

ch1 moscow

- 59 Does M. take any interest told KFB LHO was untalk, as Nozents said?
- 60 Marina - "There were reports to file" M says. Does she say what reports? Sup she "reported" to the proper people? Does M. say who & why?
- 61 after suicide attempt LHO had only \$100. But Marina said at least travel interest was "Deluxe". costly. Even private guide, private car & private dinner. When did LHO get this money?

Maider does make it clear that Snyder did keep LHO from defecting - citizenship. I think he understates what Nozents said about interest w/deduction Oswald for the KFB

Nothing about interviews of LHO in Moscow

Ch 4 p77 M. into WC testimony & published memo by Marina & omits their published sources

Length additional quotation of Marina follows, no source given.

Perhaps Maider interview of her?

- 84 ch3 slight suggestion LHO was openly anti-USSR nothing abnormal about their trips to here

92 bottom Maider gets them out of USSR without mention of what is public, that Oswald was anti-USSR within the USSR & quotes other KFB record to indicate nothing like that existed. In this version anyway and in one more sentence only has been in Texas. No mention of his getting money or how he got and apparently did not have to pay for that. Rather down reportment. If does mention that when he went hunting LHO never hit anything (but not that others gave him game to take home) apparently that even with a shotgun and game LHO never hit anything does not disqualify him as the assassin to Maider

98 Maider attributes Marina's lying not to the great pressures on her but "because she was floating through a foggy world"

April 10, 1964

FASHION DERELICT
From 'Vogue' to homelessness, by Ingrid Sischy

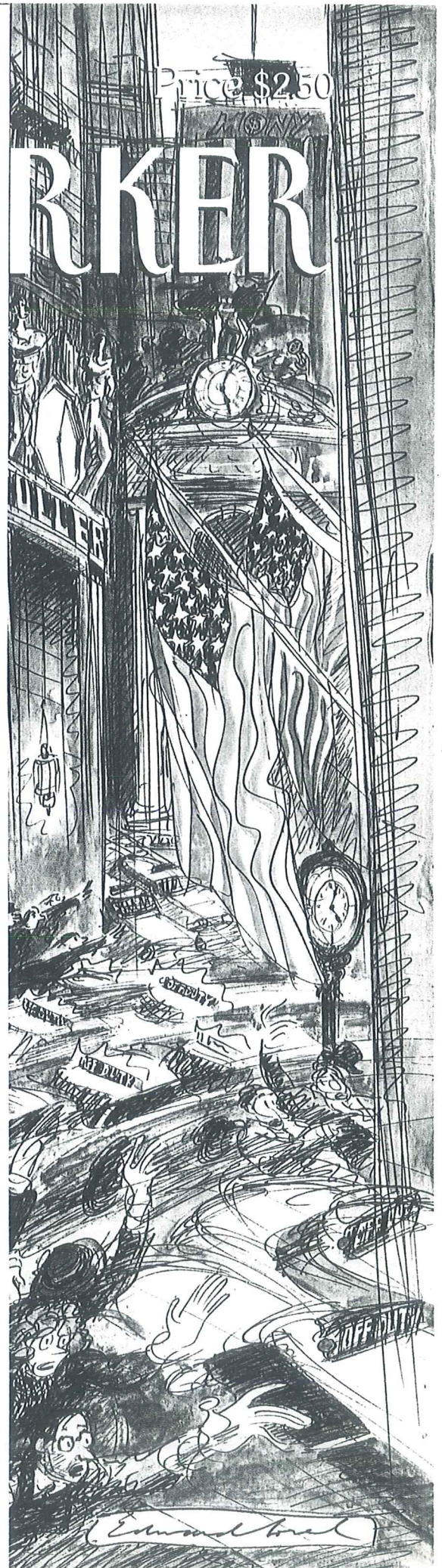
THE

NEW YORKER

Price \$2.50

OSWALD in Russia by Norman MAILER

Two years before the assassination of President Kennedy, Marina Prusakova married a lonely, self-exiled young American named Lee Harvey Oswald. As Lee and Marina fought and fretted and made love, the K.G.B. was listening to every word. After thirty-five years, the secrets of the Oswald files can now be revealed.



ANNALS OF SURVEILLANCE

OSWALD IN THE U.S.S.R.

Why did Lee Harvey Oswald go to Moscow? Unpublished K.G.B. transcripts and recollections of the Oswalds' friends in Minsk—many interviewed here for the first time, by the author and his colleague Lawrence Schiller—reveal that, in searching for evidence of espionage, the Soviets produced an intimate portrait of a strange and troubled marriage.

BY NORMAN MAILER

I—MOSCOW

"I've come to dissolve my American citizenship."

RIMMA SHIRAKOVA loved to speak English. Rusty now, she could say, but she would conduct, if you will, every word of this interview in English, and she could tell the gentlemen who were speaking to her now that back then, for the Soviet people, 1957 had been an exciting year. After much preparation, Moscow had opened at that time a festival to establish human relations between foreigners and Russians in Moscow. It was the greatest event for changing life in the Soviet, she explained. Rimma was twenty in 1957, a student at Moscow Foreign Languages Institute, and she met a number of new people and spoke to foreigners and taught English to children.

Freedom was very great in that year, you see. There were so many young foreigners and young Russians all together. Foreigners heard about it and wanted to come for visits. So Intourist was started to arrange all the work for tours and visas, and Intourist took on many guides, which is how Rimma would say she got into it.

First of all, new employees took courses on how to become good at their work. That was connected to studying relevant material that guides should use. For example, Rimma took examinations on how to show their Kremlin Treasury. That was in June of 1959, and those who passed were offered a job in July; most of them were her fellow-students at their Foreign Languages Institute. In September, most of these people, to use King's English, were sacked. Only those

like herself, who showed excellent retention of facts, were accepted for permanent work.

Come autumn and winter of 1959, there were few tourists, but in general through 1959 there had been a good number of Americans, and a big business exhibition came and went in August. Rimma had worked with seventeen "boys." That was how they introduced themselves: "boys." They were governors from the Southern states of America, seventeen big boys, all of them with cameras. And Russian people in those days had a picture of Americans never being without their cameras.

One day in October of 1959, October 16th, Rimma was given the name of a man she was now assigned to take around in Moscow for five days. When she met him, however, she was surprised. He had not only arrived by Deluxe class—but he was taking his whole tour Deluxe. Only rich people travel in such a class. The most wealthy! How many can come alone Deluxe to Moscow for five days? So, she was expecting quite another kind of fellow, some gentleman who would be like an equal maybe to her governors of the Southern states, and they had not even been Deluxe. Only first class. Deluxe was two rooms to yourself, a suite. Naturally, she was expecting a middle-aged man who would be impressive. A dandy!

When she went, however, to the assigned section of the Berlin Hotel lobby to meet him, there was only a boy, slender, of medium height, wearing a dark-blue three-quarter autumn overcoat of inexpensive material and military boots with thick soles. Ordinary boots. From her point of view, someone travelling Deluxe should not look like this, cer-

tainly not! And this boy was pale, very pale. She would say he looked gloomy and nervous—yes, nervous, very nervous. He wasn't calm.

She introduced herself and gave a preview of the program. Intourist had group plans for people on excursions, but now there was only Rimma and this Deluxe boy, who was to have everything private. So she offered him a sightseeing tour. He spoke quietly, but at first it could have been a closed door between them. He didn't seem to know a single word in Russian, so Rimma spoke to him in English, about obtaining tickets to this or that theatre, and she went down a list of what to tour with him, but he showed no interest in excursions. This first morning, they went with a driver on a sightseeing tour around Moscow, and made stops. Their last one was Red Square, but the initiative for all of one hour and a half had been Rimma's. He did not interrupt any of her tour stories; he asked no questions. Such an odd Deluxe tourist.

Then their morning tour was over and he returned to the Berlin Hotel and had his midday meal alone. Rimma just said she'd see him a little later. She was planning to take him to the Kremlin that afternoon. There was something about him, something maybe unusual, but he was nice. He was polite and getting more natural. But that afternoon, this first day, he began speaking about himself. They did not go to the Kremlin after all. He wanted to talk.

Naturally, she didn't go to his suite: she would never do that. It wasn't allowed. So they went out. It was warm, and they sat on a bench, and he repeated, "If you don't mind, I don't want

Twenty-one-year-old Lee and nineteen-year-old Marina starting life as newlyweds in Khrushchev's Soviet Union (opposite).



to go on a tour." Now, this was not against their rules; it was allowed, but it wasn't considered a good idea.

Anyway, he began to say a few words about himself, that he was from Texas, had served as a U.S. marine, and had decided to go and see this country, Rus-

sia. He had read, he told Rimma, that Soviet people lived good, useful, and very peaceful lives.

Now, in those days Rimma was a great patriot, a very great one, she would say, so she was quite sure she agreed with him. She told him, Certainly ours

is the best country, and you were right to come. She also felt that he was trying to get closer to her, because she was someone he could exchange information with. Not serious information, just talk about life. She was very enthusiastic that he liked her country,

but she had never expected him to speak like this.

He started talking about how war was very bad because innocent people got killed, and as he talked he became more friendly, and she understood that he wanted to tell her so many things from his point of view.

Then he said that his real idea was that he didn't want to return to the United States. There was no sense in his going back, he told her. He had already settled that in his mind. He was going to stay here. He gave reasons. To her, they sounded like good ones. He said that his mother had remarried and had another husband, practically had another family, so his mother was not interested in him. Nobody was interested in him there. And when he had served in the Far East he had seen so much suffering, so many deaths, for which he blamed the United States. His country fomented unjust wars, he said, in which he did not want to take part. He gave her an impression that he had actually been in combat, fighting for his country, definitely gave her this impression, and he was sympathetic and believable to her. She thought he was quite right. It was certainly very strange that there was

an American like this, but she was sure he was quite right. So she told him she shared his opinion, that there should not be unjust wars—certainly it was unnatural to kill people. He said again he wanted to stay here. This was a proper country from his political point of view.

Rimma was surprised. Even shocked. It was not a simple situation. Not routine at all. Nobody in training had ever spoken about something like this. So she helped him to write a letter to Supreme Soviet and she had it delivered. Nobody asked her to; it was her young wish to help him. But later, when she spoke to her boss, a woman, and told this story, her boss was not happy. Her chief said, "What have you done? He came as a tourist. Let him be a tourist."

Rimma was a little upset, because she felt her chief was taking the easiest way. That was bureaucracy. For sure. But Rimma knew her people. In general, most people were slow. They did not want to be energetic. They would say, "My job is not a wolf, it won't run away into the forest, so why should I hurry?" That was one prevailing attitude. But Rimma was also sure that her chief would get in touch with someone above her and they would know what to do.



"Pop, could we have a sidebar?"

From Oswald's diary:

Oct. 16

I explain to her [Rimma] I wish to apply for Russian citizenship. She is flabbergasted, but agrees to help. She checks with her boss, main office Intourist, then helps me address a letter to Supreme Soviet asking for citizenship.[†]

ALEXANDER SIMCHENKO was the boss of the U.S. and Canada desk of OVIR, the Visa and Registration Office, and had about thirty people under him. Decades later, still speaking some English, he would say to the Oswald interviewers, "I can tell you very honestly that everybody at that time who was working for Intourist was under observation and control by our K.G.B. If they asked, 'What is your impression of So-and-So?' concerning someone we were taking around, it was not possible to say, 'I don't care to speak about it.' Even if you liked a tourist, you had to give your professional opinion. When some K.G.B. officer would call, he would, to identify himself, give you his first name and patronymic but not his family name. He might say 'This is Gennady Petrovich. We want to know about So-and-So.'"

Alexander, of course, understood. At that time, they were taught that a majority of foreigners are spies. So you had to understand certain requirements of his position. But as far as Alexander can tell, not of a single person on whom he reported could you say that he told something inaccurate. He would tell Gennady Petrovich exactly how he accepted and reacted to each person. He reported verbally.

Alexander had acquired some experience concerning persons from other countries who wanted to apply for Soviet citizenship. Ninety-nine per cent of them were disturbed. He remembered a call from a militiaman in Red Square, who told him, "There's an American lady distributing leaflets here in front of Lenin's Tomb," and he

[†]Even as one stains a slide in order to separate the features of its contents more clearly, so Oswald's letters and writings have been corrected here for spelling, clarity, and syntax. Oswald was dyslexic, and his orthography and syntax are so bad at times that the man is not revealed but concealed—in the worst of his letters he seems stupid and illiterate. Therefore, it seems worth giving him some benefit in this direction in order better to perceive the workings of his mind.

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said, "O.K., bring her to my office. Also, bring her leaflets." Printed in Russian was "Dear Soviet Citizens: Help me to receive Soviet citizenship." Alexander told her, "You have to apply to our Embassy in Washington for something like this," and she said, "I did, and they said, 'Go to Russia, and Intourist will help you.'" So Alexander told her that Intourist was responsible only for tourists who were acting like tourists. Others were always told to go back and apply again to the Embassy of the Soviet Union in their own country. When they still insisted on trying to get it done in Russia, his only answer was "Go to the Presidium or the supreme congress," which Presidium happened to be in an adjoining building, and so they would walk over there, and someone would receive them and say, "Go back to Intourist." At the Russian Embassy in Washington, they kept saying, "Travel to Moscow on a tourist trip. Intourist will help you."

Of course, Alexander would often hear from K.G.B. of such cases. Still, he had never met anyone from K.G.B.; it was always a voice on his phone. If it wasn't Gennady Petrovich, it was someone who would get on and say, "I don't know you, but Gennady Petrovich recommended I call and speak to you . . ." Then they would proceed. He just listened, and tried to be helpful.

The first time Alexander came across Lee Harvey Oswald's name was when he received a call that a young American was trying to receive Soviet citizenship. When Alexander heard his first name was Lee, he thought, "Chinese, maybe he's Chinese by birth." But then he thought, "Oswald—that's not Chinese, not Oswald." So he wasn't too surprised when this young person came in. He seemed an average young American.

He was very cute, he was smiling, a person who tried to be very appealing, and he was, yes, very appealing. Smiling. He came in wearing a short black parka and no hat and a knitted turtle-neck sweater, and he was wearing a silver chain with his name on it, and a ring with a stone. He was an unusual case, and Alexander was afraid to speak to him for too long, just talked to him a little and told him nicely to go away. He certainly wasn't in a mood to call somebody higher up and ask them to



"Harmon was shaving and his stomach fell into the sink."

help, because they would only say, "Why?"

Years later, for instance, when the president of McDonald's hamburgers first came to Moscow, he told Alexander he'd like to introduce McDonald's to all of the Soviet Union, and Alexander made a call to City Council's catering department, and they said, "What? What you are doing? You want to leave your job? Why are you introducing *this*?" That was why, in unorthodox cases, Alexander was reluctant to call anybody.

He did ask Oswald how he received his name Lee, and the young man replied, "Maybe it's my grandparents'. Maybe it's Irish." But then, thinking there might be Spanish in this name Oswald, like Osvaldo, Alexander said, "*Habla español?*" and Oswald said, "No, no, no, no." He said he wanted to stay in the Soviet Union because he felt very

sympathetic to Alexander's country; he had read Lenin, Stalin, newspapers, magazines, etc. Alexander thought his knowledge might be superficial; maybe he had read some books, but, still, nothing deep. So Alexander replied, "You know, we're not able to do anything here." At that time, it was difficult to extend a tour; everything had to be worked out in advance through a travel agency. Intourist couldn't sell to you on the spot. Alexander knew many cases where persons wanted to prolong their stay but couldn't find a way to buy new vouchers for food, entertainment, theatre, ballet, visits, trips, no way to connect at the last minute with an appropriate bureau to get vouchers. Besides, Alexander knew that if a high official were interested in having this tourist Oswald stay on, the high official would begin to take a few steps. Since Lee Oswald had been sent routinely to him, that meant no-

body was interested. Alexander took it for granted that K.G.B. knew more about Oswald than Alexander did and that it was not his business.

NEXT morning, Rimma was asked by this boy, "Do you think I'll be allowed to stay?" and Rimma told him she didn't know. "As for me," she said, "I'll do everything I can to help you." She felt much closer to him now. He had become to her like a relative. It wasn't romantic on her side, although she felt there might be something on his side, because he certainly seemed sure she would only do good for him. He was sweet and natural, and maybe back then when she was young she was a little more coquettish. A little bit. She couldn't say she liked him very much: he wasn't her type. Maybe it was a small amount romantic, but certainly they did not kiss each other. She was like a sister to him, you see. He was in such a difficult position in his life; he needed someone. And who was there to rely on but herself? So they were friendly, very friendly, and she was upset also, and uneasy. She had thought official response would be quicker. That there'd be more interest. But nothing happened on this second day.

The next morning was Sunday, the third day of his visit, and his birthday, October 18th. By his passport she knew he was now twenty, but he looked younger. She gave him a gift. She bought a book by Dostoyevski—"The Idiot"—for him. And they visited Lenin's Tomb, in Red Square. No special reaction. He was waiting for news, but Sunday had no news. Ditto, Monday. Absence of new information. **Still, there were reports to file.**

After he had told her of his desire to stay, she reported each afternoon to the proper people. It was very important, you see, for his fate. But she was surprised. They did not seem to pay much serious attention to his case.

Today, thinking of herself as a source of information to her superiors concerning Oswald, she wonders what value a young girl could bring who had never had such an experience before. At least, she was sincere. But it's difficult to say what K.G.B. thought.

Sunday and Monday he was saying maybe he could tell them some secret things. He had served in his armed

forces and he had something to tell. Rimma went to her boss and reported that Oswald was now prepared to offer matters of interest. He knew about airplanes; he mentioned something about devices. He said he'd like to meet some authorities. Her boss said, "Oh, go and have another tour," and Rimma had a feeling that maybe people from Internal Security had come around already to take a quiet look at him. Not to talk to him, just to keep a little watch on him.

On Tuesday night, however, they told her that he wouldn't be allowed to stay; he would be refused. She could not give him such bad news then. She waited until the next morning, which was the sixth and last day of his visa.

He was shocked. Very depressed, very tense. She tried to calm him, but

BODY

The human condition is not pain only.
Yet pain rules us and has much power.
Wise thoughts fail in its presence.
Starry skies go out.

From the center of the anatomical atlas
Where liver-red and clear-red of lungs
Meet flesh-color of cloudlike intestines,
Heralds of pain proceed with their muted calls.
From defenseless guard posts at the frontier of the skin
Runs the alarm of being touched by steel or fire.

No chitinous or horn armor.
Nakedness under dresses and the masks of dancers.
And our obsession with undressing them on the stage
To know what they are when they pretend.

Scarlet liquor under the sun of the heart
Circulates, warms up, pulsates.
Visions, landscapes move to its rhythm
As does the brain, a gray moon, Luna.

On a gynecological chair open knees.
Defenseless viscera shattered by childbirth.
And the first scream, terror of exile into the world,
On a frozen river, in a stony city.

Julia, Isabel, Luke, Titus!
It's us, our kinship and mutual pity.
This body so fragile and woundable,
Which will remain when words abandon us.

—CZESLAW MILOSZ

(Translated, from the Polish, by the author and Robert Hass.)

now it was as if he were dead. He spent a whole morning with her. So depressed. She did talk him into a trip for that afternoon.

After taking her big meal at lunchtime, she waited for him downstairs; usually he was punctual—nine sharp was always nine sharp for him, ditto for 2 P.M. Now, this afternoon they had their car and driver waiting, and it was very difficult with cars; you had to reserve carefully in advance. So by two-thirty she was so worried that she went upstairs to his room without permission.

The floor lady at the elevator landing said, "He's still in his room, because I don't have his key."

Rimma said, "Come with me." They began knocking. Nobody answered. His door was locked from the inside, and so

the floor lady couldn't put her extra key in. They called someone from Internal Security, and a locksmith from their hotel crew joined them, but the locksmith had difficulty opening the door, and finally pushed it open with such a bang that both men fell into the living room. They saw nobody. Rimma, behind them, saw nothing. Then these two men went on to the left and into Oswald's bathroom. Rimma doesn't know where they found him, whether in the tub or on the bathroom floor; she couldn't see from where she was in the hall, and she did not want to. Then they came out and said, "Get an ambulance." Rimma went down to call, and, soon after, a policeman told her that he had cut his wrists. He had said "cut his wrists," but she didn't know if it was one or two. "Old Italian method," he said. Rimma was scared certainly, but also glad. From a moral point of view, she thought it was good that she had come in time. When they brought him out on a stretcher she saw that he was dressed. His clothes were dry. He was lying unconscious on this stretcher and she sat next to him in the ambulance. Up front was a man driving, and another fellow who had helped carry his stretcher. She was alone with him in back, and he looked so weak and thin. His cheeks were hollow: his face was bluish. He looked like a person about to die. If he did, there might be a bad situation for her country, a scandal between U.S. and U.S.S.R. Tourists come, and now this one's dead, so other tourists might be afraid to visit. What with serious distrust between two great nations, Americans might think that Soviet officials had tortured him.

Their trip took a while because they had been assigned to Botkin Hospital, which for Rimma was one of the best in Moscow. It was not near the Berlin Hotel, but it had very good doctors, with a special department for diplomats, also for foreigners. When they arrived, however, they were taken to a locked-door facility for Russians. Mental ward.

At Reception, they had put him on a stretcher with wheels, and injected him. After surgery, when he opened his eyes, he couldn't understand at first where he was, but then she began speaking to him, and said, "Everything is all right. We are in the right ward. Don't worry." And she patted his hair. She was

very gentle. He looked at her but did not smile. Since they had already stitched everything, there was a bandage on his left arm near his wrist. Right arm, nothing. Just his left wrist. She stayed with him from arrival at four in the afternoon until maybe ten o'clock. He asked her not to go, and so she stayed. For six hours.

He had been put in a room with Russians, and Rimma told them he was a good American, but she did not mention that he had tried suicide. She merely said she was from Intourist, and he was American and ill—no further details. She told him to be calm. He asked if she would come and she said she would. Tomorrow morning. Certainly.

Oct. 21

Evening 6:00

Receive word . . . I must leave country tonight at 8:00 P.M. as visa expires. I am shocked! My dreams! I retire to my room. I have \$100 left. I have waited for two years to be accepted. My fondest dreams are shattered because of a petty official, because of bad planning. I planned too much!

7:00 P.M.

I decide to end it. Soak wrist in cold water to numb the pain. Then slash my left wrist. Then plunge wrist into bathtub of hot water. I think, "When Rimma comes at 8 to find me dead it will be a great shock." Somewhere a violin plays as I watch my life whirl away. I think to myself, "How easy to die," and "a sweet death to violins." About 8:00 Rimma finds me unconscious (bathtub water a rich red color). She screams (I remember that) and runs for help. Ambulance comes, am taken to hospital where

five stitches are put in my wrist. Poor Rimma stays at my side as interpreter (my Russian is still very bad), far into the night. I tell her, "Go home." My mood is bad, but she stays. She is my "friend." She has a strong will. Only at this moment I notice she is pretty.

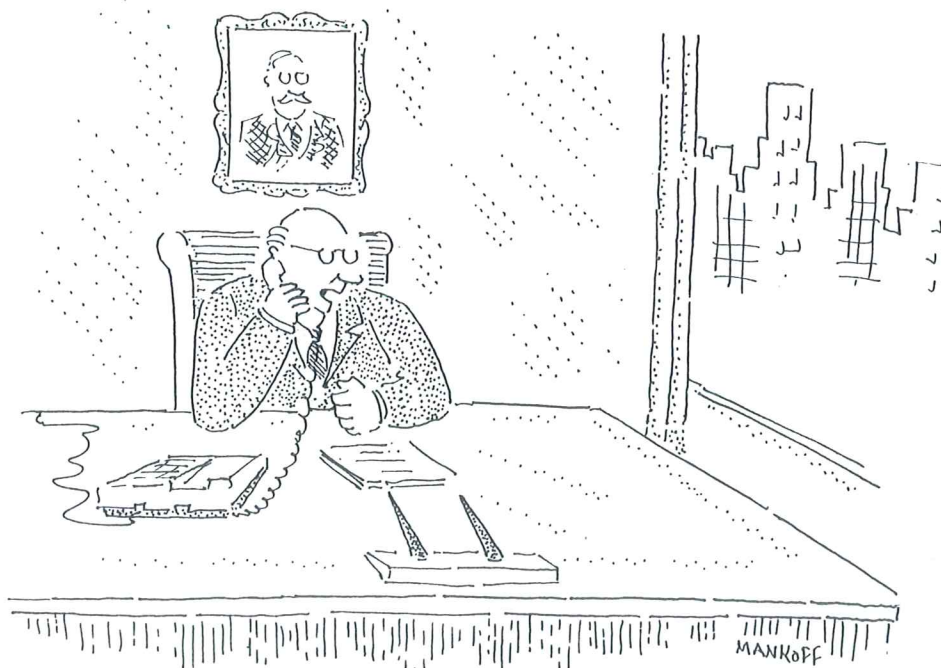
He had not asked Rimma to bring back anything from his room, but she did look around there next day and saw that he had a dark-green sweater and two shirts, no more. Maybe he washed one each night. Certainly he always combed his hair and shined his one pair of shoes.

She also brought over the book she had bought for his birthday, "The Idiot." Maybe she had made a forecast for this Lee. Since his name didn't sound Russian at all, he now called himself Alik—her suggestion.

He was in that same ward where she had left him, sitting up, quite all right. His roommates soon told her, "Everything is O.K.; don't worry. We'll take care of Alik; he's a good guy." And again she spent a whole day with him and did not go to her office—everything would be taken care of without her.

She was pleased; Alik was so happy to see her that he even blushed, and she believed that now Soviet authorities would change their opinion and do something. Because they should. They would not allow him to die.

Next day, when Rimma came to his mental ward and they asked who it was,



"A billion is a thousand million? Why wasn't I informed of this?"

she said *svoi*, which means "people who are close" or "family," and that struck her as funny. What kind of family was this, all cuckoo, and now she had become one with cuckoo people. She explained to Alik that she didn't think he was crazy, he was even normal, but they did have to examine and study him. And, for that matter, she thought to herself that some psychiatrists might be from K.G.B. She did not exclude such thoughts.

Oct. 22

I am alone with Rimma amongst the mentally ill. She encourages me and scolds me. She says she will help me get transferred to another section of hospital (not for insane) where food is good.

Oct. 23

Transferred to ordinary ward. (Airy, good food.) But nurses are suspicious of me. (They know.) . . .

Wed. Oct. 28

Leave hospital in Intourist car with Rimma for Hotel Berlin. Later, I change hotel to Metropole. Rimma notified me that [the] passport and registration office wishes to see me about my future.

Later, Rimma and car pick me up and we enter the office to find four officials waiting for me (all unknown to me). They ask how my arm is, I say OK; they ask, Do you want to go to your homeland? I say no, I want Soviet citizenship. . . . They say they will see about that. . . . They make notes. "What papers do you have to show who

and what you are?" I give them my discharge papers from the Marine Corps. They say, "Wait for our answer." I ask, "How long?" "Not soon."

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

Oct. 29

Hotel room 214, Metropole Hotel.

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

Oct. 31

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

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

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

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

Nov. 2-15

Days of utter loneliness. . . . I remain in my room. I am racked with dysentery.

Now, at the Metropole, Rimma would go up to his room. She could. She had been given new rules, as if it were a new case. She was assigned to taking full care of him. He was no longer a tourist. They took it as something very serious, and so did he. Why were they not solving this problem? He was very nervous. He told her that all his money had gone for his tour Deluxe. He had done it purposely. If he was on a tour alone, more attention would be given to him than in a group, and that way he could fulfill his plan.

Rimma's relationship with Lee became a good deal closer. He was very much like a relative now—but not a brother, not a boyfriend, in between. He wanted to kiss her and was ready to try, but she didn't want that. She never kissed him at all, not ever. It was considered, as the English would say, not good form to behave like that. People who did could lose their jobs. Of course, for her, as a person, she could certainly kiss him if she wished it that much, but, you see, she did not. Certainly not. She had a boyfriend, a young engineer, graduate of Moscow Power Institute, whom she would see once a week. A loving fellow. Moreover, with Alik it was a situation where it was impossible to be light-minded. The consequences of improper behavior could not be simple. A Russian writer said once, "It's better to die than to kiss without love," and good girls were of that same opinion. If she didn't love him and didn't want close relations, then she should not kiss. So she patted him on his hand. Enough. Her psychology.

Besides, she had to send reports to her chief and be factual, always factual. So how could she kiss? Was she to re-



"So, is there a Mrs. Peanut?"

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port that? She would say Alik was O.K., he wanted to be accepted into their Soviet Union; she tried to give a good impression of him, but factual. Sometimes she wrote her report daily, sometimes weekly; it depended on how much information she received. They didn't ask her to tell them every day but absolutely when she felt she should. Very difficult days.

Nov. 16

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

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

Sometimes he would still say that all people are brothers and sisters, and the Soviets wanted more good for our world than America. But Rimma felt he had come to such ideas without knowing many facts. Very superficial. Not natural. Not deep.

She never said this to him, however, because it would be too easy to hurt his feelings. He knew that, too. He would never insult her, she knew, because she could say something back that would show him to be a person who thinks too much of himself and shouldn't behave as he does. You should know the kind of person you are, she was ready to tell him if he got at all unpleasant—you are just nothing.

"What's my news?" he kept asking her. Always this same question. And she had a feeling that maybe he was going to ask her to marry him. But he didn't. Maybe he knew she wouldn't agree. However, he hinted many times, said how good and how happy he felt being with her. When she went to her chief

and asked about his situation, one question they would always ask her was "What can he do for a living?" Unfortunately, he could do nothing.

Finally, since he had no money, her boss told Rimma they should move him from his present good room to something smaller. They found such a cubbyhole, very small, very modest. His life was going from Deluxe down. Down and down. Which means up. Higher floor, smaller room.

Rimma couldn't even eat with him. In those days, even if her salary was a hundred rubles a month because of her excellent marks, meals at a hotel were too expensive. She went to reasonable places. Then, because they couldn't afford to give him restaurant meals at his hotel any longer, higher-ups said, "Special meal." Poorer quality. Of course, he wasn't always gloomy. Sometimes he was certainly romantic, and would tell jokes, but mostly she had to try to cheer him up. He would say that if he was allowed to stay in her country he would live in Moscow. Of course, if he mar-

ried her it would be easier for him to do that. But she never discussed this with him, and didn't think he was just pretending that he loved her; she thought his feelings were sincere. But he wasn't sleeping well. He was thinking of his situation. Always. His Russian didn't get much better, either—no, no.

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

He had no idea where it was. Had never heard of it. Rimma told him it was a good city, which was true. She often took foreigners to Minsk in a railroad coach on trips. She liked its newest hotel, their Hotel Minsk. People in Minsk, she told him, are much better than in



many other places. But he was depressed. He wanted her to accompany him on his all-night railroad trip from Moscow to Minsk, but by now he understood that everything was not so simple as he had thought before everything was more serious than he had thought. In America, when he took this decision to go to Russia, he must have been like a child, but then in these days he grew up, you see. So now he understood that, even if Rimma wanted, she couldn't leave her job and go with him. He understood it was impossible. He knew it was a very serious place here.

Jan. 7

I leave Moscow by train for Minsk, Byelorussia . . . I wrote my brother and mother letters in which I said, "I do not wish to ever contact you again. I am beginning a new life and I don't want any part of the old."

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

But she did not write to him. It was understood that an Intourist girl was not to write letters to tourists she had guided, and Rimma could not violate such a principle.

II—MINSK

What is the marine from Texas doing here?

HOW Igor Ivanovich Guzman† looked when young would be hard to decide in 1993, because his presence spoke of what he was now: a retired general from K.G.B. Counterintelligence, a big man and old, with a red complexion and a large face that could have belonged to an Irish police chief in New York, impressive from his sharp nose up, with pale-blue eyes ready to blaze with rectitude, but he looked corrupt from the mouth down—he kept a spare tire around his chin, a bloated police chief's neck.

Guzmin, Igor Ivanovich, born in 1922, had worked in Minsk for the K.G.B. from 1946 to 1977, and had

†A pseudonym.

first been dispatched there by Moscow Center to undertake a "strengthening of cadres," and in Minsk he had remained for more than half of his fifty years in service. Having walked in as Deputy Chief of Counterintelligence, Minsk, he became Deputy Chief of Branch, and was finally promoted to Chief of Department in Byelorussia. While his arrival came more than a year after the Nazi occupation of Minsk had ended, he could inform his interviewers that one out of every four persons in that republic had died in combat, or in German concentration camps, or *under other circumstances*. He said no more. His point was that rebuilding had been done in Minsk under difficult conditions. There was not only physical disruption but a population compromised by collaboration. Certainly all standing policemen, local army, village headmen—the persons installed by Germans—had to be seen as collaborators or Fascist agents. His State Security office had, therefore, to cleanse everything that you could call an obstruction to reconstruction. Many people didn't want to take responsibility for their collaborative actions with the Nazis and so had gone underground, which gave the Organs a further task of freeing society from their concealed presence. It was a good deal of work. They weren't finished dealing with all of that until 1953.

Igor Ivanovich does not, however, recall an episode in any of their security tasks that had been remotely similar to the problems initiated by Oswald's arrival. Repatriates might be scattered around Ukraine and Byelorussia, but they were Byelorussians, whereas Oswald had been sent here to Minsk as a political immigrant for permanent residence. Of course, foreign agents had been dispatched to Minsk before, members of British or American or German intelligence, sent by air, smuggled across borders—in one manner or another, implanted. Much local K.G.B. work had been concerned with exposing, arresting, and putting such people on trial. Four American agents had been dropped by parachute into Byelorussia in 1951 alone, but Oswald was obviously different and special.

On Oswald's arrival in Minsk, in January of 1960, some reports from Intourist Moscow guides and officials had



already come to Igor Ivanovich's office, so he was furnished with materials on why this young American had been allowed to stay in Soviet territory. It was a small dossier, however. Oswald was being sent to Minsk for permanent residence, and other branches of the local government would take care of settling him in. Igor's function would be to find



Oswald, in dark glasses, with friends from the Horizon factory. "I meet many young Russian workers," he wrote. "All wish to know about me."

out whether Oswald, Lee Harvey, was who he claimed to be. So the most significant document was the one that stated that it had been decided at highest levels to grant Oswald permission to stay after his suicide attempt, even though his attempt may have been staged. There was then, as could be expected, a directive from Moscow Cen-

ter: Start investigation of this person. Igor Ivanovich Guzman had a man in his department who would serve as the developer on this case; that is, would, on a daily basis, conduct their inquiry—an intelligent, efficient man named Stepan

†A pseudonym.

Vasilyevich Gregorieff.† He had handled interrogations of captive German spies and British spies; he had been specifically adept at locating and then defining suspect people who had stayed in the West after 1945 but, for various reasons, had now repatriated themselves, and had to be checked. Stepan also knew a little English, and where he would lack



"I bet the same day Yale was giving Bass back his money, they were handing mine out to whales and feminazis."

fluency, an English-speaking deputy could assist in the translation of documents—as, for example, any letters Oswald might receive from America.

Stepan would report directly to Igor, who would communicate with the Chief of Counterintelligence in Byelorussia, and that officer, in turn, would report to the head of Moscow Center. It could be said, then, that there were only three steps in this chain of command before it reached the apex in Moscow.

Igor Ivanovich would add that there was a reason for such extreme attention and arch-secrecy concerning Lee Harvey Oswald. Preliminary analysis in Minsk had already suggested opposing hypotheses. There was, for example, Oswald's service as a marine to account for. Among people in Counterintelligence, it was taken for granted that C.I.A. and F.B.I. would recruit some of their cadre from marines. Oswald had also told some of their Moscow sources that he had experience in electronics and radar. Such knowledge was not alien to those serving in intelligence.

Their next variant was that he had a pro-Communist attitude, was Marxist. Yet closer examination disclosed

that he was not proficient in Marxist-Leninist theory. That elicited considerable suspicion.

It was still another matter to make certain that the Americans had not schooled him in Russian and he was concealing his knowledge. That was difficult to determine, but could be examined by observing closely how he proceeded to acquire more language proficiency. So that would also become a task for any person teaching him Russian. The monitor would have to be able to determine whether Oswald was jumping from lesson to lesson with suspicious progress, or, taking the contrary case, was he experiencing real difficulty? That was certainly a question to clarify.

Now came another variant: Lately, K.G.B. had been testing another country's legal channels to ascertain how difficult it would be to insert its agents into that nation. Igor now had to consider a possibility in reverse: Had some American intelligence service sent Lee Harvey Oswald here to check out their Soviet legal channels? Was he a test case to determine how moles might be implanted for special tasks?

Yet, in addition to all this, if you looked at it in human terms, Oswald was also being accepted as a potential immigrant. It was considered desirable, therefore, to create good conditions for him so that he would not be disillusioned about life in the Soviet Union. By 1960, Minsk did have a living standard that might not disappoint him about Communist society. Besides, for their own purposes, the Organs needed a city as big as Minsk, with many people circulating in the streets. Watching a person was thereby facilitated.

Be it said, their investigation was deeply prepared. They had a complex and double goal: not to miss anything suspicious in Lee Harvey Oswald's behavior, yet not to limit his personal freedom. They also were most interested to talk to him personally, but given their ultimate objective—to discover whether he was or was not a spy—they had to abandon this possibility. Direct contact would disrupt their attempt to elicit objective answers through more delicate methods of investigation.

Jan. 10

The day to myself. I walk through the city. Very nice.

From K.G.B. Observation:

PERFORMED FROM 08:00 TILL 24:00 ON JANUARY 10, 1960:

At 11 o'clock Lee Harvey left Hotel Minsk and went to GUM. There he came up to electrical department, asked a salesperson some question, then took money out of his pocket and went to a cashier of this department. He did not pay for anything but just put money back into his pocket and started pacing first floor of department store up and down looking at different goods. Then he went back to electrical department, paid 2 rubles, 15 kopecks for electrical plug, put it into his pocket and went up to second floor. There he spent some time in department of ready-made clothes, looked through available suits, then left GUM store walking fast. He was back at his hotel by 11:25.

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

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

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

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

From K.G.B. Chronology:

13.01.60 In accordance with order No. 6 (12.01.60) Oswald was taken on as regulator, 1st grade, in experimental shop at Minsk radio plant.

ACCORDING to Igor Ivanovich, K.G.B. had done nothing directly about choosing Oswald's place of work or where he would live. Such matters were overseen by the Council of Ministers. So the Organs were not even consulted. It was policy. No matter how people might work at placing him, a hint of their efforts could still reach Oswald and spoil their case. Now, however, that he had been given a job as a fitter-trainee at Gorizont (Horizon) and was able to use radio equipment and communication devices, it could be said that it did not hurt their purposes. If he was a specially trained agent, it would be possible to observe in a factory environment what level of expertise he had in handling radio equipment under different conditions. At that time, Horizon factory in Minsk was not under high security—at least, not in Oswald's shop. However, this radio factory did, at times, cooperate with secret Soviet organizations, so it would be possible to observe whether Oswald made attempts to penetrate into such special networks.

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

Jan. 13-16

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

BY her early twenties, Katya had worked at the Horizon radio plant for six years. Born on a collective farm, she still didn't feel like a city girl. So she was very quiet, but still she was pretty, if very slim and very shy, and she never spoke to Oswald, just observed him.

Now she's heavier, a mother, and braver, but she was timid then. Year after year, she had worked hard, wearing Horizon's white gown and a kerchief for her hair so it didn't get into any apparatus, the gown and kerchief both provided by the factory. When Alik came down her aisle, he didn't surprise Katya, just a young guy who looked like her own people, nothing special.

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

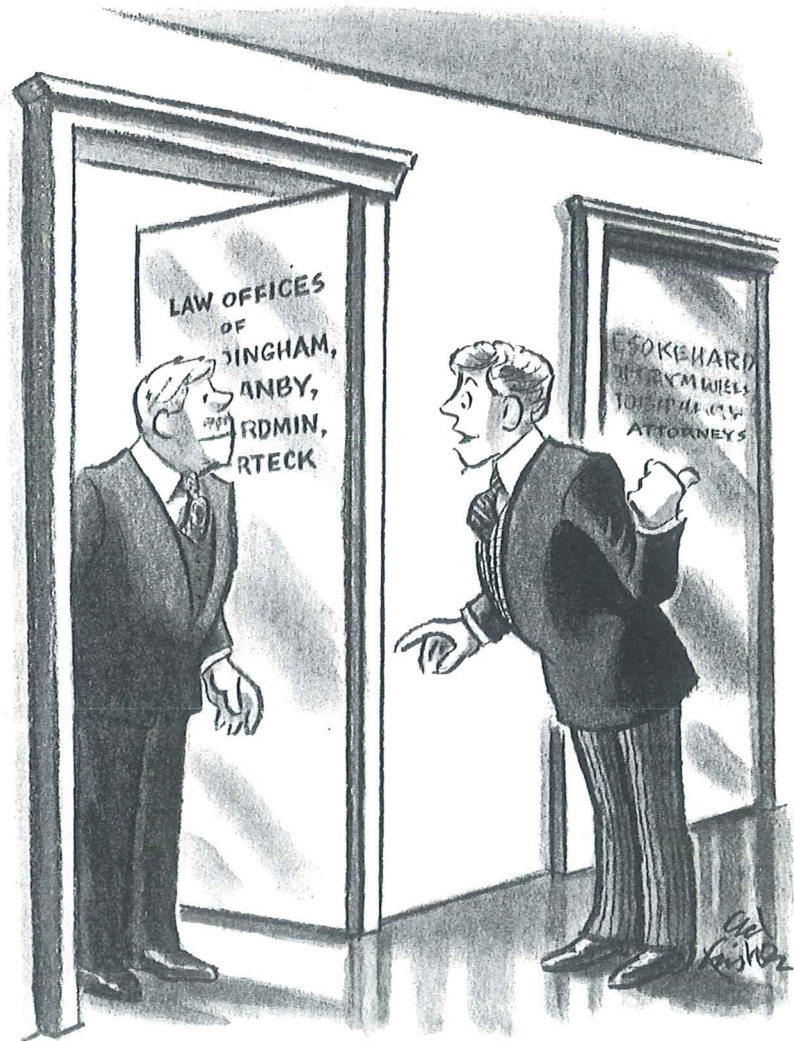
THE work of Stepan Vasilyevich on Oswald was always studied critically by Igor. A developer could fail to

see something in time, so Igor could not be satisfied only with what Stepan reported, but looked to give specific directions.

Igor did want to point out that he had a large number of other matters to oversee, and so it is important to understand that while he kept watch on each project, each developer had to live in his case, accumulate every fact, make evaluations, and then come up with proposals for action that would develop his viewpoint. Stepan, therefore, was leading the case.

"Now, of course mistakes were made," Igor said. "Sometimes our actions were not commenced in time, and some of Oswald's actions were not prevented; nothing, obviously, can be perfect."

One early instance—and it still stands out in Igor's memory—is that Stepan



"I'm from Simmersby, Blomm & Tuggarton, down the hall. Can you spare us a few dense paragraphs of legal boilerplate?"

did not take steps to screen Oswald away from one eighteen-year-old at the radio factory who happened to be the only son of an Air Force general who was also a twice-decorated Hero of the Soviet Union, a very high award. But his son, Pavel, was considered to be of "dissident nature." So they were afraid of what a qualified agent could do with young Golovachev—maybe even recruit him over to Western thinking.

LIBEZIN, the big man in charge of proper ideological environment, came walking down Pavel's aisle and said, "Anyone here speak a little English?" Pavel happened to be the one who did. He was not asking for it, he could have said that he did not know English, but he nodded. Libezin took him to meet Oswald at his worktable, and there they were, shaking hands.

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

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

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

A few workers were hostile to Oswald, but just a few. There was one,

DID I SAY FATHER?

Tears "burst" from the eyes.
This is the duty of words.

Is silence better?
To look down in the street.

The world is like bread.
Mouths water.

Forgive me if I lift my hand to affirm.
Or is it to question?

Mother had been a blind date.
Love at first sight.

Dirt below black birds.
None to corroborate the foxtrot.

Viktor, a *zblob*, medium-sized guy, real strong. And Viktor always used to say, "Those American imperialists—if I had a machine gun, I would shoot them." A real *zblob*. Viktor had a clear image of his enemy, and he once picked a fight with Lee, although it was broken up immediately. Pavel's recollection is that Lee was not pugnacious. Maybe he had such qualities hidden inside him, but he was not very big in the bones.

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

One night that winter, not two weeks after he met Lee, a stranger came up to Pavel on his way home from work. There, right outside his apartment entrance, this stranger showed an identification card from K.G.B.

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

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

It was too cold, however. Pavel was frozen. So he persuaded the man to come upstairs.

They conversed in Pavel's room. His visitor took out about five pictures,

and started off by saying, "Do you know this fellow?" He went through each one of the five pictures, and Pavel said, "No. I don't know any of them. Who are they?" And received for a reply: "They are state criminals." At which point, his visitor looked at him hard, as if maybe he really did know them well.

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

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

Pavel never looked at a clock during this interview, but it must have taken almost an hour. A lot of questions went by. The K.G.B. man kept going around and around for quite

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PHONE CALL

You were saying her death was for the best
Though you didn't want cliché

You were saying
No one was to blame

I was watching the sky: pale, eggshell blue; dark, ink blue
Talking and talking

Night lighting the brightening city
Wanting to ask something

I had forgotten to ask
That I couldn't now, on my mother's life, remember

—HUGH SEIDMAN

a while before he touched their main subject. Then he explained, "Oswald is from another country, a hostile country." It could not be more clear what he was saying. He must have been twice as old as Pavel, short, compact, sharp eyes—one Byelorussian who didn't show any feelings or emotions, just a small trim fellow with a smooth round face, a long thin pointed nose, and small dark eyes as sharp as his nose. He would depend on that nose. It seemed to sniff out everything inexact that Pavel was saying.

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

FROM Igor: "We can say it now—there were surveillants assigned to be Oswald's tails, and certain people were assigned to work with him, to become his associates and friends. We were especially careful to check if he was looking for personal contact with another agent. We were interested to see whether there were any signs of a pre-arranged meeting."

According to Igor's plan, various hypotheses were going to be tested in order to find out if Oswald was looking for secrets of a military, political, or economic variety, and also they would look to learn if he had developed any means of communication with foreign intelligence by radio, mail channels, or

messenger. K.G.B. would also attempt to find out if he had any means of cryptography to use for secret writing. Igor Ivanovich himself was ready to study Oswald's letters, should he send any, in order to make certain there was no chemical writing between the lines. Later, when Oswald bought a radio, they checked that equipment, and they were always alert for signs of his ability to communicate through special codes.

Nothing showed up that was suspicious in the first two months, but if Oswald was an American intelligence agent he certainly would not make quick moves.

Sometimes a man who is not an agent will do things that arouse suspicion; that happens often. But not even unfounded suspicions were stirred by Oswald. Studying him with close attention, they began to have a feeling that he was, at the least, semi-lazy, and very frugal; he didn't drink, didn't smoke, went to theatre and cinema within his budget, and had an income of seventy rubles a month in new money for salary and an increment of another seventy rubles a month from the Red Cross, or a hundred and forty rubles in all. This was, after all, fourteen hundred rubles a month by the old measure, and so a good amount. Stepan, for example, was earning only eighty rubles in new money, and that was enough for him to get by. There was, for example, no



telephone in Oswald's apartment, and K.G.B. never received information that he wanted one. On those occasions when he wished to make a call, he went outside to a pay phone. It would be better if he had wanted his own instrument, but they couldn't install it for him, could they?

From K.G.B. Report:

18 FEBRUARY 1960:

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

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

Oswald almost never talked about life in his country, or how he got here. Sometimes during a lunch break he will exchange two or three words with young people, girls and boys, and will compare life in USSR and U.S. But in those situations as well he speaks positively about position of workers in USSR.

By other reports, however, Oswald soon proved to be a Humpty-Dumpty worker. He did not treat his job well. Igor could see that he showed no interest, and his behavior and attitude caused complaints from other workers.

Since Igor and Stepan were not satisfied by this image of him as lightweight, they deliberated whether his psyche was entirely normal. On the other hand, they were aware it could all be a pretense. Once again, they worked on two opposed hypotheses: either Oswald was part of a foreign intelligence plan, or he was not but had some psychological difficulty. They began to study situations where Lee Harvey Oswald, if he was a spy, might expose himself.

For example, now that he had established contact with Pavel Golovachev, Igor and his people would watch Oswald with Golovachev to see whether the American would try to use him as a trampoline,

so to speak, to gain access up to Pavel's father, a general who knew large secrets.

III-ELLA

Before Marina, there was another woman.

PAVEL had begun to notice that Lee and a girl named Ella Germann would spend time together at Horizon. Lee was often at her worktable, and many times they were together at lunch. Lee never spoke about his friendship with Ella, but, then, Lee was not one to go out of his way to show feelings. For that matter, he wouldn't even say he had been to bed with a girl.

EXTRA PAGE (*not included in formal diary*)
June.

Ella Germann—a silky black-haired Jewish beauty with fine dark eyes, skin as white as snow, a beautiful smile and good but unpredictable nature. Her only fault was that at 24 she was still a virgin due entirely to her own desire. I met her when she came to work at my factory. I noticed her and perhaps fell in love with her the first moment I saw her.

At fifty-five, Ella is soft-spoken and very careful in her choice of words. She has a high crown of dark hair turning gray, and delicate aquiline features.

She would say that her childhood is not of interest, because she had been very timid as a child. She always did as she was told to do and stayed at home a lot. And, even when she was an adolescent, her friends told her that she consisted of nothing but complexes. So it might be, she suggested, that she was of no interest to the interviewers' project.

When Ella was growing up, she liked to dance waltzes, but then her favorite soon became the foxtrot. She did hear of this American bandleader, Glenn Miller, and then saw Mr. Miller and his orchestra in a film called, in Russia, "Serenade of Sunny Valley" (which might also translate into "Sun Valley Serenade"). She remembers that one U.S. film she liked was "Twelve Angry Men," because she was able to compare the judicial systems in both countries. After that, she no longer trusted what she was being told about America—that rich people were only a small group and most people were poor. She remembers that people in those days would whisper that even the unemployed in America had a level of life equal to Russians who were working. On the other hand, she did believe that the United States government could start a war.

By the time she met Lee, she was already twenty-three and had dated many young men. She would go out with someone a couple of times but then realize she didn't feel anything toward this person, so why continue? On the other hand, it was boring to sit home. Sometimes she would even go out on a date without any feeling that it could be the right man for her.

When she came in on her first morning, she remembers being introduced to Lee. All that week he kept looking at her during lunch break. She knew that if she went up to him and asked for a favor, he would like that even if lots of girls wanted to be his friend. She noticed that when he would walk along the factory aisles many girls would cry,

"Hello, Alik, hi!" as if he were of special importance.

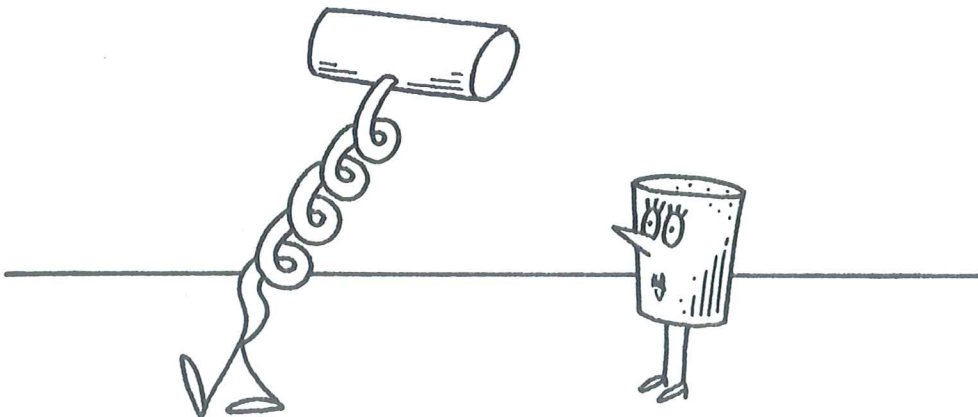
Now, in her night-school classes she was working on some English text and had to translate a number of pages by a certain date, so it was not wholly a pretext to get him to help her. There was some real need. While this would not characterize her in a positive fashion, she would say, she sometimes did use men to do small things for her. For instance, there was an engineer she did not like particularly, but she was not good at drawing certain kinds of wiring schemes, so she asked him to help, even though she had no intention of dating him. For Lee, however, she did not have negative feelings. Since the American seemed to find her attractive, why not ask him to help translate her assignment? In fact, when she did ask, he smiled, and they agreed to meet in a smaller workroom that afternoon. She assumed there wouldn't be anyone else there, although, as it turned out, a few workers were still present. She and Lee sat down at a small table where a radio was playing music.

Lee spread out her pages and turned off the sound without asking whether anyone wanted to listen. But Max Prokhorchik was also working there, and he became indignant. He came up and turned the radio back on. Lee turned it off; Max turned it on. Then Lee turned it off, and said, "Russian pig!" Whereupon Max stalked off.

It was unpleasant for Ella. In front of several people, Lee had turned off their radio just because she had to study, but, on the other hand, a well-brought-up person would have done exactly what Lee did. At that moment, Ella could say that she was on Lee's side. All the same, he did not seem too bright at first. His Russian was poor and he took everything as a joke. He laughed a lot. So they laughed a lot, too much maybe. Yet as she saw more of him it became interesting to talk about his country.

Before long, he was inviting her to see movies. They went often for walks and to parks and sat on a bench. He would tease her, "You know, I am a rich bridegroom. I have an apartment."

It was exceptional to be dating an American, and she was



O'Connell.

"Will you call me?"

curious. Besides, he did not create problems. He was not aggressive. That was understood as their basis for going out together. Some men had been nasty, but he wasn't. And, of course, he didn't have financial problems; he even hinted to her that he had high connections. He had met the chairman of the City Council, Sharapov. "If we need something," Lee said, "for our future, I can go to the mayor. We can get what we need." So Lee did seem a confident person to her, and merry. He had a sense of humor and they still kept laughing a lot. In those days, friends used to call her *khokhotushka*, a person who enjoys life, and so she and Lee did not have difficult or deep conversations, just talked like young people. She liked to tease him. Not in a bad sense, just to challenge him a little.

During all this time, they dated approximately twice a week, but had lunch together at their cafeteria every day. And they usually sat alone; other people respected their privacy and did not try to join their table.

She never felt, Oh, I wish we'd go out with other people. She liked being alone with him. It was her way of dating. She had always had such relations with men. So she hardly knew anything about his friends or who else he saw.

She believes that Lee knew she was Jewish, maybe from their very first meeting, but she remembers that he only mentioned it once. That was when he realized she was not exactly jumping into marriage with him. Such a question never got to yes or no for many months, but he did tell her, "I know you are Jewish and people, you know, don't like Jewish people, but I myself don't care about that." It was his way of saying, "It wouldn't stop me from marrying you."

Before Lee, a few men had already proposed. There had been one she liked, a captain, who went off to do his service in Kamchatka, but Ella felt indecisive and didn't go with him; and there had been a boyfriend she dated for a year, and he, too, had asked her to marry him. So Lee was hardly first in this kind of relationship, and, besides, if Lee was in love with her, she was not in love with him. Rather, she felt it was all right to have nice feelings for someone in a good way, feeling that he was, underneath everything, very lonely here. And so she pitied him enough to feel that if she re-



"I keep thinking about last night's salmon en croûte."

jected him he would be even lonelier. Therefore, she didn't stop dating him. But she knew she didn't like him in such a way that one goes on to get married.

Lee told Ella once that she knew more about him than any other person ever had, and so she was surprised when she found out years later that he had a mother still living—he had told her he didn't. Also, he told her that he never wanted to go back to America.

Once, after they first started going out, he was quite upset. It was when news came to Minsk that an American U-2 had been shot down over Soviet territory, and its pilot, Francis Gary Powers, had been captured. Lee asked her, "What do you think, Ella? Can it damage me because I'm American?" She told him not to worry personally, because "no one can say you are responsible." She tried to calm him down and talked to him nicely. She wasn't really

sure, but she did want to support him. It was their most emotional moment yet.

Lee told Ella that when he lived in Moscow he was afraid of Americans more than Russians. In fact, he told her, the Soviet authorities had sent him to Minsk because he would be safe there. He even said, "Here in Minsk I'm invisible. But when I came to Moscow I was really outstanding." Americans had been very interested in him, he told her, and had been hunting him and wanted to kill him. She thought maybe he had offered some information to obtain a Soviet citizenship, information Americans didn't want given out. He said, "If I go back to America, they'll kill me."

It made him more interesting, but she didn't believe it was real. She just thought they were passing remarks.

They chatted about many matters. But there were also moments on summer evenings when they just sat on a

bench and enjoyed a silence as if he were a Russian man. She felt he reacted to everything with understanding, but was very reserved. Even though they dated for many months, maybe eight months, it was still too short a period for her to comprehend his nature. He never showed much. He was always even, kindhearted, smiling, nice, without ups or downs. Only twice, in fact, did they have a quarrel. Of course, she was also easygoing. People even said to her, "You laugh so quickly. If I show you my finger, you start to laugh. So easy you are."

It is possible she did laugh too easily. When she read his diary all these thirty and more years later, she could not believe how distorted was his sense of time.[†] He had had them meeting after the summer of 1960 when, in fact, they had known each other back in May of 1960, when the American U-2 was shot down, and they talked about Gary Powers. How little she had known of Lee, and how little, obviously, he had known of her.

WHEN he learned that Pavel knew a lot about shortwave radios, he asked if Pavel could make him one. With local radios, you only received Soviet news. Pavel told him he could put together such an apparatus, but it wouldn't look nice—all of its parts would be exposed—so Oswald then laid out his money and bought himself a shortwave radio that looked as pretty as a lady's purse. It had only two frequencies, high and medium, but on MF, 257 metres, the Voice of America was transmitted. Since it was all in English, they didn't even bother to jam it.

People talked about Oswald as if he might be a spy, but Pavel remembers Lee Oswald coming to him with a simple Soviet camera and he wasn't able to put film into it. Pavel had to show him how. Once, Oswald bought a radio set and tried to insert its batteries, but even in trying to do that much he ripped a few wires loose. To take another example, Oswald liked to listen to the Voice of America, but he didn't know how to make adjustments for it on his radio set so that it came in clearer. Pavel,

using a penknife, had to play with one part and move it a little in order for Lee to be able to listen. Pavel assumed that if Oswald were James Bond he would have arrived in the Soviet Union able to take care of such small details.

From K.G.B. Chronology:

4.IX.60 Oswald saw "The Wind" in Letny movie house.

4.IX.60 Oswald visited a party for youth in Officers' House.

6.IX.60 Oswald saw "Babetta Is Going to War" in Mir movie house.

7.IX.60 Oswald saw "A Partisan's Spark" in Pobeda movie house.

8.IX.60 Oswald saw "Babetta Is Going to War" for second time in Mir movie house.

9.IX.60 Oswald saw "The Commander of the Detachment" in Letny movie house.

From September 4th to September 9th, he saw four movies, one of them twice, and all but one were war movies. He had bought a single-barrel shotgun in August, and joined a hunting club organized by Horizon. But it was not until September 10th, filled by now, one may assume, with images of himself as a participant in war movies, that he finally went out with the hunting club.

By now, Stepan had given his team of observers a code name for Oswald. It was Likhoi. That sounded like Lee Harvey, but the word meant valiant, or dashing. It was K.G.B. humor. Likhoi never seemed to do anything but go to work, walk around, and shop.

From K.G.B. Observation:

FROM 13:00 TILL 15:20 ON SEPTEMBER 10, 1960

At 14:30 Likhoi left work and walked quickly home.

At 14:55 he left home carrying hunting rifle [shotgun] in cover, and grocery bag partly filled, and came back to entrance of radio factory.

There Likhoi came to group of 7 men, some of them also having rifles, and started talking with them.

After about 15 minutes, Likhoi and other men got into parked car no. BO 18-89 and at 15:20 left city via Storzhevskaya St. and Dolginovsky Trakt.

Upon agreement with head of department, surveillance of Likhoi is cancelled at this point until September 17, 1960.

LEONID STEPANOVICH TZAGIKO, a lathe operator all his life, became interested in hunting around 1955. Each year, after August 15th, they could go out for fowl; then, in September, ducks, partridge, waterfowl. By October, they started looking for fox. Wolves you

could hunt all year round, but wild boar only with a special license, since such game was usually reserved for high Communist Party members.

At that time, maybe there were fifty people in his hunting club. There was a chairman, who collected dues and obtained licenses for elk and, on occasion, even wild boar, although you had to pay a lot for that, about a hundred and fifty rubles.

In early 1960, when Lee Oswald came to work at the experimental shop, Tzagiko met him on the first day. It was almost a celebration. Everybody came up to the American immediately to get to know him. Then, at breaks, Oswald would often sit with his feet on a table, and once one of them said, "Why are you sitting like that?" and he said, "I am on strike. I am striking." He was just joking. They decided that Americans put their feet up on a table. That's what they do.

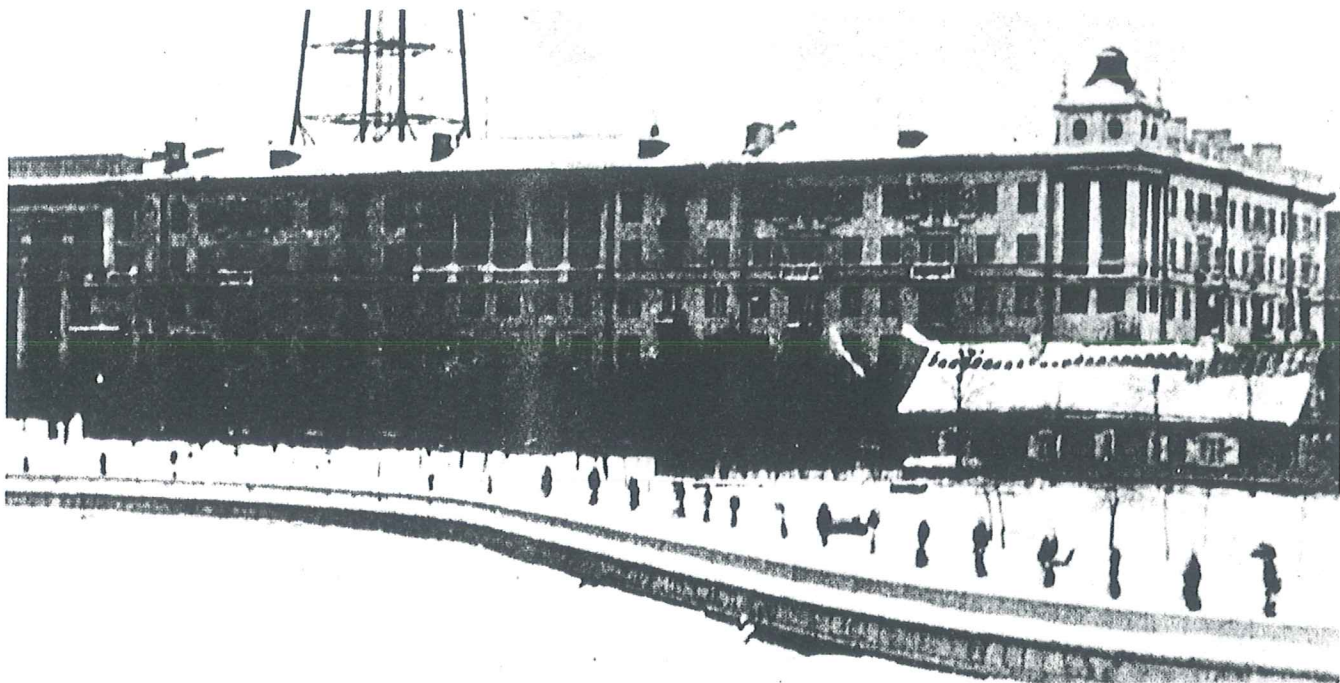
Now, at Horizon, they had what they called sections—people played basketball, soccer, volleyball, and on Sundays some would go on hunting trips. It wasn't that important whether they'd kill; it was to get out into nature. So when Oswald asked one of the metalworkers if they would take him along, he said, "Of course." They didn't bring much to eat and didn't carry any vodka or brandy, because they were reasonably serious about coming back with something. They walked a lot on foot, passed through collective farms, fields, and villages, sparsely forested areas.


They were hunting for rabbit that day. There was no snow as yet, so they had to flush the rabbits with their feet. Walking single file, Oswald was next to last, Tzagiko was last, and Oswald was holding his gun crooked in his arm. Then a rabbit practically jumped out from under his foot, and he went, "Aooah!" and shot into the air. Tzagiko said, "God, Oswald, you're going to kill me with that gun!" And Oswald said, "Your rabbit scared me." Later, he had another try, and missed again.

THE fact that he was a bad shot and could not fix his radio tended to alert Igor and Stepan. How was it that a former marine with a Sharpshooter rating back in his U.S. Marine Corps—yes, K.G.B. had information that he was not a bad shot—could miss his targets so?

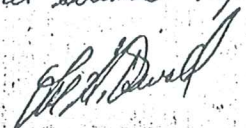
Certainly, when the Organs were informed that Oswald had bought a gun

[†]Some sections of the diary were not contemporaneous; Oswald created them later, relying on his memory, which was not always accurate concerning times and dates.




 Гостиница „МЕТРОПОЛЬ“
 г. Москва

I Lee Harvey Oswald do hereby request
 that my present citizenship in the
 United States of America, be revoked.
 I have entered the Soviet Union for
 the express purpose of applying for citizenship
 in the Soviet Union, through the means
 of naturalization.
 My request for citizenship is now
 pending before the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R.
 I take these steps for political reasons.
 My request for the revoking of my American
 citizenship is made only after the longest
 and most serious considerations.
 I affirm that my allegiance is to
 the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.


 No misspellings

Clockwise from top: The building in Minsk where the K.G.B. listened in on the Oswald's conversations; a note, on Metropole Hotel stationery, that Lee took to the American Embassy; Marina and June; Lee with Ella Germann (top right) and Pavel Golovachev.



"Human Resources."

P. Steiner

for hunting, and so would have opportunities to travel as part of a hunting party to an area where there were also military objects, they were on guard. Hunters were prohibited from walking into forbidden areas in specified regions; they weren't even allowed to approach certain fences. If Oswald was an agent, he might have special equipment and use it to record nuclear activities or military broadcasts—with the right technology, you could collect a lot of information.

Reports came in, but were puzzling. He had been such a bad shot. If they had had any inkling that he would later be suspected of carrying out a crime of high magnitude—of highest magnitude!—they would have studied his marksmanship in a more detailed manner. As it was, however, what with everything else involving him, they made no special attempt to find out whether he was an excellent shot trying to create the impression he was a bad shot or had been naturally incompetent that day.

Aug.-Sept.

As my Russian improves, I become increasingly conscious of just what sort of so-

ciety I live in. Mass gymnastics, compulsory after-work meetings, usually political information meetings. Compulsory attendance at lectures, and the sending of the entire shop collective (except me) to pick potatoes on Sunday in a state collective farm. "A patriotic duty" to bring in the harvest. The opinion of the workers (unvoiced) is that it's a great pain in the neck. They don't seem to be especially enthusiastic about any of the "collective" duties, a natural feeling.

Oct.

The coming of fall, my dread of a new Russian winter, mellowed in splendid golds and reds of fall in Byelorussia. Plums, peaches, apricots and cherries abound for these last fall weeks. I have a healthy brown color and am stuffed with fresh fruit, at other times of the year unobtainable.

WHENEVER Lee wanted to talk about their future plans, Ella would try to avoid that topic. To discuss such a subject might mean she was getting ready to marry him. Her reluctance to show interest may have upset him, but he was not aggressive. Yet, even so, he became a little more pushy.

He said, "Do you want to know why I came here?" But she never asked him many questions. She was afraid he

would think of her as someone who was trying to get information from him. It was part of how she grew up: women didn't ask questions. It was considered bad style. So he started to give information. And he also got a little pushy.

They might commence with a light conversation, nice and full of humor. They would see a movie and discuss every joke afterward. It was fun. They would talk nonsense. Once, they got into a discussion of how frogs talk. She insisted that a frog says "kva." In Russian, a frog always says "kva." And his answer: "No, a frog says 'frok.'" It was funny.

But later he began to discuss serious matters. For example, he didn't want to live in Minsk. It was, he said, a provincial city. He had lived in New Orleans; that was big.

He asked her to share a dream. He said, "Maybe I will move to another socialist country. For example, Czechoslovakia." He said, "Shall we go to live in Prague?"

He was a very proud man. He didn't want to be rejected by Ella. She believes that's why he never asked directly. He would say, "How do you do things here? In America, we have an engagement ring, a silver ring that's exchanged for a golden ring. But how do you do it here?" Perhaps he was waiting for her to ask, "Why are you interested in how marriages are made in Russia?" but he never said directly, "I would like you to be my wife."

One time, he showed his Russian residence papers, and he said, "Soon I have to make a decision. You're the one who's going to influence it. Do you want to live in Prague? Because if you do, then I won't take Soviet citizenship. But if you want to live here, tell me if you want that, and I'll take it—this all depends on you." And in December he showed her that his papers terminated on January 4th, next year, just a few weeks away. He had to make a decision

what to do with his life before 1961 was four days old.

But that was a big question for her: Why had he come here, and why did he now want to move? He told her, "You don't understand. In our country, we travel, we change places—you don't understand." But she didn't trust him. Besides, Lee was not really to her taste. She liked men with bigger shoulders.

When he kissed her, he was not unpleasant—he was nice. But because Ella was not in love with him she was not excited. All the same, he never scared her as a man. In that aspect, he was perfect. He was so tender. She was never scared. Yet all those months she went with him, from May to January, she did not trust him. Some people told her that he was an American spy. And she thought, Maybe he wants to marry me so he can stay in this country. When he says he loves me, he doesn't love me at all.

She never thought to herself, Maybe I'll go to Prague and it'll work. Or, if it doesn't work, I'll get a divorce. For Ella, marriage was something you did for life. You loved a person and you trusted him. Because if you didn't, how could you go to a new world?

Finally, he became very pushy. He said, "You have to make up your mind if you're going to marry me," and when she asked for time to think it over he said, "No, I have to decide by January 4th." That made her feel more mistrustful. She told him, "I like you, too, but I need time to think." She was not a person to offend people who were nice to her.

They had a quarrel, however, concerning New Year's Eve. He had invited her to a party for that night, and so she turned down an invitation that came to her for another gathering. Then, at the very last moment, he told her that his evening was not going to take place. Now they were without anywhere to go that night for New Year's Eve.

There was an expression, *razbitoye koryto*. It meant they were ready to eat but had only a broken plate. Ella got very angry that they didn't have a proper situation; she said, "You let me down." Now he, too, became agitated. Finally, he said, "You are playing a game with our situation. Oh, you are an actress!" It was equal to saying that her emotions were not sincere. They walked away from one another.

Since Ella wasn't going to any party now, she began to help her mother.

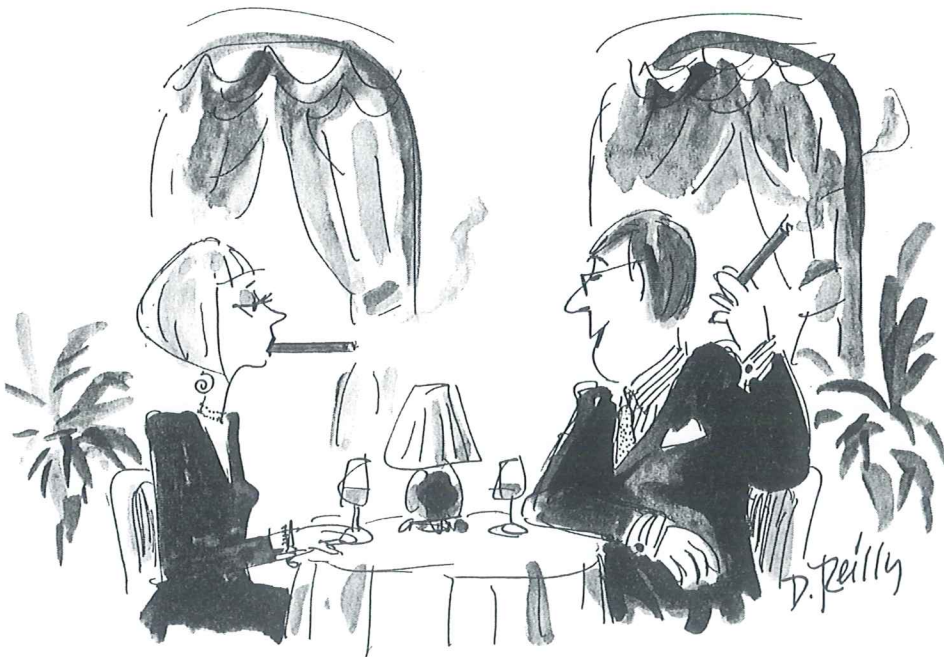
Some of their family was coming over for a small New Year's Eve party, so they cleaned house and cooked, and then, as was common in Russia, they napped for a little while around 8 P.M. in order to be able to stay up all night. At 11 P.M., guests would begin to come, but on this night, at a little after nine, she heard their doorbell ring. She was sleepy when she opened her door. Lee was standing there wearing that Russian hat she had never liked, but he was proud of it, and was standing up straight with his hands behind his back. He said, "You know, Ella, Christmas is one of our dearest holidays in America, and your New Year's is like our Christmas. That's why I came to you. This is one day when I feel very lonely and I come to you." He added, "We have a tradition in America; we usually bring gifts," and he gave her a big box of chocolates decorated with a little candy statuette. She took his gift and said, "Wait a second. I want to put this away." She went in to her mother and said, "My boyfriend from America brought me this gift. Can we invite him?" Her mother said, "Yes, of course."

So she came back and said, "Listen, would you care to spend an evening with my family?" and he was happy about that.

When he came back, around eleven, he was wearing his gray suit with a tie and was very neatly dressed. Her moth-

er's brothers soon followed, with their wives. They had served in the Navy and they came with guitars. It was a musical family. Not all had fine voices, but when they were in chorus it sounded good enough. Everybody sang songs, and they did a step dance up and down their outside stairs—a Western type of step, which was very popular in the Navy, a Western sort of dance, and her mother's brothers did it, dancing upstairs, then downstairs, difficult steps, but they were good at it, and so it made for a creative atmosphere. And her mother danced to Gypsy songs. Lee and Ella only watched. She was embarrassed to do anything in her own home because these others were so good.

Before Lee left, hours later, he told her of his impressions. He liked such an atmosphere, liked how everyone sat around eating and drinking and dancing, and then at midnight they had all taken champagne. They didn't kiss, because that was not a Russian tradition. But after midnight, through the early hours of morning, they would not only sit and eat but go outside, make snowballs, throw them at each other, run around a little, then go back in and eat again. Everyone got tipsy—in fact, she had never seen Lee Oswald as tipsy as he was this night. Friends came, and she introduced him to her friends and relatives, and they sat around the family table and proposed toasts to last year—



"No, really—it works for you."

"Goodbye, last year, you are leaving." Everybody talked to him, and he was treated as if he were a Russian person who had joined their family party. Her relatives were a little curious about him, but didn't reveal any special attitude, and her mother was also casual; of course, her attitude was, If Ella dates a man, it doesn't mean she's going to marry him.

Jan. 1

New Year's I spend at home of Ella Germann. I think I'm in love with her. She has refused my more dishonorable advances; we drink and eat in the presence of her family in a very hospitable atmosphere. Later I go home drunk and happy. Passing the river homeward, I decide to propose to Ella.

Next day, her mother, who had never interfered with her personal life, said to her, "Ella, it's up to you—you make your own choice. But I want to tell you something: In 1939 you could be taken to prison just because you were born in Po-

land." Those were her mother's words. It gave her pause.

Jan. 2

After a pleasant hand-in-hand walk to the local cinema, we come home. Standing on the doorstep, I propose. She hesitates, then refuses. My love is real but she has none for me. Her reason, besides lack of love—I'm an American and someday might be arrested simply because of that example of Polish intervention in the 1920s that led to the arrest of all people of Polish origin in the Soviet Union. "You understand the world situation, there is too much against you and you don't even know it." I am stunned. She snickers at my awkwardness in turning to go. (I'm too stunned to think!) I realize she was never serious with me but only exploited my being an American in order to get the envy of other girls, who consider me different from the Russian boys. I am miserable.

On the night when they had their final conversation about whether he should or should not apply for Soviet citizenship, she finally said, "Alik, you're

probably wasting your time with me. At this point, I can't agree to marry you. So don't get Soviet citizenship. Maybe we should break up altogether because it might be harder afterward." He answered very nicely, "I understand that I should stop drinking. But the wine is tasty and I want to continue this pleasure for a while."

That, however, as she recalls it, was the last time they met. Ella agreed to see him once more, but he didn't show up. Afterward, he just ignored her in the shop.

IGOR would say that his service looked at this matter from a human point of view. "He didn't go out and slash anything because he was refused," said Igor, "and he didn't seem to bear grudges. Of course, for a certain period of time he was upset, but it didn't manifest itself in his behavior. He didn't quit work, for instance, or get sick; he didn't start carousing—none of that." If he had undertaken any risky errands at this point—say, asking one person to convey something to someone else—that would have put Counterintelligence on guard. But none of that.

Jan. 3

I am miserable about Ella. I love her, but what can I do? It is the state of fear which is always in the Soviet Union.

Jan. 4

One year after I receive the Residence document, I am called into the Passport Office and asked if I want citizenship (Russian). I say no—simply extend my residential passport, [they] agree, and my documents are extended until January 4, 1962.

IV—MARRIAGE

Their son, Lee assured Marina, would someday be President.

MARCH 17
Went to a trade union dance, boring, but the last hour I was introduced to a girl with a French hairdo and red dress with white slippers. I dance with her, and ask to show her home. I do, along with five other admirers . . . we like each other right away.

From testimony before the Warren Commission, February, 1964:

MR. RANKIN: Where did you meet him? . . .



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MARINA OSWALD: In the Palace of Trade Unions.

MR. RANKIN: What kind of a place is that? . . .

MARINA OSWALD: Sometimes they do have meetings there. Sometimes it is also rented by some institutes who do not have their own halls for parties . . . I had gone there with my friends from the Medical Institute and one of them introduced me to Lee . . .

MR. RANKIN: Did you know that Lee Oswald was an American [and] did that make any difference?

MARINA OSWALD: It was more interesting, of course. You don't meet Americans very often.

From a narrative of her life prepared by Marina for the F.B.I.:

I liked Lee immediately. He was very polite and attentive, and I felt that he liked me too . . . I remember having on my favorite dress made of red Chinese brocade (Lee liked this dress afterwards), and my hair was done a la Brigitte Bardot. That evening I even liked myself. You see how I am boasting, but I am writing what I felt . . .

We were alone in the street for a few moments, when Lee asked when and where he could see me. I told him that perhaps I would come again to the dances at the place where we met but did not make any precise promise. But when, a week later, I went again with a friend to a dance—Lee was there. That evening he came home with me, and I introduced him to my Aunt. My Aunt liked his modesty and politeness, also the fact that he was very neat. She told me with a laugh that only an American was lacking in my collection.

IN the months before she met Alik, she was having several romances at once, and she had been scared. Still, she was able to feel power over men. Of course, it was easy to fall in love, and she was looking for love. In love with love. When you're eighteen, hormones do your thinking. You are a proud young deer, and you meet and fall in love with different people because you are looking. One attracts you because he knows how to open the door, a gallant. Another, because he loves you dearly. She wanted a man to be romantic and a good provider, to be excellent, nice, and love her. But then there was always Anatoly. He made her head spin. With just one kiss. What you learn is that nobody is there to give you everything you need.

She didn't want to talk about her experiences. Catherine the Great had lots of lovers and was considered O.K.; that did not mean Marina had lots—she was not saying that. She just didn't want to talk about sex. Everybody was looking



"Daddy promises he'll be there the next time you kick butt, honey."

for bad; then they trash you. It wasn't that she'd done something she was ashamed of, nothing horribly wrong, but she knew when she first came to Minsk that maybe she needed advice. Because she was not that experienced. Maybe men thought she was something that she was not.

Alik had tried to be intimate with her when she saw him again at the Trade Union Palace eight days later, Saturday night. That night she took him back alone to meet her Aunt Valya, since Ilya, her uncle, was away.

He had wanted her to make a bed so he could sleep over. He pretended it was too late for buses, so maybe he could sleep somewhere there? He must have assumed she was a floozy. She sent him home. He could walk home, she told him. But she was not really angry. After all, on that first night, when she was wearing her red dress, she insisted on everybody going over to a bar to have champagne. Now, looking all that long way back, she would say that Lee had intrigued her. He looked deeper into life. If he had been a dumb Vanya, just another dumb worker, she would never have gone on a date with him. She would say she respects factory workers very much. "But you are not going to date Vanya. Because what are you go-

ing to talk about with such men? They pinch girls openly—nothing but vulgarity. So you stay away. No factory workers, thank you. You try to associate with a class ahead of yourself. Even if you come from the middle of nowhere." It wasn't her desire to go backward. Lee did work in a factory, but he also looked deeper into life. It certainly wasn't just his interest in politics. Her grandmother had told her about politics: Do not touch—then you won't stink. All the same, once you grow up, even if you don't want to belong to political groups, you do become interested in how things happen, and Lee was part of a group of her friends who were interested in how this world was working.

After the night when she made him walk home, he made a date for one week later. But a few days later Aunt Valya said, "Guess what? Your American called." He could not make it. He was sick, and stuck in some hospital way out at one end of Minsk. Marina was not too concerned. Even when he rang to tell Valya that he was ill, she had been out with Anatoly. She liked Lee, but she certainly didn't consider him a serious date. He was something maybe for one free evening.

Now his ear was infected badly enough for him to be in a hospital. He had had

infected ears from childhood, he told her later, and a mastoid operation when a boy.

Valya said, "Why don't you visit him? He has nobody here from home and this is Russian Easter." Valya said, "I know for a fact that over in America they celebrate Easter. It'll be nice and touching." Valya put some cakes together on a plate and said to Marina, "Show him that Russians have some heart."

When she finally got to this hospital—such a long trip by streetcar—he was glad to see her. He hadn't expected a visit. What a low opinion he must have had of her! But he was so happy she had brought him canned apricots. He told her it was his favorite dessert. Intuition must have let her know.

It was sad, however. He did look ill and his smile was pale. Physically, she couldn't say she liked him now. A little later during that visit, he kissed her (after asking permission), and she didn't take to this first kiss, either. There was negative feeling. Like a warning to stop. Stop right there. She asked herself, "Do I want this to continue?" She had never thought of it before, but that first kiss could tell you a lot. Did she really want to know him more? Maybe no. Yet her mind remained curious. And he was so gentle. She remembers that his kiss wasn't just a peck, thank you for coming—no, it showed expectations. But he didn't smell like a Russian. He didn't even smell like he was in the hospital. His skin had some funny odor. There could be a lot of scents on top, but underneath was some basic scent. Kissing him gave her that negative response. He did not smell like fresh air and sunshine.

Later, she would come to accept this scent of his body. Still there, but she accepted it. If you love a man, you accept.

It was funny. After work, every day she would go to visit him. She could get in when no one else could. Visiting days were Sundays only, but she was wearing her white uniform from the pharmacy at Third Clinical Hospital, where she worked—so no problem.

She did not love him yet, but she certainly felt sorry for him. He was so alone. She could understand that. Loneliness is an everyday companion to a lot of people, but it is certainly not your good companion. And Valya was so sorry for him.

While he was still in the hospital, he told Marina that he wanted to be engaged to her and she should not see anyone else. "I promised, but I did not take this seriously." She did not love Lee—not yet. She just felt sorry for him. Still, he was an American. You weren't going to say no if an American said you should be engaged; not right away, in any case.

On the day he got out of Fourth Clinical Hospital, Valya had him over for dinner with Valya's husband, her Uncle Ilya, a lieutenant colonel in the Ministry of Internal Affairs—the M.V.D.

She liked how Alik could handle himself with her uncle. Very dignified. He told Ilya he had come to live forever in Russia. He intended to work hard. Ilya said, Well, if that was so, then he, Ilya, would be ready to help him organize his life. And Marina could see that Valya was thinking, yes, they could have a little guidance over him, because Alik didn't have anyone in Minsk, and they would treat him well.

He charmed Valya. He was very tender. He kissed Valya after dinner and said, "Thank you, this meal was great." Well, it was, but he also said it nicely.

After dinner, Ilya said, "Take care of this girl. She has plenty of breezes in her brain." Wasn't that awful? She was a serious person. She would have liked to have breezes in her brain—she certainly wanted to have fun—but she was always feeling responsible, or examining her conscience. She could never say, "Just wash it off!"—she never did. Maybe, from Ilya's point of view, it was because she liked one guy this week, another guy the following week; but Marina would have told him, "I'm still looking. I meet somebody, and he's an idiot. He takes me out to dinner and wants me to pay for it. Or, he's always clearing his throat because he's an opera singer. All evening long, that's what my opera singer did." Yes, she had known one; she had gone on a date with him. "He had a nice cashmere coat and scarf." When they went to a restaurant that he chose, she thought, Well, maybe he'll show some culture here. But he ate his dinner and said, "I forgot my wallet." Then he said, "Pay for it. I'll give you some tickets for my opera." When she got to that, he turned out to be Soldier 29, back somewhere in the chorus—a real Enrico Caruso! Of course, she had to drop him.

No, she did not want to talk about her courtship with Alik. It was not that remarkable. All courtships are the same: Put your best foot forward. The trouble with courtship is that you never know the other person until you get married and live the first twenty-four hours with him.

Still, she was ready to talk to others about this courtship with Alik. And her girlfriends, especially Larissa, encouraged Marina. As Larissa saw it, this American boyfriend would distinguish Marina from other girls. Besides, he had an apartment. When Alik invited Marina to visit his place on the night after his dinner at Ilya and Valya's, Marina came with some friends. Safety in numbers. But Larissa talked about him positively afterward. He had such good manners.

Sasha Piskalev, a medical student who was in love with Marina and wanted to marry her, recalls that night at Alik's place because it was so painful to him. The American lived in a grand building, but his apartment did not look cozy. It was what they call *kazyonno*; that is, bureaucratic, lacking in home atmosphere.

Alik spoke good Russian. An accent, and his pronunciation was off, but he could speak. He put on Tchaikovsky's First Symphony, and as they listened Alik told his life story. He'd been in his armed forces, served in Asia, didn't like war, didn't wish to be a part of war. So he had decided to come to the Soviet Union for residence, and Moscow had sent him to Minsk. Now he worked at Horizon radio factory, "as an engineer." They had a bottle of Russian champagne. Sasha liked him—thought he was cool, very balanced, no unneeded emotion. Oswald didn't smoke, but enjoyed others inhaling their cigarettes—or so it seemed to Sasha. However, his apartment did look poor. "Iron dirt," as they called it. And his table was *neotyosanny*, not polished properly. His chairs were ordinary, and his bookcase was put together out of a few boards.

NEITHER Igor nor Stepan would admit to more than some early concern about Lee and Marina. When that romance developed quickly into marriage, it could be said, Igor admitted, that they did lose some sleep, and felt somewhat at fault that no steps had

been taken to keep this courtship of Oswald and Marina Prusakova from flourishing.

When Igor was asked what such steps might have entailed, his response was deliberative, even delicate. There were girls, he suggested, some of them attractive, certainly, certainly, who at one stage or another could be called upon by the Organs. Perhaps one of them might have diverted Oswald. They also could have attracted Marina perhaps to some other person, some very attractive man qualified for such activity. They didn't do that, however. It was a large move, after all. So that gave Lee and Marina a possibility to begin. Then came a wedding, with almost no warning. More problems to deal with. Would there now be any leak of information to Oswald through Marina? That was a possibility that could happen by way of her uncle, Lieutenant Colonel Prusakov of M.V.D. To insure themselves against such an outcome, they were obliged somewhat later to make personal contact with Ilya Prusakov. That period, therefore, offered considerable stress, and it was a fact—Stepan didn't always sleep too well. Nor Igor.

Close to three years later, Marina wrote her account of these early days with Lee:

Lee had a lot of classical records, and he loved to listen to them when we were alone. He did not like noisy company and rather preferred to be alone with me. I remember one of these evenings when we drank tea with pastry and kisses. Then (please excuse my vulgarity, due to youth) the tea was very tasty. I never again drank such tea or ate such pastry—ha ha! Lee told me that he wanted us to get married and stay here forever. He had a small darling one-room apartment . . . and a separate entrance—quite enough for two, especially if they were young. I told him that I would become his wife (since I had already fallen in love with him) but that we should wait

several months since it was a little embarrassing in front of our friends to get married so quickly.

From Oswald's diary:

April 30

After a seven-day delay at the Marriage Bureau because of my unusual passport, they allow us to register as man and wife. Two of Marina's girlfriends act as bridesmaids. We are married. At her aunt's home we have a dinner reception for about twenty friends and neighbors, who wish us happiness (in spite of my origin), which was in general rather disquieting to any Russian since foreigners are very rare in the Soviet Union, even tourists. After an evening

would dream of getting married. Some white prince would come. No dirt, nothing. So when she became—what would you call it?—a witness to life's reality, she was not prepared. Probably, she said, it's that way for every little girl.

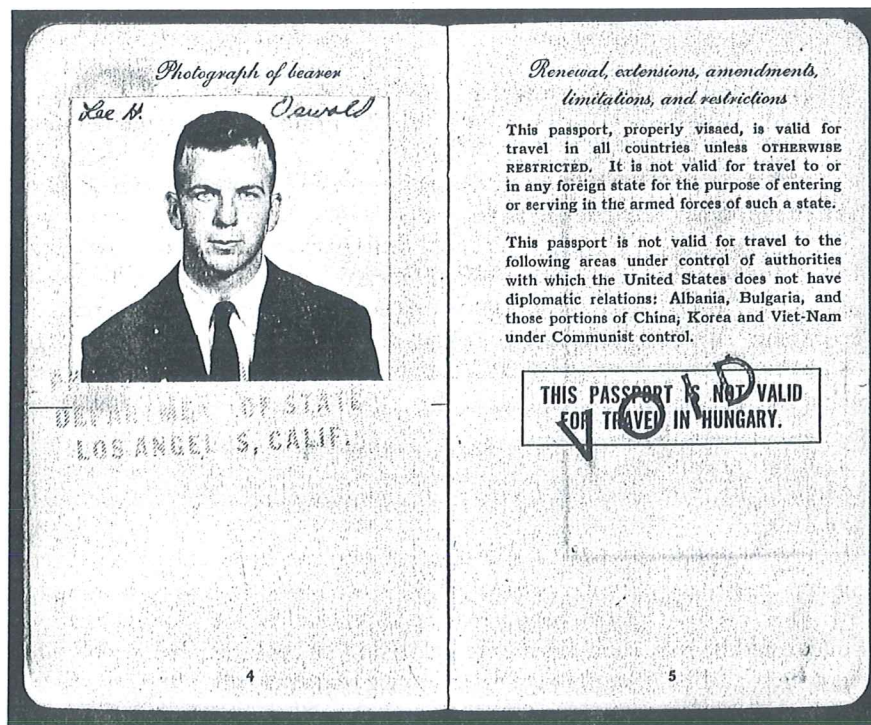
After they were legally married at the license bureau, ZAGS, and a stamp was put on her passport, she happened to notice Alik's date of birth. It was 1939. She realized then that he had been lying when he told her he was twenty-four; he was only twenty-one. She said, "If I knew, I wouldn't have married you."

It was only a joke, but he said to her that he had worried whether she would take him seriously. After all, she had said that Sasha was only twenty and she was not about to marry babies.

For their wedding, Valya had prepared a feast: crab salad, salami, black caviar, red caviar, pâté. And then she had stuffed a fish with its own cooked meat, kept the skin whole and put all the fish meat back inside, but now no bones. Not one. It looked

like a real fish again. And yet you could slice it. Such a special effort.

Marina had already begged her aunt not to go through any Russian tradition of saying "*Gorko, gorko*." But as they sat around their table eating, somebody pretended to be choking on too much pepper, and so everybody started crying out, "*Gorko*"—which means bitter—and Marina turned red. In obedience to such custom, they now made her kiss Lee over and over every time somebody said, "*Gorko*." Later, she danced with everyone, and then Alik and a couple of friends sang "*Chattanooga Choo Choo*." That night, when they went back to his apartment, they discovered that Valya and Larissa had placed flowers all around their bed. Her nightgown was on a pillow. Next morning, Valya walked right



The passport that Oswald handed over to the American consul on October 31, 1959.

of eating and drinking in which Uncle Wooser started a fight and a fuse blew on an overloaded circuit, we take our leave and walk the fifteen minutes to our home.

Marina would say now that her main reason for getting married was to find someone to belong to, and to have a family. Marriage was holy. One entered it for life. So, of course, she wanted to come to her marriage with purity. Of course. In Russia, it was a tradition that a man married a virgin, but with Americans she didn't know how to read their feelings. Americans were a novelty. Maybe they wouldn't care as much.

She could say this much again: Lee did like to laugh about how barbaric it was in peasant villages. Showing bloody sheets!

She remembers that in Leningrad, when she was fourteen years old, she

BRIEF BIO

Bearer of no news
 Under the sun, except
 The spring, I quicken
 Time, drawing you to see
 Earth's lightest pamphlet,
 Reeling mosaic of rainbow dust,
 Filament hinging a new set of wings,
 Lord of no land, subject to flowers and wind,
 Yesterday born in a palace that hangs by a thread.

—PHILLIS LEVIN

into their apartment and dropped a plate on the floor with enough noise to wake up ghosts. Then she said to Alik, "Russian custom."

They didn't have a honeymoon. They just spent two days in bed getting accustomed to each other—what would you want her to tell? They were new. They couldn't analyze everything. Talk a little, observe a little—bit by bit you go on; you don't make any big issue. Little by little. When you read romantic books, it's not enough; you want more. But sex was not romance. More like soiled clothes.

One thing: Lee was not bashful. He could walk around their apartment naked. As if it were nothing. That was surprising to her—that a man could be so comfortable before he got dressed. But she never said anything about it. For Minsk, however, he was some exhibitionist. She had just never experienced this American way. Lee was not even embarrassed to get up and go to the bathroom while leaving the door open. That was unusual. Marina was trying to find out what was expected of her. She did not know what her man wanted, so she had to learn.

Guys at Lee's factory, she soon found out, were always talking about sex. Quite a big topic over there. That was why Marina never wanted to date factory boys—their mentality. When Alik would laugh at what they said, she would say, "Don't tell them about our lovemaking. Don't you dare."

Alik's first experience with sex had not only been with a Japanese girl, but he also said that he'd never had an American girl. Just Japanese and Russian girls. Marina wondered whether he felt that

he was missing something. Maybe he should have had a girl from his own country first? No, Marina didn't know what to expect during these first few days of marriage. She could say that she kind of lived in euphoria. Finally married, you know! And she had married an American. She had that stupid apartment she'd always dreamed about. God was smiling on her. Finally!

May 1, 1961

Found us thinking about our future. Despite the fact I married Marina to hurt Ella, I found myself in love with Marina.

Maybe a week after their marriage, Aunt Valya said, "Let me see your pampered, manicured hand," and all Marina could show were Polish fingers: her nails were broken from cleaning stone walls on her balcony and washing their floor. For that one moment, she had said to herself, "Is this what married life is about? Broken nails? Oh my God!"

But for the first couple of days, since that was all they had off from their jobs and couldn't have a honeymoon, they would stay in bed and not get up until late afternoon. A honeymoon was sexual; you explored. Marina felt as if now she was free to do what she wanted to do. She didn't think about their problems in sex, and she didn't want to talk about that, really. You expected fireworks, and it didn't happen, and you thought maybe it's supposed to come later. It never did. That was all right. But she didn't know if what little was happening to her was all that was supposed to happen, and so in bed everything was a problem. She didn't know what to do, and Lee was always eager-beaver. Later on, when Marina was tired or in a bad

mood, she didn't avoid him, just told him, "No, I don't want to make love to you, because I feel used one more time. What for? Something there for you, maybe, but nothing for me." Even if that was kind of insulting to him, he would try to handle it. "Come on," he would say, "you know I love you." He would play that he was a little boy and make jokes. Sometimes she would give in. She thinks he really liked sex, but she resents talking about it. "Nobody asks Jacqueline Kennedy what Jack Kennedy was like in bed." And here she has to discuss such private things as what it was like to have a person inside you. There is nothing dirty about sex unless you let people watch—then it's degrading. But she would say that no matter what their difficulties, people ask if Lee was a homosexual and she would say she never had any sense with Lee that he'd be partial to a man, never. Maybe he could be gay somewhere else, but not around her.

Lee liked to stand in front of his mirror and admire himself, that was true. "How unbashful he was," Marina said. "He would admire himself. He was not tall, but he was well proportioned. He had beautiful legs. And he knew I liked them, so he would flirt. 'Don't you think I have gorgeous legs?' he would say. Just begging for compliments. Kind of a joking relationship. Private, but of the sort people do have." Her understanding: he really liked women. That was her interpretation.

When Marina was told how Lee went for months without trying to seduce Ella, never forcing her, she asked if it was possible that Ella was embarrassed to talk. "You know, I'm holier right now than I was then, know what I mean?" And then she thought, "Maybe he liked her so well that if she didn't want him that bad he wouldn't push."

Lee did tell her, and with a lot of admiration, about that beautiful Japanese girl who had been the first woman he knew. Marina was left with an image of a lovely Oriental blossom whom Lee still longed for. It made her jealous. Of course. There in his mind was a lovely woman. Was that to influence her? So that she would pay more attention to all kinds of sex? And learn new ways? She wanted to compete when Lee—always with great admiration—described all the sexual things this Japanese

girl did to him, this unknown beauty.

They wanted her to be pregnant right away. For the first month, nothing happened, and Lee and Valya were equally disappointed. Valya even said, "We were hoping you would have a child, but you're probably going to be like your uncle, won't be able to." Said it after one month! Lee wanted to have a boy. He was going to call him David. Their boy, he assured Marina, would someday be President of the United States. And then, whenever Marina would go to the bathroom, at least when her period was approaching, he wouldn't let her shut that door. He wanted to know for sure whether she was having a period. When she asked him why he didn't trust her, Alik said, "Well, you work in a hospital. If you don't want to have a child, you could have an abortion. So I want to know." It didn't hurt her feelings; she wanted a child, too. She thought he was being stupid, but she brushed it off. She even said, "Well, leave the door open"—took it like a joke. She said, "Lee, I want a child as much as you. I'm not going to do anything foolish." So it was not such a big deal. It wasn't like he stood there and said, "You must peepee in front of me"—no, it was more gentle. After all, late spring had come, and her mood was "I'm going to have a child and I'm going to have a family right here," and she wanted them to be as young and happy as they could be.

During the first weeks of their marriage, Lee would meet her at the pharmacy entrance and walk her home, and when evening came he would go out on their balcony and look at sights far off with his binoculars. At night, he would wash the breakfast dishes, and on days when they had hot water he would do their laundry. When Marina would climb up their entryway from Kalinin Street, she could hear him singing "Volga Boatmen" from four flights down. He wouldn't be one for a choir, but he could sing with zest. A pleasant voice. And he was washing his own work clothes. He just didn't want her near his dirty things.

She soon learned that he didn't enjoy his job. He claimed that they resented him and his privileges. But she didn't know how true it might be. Lee played with people. That she soon learned. Maybe he even played with her.

A few weeks after they were married,

some letters arrived from America and in one was a picture of Marguerite Oswald. She was in a white nursing outfit, just sitting in a chair. "That's my mother," he told Marina. He studied the picture and said, "She's gained some weight. As I remember her, she wasn't that plump." That was it. Marina said, "You told me your mother was dead." He said, "Well, I don't want to talk about my mother."

She did not know how to accept that. He had said he was an orphan. Now she thought to herself, "Stupid me! There I was believing late at night that it was a sign and God sent me an orphan like myself."

June

A continuance of May except that we draw closer and closer and I think very little now of Ella . . .

Sometimes she would get a glimpse—if only for a little while—of what was in him. Then he would lift his shield again. He was embarrassed to show vulnerability. Only in intimate moments could he be himself, this little boy who wanted attention. Then he would pretend that he didn't need anything. "He would isolate himself," Marina said, "and play games with people. Treat them like they were not people."

Once, on a day when everyone was supposed to vote for some Presidium or something, election workers started knocking on their door at 7 A.M. Lee told them to go away—it was too early.

They came back again, and Lee wouldn't open up. He kept yelling, "This is a free country." He gave them lectures while they stood outside. She doesn't remember whether she went to vote, but Lee kept telling her that the Soviet constitution said it was a free country. They were not supposed to drag you out to vote. So she received a speech on politics early that day. Of course, she had never studied that stupid Soviet constitution. That is, she had studied, had even passed her exam, but now she couldn't recall any of it. So he had to teach her about her own system, and told her how they were not practicing their constitution properly.

He also liked her to be at home when he arrived. If she came in even ten minutes after him, he'd be upset. "Where were you?" he'd ask. "How come you're late?" She thinks maybe that's how his control over her began. Lee's factory hours were always the same, and hers, too, but sometimes she might stop by a store, so how could you know who would come home first?

Pregnant, she was now very sensitive to odor. Their walls seemed to smell; even her balcony seemed rank when she opened its door. She was always sniffing somebody else's cooking. Nor could she eat. And then there was Lee. If you boiled him in water, he would still have his special body odor. So by the second month of pregnancy, when he started being not



so nice, she began to look for fights. And she had second thoughts—had she made a mistake? Maybe she didn't love this man.

V-QUARRELS

"Go find yourself a girl who knows how to cook!"

SOON enough, she learned that Lee not only had a mother but a brother, with a wife and children. All of a sudden, Lee was part of a family—he kept getting more correspondence. Since she didn't read English, she could not know what these letters were about, but then, one Sunday morning, she found out. Lee woke up and said, "If I have a chance to go to America, would you go with me?"

"You're joking," she said.

He said, "No, it's a possibility. I don't know for sure, but would you go with me?"

That gave her a feeling that he truly loved her. And she said, "I don't know. I'm kind of scared." She took a breath, and added, "O.K. I'll go."

It wasn't that short a conversation—maybe it took an hour, maybe it took three days—but by its end she said O.K. He said, "I told them at the American Embassy that I was giving up my passport. So maybe they won't allow me to go back. There might be complications. I'll have to write a lot of letters. And my mother will help. Will you go?" When she finally said yes, he said, "I don't want you to tell Aunt Valya or any of your relatives. And nobody at work. Not yet. Because maybe it won't go through."

Marina did not believe it could happen. Later, when she had to fill out her own applications, she still didn't believe it. Her dream of marrying a foreigner had not included leaving her country. It was just finding a man who had an apartment. She didn't want to huddle in somebody else's corner. That was the largest thing about marriage: your own apartment. To meet and marry a foreigner was, in addition, flattering to her, and adventurous. Sometimes she dreamed, Boy, wouldn't it be great to work in Czechoslovakia for a couple of years? Or East Germany? Buy a sporty coat, look nice. Having married an American, she could tell the girls at work, "See what I got? You just have your Russian noth-

ing." They answered, "Isn't your husband a worker?" She told them; "It doesn't matter. He's still a foreigner. He's Oswald, not Vanya."

But now it was scary. Going to America! It gets scarier if you don't tell your relatives and keep it to yourself at work. Then in July, Alik said he might have to take an illegal trip to Moscow in order to visit the American Embassy. She wondered if the K.G.B. would come for her then, or would they call her in from work?—she didn't know how the K.G.B. got in touch with you.

WHAT Marina also did not know was that her husband had been in correspondence through half the winter with American officials in Moscow. More than a month before he even met her, back in early February, 1961, he had already sent a letter to the Embassy, requesting the return of that same passport he had left on Richard Snyder's desk in late October, 1959. Snyder had mailed an answer back to Minsk, suggesting that Oswald take a trip to Moscow so they could discuss the matter. They had been in communication since. Oswald was to tell his wife many a lie over their years together, but no single deceit may have been as large as his decision not to inform Marina or Valya or Ilya before the marriage that in his heart he was already on his way back to America.

FOREIGN SERVICE DESPATCH
DESP. NO. 29

FROM: Amembassy Moscow
TO: The Department of State, Washington
SUBJECT: Citizenship and Passports:
Lee Harvey Oswald

Lee Harvey OSWALD appeared at the Embassy on July 8 on his own initiative in connection with his desire to return to the United States with his wife.

Oswald . . . was questioned at length concerning his activities since entering the Soviet Union. No evidence was revealed of any act on his part which might have caused loss of American citizenship. He exhibited Soviet internal "stateless" passport . . . No. 311479 . . . which is *prima facie* evidence that he is regarded by the Soviet authorities as not possessing Soviet citizenship. Oswald stated that despite the wording of the statement which he handed to the Embassy on October 31, 1959 . . . he never in fact actually applied for Soviet citizenship . . .

Oswald stated that he has never been called upon to make any statements for radio or press or to address audiences since his arrival in the Soviet Union and that he has made no statements at any time of any exploitable nature concerning his original decision to reside in the Soviet Union . . . When queried about a statement which he

had made to the interviewing officer on October 31, 1959, to the effect that he would willingly make available to the Soviet Union such information as he had acquired as a radar operator in the Marine Corps, Oswald stated that he was never in fact subjected to any questioning or briefing by the Soviet authorities concerning his life or experiences prior to entering the Soviet Union, and never provided such information to any Soviet organ. He stated that he doubted in fact that he would have given such information if requested despite his statements made at the Embassy . . .

Oswald intends to institute an application for an exit visa immediately upon his return to Minsk within the next few days. His American passport was returned to him for this purpose after having been amended to be valid for direct return to the United States only . . . it was felt that there was little prospect that Oswald could accomplish anything with the Soviet officials concerned unless he displayed his American passport . . .

Twenty months of the realities of life in the Soviet Union have clearly had a maturing effect on Oswald. He stated frankly that he had learned a hard lesson the hard way and that he had been completely relieved of his illusions about the Soviet Union at the same time that he acquired a new understanding and appreciation of the United States and the meaning of freedom. Much of the arrogance and bravado which characterized him on his first visit to the Embassy appears to have left him . . .

From Oswald's diary:

July 9

Receive passport, call Marina to Moscow also.

July 14

I and Marina return to Minsk.

From K.G.B. Transcripts:

(In these transcripts, OLH [Oswald, Lee Harvey] has been changed to LHO. Marina was always referred to as Wife. Stepan underlined those speeches he considered pertinent to his needs, whereas any comments that appear in italics as stage directions were made by the K.G.B. transcriber. That worthy was making his [or her] observations through a peephole in a rented room adjacent to the Oswalds' apartment.)

FOR OBJECT: OLH-2658

FOR PERIOD: 17 JULY 1961

LHO: I can't tell you what to do. Do what you want to do. If you want, you can go with me.

WIFE: I don't want to.

LHO: Why?

WIFE: I'm simply afraid

LHO: Of course you're afraid . . .

WIFE: I don't know America, I only know Russia . . . You can go back to your own people . . . I don't know how things

will be there. Where will you find work?

LHO: I'll find everything, everything. I'll do everything. That's my job.

WIFE: How will they treat me there?
(*Radio drowns out conversation; impossible to get in entirety.*)

From K.G.B. Transcripts:

FOR OBJECT: OLH-2658

FOR PERIOD: 19 JULY 1961

WIFE: All you know how to do is torture . . .

(*LHO goes out; yells something from the kitchen.*)

WIFE: Go find yourself a girl who knows how to cook . . . I work, I don't have time to prepare cutlets for you. You don't want soup, you don't want kasha, just tasty tidbits, please!

LHO: I can go eat at a restaurant.

WIFE: Go to hell! When are you ever going to leave me alone? I'll probably never live to see the day when you leave me alone.

LHO: But you don't know how to do anything.

WIFE: Leave me alone!

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 shops there was a lot to buy, but what do people in Minsk eat, after all?—potatoes, pork fat, pickled cucumbers, pickled cabbage, beef, pork, mutton, turkey, goose. She wasn't able to buy food he would like. For instance, Alik would say, "I want to have corn," and any corn they grew around there was for livestock. So she said to Misha Smolsky, "Let's say we have cultural difficulties."

From K.G.B. Transcripts:

FOR OBJECT: OLH-2658

FOR PERIOD: 21 JULY 1961

LHO: Well, why are you crying?
(*Pause.*) I told you crying won't do any good.
(*Wife cries.*)

You know, I never said that I was a very good person.

(*Wife cries and LHO calms her down.*)

WIFE (*through tears*): Why did I get married? You tricked me.

LHO: . . . You shouldn't cry. I understand, you don't understand yourself why.



"Thanks, New York. You've been a wonderful audience."

WIFE (*through tears*): My friends don't recognize me.

LHO: Well? I've also lost weight, right?

WIFE (*cries*): Why did I get married?

LHO: Well, what am I supposed to do? Is it my fault that you have a lot of work? I mean, you don't ever cook, but other women cook. And I don't say anything about it. I don't yell. You never do anything and you don't want to do the wash. What do you do? The only thing you ever talk about is how tired you are at work.

WIFE: I didn't get any rest.

LHO: Well, what can I do? . . .

(*Pause.*)

WIFE: Everything was so good, but

lately everything has gotten bad, nothing's right. You can't please a man like you.

(*They are silent.*)

(*Later that night.*)

LHO: Well, what? This is ridiculous! WIFE: I want to sleep, don't bother me! . . . You're so crude! I'm tired, I swear, I'm tired.

LHO: And what did you do that you're so tired? You didn't do anything. You didn't cook anything.

WIFE: The cafeteria's good enough for you.

LHO: And who's going to wash the shirts, the socks?

WIFE: Everything's already washed, go and take a look. You'll leave and then



you'll be unhappy alone, you'll see . . . So get off my back. What is it you want from me, anyway, what? For God's sake, just don't torture me. Soon enough you won't have me, and that's all there is to it.

(Pause.)

WIFE: . . . You're laughing, but you'll cry later. (Pause.) . . . I don't want to now. I'm tired.

LHO: What did you do that you're tired?

WIFE: Don't throw things around . . .

LHO: What can I do? (Mocks Wife.) "I don't want to!" Well, what can I say! We're going to be here four or five months anyway.

WIFE: I'll be here. Let the baby stay by itself.

LHO: Are you crazy!?! (Yells.) You should be ashamed! A child without a father! You should be ashamed! (Laughs.) You're still my wife, you're going! And if I leave, I'll send you an invitation.

WIFE: You'll leave on your own.

LHO: You should be ashamed! You don't believe yourself what you're saying . . .

WIFE: I'm not going to promise. If I don't go then that's it . . .

LHO: You're my wife, you're going.

WIFE: No.

LHO: Why?

WIFE: I know why.

LHO: Well, why? You don't know

yourself. There, you see. Do you know how many foreigners live there?

WIFE: They won't take me there, and they won't create the conditions for me, they won't create them. The American Embassy won't look after me.

LHO: Why do you think that? I mean, I wrote that I was obligating myself. [Note in left margin: "Obviously, he is obligating himself to provide her with everything she needs in United States."] You understand that you're my wife and that you're going with me. When I arrived here it was difficult for me too.

WIFE: That is an entirely different matter.

LHO: But I'm obligating myself! I'll do everything.

(Pause.)

WIFE: You won't convince me.

(Pause.) . . .

LHO: You're just stubborn.

WIFE: And you're always yelling. (Radio drowns out conversation.)

WHEN Marina's friend Inessa met Lee Oswald, he seemed not exactly unfriendly but very suspicious about things. They exchanged a few words and then he sat down in a chair and became completely occupied with some comic books his brother had sent him from America. Inessa spent her time chatting with Marina.

After a few more visits, however,

Alik's suspicions began fading away. Before long, Inessa was eating with them in their kitchen. Indeed, she even liked it that he hadn't become open right away but had waited and observed. She thinks she probably wouldn't have believed him if, immediately, he had been too friendly. In fact, she liked him as a husband for Marina. He did all the man's work around their apartment without needing reminders. Which is not too often true of Russian men.

What she wasn't so comfortable with was that all of a sudden he would announce what he liked about the Soviet Union and what he didn't like, and he would do it in the open—never whispering. And there were other little things. She really couldn't say that she approved of him entirely, even if they were only small things. He would carry on if dinner wasn't cooked on

time, and in her opinion Marina didn't fit his American standards of what a wife should be. When they had fights, Inessa saw them as children, one more stubborn than the other. She liked them both and was comfortable with both, and—maybe she was just lucky—in her presence they never had any really big arguments. She does remember that Marina would get irritated when Alik would read his American comic books and begin to laugh loudly. On the other hand, Marina thought he was too pedantic and told Inessa that she was dissatisfied with his mind.

He also had bad habits. Like a worker or a crude soldier. He was always spoiling the air with gases. That was shocking, and he did it as naturally as drinking water.

All the same, Inessa always felt that Alik was more calm than Marina. Outside of those gases, he was very organized. He liked perfection in everything, and Marina used to complain about this trait. Taken all together, Inessa never really thought that Marina was deeply in love with him. She thinks Alik loved her more.

From K.G.B. Transcripts:

FOR OBJECT: OLH-2658

FOR PERIOD: 24 JULY 1961

21:20

WIFE: Alik! Look, I forgot to iron

the bedsheets—there's one lying over there. Alik! Look how warm my ears are. *(They joke around; they laugh.)*
 LHO: Not bad songs they're singing.
 WIFE: There's some festival going on. Everyone's going to Moscow and people can say what they want. Before, you couldn't say anything: not on the street, not on the streetcar, not on the trolley. When Stalin was alive there was a microphone in every house and you couldn't say anything. Nowadays it's a different matter.

LHO: Yes, yes, my sister.

From K.G.B. Transcripts:

FOR OBJECT: OLH-2658
 FOR PERIOD: 29 JULY 1961
(LHO kisses her.)

LHO: Come here, lie down.
(Quiet.)

19:40

WIFE: My God, your pants are so wrinkled.

LHO: It's been a while since you ironed them.

WIFE: Four days ago.

LHO: A week.

WIFE: So? You could wear them for a week [but] you lie around in them.

LHO: Take it easy . . .

21:45

WIFE: You're so wicked! *(Squeals.)* It's true what they say about men not having any brains until they're thirty. *(Laughs.)* Ay! . . . *(Laughter.)* What did you do?

(They go to bed.)

LHO: Don't touch me, damn you.

WIFE: No, damn you. In a minute I'm going to cut off a particular place. Oy, mama.

(They laugh.)

(They talk about pregnancy; Wife tells about conversation with her doctor.)

WIFE: When the baby first starts moving, it'll be exactly half of my term. Give or take one or two days. Why does it seem to me that everything smells—my clothes, pillow, blanket? . . . I look so horrible. We all look horrible in last months [of pregnancy]. And if I'm dying, who will save me? I have narrow hipbones.

LHO: Me.

WIFE: The medical profession won't help, but you will.

LHO: Be a composed lady. You're a lady. The very first day you became a lady. Good night. That's all.

(They are silent.)

23:00

PAVEL always felt there was something in Marina's face that was calculating. But Pavel would rather say that he wasn't prepared for Marina. He didn't even meet her until the wedding, and then he didn't take to her at first.

Maybe Pavel saw her twenty times altogether, and he looked at her as a friend's wife, nothing more. Whatever she was as a woman did not interest him. He had no hate for her; he just looked at her as a sheet for his friend's 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 the 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.

Pavel never saw Lee become very angry with Marina, but Oswald didn't like

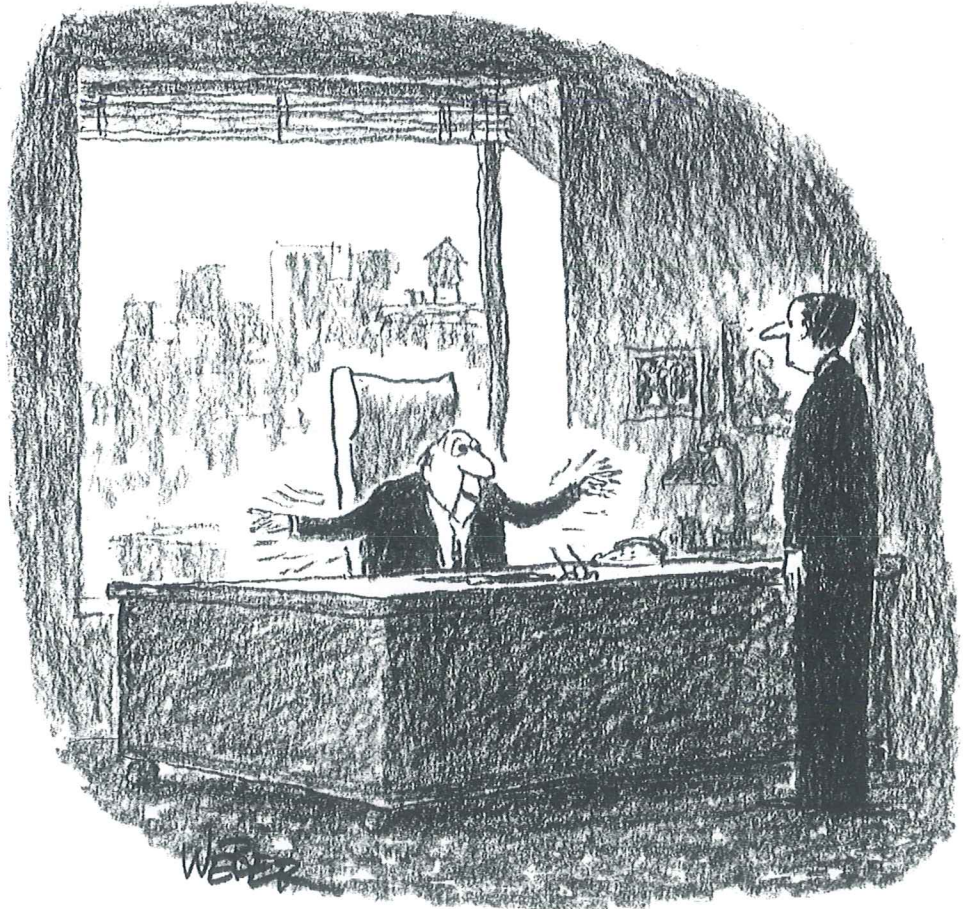
it at all when his new wife lit a cigarette. So whenever Pavel and Marina were out on the balcony together, Pavel used to hold one in his hand for her. That was to make it look as if Pavel were smoking, not her. He could say she inhaled as lightly and delicately as a yogi.

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

The next time, when Stepan 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 that 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 the Or-



"I see you as a little bee, Kutner. Buzz, buzz, buzz, go make some honey."

gans. He never gave a written report, he never signed anything, and he did his best to be minimal with his Organ bosses when he did have to report. Pavel even told Lee not to talk too much with anyone. Then he added, "I'm telling you this, but other people might not." He couldn't allow himself to get more specific than that.

THE interviewers could not find out when Lee's apartment had first been wired. The earliest transcripts they would receive from the K.G.B. were dated mid-July, which was just after Oswald returned from his trip to the American Embassy. The question, however, remained open. Had Oswald's apartment been bugged in early March of 1960, prior to his moving in, or at some other period before July, 1961? It is also possible, since the daily labor consequent upon bugging was an expensive item in their budget, that the local K.G.B., having close human sources in place, did not install equipment until those four days in July when both Oswald and his wife were in Moscow.

In conversations with the interviewers, Igor did say that after Likhov 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, the Organs 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's rather than a single room, they would have bugged the 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 no longer difficult by 1961. An imperceptible hole was made and a special lens inserted, a most useful tool thirty years ago—an early use of fibre optics. At that time, it was their "greatest weapon," because it provided a good deal of information.

For example, knowledge started to come in to Igor and Stepan that Marina had a low opinion of Lee as a partner.

Still, their relationship was interesting. They got married and now they were going to have a child. Was their reason love, or was it Oswald's desire for better cover? This was one question Counterintelligence had to determine. If, in the course of going back to his native country, Oswald all of a sudden divorced his family and left without them, that would put the Organs on guard. Was it that he had completed his work and was now running away? But no—this man wanted his wife to go with him. That caused many suppositions to fall away. Studying the character of Oswald's marriage reduced anxieties for Igor and Stepan.

From K.G.B. Transcripts:

FOR PERIOD: 26 JULY 1961

9:50 P.M. (*LHO goes into the kitchen; comes back.*)

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

10:15 P.M. (*Intimate conversation.*)

10:30 P.M. (*Quiet; they are sleeping.*)

11:00 P.M. (*Surveillance ends.*)

Stepan was asked if it was K.G.B. policy to discontinue bugging at 11 P.M., since people usually went to bed then. He replied that this type of measure could be conducted around the clock or for only a few hours. A matter of operative expediency.

Nor was there a set policy about recording intimate moments. Usually, a K.G.B. transcriber would state that such an action had occurred, but would not give details. It goes without saying that each developer had the major responsibility for such decisions. It depended on what he was looking to analyze. Stepan, for one, preferred to avoid this sort of thing. "But assume I am C.I.A. or F.B.I. and I am trying to recruit a Soviet engineer. I would have to look for compromising materials on him, first and foremost sexual things. Working as an analyst on such a case, I give this order: 'Take down everything in the 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 were not necessary. "If he and Marina said something of interest, let our 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 higher-ups who have to read it? But if something said is significant, well, his transcribers wouldn't miss that—it goes without saying. If, for example, subjects start, during lovemaking, to speak about important matters, that would be mentioned. Stepan recalls nothing significant, however, being noted during Oswald's case.

ALIK and Marina were sure the Organs were bugging them. "Yeah," says Marina now, thinking about it. "We'd become like two kids. Nothing or nobody is going to stop us. I was his ally all the way through. Just for the damn principle of it." Once, when all lights were off in their apartment, they examined their electricity meter with a flashlight. The needle was still 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 did go out to their balcony or turned on their radio. Especially so they wouldn't jeopardize any persons they were talking about. Still, it did not become part of her life. If she wanted to talk to Lee, she did not always go out on that balcony. Because, really, there was nothing to hide. The most horrible thing, you would expect, was that maybe somebody was recording them in bed. Yet, and it sounds stupid, they weren't all that concerned about it—isn't that funny? But if they wanted to discuss something about their upcoming trip to America, they would go out to the balcony. Maybe she was just blocking out everything about this "intimacy part," but as she remembers she didn't mind all that much if someone was listening. Maybe it was because they didn't make love as frequently in those months of pregnancy.

Pavel knew that Lee's apartment was wired. He couldn't say exactly how he knew; probably it was intuition reinforced by experience. Stepan, after all, knew certain things about Lee he could have learned only by such methods, and hints of such knowledge came out when he met with Pavel to give instructions on what questions to ask next. So 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. Moreover, cars would be passing,



Lee and Marina leaving Minsk for America in May, 1962. "I don't think we're going to have any problems," Lee said.

and there would be wind and interference from birds. From detective stories, you would have believed that the Organs had enough technology to put a miniature microphone in a button on a shirt, but that is very expensive.

All the same, they were always there. Or so it felt. Pavel, when talking to Lee, would not allow himself to get curious. He didn't want to gain any information he would have to divulge or else not be serving his Motherland.

When speaking to the interviewers, Stepan always put his emphasis on the more efficient aspects of security activities. He did not dwell on lapses. Whatever impediments might hinder good transcription were not going to be discussed by him. After a review of those particular transcripts that the K.G.B. did provide, it is, however, hard to suppose that we are in the presence of advanced technology. As was often indicated by the transcriber, the 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, and from there nothing could be heard, while the

sounds of running water are what is picked up most often from the kitchen.

Add to this that there might be unprofessional fatigue visiting that K.G.B. auditor in the next room—even periods, conceivably, of dozing off—and one is left for the most part with a portrait of two young married people who argue 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.

INTERVIEWER: Would he ever complain about the floors?

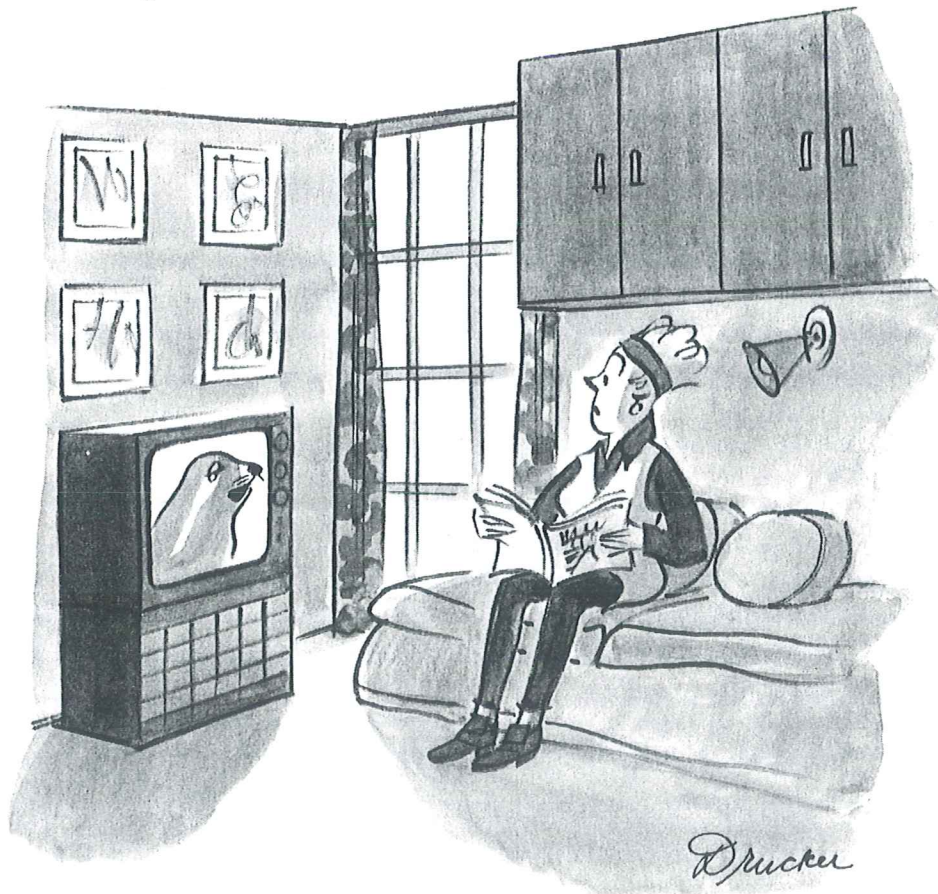
MARINA: I don't remember . . . but I don't think so.

INTERVIEWER: Did you ever argue about cleaning the house?

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

From K.G.B. Transcripts

FOR OBJECT: OLH-2658
FOR PERIOD: 3 AUG. 1961
18:24 (*They enter room.*)



"And now a word for those of you with oily skin."

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 twenty 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: You have cleaned up this apartment just once, and I've done it twenty-one times. You'll do it once and then talk about it all day.

LHO: This house has to be cleaned every day. There's dirt in our kitchen, dirt everywhere. What good is that? You sleep until ten 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 . . .

LHO: You're ridiculous. Lazy and crude.

WIFE: I want you to feel what it's like to be me for one day. (*After a silence, she begins to cry.*)

LHO: Well, what's the problem? . . .

WIFE: Get out! I'm not your house-keeper. 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 . . . Do you hate me when you yell at me?

21:55

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.*)

From K.G.B. 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.

WIFE: Sometimes I'm just afraid of going with you . . .

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.*)

VI-DEPARTURE

"Remember, I'm Marina. Don't let her get lost in history."

SOMETIMES Marina would wonder if Lee thought it would be harder for Americans to arrest him if he came home with a wife and a child. Maybe his mother had told him to bring his Russian along. Since his mother wrote letters to him in English, how could Marina know? She would apologize to Americans, but she did not really like their language. It was much less beautiful to her than Russian.

In the later months of her pregnancy, Lee became careful. The American baby book said, Don't make love once a certain month is reached—now she can't remember which month. And Lee was protective, very protective of their unborn baby, and tender, very tender; he measured her stomach and he petted it.

She wasn't showing anything for a long time. Just a little belly. Once, he asked, "Are you sure you're pregnant?" He was afraid their baby might be too

small. But he was excited when he heard the heartbeat for the 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 their sex got better. Only one thing she would never allow: "What do you call it?—when people kiss feet—fetish?" She never heard 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. When her feet felt wooden in the last months of pregnancy, Lee would massage them. And later he was very kind about a few stretch marks she had 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 had started a new journal, and for a couple of nights he wrote so much that she finally asked him if he was a spy. Up to then, she had tried to respect his privacy. She didn't believe that marriage was a place where you have to smother each other. People must have their own lives. 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. Still, she could see how he might be a spy. Who could love the Soviet Union? She didn't. No admiration there at all. Why, she even smoked Belomorkanal cigarettes. Her private protest. She could explain: Belomorski Canal had been built by political prisoners, whose bones were buried in the canal banks, and later, when they named a cigarette Belomor, people saw it as a symbolic memento of all the bones that were buried during Stalin's period. "A great economic achievement—so many bones were buried there. Our system was such that you have to read between the lines. People knew what was happening even if they could not tell. We felt solidarity with people

CIRCE'S POWER

I never turned anyone into a pig.
Some people are pigs; I make them
look like pigs.

I'm sick of your world
that lets the outside disguise the inside.

Your men weren't bad men;
undisciplined life
did that to them. As pigs,

under the care of
me and my ladies, they
sweetened right up.

Then I reversed the spell,
showing you my goodness
as well as my power. I saw

we could be happy here,
as men and women are
when their needs are simple. In the same breath,

I foresaw your departure,
your men with my help braving
the crying and pounding sea. You think

a few tears upset me? My friend,
every sorceress is
a pragmatist at heart; nobody
sees essence who can't
face limitation. If I wanted only to hold you

I could hold you prisoner.

—LOUISE GLÜCK

buried near Belomorski Canal. Even now, people won't switch, even now. Belomor is not just a cigarette. If you buy it, you're saying, "Thank you, brother. You died. I'm with you." So Russians laugh when they smoke Belomor. They say, "My God, everything built in Russia is on the bones, you know?"

She felt an outcast at work, however. 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 anymore.

Nov.-Dec.

Now we are becoming annoyed about the delay. Marina is beginning to waver about going to the U.S. Probably from the strain and her being pregnant. Still, we

quarrel and so things are not too bright, especially with the approach of the hard Russian winter.

SHE had not wanted to marry a Russian boy, because it was accepted that with ninety-nine per cent of them you would end up being beaten by your man—slapped or struck, anyway. 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, "After your honeymoon, don't let your husband dominate. What goes on in the beginning is how it will be later." So she and Lee both stood their ground. They would argue and slam doors. But there came a day when 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 problems. Don't visit this place every time you have something wrong." At the time, Marina thought he was cold-blooded, but now she would say he was right. Ilya had been cruel but wise.

When she went home the next day, Lee said it would never happen again, he was sorry, but 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 hit her only three or four times. That is not what she found degrading in Russia. It was that K.G.B. was always bugging whatever they did, and then the F.B.I. got into 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 herself to anybody? She didn't want to talk about Alik hitting her. Because that put him in a bad light. How could he defend himself from a crime she doesn't think he committed if people have mental pictures of him beating her?

From K.G.B. 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 . . .

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, also 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 called for military service, since he has already served his term . . . and concerning

his possible arrest—he doesn't think Embassy employees would lie to him. Nevertheless, Oswald promised to weigh 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 Kharkov. As a result of these conversations, Prusakov decided that Marina didn't feel like going. 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 change their opinion about going to America. Prusakov didn't recall any suspicious moments in Oswald's behavior.

PERHAPS the time had come for K.G.B. Counterintelligence, Byelorussia, to divest itself of a person who could easily create an international episode and was contributing very little at work, or so said a report on December 11, 1961, sent to the Minsk City Militia Department from the Plant Director and the Personnel Department Chief:

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

At Horizon, Katya, working down the aisle from Alik, had come to notice that he was becoming less and less of a worker. More and more often, he would sit with his feet on the table. When there was no table, he would put his feet on a chair. His fellow-workers decided it was American culture.

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

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

Step by step, people stopped being curious about him. Once or twice, after Alik was called into the office for a reprimand, he would come back to his worktable and say, "I am going to write my memoirs—'How I Remember the Soviet Union.'"

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

AFTER Marina filled out every paper, every one of so many needed for her to go to America, and all those weeks went by, and then all those months from August to December, a phone call came to her at last, when she was at work. Marina was told to go over to the main government building on Lenin Street, where M.V.D. and K.G.B. were housed.

She came in from a side street and walked downstairs. There was only one man in the room; he "was gray-headed, he was authority." He was tall, but she doesn't remember his face. Just that he was in uniform. Nor does she recall whether he called her Marina or Mrs. Oswald; but he did say, "I'm here to talk to you about your papers. You're applying to go to the United States."

She told him that 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 find out 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. It's

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? Because such an act will jeopardize the reputations of people you work with, and your relatives."

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 my uncle's 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 here he did call 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



"They're from the new Gangsta line of sleepwear."

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 a 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 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.

Dec. 25, Christmas Day

Marina is called to the Passport and Visa office. She is told we have been granted Soviet exit visas.

By now, Igor and Stepan had come to their assessment of Oswald: He was a person you could call emotional.

That had manifested itself in fights that arose between him and his wife, although such fights tended to be short-lived. On the other hand, Oswald was never involved in acts of public violence. In fact, the head of M.V.D. militia delivered an official document to K.G.B. saying that Oswald had never been observed in any form of hooliganism.

In addition, Oswald's hunting trips now offered no problem for Counter-intelligence. He had gone on several occasions, and according to their sources he was a poor hunter and came back with nothing. He never made attempts to isolate himself from his group, never tried to approach industrial sites in the forest, and never made suspicious movements. K.G.B. questions on this matter, therefore, were put to rest; Oswald even went without his camera. If he had brought it along, they would have looked to determine whether he approached such installations in order to take pictures. But he didn't even bring it. Finally, he sold his gun on the second of January, 1962, approximately a year and a half after purchase, the gun bearing Serial Number 64621.

So the Organs concluded that they

might as well allow Oswald to return to America.

From K.G.B. Transcripts:

FOR OBJECT: OLH-2983

FOR PERIOD: 19 MAY 1962

LHO: How could you! You were off from work somewhere for three hours. *(Baby is crying.)*

WIFE: You idiot! I'm not going anywhere with you. You can take the baby and go. Take her and go.

LHO: Shut up. Take your baby.

(Baby is crying.)

WIFE: Leave me alone. Do whatever you want, I'm not going with you. You never do anything to help me out. Go, feed the baby. You can kill me, but I'm not going to get milk. I'm just going to sit here and watch. You'll create these scandals until two in the morning. I don't just take off from work somewhere—I have to sleep at that clinic. These doctors seem to make a point of not waiting for me.

(Cries.)

What, I have to run home [from my clinic]?

LHO: Exactly.

(They go into kitchen.)

12:50 *(They come back in.)*

WIFE *(sobbing)*: Out of my sight, you dog! You scoundrel! Don't look at me that way—nobody is afraid of you. Go to hell, you bastard!

LHO: You're very good.

WIFE: You can go to your America without me, and I hope you die on the way.

(LHO leaves.)

(Quiet in the apartment.)

They left by train and travelled through Poland, Germany, and Holland. In Holland, they boarded the Maasdam for the United States, and arrived on June 13, 1962.

Marina did not tell anyone, but Dallas and Fort Worth were disappointing. She was not



"He's mellowed quite a bit over the years. However, that's become a signature thing for him."

impressed with Texas. She had thought it would be like the movie "Oklahoma!" which she had seen in Minsk, and had been full of cowboys and the West, but here it was not like that. The residential area was all right, because the grass was mowed, and, no matter how poor the house, it was at least big enough for a family—but she did not like the two cities Dallas and Fort Worth. They had no harmony. They were disorganized. One tall building and three short ones, then an empty lot. Never anything beautiful or old. She did not know if the city was dying or growing up. No, she was not impressed. The only thing she really liked was the smell of the mimosa trees.

She wrote a letter back to the girls at the pharmacy and said that the Russian language had been difficult for Alik and he had always been mispronouncing words, but now she was living in his shoes, mispronouncing American words. At her letter's end, she wrote, "Remember, I'm Marina. Don't let her get lost in history."

As Stepan would inform the interviewers in the fall of 1992, Li-khoi's file was discontinued by the summer of 1962. In his actions, his behavior, in his way of life, there had been no indication that he was any kind of intelligence agent. Of course, the possibility still existed that he had been sent over to study U.S.S.R. living conditions intimately. That information could then be used by American special services. Such a possibility could not be excluded, although there was no way to find that out. A person could always walk around, meet people, study everything, make mental notes. Then, on his return home, a report could be written telling about everything. One cannot do much about that. But as far as Oswald being an active agent—all indications were negative.

They could ask their own overseas agents in the First Directorate who were stationed in America to watch Oswald now that he was back in his own country, but it would be very difficult, very expensive. To put surveillance on him in the United States would suggest that they considered him highly important, but by the time he left Minsk he was no longer looked upon as being in so serious a category. Nor would any Russian people who lived in Fort Worth be con-



"When we have interactive books, the first thing I'm going to do is rush Little Nell to a hospital."

sidered a potential source. Over there, K.G.B. officers avoided the Russian community and American Communists and sympathizers. If a K.G.B. agent working illegally in America sees an American Communist coming his way, he will go in the opposite direction. One does not want to stray into the F.B.I.'s field of surveillance. So while there might have been some interest in following Oswald's activities on his return to America, any estimates of risk and cost made it not worthwhile.

VII-SHOCK

"Did you attempt to recruit Oswald?"

KATIYA remembers shock. For everybody at Horizon. She couldn't believe it had happened. He was just a young boy with a running nose. When

it was cold, you could always see his running nose. And suddenly he killed this American President? Other men in her factory were stronger than him, much stronger. He was like that, small.

At Horizon, people did speak about it a little, but it was something that happened far away, and in a few days representatives from the Organs came over and told them it was best not to talk about Oswald. Forget him. Best to forget him. Best for all.

RIMMA had always known she could hurt his feelings, and so she never did. "I could paint a portrait of him as someone who thinks too much of himself but doesn't work to become the person he wants to be. You should know what kind of person you are. The most important thing for Alik was that he wanted to become famous. Idea Number One. He was fanatic about it, I think. Goal Number One. Show that he

was different from others, and, you know, he achieved this goal.”

The permanent effect of knowing Lee Harvey Oswald, she would say, is that ever since 1963 she has been afraid to visit the United States. No longer is her motto “*Ad astra per aspera*”—through adversity we reach the stars.

AFTER the assassination, they were all worried at the pharmacy. “What will Marina do, being so lonely now with two children? How is she going to live financially—how will she manage?” They were certainly worried.

PAVEL was offended when this Warren Commission presented Lee as an underdeveloped mentality. Very offended. Pavel didn’t like the idea that somebody who was not stupid was being shown to the whole world as if he were.

What with the time difference between Dallas and Minsk—eight or nine hours!—Pavel happened to be out with young students at a large dancing party. He acted as the disk jockey. He had his tape recorder, and was putting on different kinds of music; then, suddenly, information came over their radio—Kennedy was killed. He listened to the Voice of America and it said that Lee Harvey Oswald, a person who lived in Dallas, was being arrested.

For years, Pavel kept collecting all kinds of different articles on this subject. He could never accept it as a fact. Reading more and more about it, however, he decided that one person could always make another do anything. You can break a person, and you can certainly change a person by force. In Pavel’s opinion, Lee Harvey Oswald is not Kennedy’s murderer but was somehow involved in a plot. Because, after all, Lee was no angel. He could be a part of somebody’s plot.

After Lee was killed by Ruby, Pavel mailed a letter to Marina giving his condolences. Next morning, K.G.B. was at his door. That was November 26, 1963. He was taken to their office by trolleybus. He was not so important a criminal that they were going to send a car. He remembers that he had on a Chinese blue coat, a scarf and cap, and both men who came for him were dressed in regular street clothes, but then K.G.B. people only

wear their uniforms when on parade, or in a coffin.

They went through a side entrance, up crazy stairs to the second floor, and from there he could look out a window and see a bookstore. He didn’t know whether he’d ever get back to that street outside. Maybe it was the worst emotional moment in his life. His letter to Marina had sympathized with her feelings; now he was a criminal. Only later did he understand that by writing such a letter he had truly scared the Organs. His letter might influence international relationships: somebody in Russia was sorry for the wife of this man who had killed Kennedy.

They let him sit in a chair. They were very polite; they didn’t beat him. They were K.G.B., after all. He was sitting in a room with a big table, and there were a lot of officers and bodyguards around, maybe seven people.

They started by telling him, “In our country, only representatives of the people can send sympathies. You are not a representative of our people. You have no right to express sympathy. That’s one thing. You have lost your political vigilance. You have become politically shortsighted. If you don’t want somebody to write the laws of our country on your back, if you want to see some sky again, then stop doing stupid things. Speaking of that, how are you related to Marina Oswald? Did you sleep with her?” They would ask him other questions, then go back to that: “Ever sleep with Marina?” For some reason, that interested them. They might accuse him once more of losing vigilance, but that was only an excursion. Then they would come right back with something like “Why did you write this kind of letter if you didn’t sleep with her? Are you crazy?”

They went with him to the post office, and he had to fill out a document saying that he wanted his letter back. So Marina never received his last communication to her. In fact, he thinks K.G.B. already had it, but needed him to request it back in order to give formal proof that they were properly honoring the Geneva convention.

Before they let him go, they told him not to speak on this subject. That became Pavel’s largest reason for leaving Minsk and going to study at Tbilisi, in Georgia. Half of the radio factory knew, after all, that Lee Oswald was his friend,

so how was it possible that he wouldn’t talk about it if he stayed? In fact, one or two people actually said, “We hope you didn’t mention our names while you were interrogated.”

Soon after, K.G.B. agents made that visit to Horizon when they told everybody to keep their mouths shut about Oswald. By then, Pavel was already in Tbilisi, but he heard that shop people were called in one by one and the Organs had private conversations with them about respecting silence.

WHEN Kennedy was assassinated, Ella was waiting to be asked, “Come to our K.G.B. office. Sit down and give us your information.” But she was never approached.

Ella remarked that she could invent stories now: “It’s very fashionable to say, ‘I was abused by the Organs. They ruined my life.’ It’s very high style to have been approached by them and suffer.” She says she could invent a story, but she’d rather tell the truth. She was not approached.

After the assassination, she had worried that they would come, and she did live in fear—kept thinking they were going to ask her to come in—but nobody did. Now that she thinks about it, she would say she might have had friends who were approached. From what she’s learned since, she believes Lee must have been watched constantly, and she thinks she must have been watched, too. But since there were only two of them, she thinks Pavel must have been more interesting, because Pavel brought people to meet Lee. She was always alone with him, so maybe she was of less interest.

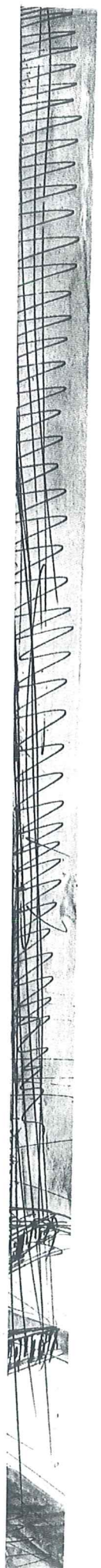
As for whether Alik was guilty of assassination, she cannot believe that. “He was so gentle,” she says.

IGOR IVANOVICH said, “Lee was the scum of society, a person spoiled from the cradle, so to say. Not serious. Inconstant. Something was probably wrong with his state of mind.”

Igor Ivanovich was asked, “After the assassination, you must have felt bad?”

And he replied, “Bad? I felt horrible. In fact, it was the worst moment of my life.”

When he was asked if K.G.B. had interrogated any of their prime sources after the assassination, Igor Ivanovich



Marina and June at Lee's funeral. She didn't get up with him that last morning. He said, "Go back to sleep." And he left quietly.



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suddenly became emotional. He looked as if he might burst into tears. He did not answer the question. Later, he cried out, "Everybody blames me for this! It was as if I knew he would shoot." After a minute or two, he added, "We had no data. You could not find one single person from Minsk who would say, 'Yes, Oswald had these intentions to go back to America and cause all this trouble.'"

He and Stepan had tried to consider where they could have failed. Their inner fear: "What if the preparation of this action commenced in Minsk?" They were considering everything.

Then he added, "Quite frankly, we were not worried about public opinion in America. We worried about what Moscow would say once we sent them Oswald's file. Would they consider our job well done or poor? That was what we worried about."

WHEN Stepan Vasilyevich heard the announcement on the radio, his second thoughts, after first saying to himself, "It's impossible!" were more complex. As more news arrived from various broadcasts, he came to a conclusion that Oswald could not have done it alone. Oswald had been sucked into it somehow. Because a single fact was being exploited—that Oswald had been in the Soviet Union. A convenient shield for certain people! "Their mass media started blaming everything on our Soviet Union. My opinion is that it was all sewn together with white threads. To cover their tracks in this crime."

When Stepan was asked how long it took for word to come from Moscow that they wanted Oswald's file, his reply was that Moscow Center's request came late on that night of November 22nd. Igor Ivanovich was given an order, and he told Stepan to take Likhoi's file to Moscow. Gather it together and leave.

No preparations were necessary. Both men knew Oswald's materials well, and the file had been stored in the archives of their building. So all Stepan had to do was take it out, put it in a sack, sign for it, and leave. He used a gray mailbag, the kind used for sending quantities of mail, and the file was not large enough to fill it.

Then Stepan flew to Moscow on No-

vember 23rd, and arrived at Lyubertsy airport, accompanied by another K.G.B. man from Minsk, who was armed. It was not a regular flight, since Moscow wanted it quickly, but there were two seats open on a military plane.

When asked if he was very nervous, he said, "I don't think so. I didn't feel any guilt. I was pure as crystal. What could I be afraid of? Of course, it was a tragic situation. But being nervous, hands shaking, so forth—why? I was flying to our Center in Moscow with a clean conscience. I didn't have any excessive emotions or anything like that. I just thought about what sort of questions they would ask. And I had only one answer: Oswald did not have any undisclosed relation to our agency. What worried me more was whether official people would be there to meet me at Lyubertsy airport because, otherwise, how would I get to Moscow on public transport?"

He did not have to worry. Official people greeted him right away, introduced themselves, showed their identification, and they all drove off. It was an overcast day, but no rain, no snow. Gray.

They went to the main building, to Lubyanka, drove directly into the edifice, and were received by higher-ups. Stepan thought it might be the assistant director of K.G.B. He didn't know these high officers personally. It was his first visit to Moscow Center, and this legendary building, Lubyanka, was full of labyrinths. He had to follow closely behind whoever was walking in front of him, down endless narrow halls. A thin red carpet ran the entire length of each long hall.

When he finally was led to the appropriate office, several people were waiting for him in a reasonably large room, but there wasn't anything on their table. He doesn't know if it was in their American Division or some other department, but Stepan merely said, "According to your instructions, our file on Oswald is now delivered." And they said, "Good, just leave it here."

Their first question came: "Did you attempt to recruit Oswald?" He said, "You can cut off my head, but not only did we not try to, this very thought did not even enter our minds. Read these documents. It's very clear in which di-

rection we were working. In accordance with your instructions."

He looked at them and noticed that they practically sighed with relief. He wasn't worried about their believing him, because the documents made it clear what kind of work they had been doing. You couldn't falsify something like that. Of course, Stepan was somewhat disturbed, but he had no large fears. These documents made it clearly visible how they had been conducting their operation.

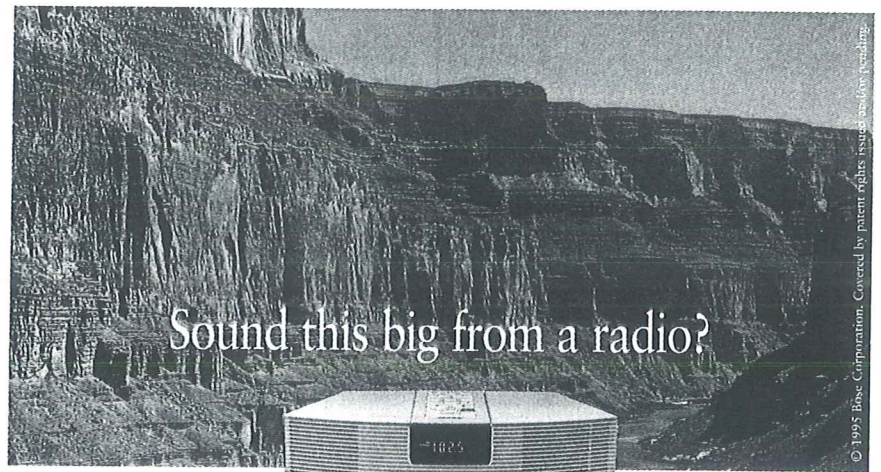
Afterward, when slanders concerning the Soviet Union kept circulating, he thought maybe Nikita Sergeyevich Khrushchev would give these files to the American government. All these American rumors would then burst like a soap bubble. But it didn't happen.

On this day, at this meeting on November 23, 1963, they invited him to sit down; they were polite. He remembers he even tried to stand up, and they said, "Sit down, sit down," but there was nothing on their table, no tea. He doesn't recall whose picture was on the wall, maybe it had been Dzerzhinski, but no flag—that he would have noticed. And the room was brightly lit. The last thing they said was "Leave this file. And thank you. Your mission is over. We'll organize a return ticket for you."

He took a regular night train back to Minsk with the same fellow he had taken off with. Before leaving, they strolled around Moscow and went shopping. He bought something for his children.

On his return trip, Stepan didn't have special thoughts. If Oswald had been C.I.A., he could not have done any more in Minsk than gather information in a contemplative way, not manifesting anything, not being an active agent. He could have studied Soviet life, and then disclosed such information later in America. Such a version could not be excluded. As much could be said of any foreigner who spent two years in the Soviet Union. "Besides, when Oswald came to Minsk, in January, 1960, Kennedy wasn't yet elected President. So Oswald could not have been sent with such a goal in mind."

If Stepan had any troubled thoughts on his return trip, therefore, it was not over his own performance. He explored various scenarios, thoughts came into his



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head, various versions appeared, but in the end he said to himself, "Ach, it's time to go to bed. Americans cooked it up. Let them figure it out."

When he got home, which was Sunday morning, it was still Saturday night in Dallas, so Oswald would not be ambushed by Ruby for another eleven hours; about eight in the evening on Sunday in Minsk is when Stepan would receive that word. When he returned, therefore, on Sunday morning around eight o'clock, the first thing he did was go to his home to shave. Leaving in such a hurry for Moscow, he had not taken his toilet kit. He washed, then had something to eat and went straight to work, where he reported to his superiors. People, of course, were talking about it in the building. Everyone was listening to radios. Even then, a lot of his colleagues did not know he had worked on this case, but everyone's opinion was stirred up. After all, it was a shadow on Minsk.

People who knew Oswald said immediately that Alik couldn't have done it. So said people who knew him.

Even many people who didn't have contact with the fellow didn't believe it: We're getting along with America a little bit better, so now all this business?

They didn't do further analysis. Their file was in Moscow; they didn't have materials. Besides, what could they have analyzed any further? When the file came back from Moscow, some twenty-seven years later, nothing had been removed or commented upon; everything was there as he recalled it, certified and signed by him. Stepan was asked why, then, had Igor Ivanovich reacted so strongly as to say, "Everybody blames me," but Stepan indicated that Igor was a more sensitive person than he was.

VIII—EPILOGUE

The widow's elegy.

SHE can no longer know what it is she knows. She has passed through thirty years of interviews, more than a thousand hours of interviews; and the questions never cease. She may be the last living smoker to consume four packs a day. How can it be otherwise? The past is filled with guilt—the future is full of dread. Only the present is clear; she

always suspects the motives of the new people to whom she speaks. How innocent can be their motive for approaching? These days she feels that the walls are coming closer. If she starts thinking about what has happened to her—not with pity, she will say, or sorrow for herself, but just hoping to lessen stress—she feels she is choking.

It is hard for her to remember details. After her Warren Commission testimony, everybody accused her of lying, but she was just a human being, and if she was lying it was honestly—because she was floating through a foggy world. Memories kept coming, going. Maybe it was some self-protective mechanism. To keep her psyche from collapsing. People were saying to her, "You're so strong"—but it was not heroic effort. "It is in every one of us—you just decide not to die, that's all. You dare not to die."

Now that she is fifty-three, Marina would agree that one doesn't need to approach her with such labels as good woman, bad woman, villainess, heroine, someone who's been treated unfairly, someone treated too well. "You can be all of that in one person," Marina said. "One can be a villain, and next time a hero.

"If we go through Lee's character, I myself would like to find out: Who is he? Was he really that mean of a person?—which I think he was. But it's a hard road for me to take, because I do not want to understand him. I have to tell you in advance that, as far as Lee is concerned, I don't like him. I'm mad at him. Very mad at him, yes. When a person dies, people have such anger. They loved their husband or wife for a long time so they say, 'How dare you die on me?' O.K., but that's not my reason. For me, it's 'How dare you abandon me? In circumstances like that? I mean, you die, but I'm still here licking my wounds.'

"All the same, I'm definitely sure he didn't do it, even if I'm still mad at him. Because he shouldn't involve a wife and family if he was playing those kinds of games. Yes, I do believe he was on a mission, maybe even when he went to Russia, but first I have to figure out what he was doing here. It wasn't just happening here all of a sudden in America. It was a continuation. In my mind, I'm not trying to convince you or the American public—I have to resolve it for myself.

But I think he was sent over to Russia, maybe. I think so. I have no proof. I have nothing. I do think he was more human than has been portrayed. I'm not trying to make an angel out of him, but I was interested in him because he was different, he would broaden my horizon, and all the other men I wanted had been taken or didn't want me."

Every time she watches a film and sees an actor playing Lee, the actor is nothing like him. He turns his head like Lee or waves his hair the same way, but, she says, your American public knows Lee only from a few photographs, and that is what this actor is copying. She sees another Lee, and she does not know the psyche of that fellow. She still has it to discover.

Her interviewers asked how she would have felt if a truck had hit Alik in Minsk—if she had been his widow then, would she have thought of him fondly? She said yes. She would have thought it was just a stormy beginning but they were breaking ground that they would later stand on in their marriage. After all, she took a chance. She had crossed the ocean for him. Of course, she was afraid of him already, even if little by little she had been learning that she did not know, never knew, where she stood. Not with him. But at least you could hope.

She will never forget that on their last night in Texas he had kept making advances to her until he went to bed, and she had refused. They had not been getting along.

Afterward, she had to think, What if he really wanted to be close to me? What if I put him in a bad mood? It torments her. What if they had made love that last night? But she is the wrong person to talk to about this, she would say, because she is not a sexual person. Sensuous but not sensual. She didn't like sex, she would say. She was not expert, nor could she tell you how grandiose something had been, because she had never experienced that. No Beethoven or Tchaikovsky for her, not in bed, no grand finale.

MARINA: In Texas, sun is very intense for me and very harsh, very bright. I love moon. It's cool and it's shiny and that's my melancholy period. And some people are shining and they are bright and they burn. You know what I mean? I'm not sun. I'm a moon . . . I look at America, it's all wonderful. But you go to the damn grocery store and it's two hundred vari-

eties of cereal. And basically it's only oats, corn, how many things . . . Just so somebody going to make extra million off that. It's so unnecessary. If that's progress, if that's abundance, how stupid for us to want it. Three hundred bags of poison, maybe only two or three good . . . That kind of progress I don't think we should strive for . . . Do I make any sense to you? Or I'm just complaining?

INTERVIEWER: No, I agree with you.

The morning when Lee left, Friday morning, November 22, 1963, she did not get up with him when he arose very early. She tried to, but he said, "Don't worry. Go back to sleep." And he left quietly.

She had gone to bed after him the night before. He was already asleep or pretended to be. Then, when she woke up in the middle of the night to check on baby Rachel, she took a look at him. The only illumination was by night-light, very low. But Lee scared her. She touched him with her foot, and he kicked it away. Then he lay so still that it was like he had died. He didn't move for the next hour. She said to herself, "Is he alive?" He looked so still. Absolutely gone. She couldn't hear his breath. She had to bend over very close to feel his breathing—she thought he had died on her. Isn't that funny? For all these years, she remembered saying, "Thank goodness he's alive." And he made no sound all night and never moved again.

In the morning, he made himself instant coffee, drank it in a plastic cup, and went off to work.

SHE sits in a chair, a tiny woman in her early fifties, her thin shoulders hunched forward in such pain of spirit under such a mass of guilt that one would comfort her as one would hug a child. What is left of what was once her beauty are her extraordinary eyes, blue as diamonds, and they blaze with light as if, in divine compensation for the dead weight of all that will not cease to haunt her, she has been granted a spark from the hour of an apocalypse others have not seen. Perhaps it is the light offered to victims who have suffered like the gods. ♦

This account was adapted from "Oswald's Tale: An American Mystery," to be published by Random House in May.

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