn them well." (He did not say which ones in particular.) He is reserved in conversation, answers questions briefly, self-possessed manner.

Once, according to "L," he and OSWALD were reading President EISENHOWER'S speech in "Pravda." In this speech, EISENHOWER attempted to demonstrate technical backwardness of Soviet Union compared to United States. OSWALD answered that EISENHOWER was lying, that USSR is not technically less advanced than US.

OSWALD almost never talked about life in US or how he got to Soviet Union. Sometimes during a lunch break he will exchange two or three words with young people, girls and boys, and will compare life in USSR and US. But in

those situations as well he speaks positively about position of workers in USSR.

Well, he might not have a phone, but otherwise, all conditions were created for Oswald to work fruitfully at Horizon radio factory. However, from very beginning, practically speaking, Oswald did not treat his job well. He showed no interest, and his behavior and attitude toward work caused complaints from other workers. He didn't express any interest in his job, either inside the factory or outside.

In his conversations with friends and colleagues, Oswald spoke many times about intentions to go on and study, particularly, he said, to go to Institute of Foreign Languages so later he could work as a translator. As for some Technical University, he said that he considered himself not prepared for such studies.

Oswald, however, soon proved to be one humpty-dumpty worker. Since they were not satisfied by this image of him being a lightweight guy, they deliberated whether his psyche was not quite normal. On the other hand, they were aware it could be a pretense.

So Igor Ivanovitch and Stepan Vassilyevitch worked on two

opposed hypotheses at once: First, that Oswald was part of a foreign intelligence plan; or, he was not, but had some psychological difficulty. So, they looked to create situations where Lee Harvey Oswald, if he were a spy, might expose himself.

For example, now that he had established contact with Pavel Golavachev, Igor and his people would now watch both Oswald and Golavachev to see whether Lee would try to use him as a trampoline, so to speak, to gain access up to Pavel's father, a general who knew large secrets.

"You know," Pavel said to his interviewers thirty years later, "we have class struggle and we have class hatred, but we also have normal envies. People are envious. On all social levels, envy comes." People were always telling him, "Oh, I would like to have the father you had. I would become Napoleon. I would turn the earth around if I had had a father like yours!" Even at school, when they were all having fun, all equally guilty doing something together, Pavel would be blamed. He offers this as background for talking about his father. The war damaged a little bit of his father's nervous system. Honestly speaking, his father liked his children,

but, honestly speaking, he was also a bit of a despot, a military person: he wanted everything done punctually, done properly, whereas Pavel was born, he would say, a democrat.

During Great Patriotic War, his father had been a lieutenant in Soviet Air Force and finished as captain, a fighter-pilot with his one-seat plane, Cobra, and most missions were to give cover to bomber planes, but when Pavel read logs of his father's flights, he saw that four or five times, his father had even chosen a mission that was just "free hunting."

A pilot was recommended for his first gold star as Hero-of-Soviet-Union if he shot down fifteen German planes. To get your second award, to be decorated Twice-a-Hero-of-Soviet-Union, you had to perform some extreme kind of heroic deed, an act that was extra-dimensional. For example, one captain, when he saw that one of his men had to make an emergency landing in a field, was able to bring his plane down alongside his buddy's crippled vehicle and then managed to hold off a number of Germans long enough to carry this wounded pilot to his own plane, and take off. For this he received Twice-a-Hero-of-Soviet-Union.

Pavel's father had been winning an aerial fight at eleven thousand feet, but ran out of ammunition. Still, he succeeded in downing his opponent's plane by chopping up its tail with

his propeller. Then, damaged himself, he managed to get back safely. That brought him a second gold star.

Pavel's family was from Gomel region in Byelorussia and his ancestors were probably peasants, but no one could boast in that part of Gomel of knowing their roots since everything that once was registered in church books was soon lost in chaos of Bolshevik revolution and Civil War that followed. Pavel doesn't suppose, however, there was anything much like nobility in his background. He would not say he came from princes or knights.

His father had been a Party member. Naturally. It was necessary as a patriotic duty during World War II, but his father was not a political functionary. After all, he did not shoot down German planes with his Party card, but with a gun.

Afterward, Pavel never knew whether his father felt disillusioned by the Party or was proud of it. He never talked of this, but then there were few conversations on such matters. Given their one-party system, one did not quit one's membership. One might as well quit everything straight up to heaven.

On the other hand, his father told Pavel to join Komsomol. You lived with wolves, you howled like a wolf. So Pavel's father was not a dissident, and did not want Pavel to be one. But there was never ideological brainwashing in their

house, never political activity indoors. His parents' attitude was for him to read for himself and to grow up himself, develop himself in his own way, but don't talk about it.

While his father did not like to give him pocket money, he never restricted expenses for technical hobbies. Pavel built airplane models and ship models, and his father would purchase anything good for his technical development, and Pavel certainly never felt deprived of his father's or mother's love.

Still, his father being a military man, they moved all the time. In ten years, Pavel had to change schools eleven times. He was in Monedo, then Riga, then Tukums; then to the Koski peninsula, and in Alakurt, Monchegorsk, Alakurt again, then Moscow by spring of 1957. In ten years, eleven schools. Upon completion of the tenth grade, he moved away from his family and came back to Minsk. Ever since, he had been on his own.

To his father's unspoken disappointment, he was not interested in a military career. In 1956, during Hungarian Revolution, TV showed Russian bodies cut into parts by Hungarians. But two years afterward, in 1958, in Moscow there lived on the same floor of their apartment house another general whose son had served in Hungary, and this young

officer told Pavel how he was driving a tank in Hungary, and having been surrounded by a crowd, had to move his tank to get out, and later had the guts of people on his treads. When this young officer came back to Moscow, he was exactly same color as a white bird, a dove. This young officer was not a close friend but he sure changed Pavel's life.

Pavel did have discussions with his father about a career because at one high school, Pavel had taken first place in a shooting competition, and his father, naturally proud, wanted him to go on into military life, but in his family, nobody forced you to do things.

What settled matters for Pavel was that there was an apartment in Minsk available. He could live free of his parents. By decree of Soviet Cabinet of Ministers of Byelorussian Republic, as one of that Republic's national heroes--and there were only four Byelorussian-born soldiers who had become Twice-a-Hero-of-Soviet-Union--a special decision had been made that Pavel's father, being one of those four men, should be given his own cottage. That private house, after an exchange or two, became an apartment just off the grand circle of Victory Square, a gracious apartment in a building for Minsk elite out along Zakharov Prospect. It had four full rooms and ceilings were high.

When Pavel went to live there, it was occupied already by

his mother's sister, who of course remained with her two sons. But there was ample space for Pavel.

Now he was interested in radio technology, and this factory Horizon was naturally closest to his interest, still, he found Horizon kind of primitive. Real knowledge had to be obtained from a higher engineering school. He did not have any ambition, say, to become a member of Academy of Sciences, but he did want to have a more advanced technical education. While a well-qualified worker would earn higher wages than a person with an advanced degree, (which to Pavel was a typical disproportion of their Soviet system), one's education could extend your horizons. He wanted his mind to become larger.

Pavel had seen a French film, The Sorcerer, about an engineer arriving in a local village where people are afraid of spirits. This engineer was supposed to set up an explosion for a dam. And everybody was afraid to drill, then lay in dynamite, because of angry spirits. So this engineer had to do it all by himself.

Pavel wanted to be such an engineer, a man who could do things on paper and with his hands. So he was working hard. He had three semesters where he had not only to go to his factory work every day, six days a week, but also four times a week at Polytechnic Institute Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday. Seven factory hours each day, and an evening academic

program of four hours. When it came to sex, he had to wait for summer. Then, all younger people were sent out on agricultural assignments and could be free of parents. Sex came not in the back seat of American automobile, remarked Pavel, but out in a field, picking up mushrooms. Of course, in those days, he still had golden hair and a wonderful apartment, one full room to himself, but working so hard, he did not get much sex, especially not in winter, not on the kind of cold night when a fellow like Stepan from KGB would be waiting for him.

It was a wild country and you never knew how your parents would react. Peter the Great once tied a peasant to a bear and threw both into a pool. Everyone stood around and laughed. Pavel was tempted to tell his father about this visit from KGB but decided he would not. Pavel's father could be very impulsive.

March 16 I receive a small flat, one room, kitchen, bath, near the factory, with splendid view from two balconies of the river, almost rent-free. 6 rubles a month. It is a Russian's dream.

It was an apartment house controlled by Horizon. Since his factory, like every other industrial enterprise and plant, had people on a waiting list, and it was difficult to jump over such priorities, especially since this waiting list included veterans of wars, invalids, families with a lot of children, and took into account how many years you worked in the plant, it was an exceptional move, thought Stellina, to give him an apartment.

Then, after he moved, Stellina hardly heard from him. In fact, there was no word for more than a year, not until April, 1961.

For example, Stellina didn't find out about Marina until then. Alyosha came to visit her that full year later and said, "Ma, I'm getting married," and she said, "How can that be? You don't know Russian well enough. How can you communicate to this person? Does she know English?"

Alyosha smiled and said: "Two phrases: 'Switch off the light,' and 'Kiss me, please.'"

Due to objective difficulties, stated Igor, Oswald did not receive his place on Kalinin Street, Building 4, Apt. 24, for two and a half months, and stayed instead at Hotel

Minsk. But again, these were factory decisions; nothing to do with KGB. Of course, it was not easy to find apartments, but since this was an American seeking political asylum, it is Igor's opinion that highest authorities decided to give him best conditions. You couldn't put such a man in a hostel.

Neighbors and workers who knew what he was given not only felt envious but reacted with hostility: they had been waiting for years, after all. But it was felt that Soviet should show humanity to him. Out of human thinking, where else would you place him?

There had also been a directive from Moscow Center to Minsk KGB to try to "point Oswald in right direction." What did that mean? Igor replied, "When we check out a person, whether it is suspicion of espionage, or anti-Soviet dissident activity, we never put aside our influence on a person, our capability to make a person of him, so to speak. Certainly, when Oswald came here to get knowledge about Communism and socialist way of life, this side of our problem would have been considered. If indeed he came here to participate in improving socialism, if that was true, then we had to direct him in this matter, had to influence him. That's why Lee was given an extra monthly allowance from Red Cross equal to his salary, and an apartment and a job, to enable him to find his place in our socialist regime. We did not wish to think only

in negative terms. We wanted to try to take into account that maybe Oswald did have a sincere desire to help build Communism. So, give him real possibilities to go in right direction."

His lack of desire to work did, however, cause suspicions. "Labor is necessary for us, for all Soviet people, and absence of such a desire would take away credibility that he was interested in this country," said Igor.

Until middle of March, all the while that Oswald remained at Hotel Minsk, he never invited Pavel there. Their most memorable personal contact for such early days was when Oswald received his apartment, and Pavel and a couple of other fellows helped him move in a table and some other stuff. An interpreter named Rosa from Intourist came along. Pavel was not particularly surprised that Lee was given an apartment with a balcony and a beautiful view. "Below the waist," as they say, they had given it to him, but that had nothing to do with Pavel. After all, his own living conditions were far more satisfactory.

Oswald's kitchen was small, and his living room was not

five meters by three, you couldn't get much more than a bed in there. A factory bed. For that matter, his tables and chairs were also provided by his factory. On other hand, he didn't pay much. A rent so low, judged Pavel, that it was symbolic. And he did have a small balcony with one of Minsk's finest views. Below him, four stories below and across Kalinin Street, were lovely green banks, or, come summer, would be, of Svisloch River, a meandering stream appropriate to a fine park, so nice a river it deserved to have swans in it. And Oswald's apartment house was elegant, even grand from the exterior--it had high columns on its facade, framing all balconies, and was situated, like Pavel's apartment, in best part of town.

Later that month, Zigora's daughters used to sunbathe in their bikinis on the balcony of their apartment. While at an angle to Lenin's street, it was visible from it, and so these girls shocked their neighbors. In fact, it was a scandal throughout entire building. These Zigoras were not only foreign, but Jewish, thereby doubly scandalous.

According to Zewel, Lee never went out seriously with

Chapter 7 -- Parties at the Zigers'

Pavel, as he said, did not go out much that year, but Lee did bring him over to meet his friends, Argentinians that he knew named Ziger.

Pavel did enjoy visiting that apartment. These Zigers treated you with coffee, and would offer a glass of wine in a most gracious way, on a tray. They did not behave like Russians. Atmosphere was relaxed. Besides mother and father, there were two daughters, and their boyfriends, and young people. A joyful and interesting atmosphere, although first time he tasted table wine at Zigers' it was so dry that every Russian there was twisting his mouth. Russians were not used to such tastes. At that time, in Minsk, most wine was port--sweet.

Later that summer, Zigers' daughters used to sunbathe in their bikinis on the balcony of their apartment. While at an angle to Leninskaya street, it was visible from it, and so these girls shocked their neighbors. In fact, it was a scandal throughout entire building. These Zigers were not only foreign, but Jewish, thereby doubly scandalous.

According to Pavel, Lee never went out seriously with

either of Ziger girls, but then, they weren't his type. Alfred Kovitich, who was Hungarian and came from the most Western part of the Soviet Union, which once belonged to Hungary, was not an open person, but he did go around with Anita Ziger, and he and Lee were friendly enough when Anita was not with Alfred that Lee would spend nights at the Hungarian's apartment. But Lee had no interest in Anita. She was too big, too wide-boned. The other Ziger daughter, who might have been a right match for Lee, was older, and already married, and waiting for her divorce. Eleanora was her name. In Pavel's opinion, Lee liked girls who were micro-miniature, full of air and grace. Later, there would be first Ella, then Marina, both thin and delicate, elegant girls.

For a time at Zigers' parties, Lee seemed to have some interest in Albina, a big girl, always around those Zigers, but then Pavel recalled that when they were all young back in Spring of 1960, Albina was not massive as she is now, nor was her hair colored to its present wild-orange, no, she was tall but slender, and blond, and with a powerful young bosom, so she was attractive to many.

Now Albina and her family had had a hard time in the war

and were poor afterward with many hardships, but by late Fifties life had bettered itself a little, and Albina was working in Minsk Central Post Office which is where she met Anita Ziger. Young people, said Albina, always mocked Anita for her way of dressing. She wore high heeled shoes and slacks, and since Anita was Argentinian, she looked like she could do a tango, which she could.

Albina had met Don Alejandro Ziger and his wife first, then Anita, their daughter, through her post office. These Zigers received parcels from Argentina, and Albina was there to help them process such packages through postal customs, postal declarations, other bureaucratic procedures. She must have done it well because Zigers invited her to visit them, and gave Albina their address, even said, come visit this Sunday. But Albina didn't go. She didn't have enough money to buy them a proper gift. In Russia, you come with something small when you are invited, but she was too embarrassed to buy something cheap. So she didn't go.

When Anita came again to Albina's post office, she invited Albina to see movies. They went to a German film, just two of them alone, and Albina was uncomfortable because Anita was much better dressed than herself, yet Anita was also a merry person with jokes, lots of jokes. After movies, she invited Albina to Zigers' apartment and it was nothing

unusual. Like a common apartment that everybody had, one room. At that time, it was still very difficult with housing. So there was one bed in only one room and one in hall, and that's where Anita slept, in Ziger's hallway. Nothing special. Ziger's second daughter, Eleanora, didn't live with them at that time. She was married and stayed in a town, Petrovsk, where, Albina thinks, her husband's relatives didn't treat her properly, in fact, treated her badly. So, Don Alejandro managed to get a two-room apartment and visited Petrovsk and took Eleanora back with him. She never returned to her husband. She got her divorce while remaining in Minsk, a slender good-looking woman with a nice voice.

This new apartment was decorated differently from Russian apartments. "Latino-American interior," said Albina. "Their bed was big. They brought such a bed from South America, because Russians don't produce big beds for people. Very beautiful bed." At that time, there was a big shortage of everything, and Zigers were very practical people. They also brought their mattress from Latin America, and it was beautiful with bright threads and different colors, roses, other flowers, everything. They also knitted sweaters, and sold wool for making sweaters to Russians they knew. They had come with very big trunks made of natural leather, and they cut up those trunks and sold pieces of leather to shoemakers.

Don Alejandro was a man of resources.

In their apartment was a brown piano, and Anita could play everything, "Moonlight Sonata," "Barcarole," Vivaldi, Tchaikovsky, and a lot of Latino-American melodies, tangoes included. Also, Zigers had a combination radio set with gramophone. This was Albina's first time in a home which had so much music, records, life, vitality, such fun. Albina decided there was another person in her, some other human being inside who was curious about that world outside and she decided she would like to travel and communicate with people.

Zigers had a good many friends who were immigrants from Argentina, and at parties they would go into recollections of fine shops in Buenos Aires, lovely streets they used to walk on. How they missed their country! Since Anita went to a musical college in Minsk, and also brought friends from there, Zigers' parties were always musical and filled with interesting people. One of them turned out to be Lee Harvey Oswald, whom everybody called Alik. Don Alejandro had invited Alik over from that radio factory where they both worked, and Albina got to like this Alik more and more. He was alone, he was a young man with a nice apartment, and when he took her to see it, she was even a little bit upset because she herself never had anything like that in her life. So, he had a lot to feel spoiled about, and maybe that was why, at his job, he was

never enthusiastic about it. But then he did say he had lots of girls there in his radio factory who admired him. Alik told her once, "All those girls like me. When I cross the yard, they are all sitting around, saying, 'Alik, Alik.'"

Albina wouldn't admit whether it was more difficult to have said no to him than to other men, but she certainly could admit that Alik had not liked to hear anything such as "No." When she told him that, he had clicked his fingers and said, "Dammit!" In English. "Dammit!" She knew that word. It was not anger he expressed so much as being upset, deeply upset. He touched her and said, "Oh, stupid, you don't know your happiness," which is a Russian expression--"Stupid, you don't know what happiness is."

Maybe she didn't, because she certainly lost him later. And not even to women. She felt as if she lost him to a man. Not as in a romance, but because this man could offer him more, other parties, other people. Or maybe it was because he could speak English so well.

It was even through her friend, Ernst Titovets--if he was a friend. She had gone to high school with Ernst, who, equally, was called Erich, but it was through her, Albina, that Erich met Alik, and that was because she had known Titovets since she was fifteen, and sometimes in school they would even share desks together.

She had always thought Erich was a little strange and nothing about him was fun, but all right. Some students used to speak of him as mananery, which is just about what it seems to mean--full of mannerisms. So nobody liked him much, but then he always wanted to show people he was better than others. And he certainly was interested in English. Of course, everyone should know such a language, because half of world's people spoke it. To be an intelligent person with cultural background you had to be able to speak one other foreign language. At least! So they studied English in school, it was their second language. And he liked whatever was presented as a challenge. Not an aggressive person, but he always wanted to impress people that he was not average, separate from other people because he did things by himself, didn't chase young women, was mostly involved in his hobbies; he played chess, he was interested in music, and he had even gone to work in some factory to get money for medical school because that was his interest. Then Erich's factory gave him a special recommendation for Minsk Medical Institute, and he eventually became a doctor of science. Of course, that was later. She had met Zigers in 1958, after all, and only in 1960 had Alik come into her life. But in those years, when these Zigers were a very bright part of her life, Albina could feel sorry that she introduced Ernst to Alik, because before

that time Alik used to come to Zigers' house often and spent a lot of time with her, but now Ernst had captured him. Ernst took him other places. Finally, one year later, Ernst even brought him to a place where Alik met Marina, and then Albina's love was over, vanished.

She remembers right after she met Alik, she was walking with Anita and other Argentinian friends, and then not far from Victory square they suddenly ran into Erich. He came up to her and said, "Hi, what are you doing, how is your life, who are these people?" That was because he could hear these Argentinians speaking a foreign language, Spanish, and Albina said she didn't speak it but just listened, and then he said, "Oh, who's that person? It's an American, isn't it? Can you introduce me to him?" She said, "Why do you want that?" And he said, "You know I'm very much interested in some practice in English. My English teacher, I go to him and ask questions, but isn't always convenient for him." So she said, "Excuse me, I have to ask other people first if they want to be introduced. I don't feel like I could do it here in front of everybody just like that."

So then Anita, very happy, gay, open, had to say, "Who is this young man?" And Albina said, "A man who's going to be a doctor, wants me to introduce. . ."

Anita said, "Okay, invite him to one of our parties and