

Marina was professional in her work, Inessa said, and before her marriage, she was expecting to be promoted, but marriage ended all possibility of that. First Komsomol tried to talk her out of it, then they spoke of whether Lee might be an American spy. That didn't keep her from getting married, or even hesitating in her decision. She told them to mind their own business. Maybe her hard days in Leningrad had left an imprint, but she could carry herself with a certain authority. Since she also had the influence of grandmother, she stayed a clean person; she wouldn't let anybody lower her self-esteem.

Still, Komsomol kept her from getting a raise. She was not promoted and her feelings were definitely hurt, Inessa would say. But if she was kicked out of Komsomol, she wasn't going to cry.

If she had been in Marina's situation, Inessa believes she wouldn't have wanted to stay in Russia any longer, either. The system hadn't been fair with her and she had reason to be upset.

Chapter 9 -- On the Observation of Intimate Moments

Pavel would say he wasn't prepared for Marina. He didn't even meet her until their wedding, but he didn't take to her at first.

Pavel saw Marina maybe twenty times altogether, not more, and he looked at her as a friend's wife. Whatever she was as a woman did not interest him. He had no hate for her, but he looked at her as his friend's sheet for a bed. That was an expression he had learned at Horizon. His factory, maybe because there were so many Jews in it, was considered to be most humorous plant in Minsk. Certainly, tractor factories and military factories were nothing like that, but then, Jews who wanted to work in such places couldn't get in. . . so, radio factory for them.

Pavel never saw Lee become very angry at Marina openly, but he was one new husband who didn't like it at all when his new wife lit a cigarette. So, whenever Pavel and Marina were out on the balcony together, Pavel used to hold one in his hand for her. That was to make it look as if Pavel were smoking, not her. He could say she inhaled as lightly and delicately as a yogi.

Pavel always felt there was something in Erich's face that was like Marina's expression, calculating. What was interesting to Pavel is that Marina didn't like Erich either. Could there be some jealousy over Lee? Of course, Erich was very good, like a cat. Whenever he fell, it was always on four paws, so he never experienced danger. Pavel didn't like Erich and Pavel knew why.

Soon after Lee and Marina were married, Pavel was getting ready to visit his parents in Khabarovsk. Stepan had a meeting with him. "Tell Oswald," said Stepan, "that you will see your father while you are there and that your father works on big deals as Air Force General. See if he will be interested."

The next time, when they asked for Oswald's response, Pavel said, "He just didn't react at all."

Oswald had, in fact, ignored Pavel's remark, but Marina said, "Oh! Why are you saying that to him?" And Pavel knew then that she understood a game was being played, and Pavel was a cog. He didn't know if she was very quick, or whether this news about his father had just been more interesting to her than to Lee.

All the same, Pavel would say that he was not an active informant for KGB. He never gave a written report, he never signed anything, and he did his best to be minimal with his

Organ bosses when he had to report to them. Pavel even told Lee not to talk too much with anyone. Then he added, "I'm telling you this, but other people might not."

Still, he was always being given instructions. They would say to him, "When talking to Lee Oswald, try to mention this point. See how he will react."

During all of that year and more, he had to have meetings with KGB, usually street meetings or in a park. Now, Pavel thinks it might have been better if he had told his father about his situation because KGB had to have approached him anyway through their channels, and that would have made his father even more emotional. Pavel could hear some lowly officer from KGB, some Lieutenant or Captain, saying, "So, General, what do you think of your son?"

He also feels KGB set his father up step by step in opposition to him. Of course, his father was in a difficult situation, and his mother was being hammered from different directions. She had two younger daughters; now Pavel, her only son Pavel, was fucking around.

Pavel didn't have any patriotism; he just felt like filth. That was why he told Oswald about it. He is certain there was someone else, another, more reliable, source of information on Oswald, but this other wouldn't confess it to

Oswald. It was Pavel who had to warn him not to talk too much to anyone.

"No one could understand what country I was living in unless they too had lived in that same country," he said. One time, a friend of his brought another friend over, and they all had a drink. Suddenly, the new guy became very drunk. So Pavel let him sleep overnight in his room, and Pavel went to another. Then, a little later, he noticed that some light was on in his room. So he went back in and there was this friend, so-called friend, looking through his private papers. Pavel told him to get out toute-de-suite. There were others he could suspect of informing on Oswald, but then KGB hardly had a joint meeting where they brought together all informers.

The interviewers could not learn when Lee's apartment had first been wired. The earliest transcripts they received from KGB had come in the mid-July after Oswald returned from Moscow and the American Embassy. A question remained open, however, whether Oswald's apartment had been bugged in early March of 1960 before he moved in, or in any other period before July, 1961. It is also possible, since bugging was an expensive item in their budget, that local KGB, having human sources in

place, did not install equipment until those four days in July when both Oswald and wife were in Moscow.

In his conversations with his interviewers during the winter of 1992-93, Igor did say that after Likhoi was married, it became crucial to learn all they could about Marina's character. Was she a type of person to obtain secrets from her uncle and pass them on to Oswald?

When installing a bug, KGB would often rent a room in an apartment above, or next door, to their target. That was usually not too difficult since people always had rooms for rent in a larger apartment. In Oswald's case, conversations were transcribed from a chamber above his apartment and later, such equipment was moved to a room next door. If the Organs had been able to rent an entire apartment above Lee rather than a single room, they would have bugged bathroom, kitchen, and balcony, all three. But they did not have that kind of access.

As for being able to observe people visually, that was not difficult by 1961. A hole less than a tenth of a millimeter in size, .09 millimeters to be precise, was made and a special instrument inserted, a most useful tool thirty years ago. At that time, it was their "greatest weapon" because it provided a lot of information.

On the other hand, it was not a goal of counter-intelligence to study Oswald's sexual makeup. If he had relations with several women, it did not mean a lot. A hundred women might have alerted them. In any event, Igor wouldn't call him a womanizer and he wouldn't call him a saint. It's a point that Marina often did not describe him as "a decent man," by which to indicate she did not have a very high opinion about him sexually. As for homosexuality, no evidence. "If there had been, we would not miss it. Homosexuality is often a base for many serious things. From our side, we did not fight him in this, that is, we did not put him in such situations."

Of course, there is never a guarantee that KGB is sending interviewers in the right direction.

FROM KGB TRANSCRIPT

For Period 26, July, 1961

9:50 P.M. (Lee goes into the kitchen. Comes back.)

10:10 P.M. (They go to bed)

10:15 P.M. (Intimate conversation) such a case, I give
10:30 P.M. (Quiet, they are sleeping) lied manner
11:00 P.M. (Surveillance ends) photographs. So on."

At this point, Stepan was asked if it was KGB policy to discontinue bugging at 11:00 P.M. since people went to bed around then and were occupied with intimate matters. He replied that this type of measure was carried out as needed without regard to time of day--it depended on your concrete case: What immediate potential for harmful action might be located in this or that person? Bugging could be conducted around the clock, or for a few hours. No set policy. It all depended on what was needed. A matter of operative expediency.

There was no policy when it came to bugging intimate moments. Usually, KGB transcriber would state the fact of such action but not give details. It goes without saying that each developer had major responsibility for such decisions. It depended on what he was looking to analyze. Stepan preferred to avoid this sort of thing. "But assume I am employed by CIA or FBI and have to recruit Soviet engineer. I look for compromising materials on him, first and foremost

sexual things. Of course. As analyst on such a case, I give this order: 'Take down everything in most detailed manner possible. All sexual processes. Take photographs. So on.' Everything depends on which goal is being pursued."

In Lee Harvey Oswald's case, sexual details weren't necessary. "If he and Marina said something of interest, let KGB transcriber take it down, but if Oswald and Marina are just making love, a person listening or looking through our device would write no more than 'intimate, tender moments.'" In fact, Stepan did not relish these personal occasions. Why irritate people who have to read it? But if something said is significant, well, transcribers wouldn't miss that--goes without saying. If subjects start to speak during lovemaking about important matters, it would be mentioned. Stepan recalls nothing significant, however, being noted during Oswald case.

All the same, they had to take observation. "Process of surveillance has to consider our target in all spheres. Afterwards, we can decide that sexual aspects of this person are not interesting. But first we have to receive total volume of information in order to select what we need." FBI and KGB do it properly when they first take in everything, then select what is of use. "Sexual part is important to show whether a person got married because he is in love or whether

he is using it as a cover. His sexual relations could also indicate if he is an agent looking for information. But, as Everything should be considered."

Alik and Marina were sure that KGB was bugging them. "Yeah," says Marina now, thinking about it, "we'd become like two kids. Nobody going to stop us. I was his ally all the way through. Just for damn principle of it." Once when all lights were off in their apartment, they looked with a flashlight at their electricity meter. Needle was moving. That was when Lee said, "They bug our apartment." Maybe he was just playing some game with her, making it dramatic. But if they wanted to talk, they went out to their balcony or turned on their radio. Especially so they wouldn't jeopardize another person--Pavel or Zigers or whoever, Valya, Ilya, whoever. Still, it did not become part of her life that if she wanted to talk to Lee she had to go out on that balcony. Because, really, there was nothing to hide. Most horrible thing about it was maybe somebody was recording them in bed. It doesn't make any sense, sounds stupid, yet they weren't concerned about it much--isn't that funny? But if they wanted to discuss something about their upcoming trip to America,

they would go outside to talk about it. Maybe she was just blocking out everything about this "intimacy part," but, as she remembers, she wasn't concerned then that someone was listening. Maybe it was because they didn't make love so frequently in those months of pregnancy.

Pavel knew Lee's apartment was wired. He couldn't tell you exactly how he knew; certainly not technical knowledge; probably, intuition reinforced by experience. Stepan, after all, knew certain things about Lee he could have learned only by such methods; hints of such knowledge came out when he met with Pavel to give instructions on what questions to ask next. Oswald's apartment had to be bugged.

Not his balcony, however. Pavel calculated that it would be difficult to disguise a microphone out on a naked balcony. Besides, cars would be passing, and there would be wind and interference from birds. Of course, in detective stories, KGB would have you believe that they had enough technology to put a miniature microphone in a button on a shirt, but that is very expensive. Not for Minsk.

How to put it. . .the Uncles were always there. So, Pavel, when talking to Lee, was never curious. Didn't want to

have information he'd have to divulge or not be serving his Motherland.

August 3, 1961

Dear Mother,

I received your packet today. Thanks a lot for all those nice things. You really should not have bothered to send those little things; it's so expensive. I really now only need literature and every now and then some chewing gum like you sent me before. In the future, please only send very light and necessary things.

I wrote Robert and was surprised that you are working at Cromwell, Texas. Don't you write at all to each other?

We are getting ready to see you all but it is a long process, especially for Marina.

Well, that's about it for now.

Love,

Lee (n.1)

Chapter 10 -- Doing the Floor

Stepan always provided a positive picture of security activities with emphasis on their efficiency rather than lapses from such. Whatever impediments might exist to hinder good transcription was not going to be discussed by him. Reviewing those particular transcripts that KGB did provide, it is, however, hard to suppose that we are in the presence of higher technology. As was often indicated by their KGB transcriber, sound was poor and Oswald's radio was usually on. Indeed, he often had to yell above it for Marina to hear. Since it was summer, there were frequent visits to their balcony, from which nothing could be heard and sounds of running water rather than conversation are what is picked up most often from the kitchen.

Add to this, unprofessional fatigue in that KGB auditor, even periods, conceivably, of dozing off: One is left with a portrait of two young married people arguing with each other so fiercely and--for all we can make out--so pointlessly that an impulse arises to compose a one-act play--"Newlyweds."

Interviewer: Did you ever fight over washing the floors?

Marina: No. *I never do anything.*

Interviewer: Would he ever complain about the floors?

Marina: I don't remember. . .but I don't think so.

Interviewer: Did you ever argue about cleaning the house?

Marina: We probably argued about even the cats scratching the roof.

You can't clean anything that I do. Just at your pillow, you sleep on it once and it's already dirty.

LHO: *You never do anything!*

Wife: *That's not with my hands.*

FROM KGB TRANSCRIPT

For Object: OLH-2658

For Period: 3, Aug., 1961

LHO: *You don't do anything.*

Wife: *Have you ever cleaned this thing?*

18:24 (They enter room.)

Wife: (yells) I'm tired of everything! And what about you? Can't you wash? I suppose you want me to wash floors every day?

LHO: Yes, wash these floors every day!

Wife: You don't do anything and I'm supposed to spend all day cleaning up. A decent man would help. Remember you used to say: I'll help! You did wash once, and now you talk about it endlessly, and I wash our clothes every time and it doesn't count for anything. . .

LHO: You have to make something to eat!

Wife: (yells) I can't. I'm not going to cook.

LHO: You could make cutlets, put on water for tea. I mean, I bought everything, everything.

Wife: I won't.

LHO: You haven't done anything.

Wife: Well, what have you done for me?

LHO: Silence!

Wife: I'm not going to live with you.

LHO: Thank God!

Wife: Take a look at yourself! A tidy man!
You're 20 times dirtier than I am. Look at your
pillow; you sleep on it once and it's already
dirty.

LHO: You never do anything!

Wife: That's right, I just carouse. I carouse
with my health.

LHO: You don't do anything.

Wife: Have you ever cleaned up in this
apartment--just once? I've done it 21 times.
You'll do it and then talk about it all day.
You don't see what I do. Do you think I have
my whole day free?

LHO: This house has to be cleaned every day.
There's dirt in our kitchen, dirt everywhere.
What good is that? You sleep until 10 in the
morning and you don't do anything. You could
be cleaning up during that time.

Wife: I need my sleep. If you don't like it, you
can go to your America.

LHO: (calmly) Please, thank you.

Wife: You're always finding fault; nothing's
enough, everything's bad.

LHO: You're ridiculous. Lazy and crude.

Wife: I want you to feel what it's like to be me

for one day.

LHO: (After a silence, she begins to cry.)
Well, what's the problem?

Wife: Get out! I'm not your housekeeper. Give
me proper conditions. . .

LHO: Don't cry. I'm just saying that you don't
want to do anything.

Wife: So? I never washed our floors?

LHO: You're not a good housewife, no, not a good
housewife.

Wife: You should have married a good one. . .

(They're silent.)

Wife: . . .If you don't like it, you can go to
your America.

LHO: I've told you for a long time that you
don't do anything.

Wife: I wash floors every day.

LHO: It's dirty.

Wife: What's dirty to you is clean to me. I
washed floors yesterday and you walk around
in shoes.

LHO: There's dirt and dust because you open our
balcony doors.

Wife: (yells) It was closed all day. You don't
understand anything.

LHO: Don't cry.

Wife: Don't you see that I dust each morning?

LHO: You don't clean up over there on our table.

Wife: Yeah, yeah, I dirty it up. I washed it

twice and you never even washed it once.

LHO: Calm your nerves.

Wife: I love my mother better than I love you.
I've got you pegged.

LHO: You do. Thank God. . .

Wife: Just say: "Marina, it has to be done."
Don't yell; it's hurtful. . .Al'ka, do you hate
me when you yell at me?

LHO: Yes.

Wife: Yes?

LHO: Yes.

Wife: . . .Why are you afraid of people? What
scared you?

LHO: (yells angrily) Shut up, shut up. . .
You stand there and blab.

Wife: You're afraid of everybody!!. . .

LHO: Shut up!

Wife: Are you afraid that they'll steal
everything from you, a pot of gold that you
have? (laughing) At times like this you could
kill me. You have to have some kind of strong
will.

LHO: How about some potatoes?

Wife: They're not ready yet, what can I do?

22:37 (They go into the kitchen.)

22:40 (Wife makes LHO wash his feet.)

23:00 (It's quiet in the room, no
conversation.)

It was painful for Yuri Merezhinsky to see this marriage. Alik had a good apartment, quite acceptable for a single man. Yuri could tell interviewers something: He was there in this apartment before marriage, and after marriage. For example, before marriage, bright. After marriage, gray.

He remembers Marina in middle of her living room, and she is bent over like a crab on the floor, and she is washing. She is untidy. Her ass is higher than her shoulders like a crab, because she is washing floor.

Yuri is drunk but he is not out of command of his drinking. He will go on drinking.

The interviewers tried to talk to him about Lee and Marina's wedding. He kept drinking. He said: "Nobody who fucked Marina was invited to wedding. If Alik knew she was fucking around, he'd never have married. But then in every family a man is equal to head, and his woman is equal to neck --neck turns head whichever way it wants." He, Yuri, could say that he was fucking her.

Before marriage?

Before marriage, after marriage. No question. Everybody knows.

In sex, when Yuri and Marina were together, they didn't have a problem, he would say. They didn't have any--how do you say?--prejudice; they were not ashamed of each other. They tried to satisfy each other--that's it.

He does not remember his conversations with Marina. "We talked nonsense. I think she was happy with me, otherwise why would she visit me? She was not interested in relationship, just sex."

How Alik was in bed, he didn't know. That could be described only by a woman. But on outside, Alik was never aggressive. Yuri would give examples. Once in time of Oswald's bachelor days, somebody came over and grabbed Oswald by his shirt. Right on the street. Yuri saved him. Alik could not defend himself. Couldn't even hit somebody. Yuri had to defend him many times. On street, people came up to them and said, "Give us something to drink. Put a bottle on my table." They knew Lee had money. At that period of time you could buy alcohol until midnight. So they would come and say, "Alik, buy a drink, put something on our table." Alik wouldn't say that he wouldn't do it. Yuri was one to respond. Alik couldn't even raise his hand to defend himself, but Yuri just hit guy who was asking. Straight in his face. At that time Yuri could say he was good fighter. Russian word for wimp is sleeznak, a jelly. Not true for Oswald, said Yuri.

Lee was not one to round off a sharp corner, but he was not sleeznak. It's rather that Yuri was boss of this situation. Even now he was not afraid to meet and talk to you interviewers. At that time, even stronger. Because he was young. He was strong but that does not matter. If you don't have brains, it won't matter how strong--consider yourself an invalid. But he had brains and he was strong. Behind his shoulders, behind his back was his mother, his father, and KGB and MVD was somewhere far away. Nobody could scare him then. He could hit anybody in their face. But Alik could not afford it. Different situation for Alik.

His parents were against this friendship with Lee. They said, "He's a foreigner. We would prefer that you don't have meetings with him." They said it could damage their careers and they were worried about Yuri's future as well. His mother did not consider herself untouchable. She might be friends with Khrushchev but she was not untouchable. Both his mother and father talked to him a lot, but he didn't think it would damage his parents' reputation; he thought they were so high that they were untouchable. His behavior could only damage his own life.

After Alik's marriage, first time Yuri saw him, was like difference between earth and sky. Alik's apartment used to be bright. After marriage, gray. After marriage Oswald was

zabiti, which means somebody beats you, beats you, beats you, until you are beaten down. Zabiti. There's Marina in middle of her new apartment washing floor with her ass high, washing in position of cancer, like a crab, like very low peasant-looking woman. This is how Yuri remembers her after marriage and she turns to Alik and says, "Get out of here, you disturb my washing."

But, Yuri was asked, if they both changed so much, what kept them together? "Who," Yuri replied, "was kept, and who was keeping? This is your question. Answer is that this relationship was saved because she wanted to go to America, and later, he loved their child. She wanted to go to America. That's why relationship was kept. But they were not ashamed to fight in front of others. What kind of marriage? They had a fold-up bed. Who can fuck properly in fold-up bed? No family life inside. Apartment like railway station. No love. It all depends on your woman. If she wanted, she would not have such a bed. She would change it. Such things rely on your wife. Before marriage, his apartment was bright. After, gray. What else could be said?

FROM KGB TRANSCRIPTS

For Object: OLH-2658

For Period: 11, August, 1961

LHO: If you don't love me, then how can you live with me? I give and will give you every opportunity. . .What do you want? One minute you say you want to leave, next minute you don't want to leave. [bracketed in left margin.]

Wife: Sometimes I'm just afraid of going with you. Not only because you're good and I'm bad. I can be disobedient there, too, make mistakes, do something bad, and it'll be that much worse over there. . .I don't want to try to prove to you that everything here is great, and everything there is bad. But. . .if here I don't have anything and won't have anything, it's home. [bracketed in left margin.]

LHO: You'll never have anything here, but over there you'll have your husband and everything. [bracketed in left margin.]

Wife: I never thought that things would work out this way. You know, if we don't trust each other, then nothing will come of it. What will I do there? I'll sit at home the whole time and that's it.

LHO: Yesterday you were saying something different. . .

Wife: Before we used to talk about it casually, not seriously. Now, it's serious.

LHO: But you're going to live with me there. You'll have everything. [bracketed in left margin.]

Wife: I'm not looking for material advantages. Money doesn't interest me. It's not important. Most important thing is how you treat me.

LHO: Ah, well, then everything is in order.

Wife: I don't have any guarantee that you won't abandon me there. [bracketed in the left margin.] Then what do I do? . . .

LHO: All you think about is whether I'm good. If you don't love me, then don't go.

Wife: No, I'm afraid you're abandoning me.

LHO: Abandoning you?!

Wife: You're leaving, after all.

LHO: I'm leaving?!

Wife: See, you're already yelling, and what will it be like later? Just wait and see, it'll be just like I said. . . they won't give me permission.

LHO: Why? You're just giving up. What do you have here? One room. Is that so much? One room and even that isn't yours.

Wife: We live here, it's ours.

LHO: You think it's mine? I don't sense that it's my own. . . I don't get any feeling it's mine.

(pause)

Wife: You torture me. . .

LHO: I hate it when you're the way you are now. I say one thing and you say another.
(pause)

Wife: Sleep peacefully.

LHO: How can I sleep peacefully if I don't know what you think? With you, everything depends on your mood. We have to decide one way or the other once and for all. . .

- Wife: Idiot, you don't understand anything.
(mimics him) Property, property.
- LHO: You don't understand this concept of
property. You don't know yourself what you
want. I want to live there because the standard
of living is high.
- Wife: And did you think that you would come here
and you wouldn't have to work and you'd just
live? Why didn't you study? You could study,
you're just lazy. [bracketed in left margin.]
- LHO: You don't understand anything. People
leave this country by the millions. Here are
crude people. I don't want to talk any more.
I want to sleep.
- Wife: I know you love freedom, you like to
perform. How can you pass up an opportunity
to present your views [to American] press?
- LHO: What are you saying? You don't know
anything. I lived there and I know; you don't
know anything.
- Wife: You look at us through dark glasses.
- LHO: What dark glasses? That's not true.
- Wife: I, for instance, don't say bad things about
America. It's just not decent. The Americans
can say bad or good things about their country.
If I had been born there, then that would be a
different thing. You have to be a real pig to
say bad things about a country which you don't
know. And I don't do that.
- LHO: Maybe, but there you'll be living with your
husband. The standard of living there is high.
[bracketed in left margin.]
- Wife: You don't get it. It's not my home. I
won't hear sound of Russian being spoken. . .
- LHO: . . .If you want to go, then go.
If not, then don't. . .

Wife: I won't go. I'll agree to a divorce in absentia. [bracketed in left margin]

LHO: What does in absentia mean? Listen, are you coming or not? (pause) Are you going to be with me or not? Out with it.

Wife: I'm afraid. . .

LHO: If something happens to me there, if I leave, you can come back. Also, the child will be better off there. . .I'll take him there with me.

Wife: I won't let you. (pause) Things will be difficult for me there. Even now when Erich comes over and you speak English, I can't take it. . .

LHO: Oy, you're talking like an old village woman. You're doing this on purpose. You could forget about being afraid, but you don't want to. . .

Wife: . . .We'll never understand each other this way. Even now I don't have a chance to express myself. I can't have my own personality.

LHO: If you want to, you'll go!

Wife: Don't yell.

LHO: You're the one who's forcing me to yell. I'm not being coarse with you. You've gotten indecent and bad.

Wife: You're the one. . .

LHO: No, I was decent and good when I met you. But there was a lot in you that was indecent.

Wife: I don't see it that way. I didn't even kiss Sasha. No one called me indecent, I didn't act like other girls. I didn't have a mother to put me on the right path. Once a week, I was very wicked.

LHO: I understand.

Wife: You just have to be moderate in all things.
If only I had known!

LHO: This last month you've changed entirely.
No tenderness, nothing. If it weren't for your
being pregnant. . . (doesn't finish his sentence)
I can't yell at you in the presence of other
people but you're always saying things about me
around other people. . . And then you tell fairy-
tales about how I'm going away, how I'm leaving
you, that everything's my fault. But even so I
want you to be with me. I understand that you
are the way you are and that you can't be any
different than you are. (pause) Why do you
make yourself out to be so wronged? The most
wretched girl in the world! You're talking
nonsense.

Wife: To hell with you!

LHO: Ah, you don't respect me.

Wife: Alik, we already fought enough. And now
you're at it again.

LHO: You weren't this way before.

Wife: Neither were you.

23:35 (Quiet, they're asleep.)

He truly loved Aunt Valya and knew it would be cruel for
Valya and Ilya when they went to America, but he had said,
"Don't tell your relatives. Not yet."

Of course, her uncle found out. Informed by the Organs.
Because of his position.

At Valya's, for dinner, Ilya said, "What is this about leaving Russia?" At his office, Ilya had received a call: "Guess what? Your niece is on her way to America." What a slap in his face! Marina had always been grateful for nice people and now she had been put in a position where she had to lie to her family. It felt unclean. She had betrayed them.

Sometimes Marina would wonder if maybe Lee thought it would be harder for Americans to arrest him if he came home with a wife and a child. Maybe his mother told him to bring Marina along, but then his mother wrote in English, so how could Marina know? She would apologize to Americans when she felt close enough to tell them this, but she did not really like their language. It was much less beautiful to her than Russian.

END OF TRANSCRIPT
For Subject: OLM-1478
For Period: 27, Aug., 1961

Wife: Rita wears a lot of makeup and the boys think she's available. (laughs). But actually, she's very strict and good.

MAN: What are they going to get next?

Wife: At seven. They've got all sorts of boys. Be careful, don't fall in love with any of those

Chapter 11 -- Chit-chat and Chaff

July 15--August 20 We have found out which blanks and certificates are necessary to apply for a visa--they number about twenty papers: birth certificates, photos, affidavits, etc. On August 20th, we give the papers out. They say it will be three and a half months before we know whether they'll let us go or not. In the meantime, Marina has had to make four different meetings at the place of work held by her bosses at the direction of "someone" by phone. Young Communist League* headquarters also called about her and she had to go see them for one and a half hours. The purposes (expressed) is to dissuade her from going to the U.S.A. Net effect: makes her more stubborn about wanting to go. Marina is pregnant; we only hope the visas come through soon.

[* Young Communist League is Oswald's translation for Komsomol.]

FROM KGB TRANSCRIPTS

For Object: OLH-2658

For Period: 23, Aug., 1961

Wife: Rita wears a lot of makeup and the boys think she's available, (laughs), but actually she's very stern and good.

LHO: When are they going to get here?

Wife: At seven. They've got all sorts of boys. Be careful, don't fall in love with any of those

girls. . .I'm in a good mood. Are you against it?

LHO: No.

Wife: Put on the light blue shirt.

16:30 (They are silent.)

Wife: The neighbors asked: "Were you fighting yesterday?" I said: "We were talking loudly. It's just my voice; I talk that way."

(They are silent.)

Wife: Come on, say something! Al'ka, why aren't you yelling at me today?

August 25, 1961

Dear Mr. Stenfield:

Thank you for your letter of August 16. I have made contact with my son and know also that he writes to his brother. In his last letter he mentioned that he hoped to see me soon. Now that I have received your letter and know that he visited the Embassy I feel he is really trying to return home. There are so many aspects of this case that I don't understand but I guess I am not supposed to. In any case, I am most grateful for any further help and sincerely thank you and all the men in the Department for the help you have given me in the past.

Sincerely,

Marquerite Oswald

1808 Eagle, Apt. 3

Vernon, Texas

(n.1)

August 21-September 21 I make expected trips to the passport and visa office, also to Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Minsk, also to Ministry of Internal Affairs, all of which have a say in the granting of a visa. . .

In September, Rimma was sent to Minsk on Intourist business. She wanted to see Alik, but first asked permission of her people. They said, "OK, ask him how he lives, what he thinks." She was to bring back a report. In Minsk Hotel where she stayed, were Intourist interpreters who knew him from when he first arrived. So they gave his address to her.

She did not know that he was going to leave her country; she did not have any such impression. When she came back to Moscow, she told them that she liked Marina, and he works, although he doesn't like his job.

At beginning, Rimma would say that Marina was a little distant. Certainly she had jealous ideas in her thoughts, but since Lee was not there, Marina in his absence began to understand that Rimma was not a woman to be jealous of.

In fact, there had been good contact between them. Marina even complained to Rimma about Alik. She said that he was kind of like a drunken soldier, not on outside--he didn't drink--but on inside. He had taken on not best of Russian qualities, but worst, bad qualities he must have hidden

before. He didn't behave like he was educated or cultured.

Sept. 10, 1961

Dear Robert,

Well, apparently I was too optimistic in my last letter. . .

The Russians are holding me up and are giving me some trouble about the visas, so for now I can only wait. In general, for an ordinary Russian, it's impossible to leave the USSR simply because he wants to. I and my wife have the possibility because of the fact I am still an American citizen and have the U.S. passport. . . .

Robert Lee sounds like he is growing into a fine boy and Cathy is also quite a grown-up little lady, already four years old. It hardly seems possible. I remember when Mother phoned me to say she was born, August 21 or 22. I was in California; we were getting ready to leave for Japan, and we did leave a few days later. A lot has changed since then!!

Well, I hope everything is all right and your back isn't giving you any more trouble. Keep writing.

Your brother,

Lee

Enclosed are some views of Minsk.

(n.2)

FROM KGB SURVEILLANCE

Performed:

September 20, 1961

From 7:00 till 21:00

. . .At 18:20 he left home, came to bus stop Ploshad Pobedy, was last one to get on bus No. 1, reached Komsomolskaya stop, got off and came to dishes-hardware store at Stalina Prospect. There he bought two tea glasses and left in about 5-7 minutes, stopped by store No. 1, "Books, Newspapers, Magazines," watched displays, bought nothing, went out, took a bus at Engels stop and without buying a ticket came to Ploshad Pobedy stop, got off through back door and came home at 18:50.

to: The American Embassy

Moscow USSR

Oct. 4, 1961

Dear Sirs:

I am hereby requesting the Offices of the American Embassy and the Ambassador of the United States, Mr. Thompson, to act upon my case in regards to my application to the Soviet authorities for an exit visa.

This application was made on July 20, 1961, and although three months have already elapsed, I have not received this visa. . .

I have made repeated inquiries to the proper offices in Minsk but I have, as yet, to receive a satisfactory answer.

I believe there is justification for an official inquiry, directed to the department of "Internal Affairs, Prospect Stalin 15, Minsk," and the offices of the

"address and passport office," Ulitsa Moscov, Colonel Petrakof, Director.

Also, I believe it is doubly important for an official inquiry, since there have been systematic and concerted attempts to intimidate my wife into withdrawing her application for a visa. I have notified the Embassy with regard to these incidents by the local authorities in regard to my wife. These incidents had resulted in my wife's being hospitalized. . .on September 22, 1961, for serious exhaustion. . .

I think it is within the lawful right, and in the interest of, the United States government, and the American Embassy, Moscow, to look into this case on my behalf.

Yours very truly,

Lee H. Oswald

(n.3)

He has instincts on how to set one bureaucracy upon another. Since he can be certain that his letter to the American Embassy will be read first by the "local authorities," he is allowing them to worry over the local consequences of a complaint by the State Department.

Chapter 12 -- The Queen of Spades

September--October 18 No word from Ministries
("they'll call us.") Marina leaves Minsk by train for
vacation in the city of Kharkhov in the Urals to visit an
aunt for four weeks. During this time I am lonely, but
Erich and I go to the dances and public places for
entertainment. I haven't done this in quite a few months
now. I spend my birthday alone at the opera watching my
favorite, "Queen of Spades." I am 22 years old.

?
Where
13
47
Yes, he is twenty-two and thinks Kharkhov is in the
Urals.

Oct. 14

Dear Marina,

I was very glad to receive your letter today. I was
also glad to learn that everything is all right with you
at Aunt Polina's.

I hope you dress well because it is already very cold
there.

While you are in Kharkhov, of course I am very
lonesome, but I see Erich often and I also go to the
movies.

Weather here is cold and wind is cold too.

I eat at the automat after work or at the factory dining room.

Well, enough for the present! Please write! (I received your telegram also on Tuesday.)

I kiss you,

Alik (n.1)

His letter of October 14 is almost as cold as the weather. By October 18, having attended "The Queen of Spades," which is his favorite opera, Pushkin and Tschaikovsky have brought him back to love again. There is even one aria in "The Queen of Spades" for which he jots down fragments of the libretto in Russian. In the translation offered by the Warren Commission, it comes forth in impassioned bursts:

Act 2 "Queen of Spades"

I love you, I love you immeasurably. I cannot imagine life without you. I am ready right now to perform a heroic deed of unprecedented prowess for your sake. I am ready to conceal my feelings to please you. I am ready to do anything for your sake. . . not only to be a husband but a servant. . . I would like to be your friend and keep

on being one for always. . . But what is the matter with me, how little you trust me. . . I am sad with your sadness and I weep with your tears. Oh, I am tormented with this--passionately to you with all my soul I repeat: Oh, my dear! I love you. (n.2)

Oct. 18, 1961

Dear Marina,

Today I received presents from you. Thanks a lot. They are very, very nice and I shall always remember this day.

Well, are you returning soon? I will be glad to see you again--I will love you so!!

Well, again, thanks for the presents. You selected so well and records and books and frames which I will always hold.

So long,

Your husband,

Alik (n.3)

Larissa thought it was all as it should be. Simple. Alik was head of his family and he wanted to go back.

Larissa thinks that out of everyone Alik knew, she was that person to whom he probably related best. In fact, when Marina left to visit her aunt in Kharkhov, she asked Larissa

to stop by and take care of Alik a little.

She recalls that Marina always said she would get married either to a Jew or to a foreigner. Larissa thought: One could not reject one's past and get it out of one's life, but perhaps a difficult past was less hard to live with when you were married to a foreigner. No matter. She loved Marina, loved her so much it is difficult to convey it. Marina was very good, very tender, attentive. She had an outstanding knowledge of literature and they read so much together. Marina was literally interested in everything. She thinks another reason Marina liked Jews and wanted to marry one was that she had seen how among Jews, a woman was always respected. If, in a few Russian families, you could also find such agreeable treatment of women, it was only among the highest levels of intelligentsia, like her sister Ludmilla and Misha. "Today," said Larissa, "perhaps our level of culture and refinement in Minsk has been raised somewhat among wider circles of our population and among our working class, but Marina lived here nearly thirty years ago. And it is possible that her contact with foreigners in Leningrad had given her a new perspective on how women in general could be treated."

When Larissa first met Alik, however, she was puzzled. She thought to herself, "Why go through all this trouble?" He seemed a little colorless. Then she spent some time with him

and realized he could change in personality with different people. If you were educated, he sensed that immediately; if, as a person, you were a worker, he approached more simply. Larissa didn't meet him till Marina's wedding day, but at that time, Larissa would not have thought Lee was Marina's second choice. Only now, could she suppose such.

Of course, Lee was enigmatic, an enigmatic person. Once, Larissa said to Marina in jest, "Is he an American spy?" and Marina just smiled. But when Marina left for Kharkhov for three weeks and told Larissa to make sure to visit him while she was gone, Larissa would go by sometimes to ring their doorbell and there would be occasions when Lee did not answer for the longest time. Yet, she knew he was there. She had seen light in their windows. Then he would come to his door and ask who it was, and only when Larissa identified herself, would he open up. She always joked about that. "Are you hiding something in there? Are you broadcasting?" He would smile.

She liked him well enough, but he was a little strange. Company might be at Lee and Marina's apartment for an evening, yet by 10 o'clock he would say, "I'm tired, I feel like sleeping." That was not accepted behavior in Minsk. He would get up, and all others would also get up, but he would say, "Lyalya, stay a little longer with us." After everyone else

had left, she and Marina would still be talking. Then, he would say, "Now, we'll take you home," and he and Marina would put on their coats and walk Larissa back. But, she must say that in company, he always showed respect for Marina; he was devoted. If Lee nagged her to clean up their house better, Larissa never heard that. Besides, their apartment was clean. Everything was clean. Marina went around wiping up with a rag all the time. She was an exceptional mother and a wonderful wife. Lee wanted her to use a brush rather than a rag when she washed dishes but that was their only other difference.

She thinks he was jealous of his wife because she stood out physically and was so lively and interesting. He was possessive--all of us are possessive. He was like that, however. It would even bother him if Marina went for a walk alone.

Oct. 22, 1961

My dearest girl!

Today I received your post card; thank you, dear, only I do not like your talk that you have a feeling that you will lose me. You will never lose me and that's all!

Today also I received a letter from Mother. She sent me several books. She also tells me that you should learn

to speak English.

I wrote back and told her that you do not want to...
I sent her regards from you.

You can't tell when you will return. Tell me as
early as you can. The weather here is cold and rainy.

And our personal affairs: I went, but they say, "No
answer yet."

But that's all right. You will be home soon again.
It will be so good to be with you. I am glad that the
baby is so active; that's good.

Well, so long, write,

Your husband,

Alik (n.4)

While in Kharkhov, Marina could not stop thinking of
Valya and Ilya. They had been trying to persuade her not to
go to America. Valya even told her that it would be very bad
for Ilya. Marina, however, wasn't so sure this was so. Times
were changing, and she was only Ilya's niece. Now, with
Nikita Khrushchev, young people were believing in freedom: It
was not 1945, not Stalin. Nikita had given amnesty to Soviet
people. They weren't going to prosecute Ilya just because his
niece went to America. Of course, they might not promote him
in his job, yes, no? Valya told her that Ilya had worked
honestly all his life toward his pension. Maybe, he would

even be denied that. Valya said, "God forbid, what if they send us to Siberia?"

Ilya's sister, Aunt Lyuba, was also disturbed. After all, she was working for MVD as a bookkeeper. Her job might also be in jeopardy. But Valya never scolded Marina. She had a way, not wishy-washy, even kind--she just opened her cards and spread them out. "You know," she said, "you hold our lives in your hands. Maybe it is a kapriz to go to America." A whim. Marina had walked back from such conversations with a heavy burden. What was she to do? She wasn't ungracious or ungrateful, but this heavy decision was on her shoulders. She had to make a choice. No, it was not a kapriz. She was not capricious.

So, yes, thinking about it now in Kharkhov, she would take a chance. Valya and Ilya would be OK. She was not going to destroy her family. Opinion of girls at her pharmacy didn't matter, Komsomol didn't matter. In fact, her girlfriends did not try to stop her from going. But here, however, in Kharkhov for vacation in her sixth month, all of which she was entitled to do as a pregnant mother, her aunt in Kharkhov, Polina, was also advising her not to go to America. Polina said: "Stay in Russia for good of all." When Marina would go outside for a walk with Polina's son, she was so upset in her movements that he became concerned she might fall

down. He was a lovely young boy and he loved her, and he said, "Marina, do what you think is right for you. Don't pay attention to my mother. Do what's right in your heart."

She went back to work after these three weeks in Kharkhov but things got worse.

November 2 Marina arrives back radiant, with several jars of preserves for me from her aunt in Kharkhov.

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Endnotes, Book II, ch. 12

1. CE 66-I, Vol. I, p. 226
2. CE 53, Vol. XVI, p. 191
3. CE 56, Vol. XVI, p. 196
4. CE 306, Vol. XVI, p. 842
5. CE 55, Vol. XVI, p. 193

Epilogue file

When General Marov was asked whether KGB might have found any of their sources in a compromising position and applied pressure, Marov's reply was, "Of course. KGB uses everything--prostitutes, homosexuals--depends on our case. If some person hated any idea of exposure, KGB could use that fact."

That Erich spoke English so well determined one situation: "Such a chance could not have been missed. An English-speaking person is a precious thing for KGB."

If, then, KGB did recruit Erich, how did they? He is only 21 or 22, has never worked for KGB, and his only interest is medicine.

Marov's answer: "Find a friend more intelligent than he is, more experienced. This person goes out with him, they're friendly, but generally speaking, his friend gets him obligated. Then one day he says: 'You know, dear boy, I must confess: I am an agent of KGB, and, you know, it is very comfortable. Life is interesting; I get money; I get access to additional information. I can even help you to go abroad, and I certainly can help you in your medical studies and bring you medical substances for your experiments with the help of

my KGB friends. You want to be my friend and a friend of KGB? You can have everything!' Slowly they work him up to cooperate.

"That method takes time. Quicker methods can involve some large promise. He loves to speak English--all right, they will let him go abroad. But then, when Kennedy gets killed, they never let him."

Marov finally and specifically responded that Titovets was an informer. He had not worked for KGB prior to Oswald's case and was approached by the Organs only after Ernst became friendly with Oswald.

Presented with the fact that Stepan had denied that Ernst was any kind of source or informer, Marov's answer was, "Of course he would deny it. It was his job to find sources and protect them afterward." But Marov would confirm that Ernst was indeed "a very important source."

Concerning Titovets, Yuri would say that Erich was very close to Konstantin Bondarin's uncle, a gifted man who had a chair at the Medical Institute. It was rumored that this uncle was homosexual. Very intellectual man, very artistic. His every gesture meant something, and his students loved him. When he gave a lecture, it was a performance, and Ernst was one of his best pupils. Yuri would not exclude that Erich

might be bi-sexual. However, Yuri's mother, hearing of this, said, "I consider Erich a good person."

When Yuri's mother asked Erich if he had been called to KGB, Erich told her he didn't deal with them. She asked him

In the later months of her pregnancy, Lee became careful. if he ever contacted KGB and he said, no, never. Lee's love was a certain much is reached. And Lee was protective. Very protective of unborn baby, put it that way, tender, very tender; he measured her stomach and he patted it.

she wasn't showing anything for a long time. Little baby. Once he asked, "Are you sure you're pregnant?" He was afraid that maybe their baby would be too small. But he was excited when he heard baby's heartbeat first time--a nice quiet sound. He loved to lay his ear on her stomach and listen.

All through their marriage, she would say, little by little, maybe you get better. They could do all; only one thing she would never allow--"what do you call it--when people kiss feet--fetish?" She never knew about anything like that until she read of it. She would never allow son that, but Lee was not perverted in such a way. He was nice. In later months of pregnancy, her feet weren't swollen but she had muscle spasms. She would step on her foot and it would feel wooden, yet when it hurt, Lee would always massage it. And

Chapter 13 -- Cruel but Wise

In the later months of her pregnancy, Lee became careful. He was studying Dr. Spock and that book said: Don't make love once a certain month is reached. And Lee was protective, very protective of unborn baby, put it that way, tender, very tender; he measured her stomach and he petted it.

She wasn't showing anything for a long time. Little belly. Once he asked, "Are you sure you're pregnant?" He was afraid that maybe their baby would be too small. But he was excited when he heard baby's heartbeat first time--a nice quiet moment. He loved to lay his ear on her stomach and listen.

All through their marriage, she would say, little by little, maybe sex got better. They could do all; only one thing she would never allow--"what do you call it--when people kiss feet--fetish?" She never knew about anything like that until she read of it. She would never allow men that, but Lee was not perverted in such a way. He was nice. In later months of pregnancy, her feet weren't swollen but she had muscle spasms. She would step on her foot and it would feel wooden, yet when it hurt, Lee would always massage it. And

later, he was very kind about a few stretch marks she found after June was born. He would look at their baby and say, "Your mama did all this for you," and he would stroke those stretch marks and kiss them. But, of course, they were never that bad. She never got that big.

Now, at night, in their small apartment, as winter came on, he would write in a notebook. Since they were going to America, he started a diary and for a couple of nights he wrote for so long that she finally asked him if he was a spy. Up to then, she tried to respect his privacy. She didn't believe marriage was a place where you have to smother each other. People must have their own lives. You don't have to possess. But she was curious. So she asked him what he was writing and he told her it was his memories of Russian life. She said, "Are you sure you're not a spy?" He said "What if I were?" He stared at her. He said, "What would you do if I am?" She really didn't know. She started thinking about it. When he saw how worried she looked, he said, "Don't worry. I was joking. I'm not a spy." So she trusted him.

He kept writing in his notebooks. Sometimes he would ask her what a Russian word meant. It wasn't like he wrote a lot of pages. As she remembers, it was a small notebook and maybe he would write in it twice a week, or sometimes for three days in a row, sometimes not for three weeks. Over many months, it

must have come to fifty pages.

She felt outcast at work. When she walked into a room, others became quiet, like maybe they had been talking about her. She wasn't invited to have lunch with them any more.

November 1, 1961

Dear Sirs:

. . .In regards to I and my wife's application for exit visas, we have still not been granted exit visas and still have not received any answer to our application, although I have repeatedly gone to the officials in Minsk in regards to our requests for permission to leave the country. They have failed to produce any results and are continuing to try to hinder my wife in relation to her application.

In the future I shall keep the Embassy informed as to our progress.

Thank you,
Sincerely,

Lee H. Oswald (n.1)

November 1, 1961

Dear Robert,

. . .We heard over the radio today that the present Russian government has decided to remove Stalin's body from the hall on Red Square. This is big news here and it's very funny for me. . .when I listen to the radio or to some of the political commissars we have here, I always think of George Orwell's book 1984 in which "doublethink" is the way of life also.

In any case, everything over here is very interesting, and the people are generally simple and nice. . .

Well, that's about all the news from Minsk.

Your brother,

Lee (n.2)

November--December Now we are becoming annoyed about the delay. Marina is beginning to waver about going to the U.S. Probably from the strain of her being pregnant. Still, we quarrel and so things are not so bright, especially with the approach of the hard Russian winter.

She bumped into Misha Smolsky once on the street and he asked her how she was doing with her man, and she answered, "Very difficult." Misha said, "If it is difficult, why did you jump into it?" She said, "No, he's not a bad guy, but

food is very difficult." At that time, in Minsk shops, there was a lot to buy, but what do people in Belarus eat, after all?--potatoes, pork fat, pickled cucumbers, pickled cabbage, beef, pork, mutton, turkey, goose. She wasn't able to buy any kinds of food he would like. For instance, Alik would say, "I want to have corn," and they didn't grow corn in Belarus. She said to Misha Smolsky, "Let's say we have cultural difficulties."

She had not wanted to marry a Russian boy because it was accepted that with 99% of them, you would end up being beaten by your man, slapped or struck anyway. Since she didn't come from a home where brutality was exercised and her stepfather, bad as he was, never raised his voice, much less his hands to her mother, she had a natural fear of violence. Now, all of a sudden, here she was married to a foreigner who was beginning to control her physically.

In Russia, women would always tell you, "Don't let your husband dominate after your honeymoon. What goes on in beginning is how it will be later." So she and Lee both stood their ground. And would argue and slam doors. But there came a day he hit her. She was so ashamed. She left Lee and went to her Aunt. She doesn't remember what their fight was about, but she thought, "I'm not going to take it." She left. Lee had slapped her with an open hand on her cheek and she went

and knocked on Valya's door--it was late at night--her aunt asked, "Who is it?" and when Marina said, "Can I come in?" Valya said, "Are you alone?" Then, Marina heard Uncle Ilya say, "Tell Marina to go back home." Her aunt stood up then to Ilya. She let Marina in. Her uncle said, "This is the first and last time you are coming here after you have a fight with your husband. Come here together once you patch everything up, but don't come here alone. If you want a marriage, solve your own marriage problems. Don't visit this place every time you have something wrong." Marina thought he was cold-blooded, but now she would say he was right. On this occasion, Ilya was cruel, but wise.

When she went home next day, Lee said it would never happen again, he was sorry. Then he made big mistake of saying that in striking her, he hurt himself more, to which she replied, "When you beat me, you hurt me, not yourself." She remembered how just before he got violent, he had turned very pale and his eyes had no expression as if he were looking at her from very far away.

In Minsk he only hit her three or four times. That is not what she found degrading in Russia. It was that KGB taped and bugged whatever they did and then FBI got in their act in America. Now, she was having to dissect her life for interviewers one more time. So who was worth it, and what

for? Why did she have to explain to anybody? She didn't want to talk about Alik hitting her. Because that put him in bad light and it was already dirty water because of all that happened. How could he defend himself from a crime she doesn't think he committed if people have mental pictures of him beating her?

They also said Lee was lazy at work but Marina thought, "What better way to get kicked out of Russia?" He certainly did not like manual labor. But she would not say that Lee was lazy. He would always help her, clean up, wash dishes, and he read a lot. At night, she would be reading too. They would both be sitting there, reading, before their baby was born. Afterward, she didn't have that much time but he would still bring her books.

FROM KGB REPORT

During meeting on November 20, 1961, Mr. Prusakov, I.V., clarified that twice during this recent period he spoke with his niece Marina and her husband, Oswald, L.H. . . .

As a relative of Oswald's wife, Prusakov expressed an opinion that Oswald's decision to return to America may turn out to be a mistake. Prusakov spoke to him of

complications in international situation, to a possibility he would be recruited into American army, problems of finding work in America, as well as some possibility of his arrest there. Oswald explained to Prusakov that he hardly thinks he will be taken by army, since he has already served his term. . .and as for his arrest--he doesn't think Embassy employees would lie to him. Nevertheless, Oswald promised to weigh and consider all these obstacles concerning his return to America.

As Prusakov further explained, he also tried to convince his niece Marina that it was inexpedient to go to USA. A similar influence on Marina was undertaken by her Aunt Polina, living in Kharkhov. As a result of these conversations, Prusakov decided that Marina didn't feel like going to USA. However, she was very concerned how she would carry on her further life, having a baby from Oswald.

Prusakov promised to continue to work on convincing Oswald and his wife to refuse from going to America. Prusakov didn't recall any suspicious moments in Oswald's behavior.

Information started to come in to KGB that Marina had a low opinion of Lee as a partner. Still, relationship was interesting. They got married and now they were going to have a child. Was their reason love, or Oswald's desire for better cover? This was one question counter-intelligence had to

focus on. If, in course of trying to go back to United States, Oswald, all of a sudden, divorced his family and left without them, that would put KGB on guard. Was it that Oswald had completed his work and was running away? But, no--this man wants his wife to go with him. Many suppositions began to fall away. Studying character of Oswald's marriage brought KGB to a certain calmness. It reduced their suspicions.

Nov. 20, 1961

Dear Robert,

. . .It's already four months since we put in our requests for visas. It gives you an idea how slow they can be. What with our going to have a baby in March, it's not going to be too convenient to come back to the States and try to start life over again.

It'll cost about \$800 to fly from Moscow to New York for two people. I don't have that much money but I'm hoping that the Embassy will help us out when we get our visas.

We have had our first snow here on Nov. 16. Now everything will be white until about April 15.

Marina asks Vada to send her a few fashion magazines every now and then, if possible. . . .

Write soon,

Lee (n.3)

Nov. 23

Dear Mother,

Today we received your grand gift. I am very surprised you guessed my taste in color and fabric.

Here it is already cold so your wool stole will be very useful.

It is very nice to feel that you are so attentive to me, more so, even, than to Lee. I shall always remember your gift as a mark of our friendship.

I hope you won't be nervous for us. You shouldn't worry about us too much.

I have never seen you (except on a photograph) but I have a lot of affection for you already.

I hope you shall be well. I thank you again for the fine present.

Marina

(I wrote it for her but the words are hers.)

Lee) (n.4)

Chapter 14 -- A Bomb Scare

According to KGB chronology, Oswald, on December 6, "appealed to the American Senator John Tower to help him to return to USA." Here follows a translation in English of the Russian translation of Oswald's letter made over thirty years ago.

FROM KGB MAIL SURVEILLANCE

Senator John G. Tower
Washington, D.C.
of Senate Building

Lee Oswald
Minsk
Kalinin Street 4-24

Dear Senator Tower!

My name is Oswald. When I came to Soviet Union, I presented documents that I was a citizen of the United States and that I had come to Soviet Union temporarily. American Embassy in Moscow is familiar with my case.

Since July 1960 I have attempted unsuccessfully to

obtain an exit visa to go to U.S. but Soviet authorities refuse to let me and my Soviet wife go. (She also went to American Embassy in Moscow on the 8th of July, requesting to emigrate to U.S.)

I am a citizen of the United States (passport no. N1733242, 1959) and I ask you to help me, since Soviet authorities are detaining me against my will.

Respectfully,

Lee Oswald

Perhaps the time had come for KGB Counterintelligence, Byelorussia, to divest itself of a person who could easily create an international episode.

BSSR

Council of National Economy

Administration of Electrotechnical and Instrument
Manufacturing Industry

Radio Plant

No. 5 Krasnaya St., Minsk

In reply refer to this number and date:

No. NO/4522 December 11, 1961

REPORT

on Lee Harvey Oswald, born in 1939, a native of New Orleans, American by nationality, secondary education, regulator in experimental shop of Minsk radio plant.

Citizen Harvey Lee Oswald was hired as regulator in experimental shop of this plant on January 13, 1960.

During his employment as regulator his performance was unsatisfactory. He does not display initiative for increasing his skill as a regulator.

Citizen Lee Harvey Oswald reacts in an over-sensitive manner to remarks from foreman, and is careless in his work. Citizen L.H. Oswald takes no part in the social life of shop and keeps very much to himself.

This report is issued for presentation to Minsk City Militia Department.

Plant Director (D. Yudelevich)

Personnel Department Chief (M. Tishkevich)

/initialed/ (n.1)

Katya, who would work at Horizon wearing a white kerchief to keep her hair out of all machines, had come to notice that Oswald was becoming less and less as a worker. Now, Oswald never did work hard, Katya wasn't sure he could, but now his bosses were more unhappy. In shop he would sometimes sit with his feet on table. Finally, Katya's bosses had to invite him to their office. After all, when there was no table, he would

put his feet on some chair. Workers around Katya decided it was culture--maybe all Americans sit with their feet on table.

They would ask him, Alexei, why you come here and go to sleep? It's still morning. He would say, "I made love a lot. That's why I'm sleeping now."

"Maybe he said it in joking," said Katya. "Was not important for me."

Still, in beginning, everyone in factory had come around to hear him speak. Later, step-by-step, people stopped being curious. He would be unhappy and angry when, once or twice, bosses would call him into office. When he came back he would say, "I am going to write memoirs. 'How I Remember Soviet Union.'"

Nobody reacted. Everybody thought, "What is he going to write if he can't even speak properly?" Best way was to keep some distance from him. How could you know what's in his mind?

Dec. 14, 1961

Dear Robert,

Today I received your letter of November 29.

First of all, I can confirm [that] I did not receive any letter with "certain" questions. It is quite possible they destroyed it. . . .

I hope you get our little package by Christmas. Marina worked on those table napkins for Vada for two weeks.

At the Post Office today, they did not allow me to send some "KHLVA" (candy). They said it was "produce." . . .

The housetops are covered with snow, but the pine trees stand out green. The river near our apartment house is frozen now. We have a very good view from our fourth floor windows.

Well, that's about all for now. Marina sends her love. Keep writing.

Lee (n.2)

After she filled out every paper, every one of so many needed for her to go to America, and all those weeks went by and months from August to December, a phone call came at work for Marina to go over to MVD's big government building on Stalinskaya Street. Only now does she realize it was MVD wing of that building; then, she thought it was KGB.

She came in from a side street and walked downstairs. She believes she remembers, can't be certain, that there was only one man in this room and curtains were halfway drawn but "man was gray-headed, he was authority." She was 20, he was 50-something. Tall, gray hair, she doesn't remember his face.

Not a slender man but not overweight. In uniform. She doesn't remember whether there was a star on his shoulder--she never paid attention to such things. She doesn't remember what he called her--"Marina, Mrs. Oswald"--but he did say "I'm here to talk to you about your paper. You're applying to go to United States." She told him that was correct. He said, "You don't have to be afraid. This is not an interrogation. I just want to talk to you to make officially correct what is your reason for leaving this country. I want to ask a few questions. You know," he said, "you are not going to be arrested or anything. Just normal procedures." Then he asked, "Is there any political reason? Do you have anything against this country? Do you disagree with something?"

She said, "No. My reason is that I'm married to an American. He's going home and I'm his wife. That's my only reason for going. That's all there is to it."

He said, "Is there any way I can persuade you not to leave your country? Because such an act will jeopardize reputations of people you work with, and your relatives, people like that." Maybe he was implying that her uncle would suffer.

She picked up on this. She said, "My uncle had nothing to do with it. He didn't approve of my marriage. He agreed only because my husband told him he was not able to go back to

America. So it was his understanding that I would not go. Now, my husband does have a chance to return, and," she added, "I'm not leaving for any political reason."

He chewed it over from this side, and that; then he closed his file on all his papers and said, "If that's what you think, I guess it's what you do."

As he opened his door for her, he said--and she remembers that he called her by her first name--"I'm not talking to you right now as an official, Marina. Look at my hair--I've been through the war. You're young, you could be my granddaughter. I'm strictly talking to you as a man. How do you know that your best circumstances are not right here? You cannot guarantee that your marriage will be all right. You're taking large leap. If your marriage doesn't work, there's no easy way back. You'll be all alone. Think about that when you go home now. I'm talking to you like a grandfather and this decision is yours."

She did think about it. As she walked home, she thought about it a lot. He had been a nice man. He had not switched to his mean side. He had talked to her as another human being. When she told it to Lee, word for word, what had happened, he said, "I don't think we're going to have any problems. The light looks green."

They had come a long way. Even when Lee had proposed,

she hadn't thought that they would allow them to get married. So much had happened so quickly.

December 25, Christmas Day, Tuesday Marina is called to the Passport and Visa office. She is told we have been granted Soviet exit visas. She fills out the completing blanks and comes home with the news. It's great (I think!) New Year's we spend at the Zigers' and a dinner party at midnight attended by six other persons.

By now KGB had come to their assessment of Oswald: He was emotional person, excitable person. That had manifested itself in fights which arose between him and his wife, although such fights tended to be short-lived and were made up quickly. On other hand, Oswald was never observed in acts of public violence. He broke no public rules. Was no hooligan. In fact, head of MVD militia delivered an official document to KGB saying that Oswald had never been observed in fights or other form of fracas. In turn, when Marina was excluded from Komsomol, it was because she was regarded as ballast: She had entered grudgingly, without personal wishes, and did not take

part in organizational life.

In addition, concerning Oswald, his hunting trips now offered no problem for Counterintelligence. He had gone on several occasions, and according to their sources, he was poor hunter, and came back with nothing. He never made attempts to isolate himself from his group, never tried to approach closer to industrial enterprises in forest than others, and never made suspicious movements. So, KGB questions on this matter were put to rest; Oswald even went without his camera. If he had brought it along, they would have tried to determine whether he approached such installations to take pictures. On other hand, his camera was ordinary Soviet camera. And he didn't even bring it. Finally, he sold his gun on 2nd of January, 1962, approximately a year and a half after purchase, gun bearing serial number 64621.

The American interviewers kept inquiring: What had been done about Oswald's military knowledge of the U.S. Marine Corps? Why would KGB admit to no curiosity? Had they passed such inquiries on to GRU, which is Soviet Military Intelligence?

Igor stated there had been no cooperation with GRU. No

consultations. The only matter checked out was whether Oswald was in GRU files in Japan. A written request was made and a reply received: Nothing on him. That was it. "As for joint development of this case between KGB and GRU, no such thing. We didn't need that." KGB had been cautious about involving GRU in any way because it would be easier for double agents to work as moles within that organization. Penkovsky case, for example, demonstrated that GRU was more open to penetration. So they didn't want to involve GRU. Igor could emphasize that there was no possibility GRU was working separately but parallel on Oswald in Moscow and Minsk. Absolutely excluded. GRU did not deal with persons living in Soviet Union. That would be analogous to violating jurisdiction separation between FBI and CIA.

Taken all together, KGB was going to allow Oswald to return to America. A heavy stone would be removed from their work-load. After all, Oswald might try to kill himself again. This time he could succeed. Then you could risk propaganda of ugliest sort.

So, at year's end, a decision was taken that enough material had accumulated to conclude Oswald was not a foreign

intelligence agent. Of course, they would keep him under surveillance. It is never possible to be altogether certain of such conclusions. Some professionals are so careful that you watch them for years and they don't make mistakes; finally, they make one mistake. It is not professional, therefore, to come to quick conclusions. Now, however, that Oswald had decided to leave the Soviet Union, they were obliged to determine, after analyzing all material again, that during this year and a half he had been in Minsk, there was no proven evidence he was an active agent of any intelligence service.

They did, however, have one scare. Thoroughgoing scare. Their observer, looking through KGB peephole in apartment next door to Oswald, saw very suspicious activity. Was Oswald making a bomb? He seemed to be putting gunpowder and small fragments into a small box. It could be said that was one overnight sensation: Khrushchev would be visiting Minsk in January!

Further detection--and KGB would prove non-responsive to questions about whether Oswald's apartment was entered while he and Marina were away at work--revealed that Oswald's device was only some kind of toy. KGB wouldn't say. A species of firecracker, perhaps? They shrugged. It was a kind of nonsense. He threw away this toy a day or two later. They

were able to examine it in apartment house trash and rubbish. Then in January, before Khrushchev's visit, Oswald had sold his shotgun for eighteen rubles, back to exact same store for exact same price at which he had bought it. Caused a shock, according to surveillance, when he got on a Pobedy bus holding that gun, but he was merely on his way to sell it. Much ado about nothing.

X If he had chosen to remain in Minsk for five years, even ten, he would still have remained under occasional surveillance; that goes without saying. One never drops one's guard altogether. But this toy bomb ^{held} kept no large significance for them. Back in July when he had gone to his Embassy in Moscow to get permission to go back to America-- they had continued to monitor his activities afterward, because if he chose not to follow through on his repatriation they would have to suppose he had used it as a pretext and had visited his Embassy to receive instructions.

"Of course, if there had been evidence that he was a spy, then as a matter of policy, he would not have been allowed to leave our country. In this case, however, only suspicions."

They had no choice then but to allow him to leave. To keep him inside Soviet Union, they would have to prove to world opinion that they had good reasons. If such evidence had been there, then they might have decided to put him in

prison and conduct at that point a formal interrogation. But no evidence was there.

Back last summer when Oswald first asked permission for an exit visa, therefore, Stepan did not have to take a lot of time to consider. This was a file he knew like the five fingers of his hand; you could wake him three hours past midnight, ask any question--Stepan could tell you everything about him. So, his answer was positive. Oswald could go. No objections. He had become a negative factor in Soviet Union--no Communist principles, didn't want to work or study. For a while, they had thought maybe he was adjusting himself. They made allowances. Not now. Let him go home. Good riddance. Why keep him by force?

Of course, KGB was not in position to give formal permission to leave. KGB could only say: no objections, and then send a paper to MVD and OVIR for visas. That bureaucracy had its own protocol. They had to collect all their papers, send them on. In Moscow, would come final decision. That was why it had all gone on for months.

There will still be street surveillance of Oswald from time to time, and periodic transcriptions of his fights and

summarized transports with Marina but Stepan will not often be present now in our narrative, not even as an observer, for most of the next two years, no, not until late in November of 1963 when incredible events will occur in Dallas and Stepan will be summoned to Moscow Center. That will be a memorable day in his life. Until then his work on other cases and materials will go on day to day as it has for a decade. Since we are temporarily saying farewell to him, it may be worthwhile to pay some attention to the daily matters of his life. It is, after all, an existence that Flaubert might have enjoyed depicting. And for those to whom delay is an imposition, there is always the right to pass quickly over a few pages.

His desire continued in adolescence. He found his teachers to be among the most decent people he knew and they treated children well, at least those who studied well. That increased his desire and influenced his decision. He still remembers classes in a peasant house of which half belonged to its owner and school was in other half.

As a sixteen-year-old, he read newspapers on a regular basis, listened to radio, followed world events--for example,

Chapter 15 -- The Good Boy, the Good Man

Born on September 18, 1924, both of Stepan's parents were poor peasants who worked on a small collective farm in Gomel district, Byelorussia. He had two younger brothers, and a sister, and Stepan started school when he was seven, and was always an excellent student.

He thought very highly of his teachers, and began at an early age to dream about becoming an instructor himself, being very good at math, and assiduous in his studies. Often he would come to school before classes started, and if any pupils had been unable to do their homework, they came running to him.

His desire continued in adolescence. He found his teachers to be among the most decent people he knew and they treated children well, at least those who studied well. That increased his desire and influenced his decision. He still remembers classes in a peasant house of which half belonged to its owner and school was in other half.

As a sixteen-year-old, he read newspapers on a regular basis, listened to radio, followed world events--for example,

Spanish Civil War--and since he was nearing military age, he did have fears that war might be fought on Byelorussian territory so near to Poland. But still, when he graduated from high school, he was thinking more about continuing his education at Pedagogical Institute in Minsk. Yet he couldn't stay there without financial help from his parents and they didn't have money. So, he had to find an Institute where he could receive a stipend large enough for him to live.

For that reason, he decided on Journalism in Minsk Pedagogical Institute, and that only because their stipend was decent. But then war broke out.

He was seventeen. In Byelorussia, those born in 1923 and 1924--that is, adolescents aged sixteen and seventeen--were not yet subject to conscription, but were still given small-calibre rifles in case German paratroopers tried to land among them. They stood watch at night on their Kolkhoz grounds. Afterwards, those young people not yet inducted were summoned to drive livestock east to Sorzh River where there was green grass. Water meadows abounded, and in this place they lived and learned how to milk cows. Stepan remembers first German he saw, a pilot in one plane overhead, and how he and other adolescents had to hide because in those first days of war, Germans were chasing not only soldiers but civilians, even sometimes shooting down on livestock. And once when they were

driving their herd across a road, another German plane came over shooting. He remembers bullets hitting ground--explosive bullets. Earth flew about. He experienced terror of war at once.

His father was called up immediately and disappeared. There was no news. Everything was being destroyed around them. Germans kept coming through. Very quickly.

After Byelorussia was occupied, some men who had been drafted from their village, began to return home. They had been captured but some had escaped, some had given bribes. One way or another, some few came home. Stepan's mother received a letter from his father who was now in military hospital. A machine-gunner, he had been seriously wounded. His arm was crushed. Only after Byelorussia was liberated, could he return home. And at home he stayed for the rest of his life until he died in 1960.

Around Stepan's mother, had been many cases of women re-marrying, but she remained completely faithful to her husband. These other women, however, had found new life partners, and afterward it turned out some of their husbands were alive, so when they came home, trouble. As for his mother, however, she waited for his father anxiously, and he did return, and continued to raise his children.

As for Stepan, out in those marshlands with cattle, once

it became clear that Germans had surrounded all their territories, he returned to his village. His uncle who lived next door to them and had not been drafted because of his old age, told them in those first days of war to dig a trench in their orchard, a dugout. They could already hear German shells exploding.

And indeed, Russian soldiers were retreating in very disorganized way. Word for everyone was: "Hide wherever you can." At that point, Stepan and his family went into their dugout, but you could hear a machine gun firing outside. His uncle, at his own risk, came out from that dugout and tried to explain in German to these invading soldiers that his people were civilians, not soldiers, so please don't hurt our people. Germans gave a command to crawl out and all of them, quaking with fear, left this dugout. And Germans searched inside.

Stepan saw an armada of Germans, motorcycles, small tanks, and horses being used to drag enormous guns. These Germans were going through peasant huts yelling "Matka, jajka, Matka, jajka," Polish for "Mother, eggs!" and speaking in a very crude manner. They knew a few Russian words, and if they didn't like something, they'd kick you into next week. If you were an old man or woman, you'd be on the ground in one second. But Stepan didn't see them shoot anyone.

During this war he learned some German. He worked in

agriculture and learned how to mow with a scythe, plow ground, carry wood from the forest, did every kind of agricultural work. And he and his brothers survived.

7 He lived in his village until December, 1943. Liberated in November, only afterward was he drafted. War was at its height and there was no time for training. A coincidence, he was assigned to a machine gun, number one in a four-man team. In an unheated barn they taught him to use it, and sent him straight into trenches at Russian front. Three hours you were on duty, then you could rest--but you were lucky if you had an earthen hut. Whenever you sat on duty, if there was a sound, you pulled your trigger. You didn't know whether you'd killed a German or not. Then you sat some more. You heard a whine and a shell flew by--you could tell by its sound. Would it blow up right overhead? Once you knew that it was going to explode on someone else, you felt better. That's what defense line was like.

He was wounded and spent three months in a military hospital, went up again to take part in several battles, and wasn't demobilized until early 1947. When he returned to his parents' village, he had, of course, to decide where to go. Central Statistics Board in Minsk, he read, was organizing courses so Stepan took along necessary documents, and was enrolled in their program. His math helped him.

Since his dream was still to be a teacher, he didn't wish to be in statistics but there wasn't much he could do about it, and soon received his first official job. It was in Gomel District, as District Inspector of Central Statistics Board. Immediately, due to shortages of personnel, he was one of top three men, part of a troika in that area, not a bad position. Still, frankly speaking, it was not a job he wished to keep for life. Two years, however, after going to work for Central Statistics Board, he was invited to Central Office of State Security where a head of department made an official offer: would Stepan like to work in organs of State Security? He replied that he didn't know whether he was qualified. Return answer: "You shouldn't think that we're going to hire you now. We'll send you away for training." That was in 1949.

Stepan was still angry that he hadn't been allowed to study pedagogy, so, part of his decision was made to spite his Statistics Board's chief who had promised him that he could go to Pedagogical School but had done nothing about it. Stepan, therefore, accepted State Security's offer, and was sent off to study at once. He comments that by then, one has to assume KGB had a very clear idea of who he was.

This city in which he now studied--definitely not Moscow, but he won't say where--had a code name and a specific number. A place in Byelorussia. Likely, it was Minsk.

Up to this point, Stepan Vasilievitch had had a most nebulous idea about activities of State Security. But through an analysis of already-documented KGB cases which was a distinguishing feature of his training, he became very interested, and, as he puts it, "a different otherworldly world began to open up." Some of it seemed equal to advanced mathematical propositions. He embarked on these studies with pleasure, and never thought again about being a teacher. Instead, he devoted himself entirely to this new work. Over two years, he was, of course, immersed in study of a number of cases and tried to absorb all positive aspects of KGB's instruction so he could employ it in his own practical work. He did have a high opinion of most of his new teachers.

By that time when Oswald's case came along, he already had ten years of working for state security and a good performance record. Indeed, he'd even started his labors in this same building of KGB in Minsk in 1951 and had been assigned to operative work. Which is when a person is not an economist nor an investigator, but uses his own specific methods, tactics, his cleverness, his intelligence, to catch agents, enemy agents and serve as a developer. You don't do surveillance or bugging, but through your insights into reports collected on your desk, you develop a comprehension of your case.

When asked to analyze himself, he would say that he's a modest person and never tried to get ahead of others, but was equally by nature very hard-working, assiduous, and inclined to analysis. That he can say about himself without reservation. During his time in KGB he was known for sticking with a case once he started. Never made hasty decisions, thought things out, weighed them in his mind, and tried to base conclusions on concrete materials, not speculation. It is possible these qualities attracted attention from his superiors. In addition, he did not drink and did not smoke. He was--he said with a smile--"morally reliable." Then he laughed. "I was never particularly interested in girls. Most of my attention was devoted to work."

In 1953 he married. His wife and he have two children, a daughter and son. His son, he mentions, did not follow in father's footsteps. If he had, Stepan would never tell you, but since he didn't, one can say so. His wife also worked all these years, but in a different institution. While you could not tell anyone, particularly girls you took out, that you were working in counter-intelligence, when he met his wife, it was different. He could tell her, but then he was introduced to her by a KGB co-worker from her village. In such a situation he could hardly keep it secret. For that matter, he did not want to. In 1953, they worked sometimes until 2 in

the morning and what would a wife have said if he returned home that late? But to this day his wife is aware of no more than that he is an operative, and isn't supposed to know more: he's adhered to this rule up to today. Same goes for his children. He's one person who can keep a secret.

When asked how he went to work, whether by foot or on the bus, and what his normal working day was like, he would say that in winter he usually got up early, a habit since childhood, never rose later than 7 o'clock, shaved, washed, had his breakfast and walked to his office. Living approximately three kilometers from Minsk KGB Headquarters, he'd take a quiet street to Gorky Park, then up a hill and over Yanka Kupala to Lenin Prospect. He usually walked home as well. Did that for exercise. His system. He would also arrive at work by 8:30 instead of 9, and would then spread out all his necessary documents to make up his game plan for the day. He liked to oversee his daily labors early.

Stepan's office, on third floor, was occupied in those years by himself and another officer. They each had their own table and their own safe. A normal working day would begin with documents, and of course, there were always people to meet and conferences with superiors, sometimes staff meetings, but these only took place if really necessary, since they tended to distract people. It was considered better if Stepan

approached his boss in private, or preferably, solved a problem himself. You couldn't bring up everything at a staff meeting because you had to maintain security. That his office was shared with someone else did not, however, present exceptional difficulties. If you run a tight ship, joint occupation is not difficult. Stepan never left papers lying about, and so soon as he was finished using a document, he would put it in his safe. Nor did he have any curiosity about what his colleague might be working on. That was your rule. You're not allowed to ask questions; it's not a matter to feel hurt or offended about. Each man had his own safe; each man was responsible for what was entrusted to him.

X Toward conclusion of his labors on Oswald's case, he can say that he was promoted. It was a natural matter. During his entire time of service, he never skipped a grade, and each promotion was achieved by honest hard work: Junior Operative Officer, Senior Operative Officer, then Assistant Director of Department. At that point, he was given his own office. Now people came to see him in order to solve one or another problem, yet, even so, his friend, who had started same time as himself and was working at same level of job as himself, was made Major, which was appropriate rank for Assistant Director of Department. Stepan, however, was not promoted. Six months went by. He did not feel comfortable drawing

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was?

attention to himself but finally he decided that he must. He said to his friend, sort of joking, maybe he wasn't so good at his job, and his friend said, "Stepan Vasilievich, I'm not going to argue with you. They didn't make you Major, well, find out why. You haven't done anything wrong." He went to Personnel politely, made inquiries, and his boss started to apologize. They had forgotten. Bureaucrats. Of course, no one could see his rank because they didn't wear uniforms.

In his office, there was one large window which looked out on KGB courtyard, and that was much to Stepan's preference. As far as he was concerned, too much din came from windows with access to Lenin Prospect. One minute a car screeches, next minute someone yells something, a militiaman blows his whistle--distracting. He liked it quiet. So he was lucky; his office looked on the courtyard.

As for his normal working day in those years? Stepan shrugged. On a normal day, they'd usually eat inside. At that time, they had what he calls a wonderful cafeteria. Also, there were summerhouses in KGB courtyard. Many of those who lived close by went home for lunch but those who dwelt further away ate in this cafeteria which had beefsteak, cutlets, bottles of 20 percent cream for tea, some kind of salad. Afterwards, for their remaining half hour, some people would do shopping. Or sit in KGB courtyard. At that time,

you could relax under a shade tree. At 2 o'clock, it was back to work.

X There was no fixed routine. It wasn't as if one did one thing before lunch, then another afterward. Sometimes, a particular item would suggest itself as most important, although it hadn't seemed central at first. You had to be able to adjust. No established parameters. You could be on your job until 10 or 12 at night, or leave after a normal day. Things could come up in any file, so a day at work might vary emotionally. It was rarely monotonous. There was always a question of which matters to solve first. When Stepan had doubts, he would go to his superior who might give instructions that were slightly ^{then what} different, yet after Stepan thought about it for a while, he could come to still another conclusion: that he should not do what his boss prescribed. So, he would go back and coordinate, in order not to disobey his commander's rules.

It was a creative process. A matter might be resolved in a month or it might take a year--or years. It isn't that you schedule such-and-such a result for a given period--it doesn't happen that way. It varies with every unforeseen circumstance. Who could predict Oswald's marriage to Marina? It can be impossible to resolve a certain task no matter how hard you try.

When asked if he took digressions from work by playing chess, he said: "Playing chess, checkers or dominoes was not appropriate; only for loafers. It was different if you smoked in order to wind down a little--there was a place where people who needed their dose of nicotine could go." But he was not in that category of people. Whenever he felt tired--although generally he was full of energy and health--he would visit a co-worker, someone he was close to. They would talk for ten or fifteen minutes, then go back to their desks. And when he had a little time after lunch, he did like to play chess, but was hardly KGB's strongest player, merely third class. He did it for pleasure. During summer, on lunch break, he would play volleyball. While not tall, he was good at defense, and his hook shot was pretty good. He relaxed that way.

KGB also had a gym, but in summer they used their courtyard for exercise. There was always a net hanging up for volleyball. Sometimes, if games were more important and at a higher level, they went over to Dynamo Stadium which was not too far away down Komsomol Street.

KGB workers would often hang around after work; that's one nature of this job. Some stay to play chess and justify it to their wives by saying it's necessary for work. But he almost never lied to his wife. He never delayed that long; he didn't abuse his domestic privileges. Played a game, had a

laugh, washed up, went home. Usually when she knew he would be late, she timed her preparation of dishes to match his arrival. In fact, she wouldn't eat herself, even if sometimes, after much work, he came very late. To this day such a tradition still stands. He comes home and says, "Why didn't you eat?" and she says, "I was waiting for you." "Why did you spend all that time waiting?" Her reply: "I can't do it alone."

In 1960, his daughter was six years old and his son a year younger; whatever his wife cooked, he was happy to eat. He would come home and eat with gusto. Everything was fine and he would get rid of stress that way. Leaving work, you see something interesting in a store, you go in, so on. Their domestic life was a little easier because his wife worked too. So, they put their children in 24-hour kindergarten for five days a week. Only during weekends did they see their kids. On Monday, they brought them to KGB club. There was a bus there that took children of KGB personnel to outside of Minsk where there was a nice kindergarten located in a dacha that once belonged to some former minister. It made things easy around their house although in terms of children's upbringing, these weren't best conditions. Still, kindergarten was strict, and his children did not turn out spoiled--that's good too. His wife worked for Central Committee of Komsomol as an

instructor and was assistant director of a sewing workshop.

For entertainment, he would go to theaters. While he didn't particularly like opera and ballet, he did enjoy operettas. Also liked going to cinema and listening to Russian National Choir and such entertaining occasions as sporting events. He was a big hockey fan, liked to watch soccer, but couldn't stand boxing--face-bashing. Liked to read books so long as his vision was still good. Journals and daily press--goes without saying. To read all mass media available was part of his job. He saw many films in that time: "Cossacks of the Don," "Swineherder and Shepherd,"--he liked upbeat films. Didn't go for dramatic situations; they affected his nervous system, got him upset. He tried to watch films that relaxed him. His passion, however, was fishing. He could say that he likes it anywhere: lake fishing, river fishing, anywhere, any body of water, winter, summer, in any wind or season, ice fishing, fall waters, all varieties, just name them. He likes it.

Asked to criticize himself, Stepan states as a person, as a human being: "I feel I was really too tough with my children. I disciplined them a lot and I think maybe some children need more softness in parents. I was a little bit strict; sometimes I think it didn't work. I'm impatient with certain people. I like it that when people talk, they talk

sense. Discreet and brief. But, you know, people are different. Some people want to express themselves more emotionally and I was not patient. If somebody starts to blab, blab, I interrupt and direct conversation to what I see as essence of the matter. But one should be more patient. Not all people are like me.

"On other hand, when I was devoting all my attention to work, I didn't always pay attention to important events at home. I would overlook a colleague's birthday. As for my wife's birthday, I wouldn't forget. For decency's sake, you should make things pleasant, not only for your wife but for people around you, your co-workers, your family."

Asked one more time to give his opinion of Oswald's case, he said it proved to be "primitive--a basic case," because it did not involve anyone of extreme intelligence. Nor did it cost too much money. Oswald did not have a large circle of friends, and was not erratic in his behavior. It wasn't as if one week he had three friends and by following week had accumulated twenty so they had to increase their budget immediately to watch twenty people instead of three, no, this case was simple because it did not have variables, did not fluctuate, and finally there wasn't much that really raised a lot of new questions.

he had gone repeatedly to the KGB officials but still had not been granted exit visas for himself and his wife. In January 1962, practically six months after the date of

(Reply by Abram Chayes, Legal Advocate, Department of State to Interrogatory by Warren Commission)

Question A: At the time that Lee Harvey Oswald and Marina Oswald left Russia for the United States was it legal and normal under Soviet law and practice for a Russian national married to an American to be able to accompany him back to his homeland?

Answer: . . .there have been, from time to time, marriages in the Soviet Union of American citizens and Soviet citizens. With one exception, it is our understanding that all of the Soviet citizens involved have been given permission to emigrate to the United States after waiting periods which were, in some cases, from three to six months and in others much longer.

B. Was the rapidity with which Lee Harvey Oswald was able to accomplish this return. . .in any way unusual?

Answer: It does not appear to us that Mrs. Oswald's Soviet exit visa application was acted upon with unusual rapidity. On July 15, 1961, Oswald and his wife applied for Soviet exit visas. On October 4, 1961, Oswald. . . requested Ambassador Thompson's intervention on his behalf. He related that there had been continuing attempts to intimidate his wife, apparently with the idea of forcing her to give up her plans to go to the United States. On November 1, 1961, Oswald told the Embassy that

he had gone repeatedly to the Minsk officials but still had not been granted exit visas for himself and his wife. In January 1962, practically six months after the date of application (July 15, 1961), Oswald and his wife were granted Soviet exit visas. (n.1)

FROM THE TRANSCRIPT
For Object: GLA-2/23
For Period: 30, Dec., 61

Wife: (So this woman told me) they're selling
butter and eggs. So, like a fool I went there
and they told me what are you talking about?
That was two days ago...

LMO: So, you didn't buy any eggs?

Wife: Do you think I pay them?

LMO: No, we won't have them for New Year's.

Wife: I bought milk, butter, onions, and we're
still not satisfied. What a husband. I have
one ruble left.

FROM THE TRANSCRIPT
For Object: GLA-2/27
For Period: 21, Dec., 61

LMO: You won't look good in this dress.

Wife: Why?

LMO: It's too open.

Wife: Where is it open? It's nice.

Chapter 16 -- On the Turn of the Year

FROM KGB TRANSCRIPT

For Object: OLH-2727

For Period: 30, Dec., 61

Wife: [So this woman told me] they're selling mutton and eggs. So, like a fool I went there and they told me: what are you talking about? That was two days ago...

LHO: So, you didn't buy any eggs?

Wife: Do you think I lay them?

LHO: So, we won't have them for New Year's.

Wife: I bought milk, butter, onions, and he's still not satisfied. What a husband. I have one ruble left.

FROM KGB TRANSCRIPTS

For Object: OLH-2727

For Period: 31, Dec., 61

LHO: You won't look good in this dress.

Wife: Why?

LHO: It's too open.

Wife: Where is it open? It's nice.

LHO: Doesn't go.

Wife: Now, my shoes are a different matter! They don't go with this at all. . .

LHO: You really don't know how to dress, I swear!

Wife: Buy me different shoes.

LHO: Those are nice shoes.

Wife: That's true. But they're no good for winter. They're white. There are winter shoes and summer shoes.

(LHO goes into the kitchen and comes right back.)

LHO: Are you going to put on a jacket?

Wife: What jacket? I don't have any jackets. Do you think it'll make a difference [to the Zigers] if they see that it looks bad?

LHO: Yes!

Wife: It's a simple dress.

LHO: No, it's not nice!

Wife: Well, I can't put this one on. It's full of holes. . .

Wife: I don't know what to wear.

LHO: Everything will be fine! Everything will be just wonderful.

Wife: You know that no one needs me.

LHO: Jesus, what about Oswald? (kisses her) People are going to look at us and say, there's a handsome pair!

Wife: Handsome! (laughs) In that case, I'll go in a skirt and sweater. You'll just have to be embarrassed. (pause) If there were something to wear, I would dress better than you, better than your Americans.

(They laugh)

Wife: If I had been wearing these shoes when we first met, you wouldn't have danced with me.

(They laugh)

15:50 (They leave room)

16:00 (They come back, turn on radio.)

(They are silent.)

(They go to bed. Quiet.)

21:20

LHO: Time to get up. It's already half past nine.

Wife: Already half past nine?

LHO: Yes.

(They're silent.)

(LHO teaches Wife English. They say individual words in English, then translate into Russian. Wife repeats.)

22:00 (They get up, go into kitchen.)

(They return. They advise each other what to wear.)

23:00 (They turn off radio, leave.)

We can wonder if at the Zigers' party that is to welcome the arrival of 1962 they will recollect their previous New Year's Eve. He had spent it with Ella and her family; Marina had been with Sasha, then with Konstantin. Later would come Anatoly Shpanko, and his kisses in the courtyard in the snow.

Jan. 2

Dear Mother,

Well, I have pretty good [hopes] we shall receive our visas about the middle of February, which means we may arrive in the U.S. about the 1st of March give or take a month or so.

I would like you to do something important for us. Get in touch with the Red Cross in Vernon and ask them to contact an organization called "International Rescue Committee" or any organizations which aid persons from abroad [to] get resettled. There are many such organizations.

We need \$800.00 for two tickets from Moscow to New York and from N.Y. to Texas. You can tell the Red Cross that at [this] writing my wife has been granted non-quota immigration status for entrance into the United States, and that both of us have now received Soviet exit visas to leave the Soviet Union. . .

We only need money for the tickets now.

Ask them to contact the American Embassy, Moscow, for

information. . .I want you to try to get the money through some organization, and not try to collect it yourself, alone.

Do not, of course, take any loan, only a gift, and don't send your own money.

We received your Christmas card with photos. They were very good; both of us enjoyed them very much.

Write soon,

Love,

Lee (n.1)

On receiving this a couple of weeks later, Marguerite Oswald proceeded to act upon it.

Mrs. Oswald. . . .all exit visas and everything had been documented and he is ready to come home but he needs help financially to come home. . .

Mr. Rankin. Yes.

Mrs. Oswald. So when I entered the Vernon Red Cross. . . I told the young lady, showed her the letter and showed her the paper. I said, "Would you find out, please, the address of the International Rescue Committee? My son is in Russia and asked me to contact you."

She said, "What is your son doing in Russia?"

I said, "I don't know."

"You are his mother and you don't know what he is doing in Russia?"

I said, "Young lady, I said I do not know what he is doing in Russia."

"Well, I think anybody goes to Russia doesn't need any help to get back, they should stay over there."

So I said, "I am not interested in your personal opinion. I need help. Would you please contact, give me the address of the International Rescue Committee so I can continue to try to get money for my son to come home?"

She did not know of any address for the International Rescue Committee.

I asked her if she had a private line to Wichita Falls, which was approximately 40 miles away, which would be the next big city. She called Wichita Falls, and they did not know the address of the International Committee...

Now, I sent a telegram--and you know this part of it --to the State Department asking--I told them I was in a small town, Vernon, Texas, and I had received a letter from Lee asking me to get the address and help from the International Rescue Committee. But being in a small town I had no success--could they help me out?

So they sent a telegram back with the address of the International Rescue Committee. . .

Now this young lady [in Vernon Red Cross] was very, very regalish. She didn't want to help anybody going to Russia. So when I received the telegram from the State Department, it was on a Saturday. I called her that morning. I was delayed 4 or 5 days. And to me it was

very important since my son and daughter-in-law had all documents finished [and] I wanted that baby to be born here.

So I called her at her home and told her that I had the address from the State Department of the International Rescue Committee, and would she be so kind enough to come to the office and write the letter for me.

She said, "Well, Mrs. Oswald, I don't have a key."

This is on a Saturday morning and she is in the courthouse.

I said, "Do you mean to tell me you are in charge of the Red Cross and you don't have a key?"

"No, I don't."

"Well, young lady, you have delayed me 4 days and I don't like your attitude. I am going to ask you especially to make a point to come to the office and get this in the mail for me. It is very important."

So, reluctantly, after much persuasion, she came.

So she wrote the letter to the International Rescue Committee, and handed it to me, and I mailed the letter--I mailed the letter.

(n.2)

Chapter 17 -- Pen-Pals

January 4 I am called to the Passport Office since my residential passport expires today. Since I now have a U.S. passport in my possession, I am given a totally new residential passport called "Passport for Foreigners" as we have been given. . . permission to leave and know we shall. It's good till July 5, 1962.

They are so confident they will be able to leave in a few weeks. He will have his new passport; she has her exit visa; his mother will convince some charitable American organization to give them a gift. Maybe they can even travel before their baby is born. When you push a wall, and the wall begins to move, it is natural to be optimistic.

Shocks await them. Bureaucratic snags. Questions about his defection begin to circulate in inter-office memos at State. Concerns arise in charitable organizations and in the Department of Justice: Are they being asked to aid a Communist and his Soviet wife? And who will guarantee support for Marina if Oswald's mother has to go to others for a few hundred dollars to pay her son's fare back?

Letters circulate through January and early February. Oswald will send three to the Embassy in Moscow before the month is out, and two to the International Rescue Committee. He writes seven letters to his mother in the next two months and four to Robert Oswald; he receives six letters from the American Embassy in the same two months. In Washington, over the preceding two years, inter-office memos concerning him have been passing back and forth at State, more than ten in 1959 and early 1960, twenty or more in the last year. A certain division of opinion has developed in the Department on whether Oswald is a person to be helped in this repatriation project. Inquiries come to State from other organizations and have to be answered.

Those readers who have small tolerance for intra-office alerts and rectifications of bureaucratic procedure may be tempted to move ahead. Those intrigued with Oswald's mind may find such correspondence of interest since we will encounter his acumen and his arrogance even as he meets with these bureaucratic difficulties.

January 5, 1962

Dear Sirs:

. . .As I have already informed the Embassy, exit visas for myself and my wife have already been granted. I can have mine at any time, but it will be good for 45 days only. Since I and my wife wish to leave the USSR together, I shall delay requesting my visa until such time as documentation from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of the USSR and the American Embassy is completed on my wife.

I'd like to be sure we can leave as soon as all documents are finished since there will be an addition to the family in March.

I would like to make arrangements for a loan from the Embassy or some organization for part of the plane fare. Please look into this and notify me.

Yours truly,

Lee H. Oswald (n.1)

American Embassy
Moscow, USSR
January 15, 1962

Mr. Lee Harvey Oswald
Ulitsa Kalinina
House 4, Apartment 24
Minsk, USSR

Dear Mr. Oswald:

Your letter of January 5, 1962 was received at the Embassy on January 11. . .

On January 13, the Embassy received official

notification from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of the issuance of an exit visa to your wife valid until December 1, 1962. [However]. . .there are several other documents connected with your wife's immigrant visa application which are still lacking. As far as the Embassy is aware, the petition which you filed to classify your wife's status has not yet been approved by the Immigration and Naturalization Service. Moreover, evidence required by law to show that your wife will not become a public charge in the United States has not been presented to the Embassy. One possibility, in this regard, would be for your mother or some other close relative in the United States to file an affidavit of support in your wife's behalf. Until these documentary requirements are satisfied, the Embassy will not be able to take action on your wife's visa application.

In view of these circumstances, you may wish to reconsider your decision to defer your departure until Mrs. Oswald's documentation is complete, particularly inasmuch as it may prove difficult to provide the necessary financial support evidence while you are still in the USSR. Please inform us of your intentions in this matter.

The question which you raise of a loan to defray part of your travel expenses to the United States can be discussed when you come to the Embassy. . .

Very truly yours,

Samuel G. Wise

American Consul

Enclosure:

Form PS-497

(n.2)

OPERATIONS MEMORANDUM

To: Department of State January 16, 1962
From: Amembassy MOSCOW
Subject: CITIZENSHIP AND PASSPORTS: Lee Harvey Oswald

. . .Mr. Oswald's letter of January 5 states that he wishes to delay his departure from the USSR until his wife's immigrant visa documentation is complete in order that they may depart together. Mr. Oswald also indicates that his wife is expecting a child in March.

Finally, Mr. Oswald's latest letter raises the matter of a loan to defray part of the cost of air travel to the U.S. for himself and Mrs. Oswald.

Action Requested: The Department is requested to advise the Embassy as soon as possible whether we are authorized to make a loan for air travel to the Oswalds under the authority contained in 2 dsm 423 without further reference with the Department. If not, the Department is requested to authorize such a loan on a contingency basis. . . . (n.3)

Oswald has to know that requesting a loan from the State Department will slow his progress. Of course, it is a large sum of money for his mother to find, but he may have other reasons as well. If the State Department is willing to lend

him money, then it is probable they expect no prosecution against him.

January 16, 1962

Dear Sirs,

In reply to your informative letter of January 5:

Since I signed and paid for an immigration petition for my wife in July, 1961, I think it's about time to get it approved or refused.

I hope you will inform me of any other documents that are needed and not wait until the last minute.

The enclosed affidavits are as close as I can come to meeting the requirements under the law, Section 212A15(c), Form OSL-845. I hope they will suffice for now.

You suggest that because of the documentation necessary I go to the United States alone.

I certainly will not consider going to the U.S. alone for any reason, particularly since it appears my passport will be confiscated upon my arrival in the United States.

I would like for all documentation to be completed at or by the Embassy in Moscow.

We have not had an easy time getting our exit visas from the Soviet authorities, as the Embassy well knows. I would not like this whole thing repeated because of a lack of this or that on anybody's part. I'm sure you understand.

Also, we will have a child in March, and although the

Russian processing in this case will be to write in age, sex, and place of birth on my wife's travel passport (a process of four days in Moscow), I would like to know what you will require in this event.

Sincerely,

Lee H. Oswald. (n.4)

We may be encountering Oswald's profound anxiety about returning to America. In his zeal to go back with Marina, only with Marina, and never without her, let us provide him with more than one motive. The side of him that is always ready to calculate his situation would probably judge that it is safer for him not to go back alone. His wife and newborn child are bound to produce some sympathy for him in America. He is, after all, a brilliant, if highly skewed, student of public opinion.

This does not have to be his only consideration. He can be miserable with Marina, and even more miserable at the thought of living without her. What is young marriage if not a testing ground for our ability to keep contradicting our previous and hitherto deepest feelings that our relationship is meant or not meant to be?

is this overstated?
i.e. young marriage is a test