



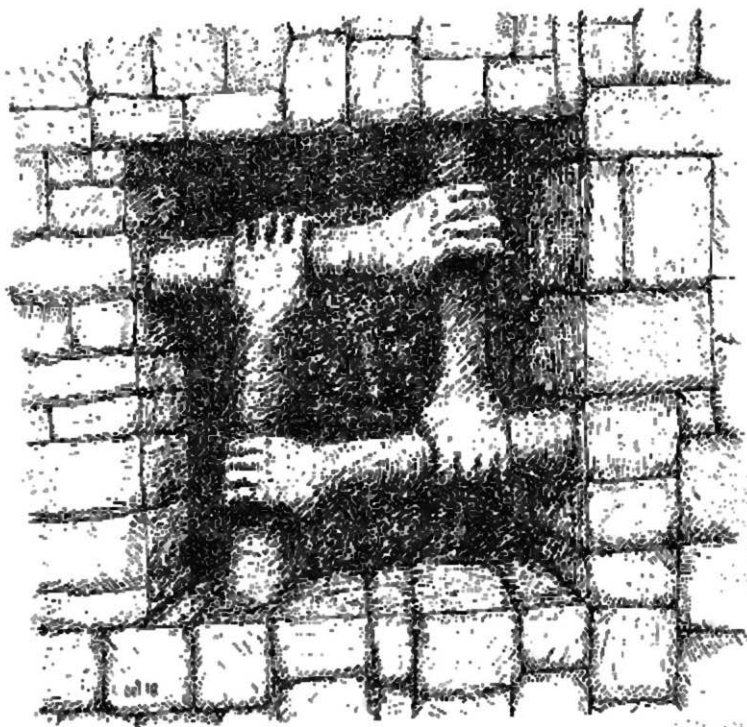
NO "NOVOSTI"*

IS GOOD NEWS

by Tomas Schuman

NO "NOVOSTI"* IS GOOD NEWS

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* Novosti (pronounced No-vas-tee) means "news" in Russian language. It is also the name of a Soviet KGB's front for espionage, propaganda, desinformation and subversion. Novosti Press Agency (APN) network spreads its tentacles all over the world. It serves the ultimate goal of the Communist elite — world domination. I worked for it.

Tomas David Schuman,
former APN-KGB agent



Emblem of Novosti



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Drawings and covers by Soviet dissident artists Vyacheslav Sysoyev and Boris Mukhamedshin

ALMANAC

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WHAT KIND OF A "PRESS AGENCY" IS NOVOSTI?

It is "an information agency of the Soviet public organizations," — says the official Charter, — "... to promote peace and understanding between the nations of the world." Ever since the Novosti Press Agency (APN) was established in February 1961, hardly a year passed without a scandalous evidence of what kind of "public" organizations are using APN and for what sort of "information."

In 1963 the Government of the Congo Republic (Kinshasa), today — Zaire, expelled for espionage and subversion a Soviet correspondent Benik Beknazar-Yuzbashev, an employee of two Soviet organizations, both equally "public": Novosti and the KGB.² Five years later the journalist died in Moscow, officially from blood cancer. Unofficially, according to rumors circulated among the Novosti staffers, the cause of death was a strange incurable disease inoculated into him in a Congo prison by the African "brothers" as a token of their gratitude for Benik's far too active work to turn the young African state into a Soviet colony.

In May, 1963 another African country, Kenya, expelled another employee of APN-KGB, whose name was diplomatically not even mentioned in the Kenya press.³

In March, 1966 Kenya was less diplomatic in expelling yet another APN-KGB man, Yuri Kuritsin. His name was mentioned.⁴

In 1964, Washington received a Soviet diplomat, deputy chief editor of a Novosti's magazine, "Soviet Life", published officially by the USSR Embassy in the USA. His name was Boris Karpovich, and he was a former deputy chairman of Novosti Press Agency. Comrade Karpovich lasted as a "journalist" only till January 1965, to be expelled as "persona non grata."⁵ That did not discourage Moscow at all. Ever since, that position has been occupied by a KGB man. Presently, he is Oleg Benukh, my former APN boss.

In 1965, a humorous and sociable Boris Korolyov, also known among us, Novosti staffers, by the nick-name "ant", arrived in Ottawa. His affiliation with the KGB, even his rank (colonel) was well known in advance to the RCMP (Canadian counter-intelligence), and for that matter to the press. But Canadian press at that time was too busy lambasting the American CIA to reveal the KGB. Korolyov enjoyed unprecedented hospitality: during the peak of the Soviet invasion into Czechoslovakia, in August 1968, Ottawa press-club kindly offered its premises to my pal Korolyov to stage a welcoming banquet in honor of another Soviet agent arriving in Canada. He was "Pravda's" correspondent Konstantin Geivandov. I do not know how effective the two comrades were as spies (and if there were anything to spy upon in Canada under Pierre Trudeau),



Wide World Photo

A Soviet propaganda pamphlet, with Khrushchev's picture lies amid the debris following the ouster of Communist diplomats from the Congo by Mobutu and Kasavubu. The pamphlet says, "Hands off the Congo."

but I know that Geivandov was expelled in 1974, whilst Korolyov remained and became reknown in the press as a strong "critic", or rather slanderer, of the exiled Russian classic Alexander Solzhenitsyn.⁷

In 1977, in New Delhi, India, there was a handsome and snobish Novosti correspondent named Vladimir Simonov. It would be a waste of time to look for him at our headquarters in Barakhamba Road number 25. There were not too many reports by Simonov in the Soviet press about India. No wonder: Vladimir Simonov was a KGB officer whose duty was not so much reporting from India, as attracting the media, diplomats and politicians into Soviet orbit. For that activity Simonov had to reside separately from the Soviet diplomatic anthill, in a spacious bungalow with Indian servants and two cars. According to an American friend of mine, UPI's foreign correspondent Dale Morsch, who met Simonov frequently in New Delhi, Simonov's attempts at recruitment were primitive, naïve and rude. Maybe they were . . . But India even now remains in the Soviet sphere of influence, government of the late prime-minister Indira Gandhi all but condoned Soviet invasion in Afghanistan, and hosted the Soviet-sponsored "Conference of the non-allied" countries together with Yasser Arafat and Fidel Castro. And Indian press remains rather anti-American despite wisdom, subtlety and politeness of the American agents, and, possibly, as a result of "rudeness" of the Soviet ones.

Comrade Simonov's stay in India was cloudless all the way till 1970, when I defected to the West. Later Simonov re-emerged briefly in Canada as a "press-officer" of the USSR embassy in Ottawa, when I was already employed by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation (CBC). I would not be surprised a bit, if my former senior comrade played a part in the KGB efforts to unleash Canadian "trudeaucracy" on me and get me out of the CBC's International Broadcasting service for my "right wing extremism". . . . Presently, in 1985, as I write this book, comrade Simonov is accredited in New York city as a Novosti correspondent and a stringer for the Soviet "Literaturnaya Gazeta." Obvious promotion!

In 1967, Alexei Kazantsev was expelled from Ghana for espionage. He was another Novosti-KGB hybrid whom I knew personally and met occasionally in Moscow in 1968, between my assignments to India.

From 1967 on, during the annual exhibition "Expo" in Montreal, a number of my Novosti comrades were functioning as translators and electronic espionage operators ab yard of "Alexander Pushkin", the famous KGB "love boat." One of my KGB contacts gave me a tour of the "restricted areas", the lower decks and holds, of the ocean



1967, Moscow. Novosti men (Victor Dubograi in the center) celebrating assignment to Vietnam. Below: 1976, "Killing fields" of Indochina after Soviet "fraternal aid"...



liner when it was docked in Leningrad between cruises. After my defection, I used that information (and some photographs) to alert the American press and the FBI to prevent admission of "Pushkin" or similar spy-ships to Long Beach harbor during the 1984 Olympic games. With my humble contribution, I suspect, American conservative and patriotic groups succeeded to force the Soviets to "boycot" the 1984 Olympics. Good riddance! It was the first Olympic games in the history — without dishonest Soviet State gladiators posing as "amateurs" . . . Also I credit myself with an effort to save Los Angeles from a small invasion of some 15,000 KGB agents, arriving as "guests" for the Olympics.

At the end of 1967 my former school-mate at Oriental Languages Institute Viktor Dubnigrai was assigned to Vietnam. Officially — to Hanoi as Novosti correspondent. According to "sources" — Viktor was sent to the so-called "liberated areas" of South Vietnam as one of the KGB instructors. At the very time the Soviet junta was talking about peace and denouncing the American "war crimes", the KGB was hurriedly creating a stand-by force of mass terror and oppression in the image of the KGB — in South Vietnam. As it became evident in April 1975, the KGB efforts were extremely "productive": half of the population ended up in "re-education camps."

In June 1968, on orders from the KGB, a large group of Novosti journalists, including myself, were conducting a secret "opinion poll" among foreign diplomats and correspondents in Moscow: "How would their governments react to Soviet involvement in Czechoslovakia?" Evidently, the KGB was satisfied with the results, for on the 23-d of August, 1968, Soviet tanks crushed through streets of Prague . . . None of the Western governments "reacted".

And in the morning of August 28, 1968 Novosti Press Agency staff was saying last goodbys to two of our comrades, who were burned alive when their army helicopter crashed near Prague, while carrying a load of propaganda designed to convince the West, that Soviet troops were "invited" to Czechoslovakia by "patriots." Fake publications were printed by the APN-KGB in Dresden. One of the roasted comrades was Karl Nepomnyashchi, an old-time KGB officer.

In May, 1976, Novosti correspondent in Japan, Alexander Machekin was arrested by the police in Yokohama, when he tried to buy secret information from a junior officer from the US aircraft-carrier "Midway" docked in Yokohama.³

Between 1980 and 1985 at least a dozen Novosti-KGB agents had been expelled during massive counter-intelligence operations from several NATO countries and France. It took Western intelligence services, law-enforcement agencies and courts almost TWENTY FOUR YEARS (!) to start doing something to protect their countries

against APN-KGB subversion. Why so long?

15 years after my defection from the USSR embassy in India, 15 years after I was debriefed by the American CIA and revealed the nature of APN-KGB activity in the "Third World" — more than 15 countries of Asia, Africa and Latin America had been infiltrated, demoralized, destabilized, subverted and some — INVADED by military force, and kept occupied . . . And yet, Novosti Press Agency is still officially accepted in all the capitals of the world! Once in a blue moon, Western bureaucracies "undertake drastic measures", like denying an entry visa into USA to a Novosti agent, trying to come to some "university conference". It happened recently — to a "Russian journalist" A. Makarov.⁹

The above list of instances, illuminating the nature of Novosti Press Agency is far from complete. What kind of a "news agency" is Novosti?

1. *Pravda*, January 4, 1961; *Izvestia*, March 23, 1961.
2. *The KGB*, by John Barron, Readers Digest, 1974, page 513.
3. *Moscow's Hand in India*, by Peter Sager, Bern, 1966, page 22.
4. *East African Standard*, Nairobi, March 11, 1966.
5. *The KGB*, by John Barron, page 524.
6. *Toronto Sun* newspaper, January 17, 1974.
7. *The Last Circle*, collection of articles on Solzhenitsyn, APN, 1974.
8. *The Montreal Star*, May 14, 1976.
9. *UPI*, August 20, 1984.

The geographical location of Novosti Press Agency is a sort of spatial trick: headquarters of the APN located at Pushkin Square, right behind the ultra-modern *Rossia* movie theatre in Moscow, while the "branches" of Novosti, according to the official Charter, are located in the capitals and major cities of 130 countries of the world. Yet Novosti foreign bureaus are in most cases not called "Novosti" at all — for they are attached to or constitute the entirety of the Information Departments of the USSR embassies all over the world.

Time-wise it is similarly tricky: the APN exists simultaneously in several eras. One can find within Novosti elements of the pre-historical Communism, war-Communism of post-revolutionary era, middle-ages with its inquisitions and witch-hunts, fascist reich with its own Goebelses, something from democracy of today's West, and even certain elements of Orwellian-type future — the *newspeak* and remodeling of history.

The very name of Novosti Press Agency is a beautiful example of the *newspeak* and reminds one either of Orwell's "Ministry of Truth" or "Evtushenko's" "Ministry of Tenderness." The fact is, that there is no news as they are erroneously and non-marxistlike understood in the West — as reports about the current events. This sort of news could easily contradict the prophesies of the founders of Marxism-Leninism, and thus give a wrong and totally unscientific picture of reality.

Neither is there any "press" in Novosti Press Agency, at least in the meaning of the word accepted in the West and related to journalistic profession. But it does not mean that the APN has no press. "Press is the most potent weapon of our Party", said the Friend and Teacher of all the journalists Joseph Vissarionovitch Stalin — and he was right. In the APN the word press is understood mainly as a technical term — printing press, or as an abstract term in a sentence: "The Soviet Press is the most truthful press in the world", a slogan that decorates walls of many editorial offices in the USSR.

The only word most relevant to the activities of the APN is "agency". To understand better the nature of the occupation of some 500 journalists, 2500 editors and copy boys, 1000 typists and secretaries and close to 3000 technical service staff and auxiliary workers, let us have a closer look at the semantics of this term. According to the Etymological Dictionary of Russian Language by C.P. Tsiganenko, page 16:

"Agency . . . agent — a trusted body, or a person. The word borrowed from Germans at the beginning of the seventeenth Century A.D. "Acting" — participial form from the word "agere" — to move, to urge to move. Thus in European languages, 'agent' — any force in nature or society, which causes movement. See also 'Agitation'.

Let us see the meaning of 'agitation.' The word, as we shall see, has a lot to link the APN with the department of Agitation and Propaganda of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union — *Agitprop*. The relation between the two, the word and the department, is not only semantic, but administrative as well. So:

"An activity with a purpose of political upbringing of the masses. From Latin, 'Agitatio' — movement, activity. An abstract noun from the verb 'agere' — to excite, incite, PROVOKE. . ."

Now we have got to a very interesting word — "provoke". Let us see now what is it exactly the APN "provokes" the masses of people to do. A concise Political Dictionary edited by A.R. Dobronravova on page 5 says:



HAVE YOU EVER HAD ANY DOUBT SINCE YOU BECAME A COMMUNIST ABOUT THEIR ABILITY TO HELP BLACK PEOPLE?

The Communist Party recognizes that Black people not only constitute the most oppressed collection of people in the United States but also that we are the product of the most militant tradition of resistance within the confines of this country. Therefore we as Black people are the natural leaders of a revolution which must ultimately overthrow the American ruling class, thus freeing the masses of the American people. Black people must free themselves

Ms. Angela Davis — a pawn in the APN-KGB DESTABILIZATION game. She was Novosti's "guest of honor" while in the USSR. The leaflet above was printed in the USA by a Novosti front.

"Agitation, verbal and printed, is a political activity directed to influence consciousness and mood of the masses with the purpose of attracting or involving them in active participation in solving of important socio-political and economical tasks. The means of agitation: discussions, meetings, newspapers, radio, television, cinema, posters, cartoons etc. Agitation is a sharp and potent weapon of political struggle between classes and parties. See also 'propaganda'.

All right! Let us see what Mrs. Dobronravova and Soviet officialdom considers propaganda. In the same dictionary, on page 210:

"Propaganda — is the process of explanation, dissemination and establishing of political ideas, theories and teachings. Propaganda has always a *class character*, it is always partisan. Communist Party's propaganda is verbal or printed explanation and dissemination of ideas of Marxism-Leninism and of the current policy of the Communist Party. It is an inseparable part of the current policy of the Communist Party. It is an inseparable part of the *political education of the masses*. Revolutionary propaganda was a reliable *weapon* of the Communist Party in the period of preparation and implementation of the armed uprising in 1917 as well as on all other consequent stages of the Socialist construction. Propaganda of Marxism-Leninism acquires special importance in the circumstances of sharpening ideological struggle and class struggle in the *international arena*. The Communist Party of the Soviet Union is constantly perfecting the methods of propaganda.

As we see, everything is rather logical, consistent and — most important — perfectly honest; translated from the Soviet newspeak into passable English, the two definitions above mean the following: a) within the USSR or any territory under Soviet control, APN "influences" masses of populace to accept the conditions established by the Party unquestionably and work without strikes or protests. Ideologically Novosti works towards STABILITY. b) "In the international arena" i.e. in foreign countries which are not yet included in the sphere of Soviet imperialism, Novosti Press Agency functions as a factor of DESTABILISATION and destruction of accepted moral values through encouraging CLASS AND IDEOLOGICAL STRUGGLE.

It could not be any simpler! Both of these functions of Novosti Press Agency are evident if one reads the official APN Charter, translating the paragraphs of the Charter from the "newspeak" into normal human language. Here is an example of such a translation:

Official text of the Charter

The Novosti Press Agency (APN) is an information agency of the Soviet public organisations, operating under Articles 125 and 126 of the Constitution of the USSR.

No Soviet State organ bears responsibility for the business activities and financial obligations or any other actions of the Agency. Nor does the agency bear responsibility for any claims against the Soviet State or any other Soviet organisation.

The Agency pursues the aim of facilitating in every possible way the promotion and consolidation of international understanding, confidence and friendship.

... widely circulating abroad true information about the Soviet Union and acquainting the Soviet public with the life of other peoples.

Actual meaning

The Novosti Press Agency (APN) is an extension of Agit-prop Department of the Central Committee, established for propaganda, subversion and intelligence gathering.

Posing as "independent", the APN is in fact a direct and subordinate extension of the Party-State bureaucracy, which removes from itself any responsibility for knowingly illegal or immoral actions of the APN.

The Agency facilitates, in the way of propaganda, the implementation of the USSR leadership's internal and foreign policy, using indoctrination and coercion on one hand, and inciting hatred and class struggle and terrorism on the other.

In the USSR: slandering and downgrading everything foreign if not under Soviet domination.

Abroad: presenting selected and censored half-truths glorifying the Soviet way of life, disinformation.

... exchanges information material ... on the basis of reciprocity. .

Showering foreign countries with Marxist propaganda, while banning every foreign newspaper, periodical or book within the USSR.

Its aim is not to make profit ... sponsoring public organisations participate in financing the Agency.

Unlimited budgeting of the Agency by the State-Party dictatorship, absolutely unaccountable to any public organization or private individual whatsoever. The annual budget is around 2.4 billion dollars.

Enters into contact and concludes agreements with both state-owned and cooperatively- and privately owned (foreign) media ... to supply them with Agency material for an AP. PROPRIATE FEE.

Forcing agency's material upon foreign media free of charge, more often PAYING to the media for publications of the APN stuff, or using "every possible way" — i.e. bribery, blackmail, corruption, drunkenness.

There is no point in going into technical details of the Novosti Charter. What is important here, and what will be demonstrated in further chapters of the book, is: despite the masquerade as a "public and non-government", the APN can not be anything else but an organ of MONOPOLY PROPAGANDA, an extension of subversion apparatus of the Party. The functions and aims of the APN can not be anything else but those of forming public opinion by the methods, which even in the "fascist" rightist dictatorships are understood as VIOLATING HUMAN MIND. It can not be otherwise in the society where "The Party is our consciousness" and where "The Party and the People are the one."

The danger of monopoly propaganda could hardly be overestimated. A Swiss author Peter Sager in his research on Novosti's activity in India arrives at the following definition of monopoly propaganda:

"Propaganda is the attempt to convince a greater or lesser group of people of the justice of one's own opinion (whether ideology, philosophy of life or religious beliefs) through a consciously onesided description of data or events. It is not necessarily bound to any particular poli-

tical regime. In so far as it works towards spreading opinions by conviction and not by force, it is used in democratic countries as well as by dictatorships.

As long as propaganda represents one opinion out of many and accepts or even encourages the existence of its rivals, its oneness is entirely legitimate. Indeed, propaganda of this kind provides the basis for the free formation of opinion. It promotes discussion and is consequently a characteristic of democracy.

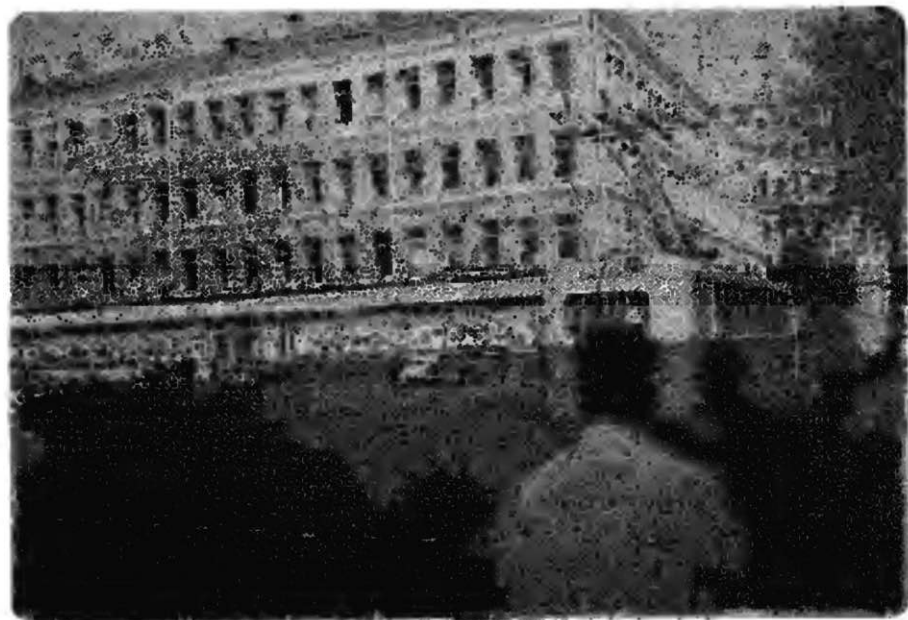
But when propaganda monopolises the opinion-making function and all counter-propaganda is excluded, so that in the effect the expression of one opinion provides the only source of information — then it is imposing itself by force.

Monopoly propaganda is an inescapable characteristic of dictatorship.

During its existence the Novosti Press Agency clearly demonstrated itself as an efficient organ of monopoly propaganda. Together with the KGB, APN successfully "excludes" (destroys) not only "all counter-propaganda", not only information, but the very sources of that information in several cases, including foreign sources, such as Radio stations broadcasting in Russian language, certain newspapers, public organisations and individuals.

Many open societies lived through many painful processes of re-evaluation of traditional social values. In many parts of the world good will, common sense had retreated and yielded to the aggressive advance of the system based on hatred, terror, "class struggle" etc. Western media discovered numerous "conspiracies" in every possible level of authority in the free world — from president to local police. But the main source of discontent — totalitarian aggression, and its ideological front — Novosti Press Agency, escaped the critical attention of public opinion. The APN and its Kremlin owners remain respectable and accepted. The APN publications, booklets, posters, cartoons, newspapers, meetings, etc. — have unrestricted freedom in any open society "PROVOKING DESTABILISATION" of the very open society. With the dawning of "detente" policy, Novosti has greatly increased its activity both at home and abroad.

Why this is happening? Let historians and psychologists answer this question. The author of this book, a former Novosti employee, takes upon himself to explain HOW it is done and how does it feel to be a part of subversive system, while inwardly disagreeing both with the dirty methods and "final aims" of Novosti Press Agency.



Novosti headquarters, Moscow, Pushkin square



"Soviet Press — the most truthful in the world"

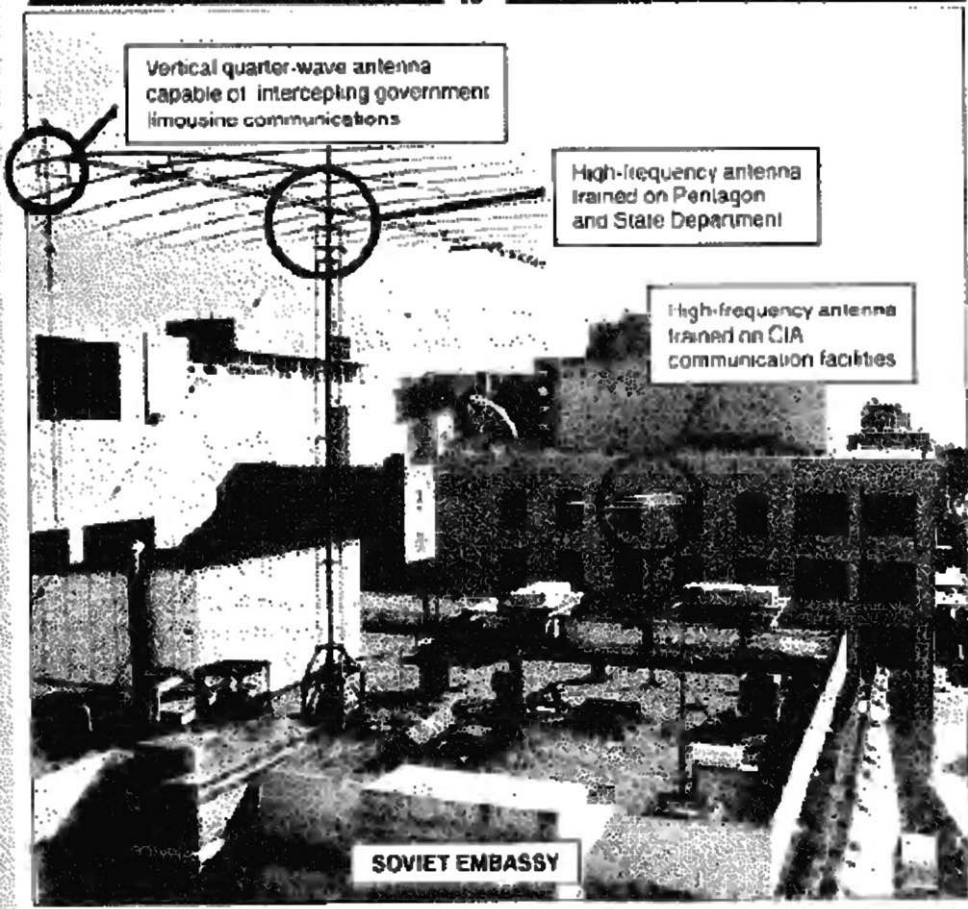
NOVOSTI FROM ROOF TO BASEMENT, THINGS AND PEOPLE IN BETWEEN

My first encounter with the Novosti building was in April of 1959. I was in my second year at the Institute of Oriental Languages, Moscow State University. A friend, Herman Belousov, had invited me to join him for a recording session in the studio of what was then the Sovinform Bureau. I was to play the guitar, for a propaganda program that would be broadcast to Indonesia.

Herman had been a student at the same institute, whom I met when a participant in one of the amateur artistic activities which are all but compulsory in such places. He was a talented singer with a genius for languages; tall, and of dark complexion, he had large brown eyes. With these qualifications he was bound to be popular; his only problem was drink, in which he sometimes immersed himself for several days.

I had known Herman only briefly when I discovered that his drinking was the symptom of a different problem. He had loved and lost. So Indonesian did he appear, that he had been the natural choice to "infiltrate" an Indonesian delegation which was attending an international movie festival in Moscow, as its interpreter. There he met Tutti, an Indonesian movie star, by his account charming and delicate; simple, honest and as yet unspoiled. Their love had been deep and mutual, said he, after half bottle of vodka . . . The KGB summoned him, to say, categorically, that they did not approve of intermarriage between Soviets and Indonesians, this in spite of the fact that a Sino-Soviet "split" had recently occurred, and Indonesia was almost the only "brotherly country" Soviet commentators could identify in the Orient. Perhaps actual marriage to an Indonesian would carry the stigma of incest.

My reaction was confused. I had thought before that the beautiful talk about friendship and cooperation between the proletarians of all countries might in fact be nothing but; but I was a member of the Young Communist League, son of a staff colonel, raised in loyalty. I had seen Soviet movies in which innocent Soviet citizens were subverted by beautiful movie stars who turned out to be CIA; who took military secrets and then hoarsely laughed in their victims' faces, blowing smoke from Camel cigarettes. I had been taught that love and sex in the West are merchandise. Tutti was from the Orient . . . Even so I felt uneasy.



Vertical quarter-wave antenna
capable of intercepting government
limousine communications

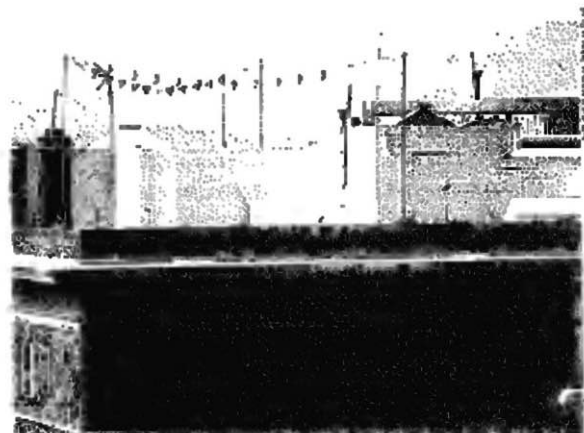
High-frequency antenna
trained on Pentagon
and State Department

High-frequency antenna
trained on CIA
communication facilities

SOVIET EMBASSY

Bruce Horlick

The KGB's 'ears' at work: Listening for secrets—and sometimes, just plain gossip



Most of the electronic
snooping is done by the
Novosti-KGB personnel

Spy gear atop Soviet consulate in San Francisco

On a clear day you can see a jet take off.

I learned to forgive drunkenness and rudeness in Herman, for underneath I found softness and understanding. We were still sobering up after a rude evening when we made our broadcast for Sovinform, and I was hoping that thousands of miles away, at least on this occasion, Tutti would be listening to Radio Moscow.

The Novosti building, in Pushkin Square, is a rectangle enclosing a courtyard. The only gate to that yard adjoins a side street, which separates Novosti and the editorial offices of the "New Times." The gate is well secured; behind it, sheet metal deflects idle viewing.

In the long corridors, there are those who speculate about the building's history. Prior to the Bolshevik Revolution it was, according to one school, a prison for very special guests; according to another, an elite school for Okhrana's spies. Afterwards, it was appropriated by the Cheka, the Bolshevik Secret Police, and later, a school for foreign revolutionaries, under the Comintern. During the Great Patriotic War (the Soviet description of World War II), Sovinform moved in. Novosti Press Agency was founded in 1961, a whim of Krushchev on the advice of his son-in-law; Sovinform disappeared, or to be more precise, it melted in.

Accurate or not, the story conforms to an impression that the building was always the most suitable place for the shady affairs of our Empire, which are not for the masses' eyes. The building is a tangible monument to State Secrecy. Let's divulge some of it.

The roof is a forest of antennae, receiving all possible telex and wire services; they are not paid for. This is not as unfair as it may appear, for news from Reuter, AP, UPI and AFP (unless it is bad news for the West) never appears in the Soviet press, only on the desks of nomenklatura of the media. Nor should Novosti be thought the only perpetrator of this little theft; most Soviet embassies are provided with similar equipment. (A radio technician could easily figure out what they are tuned to by studying the configurations of the antennae).

On the top floor, on the north side of the Novosti rectangle, are the teleprinters. They occupy their own large department, separated from the translators and typists next door by a huge plexiglass wall, with sliding doors and a remotely controlled lock (manufactured, incidentally, in the United States). A milkbox opening exists, through which manuscripts and messages are passed for transmission abroad. Most Novosti employees are denied access; means of communication with the outside world do not belong to the people of Novosti.

I managed to enter once, for I was on good terms with one Iyova Dzerdzhinskiy (no relation to the great chatelaine of Lubyanka, as far as I know). I had met him in New Delhi. Already a trusted person there, he was carving his way up the Consomol totem pole. Under his jurisdiction were several huge gray instruments, resembling the field radios Soviet privates affectionately call "whales"; they were in consols, stacked and separated by television screens, across which patterns of green dots and dashes moved, comprehensible only to him. These were in the maintenance room adjoining the main hall of teleprinters. There I saw about 200 of the cantankerous machines, mounted upon tables in long rows. Most appeared to transmit as well as receive messages. The operators would feed them with rolled strips of key-punched paper. Today, thanks to generous computer sales from the U.S. and Japan, the equipment must be greatly improved.

An iron door would need to be unlocked, if one were to exit the hall of teleprinters and enter the upper story's east side. It starts with a spooky fire-exit staircase, where Novosti loafers smoke and gossip. Beyond it lies the GLAVLIT room, the censors, perhaps the same two old men and the fat lady I last saw in 1969. They pored over a copy with red pencils, frequently consulting large manuals, the literary productions of the KGB. In these would be characterized, by subject, the sort of information which is "not in accord with state security." Real wages, for instance.

Beyond the censors' room is a movie projectionist's cubicle, smelling of garlic and Moskovskaya vodka. Dyadya-Vasya is the boss and the main consumer of Moskovskaya. Through the projection apertures uncle Vasya can see what goes on in the conference-and-movie hall. Most of it is of no interest to uncle Vasya, but it fascinated me greatly. Here press conferences were held for Western correspondents. I saw cosmonaut Yuri Gagarin here once, unwilling to say anything which was not written on cue cards before him. In large letters. Mikhail Sholokhov showed up here after his return from Oslo with a Nobel prize for stolen novels. He, too, was unable to either speak or read, for he was frightfully drunk. I wonder what foreign television correspondents made out of that "interview." The Soviet ambassador to India, comrade Benedictov, talked to the cream of Novosti here, trying to explain the absence of logic in Stalin's daughter's defection from India, which he failed to prevent, poor fellow. Party meetings are sometimes held here, too. They would be of no interest to the Western reader unable to appreciate George Orwell, or better, brother Strugatzki's *Fable of the Trilateral Commission* (*Troyka* — escaped the Soviet censors, probably by posing as science fiction).

Western movies (made in the West) are also shown, occasionally,

and to a select audience of Novosti employees, their families and some friends employed by *solidnye* State bureaucracies, such as TASS, Radio Moscow, Pravda, etc. Here I saw Nevil Shute's *On the Beach*, and left it confused, like my colleagues, unable to understand the omission from it of anti-Soviet rhetoric. A Soviet movie about a nuclear war would be full of anti-Western accusations. It would show horrible war scenes too, and this did not. (ABC's "Day After" has changed that omission recently . . .). Human emotions were portrayed, which a Soviet version would distort. More confusion was created by "The Nuremberg Trials": only an idiot would fail to see the resemblance between the Nazi defendants (who were at least receiving a fair trial) and those who occupy corresponding positions of power in the Soviet Union.

(I have often puzzled over the motive for showing these movies, knowing from experience that our system always has an ulterior motive. Was it intellectual torture? Was it a testing ground, to find out if those who will visit the West can return with their hypocrisy intact?)

From the conference hall, through a reception area, one enters the south side. It has a long corridor, and on its doors we find the names of the world's political and geographical regions. The world is sliced, like a melon, into segments, and the respective Novosti departments gnaw at their shares, working for the ultimate victory of Communism: to completely devour all of mankind. I worked in the department for South-East Asia, which is typical of all the departments. It tends to the ideological needs, as defined by the Politbureau, of India, Burma, Thailand, Laos, Cambodia, Vietnam, Malaysia, Indonesia, the Philippines, Pakistan and Ceylon.

Down the corridor we pass Africa, Latin America, and several other developing areas. My big boss, the editor of South Asia, would be found at the end of the corridor: Valery Pushkov, a modest and diligent comrade upon whose face was written indelibly the reticent expression of a boy who had been caught masturbating.

Along the western corridor of the upper floor there are several other rooms for several other bosses of various parts of the earth, each of them with his own facial peculiarity.

Finally, we get to the northwest corner, occupied by the editorial board of "Soviet Land" magazine, printed and distributed in India as an expression of brotherly concern for the ideological upbringing of our Indian friends. A disproportionate amount of the work (everything but the translation into local languages and printing) was done in Moscow. I worked on the periodical from December 1965 to March 1967. I was chosen for my task, the writing of economic

stories, for my qualifications, I had been a translator for the Soviet economic aid group which constructed refineries at Koyali and Barauni, Soviet monuments in India. I can speak Hindi and Urdu. Besides, while on my first assignment to India, I was a "voluntary" distributor of "Soviet Land" magazine among the Indian workers at the construction projects.

As we walk to the north side of the rectangle, we see a typists' hall on one side, a translation department on the other. The typists fall into three categories: unmarried, divorced and separated. They are ruled by an austere Madame.

The translators are of various ages, sexes and nationalities. Many are the offspring of foreign communists who came to the Soviet Union in search of the Brightest Future for All Mankind, but found a status of *nye-vyueshnoi* (non-exitable) for themselves, their children, and their children's children: they have lost the right to return to whence they came. They saw the unreported side of Soviet life.

Some were recent graduates of foreign language schools. Attendance had become possible under Krushchev, prior to whom the learning of a foreign language was considered the first step towards high treason. They make routine translations, into broken English, of the Central Committee members' speeches, articles in Pravda, and statements by cosmonauts and ballerinas.

We return to the teleprinters, or rather to their plexiglass shield, and find a staircase to descend to the third floor.



Let's tiptoe to the highest office of Novosti, past the reception area where a tigress of a secretary is purring something into a high frequency telephone. Boris Burkov, the director worked in an emporium of souvenirs from many countries, selected with all the taste of the jokes he made to visitors, which I was sometimes compelled to translate (Comrade Burkov blamed the translator if his guests did not laugh, so I had to compensate for the lack of humor with deviations from the original.) Six southern and six eastern windows lighted his menage, which included a meeting table, a small desk with numerous telephones, some matching chairs, further chairs around the wall and by the windows, and shelves for his unopened books. The telephones were ordinary, high frequency, and *vertushka*, (scrambler) to contact the elite of nomenklatura and the Kremlin. A little door, as if to a closet, led in fact to another room with shower, bath and couch; here he would retire after an excess of toasts to international friendship and cooperation. Lunch, with vodka, would be brought to him here by a special waitress from the special Novosti kitchen in the basement. It was hard to respect Comrade Burkov, for he reminded me of Gorki's play "on the Bottom"; it was as if he had



A delegation of "progressive" foreigners visiting Novosti. Under numbers: 1.Comrade Zolchikov, 2.Valeri Pushkov, 3.Tomas Schuman, 4.Comrade Yakumin (Central Committee of Communist Party, USSR)

Congregation of "useful idiots" boozing with Novosti top brass. Sitting at head of the table: Boris Burkov, APN Chairman. I am standing next to the Indian poet.



floated up to the surface, and there was something unclean about him. His gestures were artificially friendly, even when drunk. Comrade Burkov loved to play democracy and egalite. I didn't trust him, but many foreign delegates did. I understand that he sank again several years ago.

Comrade Zaichikov, the deputy director, was among my favorites in the Novosti brass. His room was right across from Burkov's. I often visited him with crowds of foreign "progressive" scavengers, who would shamelessly ask Comrade Zaichikov for everything from an Aeroflot ticket to Paris to treatment at the Kremlin clinic to cure their VD and hernias acquired in the unequal struggle against Western imperialism. Comrade Zaichikov would patiently listen to them, and his face and hands would cover with perspiration. He would wipe them before shaking hands with the visitors, but the sound of a foreign language would make him sweat all the more profusely. Comrade Zaichikov was a shy person. Vodka was another cause of his condition. I suspected that Zaichikov had, somewhere inside him, some sort of conscience. You see, he was a war veteran, missing part of one leg. As the son of a professional soldier, I respected those who had suffered in the war. I knew better than many that in reality many Soviet military personnel are "doves." The "hawks" are the fat *apparatchiks*, who hide in airconditioned bunkers and make long speeches at world peace conferences. Tall, skinny, and ascetic, except for an incongruous pair of French eyeglasses, Comrade Zaichikov was, in my eyes, a dove attacked by swarms of the hawks. Sometimes I wished I had a shotgun.

Along the corridor of the east side, glass walls reveal the offices of the Party, trade union, and young Communist bosses. In one frequently sat an Odessa Jew called Pishchik, a member of the directorial board who had found his way along the Party line of least resistance, whose black eyes radiated tiredness and a certainty that someday things will improve. I came to him for a signature whenever my boss disappeared and I had something to be transmitted abroad. He would ask me to tell him what it was about, and sign without reading, hardly noticing the absence of a censorship stamp. Then he would retire back into the shadows, by an imported air conditioner, and continue his struggle to remain awake.

Past a staircase (the same spooky one) is the *kartoteka*, or file room. Around its walls are shelves of files; in the middle, two Thermofax machines (the Socialist Xerox) produce pink-brown copies of Novosti articles, to be registered with rubber stamp and code numbers, indexed, summarized and entered in large books by date, subject and author, with further copies to be distributed to other propaganda organs, resummarized, recatalogued, and filed. The original is reprocessed for separate filing. Nothing is lost, nothing is findable. Of that two plump, slow girls take care.

"Recommendation letter" — a "must" in everyone's file with the Personnel Department.

ХАРАКТЕРИСТИКА

на студента 5-го курса Института восточных языков при ЦК ВКП(б) **Бориса Александровича**, 1939 года рождения, урожденного, члена ВКП(б) с 1954 года, комсомолец № 00430002

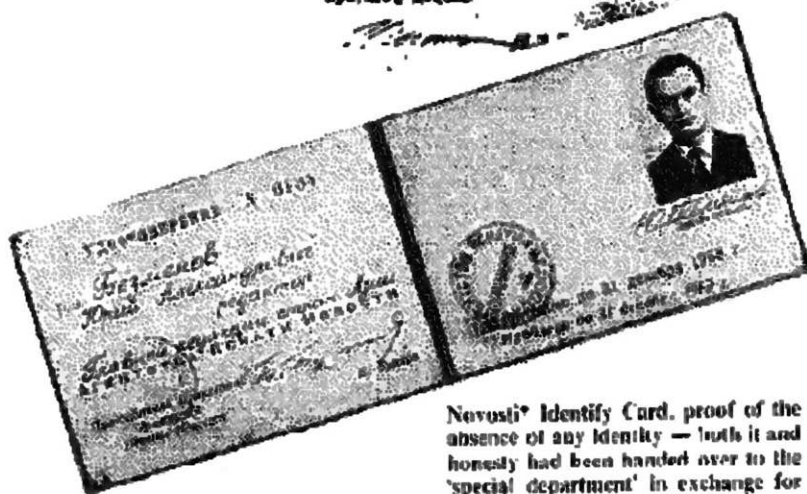
БЕСТИНОВ В.А., кандидат наук, Института восточных языков при ЦК ВКП(б). За время учёбы в институте проявил себя трудолюбивым студентом, хорошие знания. В 1959 году на экзамены ЦК ВКП(б) вошёл в состав группы студентов и был избран членом группы ЦК ВКП(б). Проявляет интерес к общественной жизни института. В 1957 году работал в секторе бюро ВКП(б) института. В 1958-59 учебном году избран был членом бюро института.

Тов. **БЕСТИНОВ В.А.** хорошо знает русский язык и имеет хорошие знания в области восточных языков. Он отличается честностью, порядочностью и имеет хорошие связи с родными и друзьями.

Секретарь бюро ВКП(б) курса

Секретарь бюро ВКП(б) института

Дома, где проживает студент, не имеет никаких связей с врагами народа, шпионами и иными вредителями.



Navosti* Identify Card, proof of the absence of any identity — both it and honesty had been handed over to the 'special department' in exchange for this red-covered card which opens more doors in the bureau than the 'American Express' credit card.

Several more editorial rooms grace the north side of the third floor. These serve the English speaking countries, the United Kingdom and Ireland, the United States and Canada, Australia and New Zealand.

The west side has doors which read "Outsiders Keep Out." Behind these doors are two departments, the "first department" and the "special." They constitute the heart of every Soviet media agency, or, more precisely, the bladder.

In the "first," all messages between Novosti and the Central Committee are kept. A special courier will arrive at the main entrance in a black *Folga* car. He is generally a skinny and pimpled young man, with the rank of junior lieutenant of the special CC Guards. The lieutenant will be chained to a briefcase. He will not have the key, but he will have a handgun to defend the secrecy of correspondence between the State and the "independent, public" news agency. He will not say a word in the elevator.

In the "special department", on the contrary, the secrecy of correspondence is violated, and by the same state. The correspondence, though, is that of the Novosti staff. A nice lazy girl was working there, the last time I pecked through the door. Her job was to open the mail, whether personal or professional, and make copies of interesting letters.

Next door, down the corridor, is the personnel department, guarded by a retired KGB. A fireproof safe section contains the personnel files. In these the diplomas of staff members are stored, together with every letter of recommendation, memorandum, reprimand or other clue to our professional existence. The prize document is a 52-part questionnaire (the *anketa*), on which you have answered every conceivable question about yourself. Even your insides are known to the personnel department: your file includes x-rays. But the most important document in each person's file is his *obektivka*, a two- or three-page compilation of the most subjective opinions — those of KGB informers. Every department will have at least one of these creatures.

A section of the personnel department is called *voyneni stol* (military desk) and guarded by a *babushka*, with military induction tickets for all members of the staff who are also reservists. I, for instance, was an officer of the reserve, and when I was assigned to India, *babushka* made a telephone call. I was told to report for retraining, to a camp near Moscow. It took me a week of negotiations and commuting between my Novosti boss, *voenkomat* and the *babushka*, to prevent my "requalification." Even when I had a ticket to New Delhi, the omnipotent Defense Ministry, through its *babushka*, tried to send me to Ethiopia as a translator for the Soviet military "advisors." What saved me from that was a *spravka*, certify-

ing that my training was in Indian languages, which are not spoken in Ethiopia. But who cares . . . now?

French, German and Scandinavian services are provided on the south side of the third floor. There is also a section of Communications and a room for telephone operators, whose job it was to make high-frequency connections, sometimes abroad, usually to Party officials. If Novosti guides are showing a foreigner around the Soviet Union, the communications would be busy getting messages through to the local Party offices, warning them to clean up in preparation for the foreign delegation. There must be plenty of vodka, and good food; the roads must be swept and fences painted; drunkards removed from gutters; collective farms made to look efficient. And put a grand piano in the park and someone to play it, preferably a worker.

The second floor is not very interesting. Its north side houses technical and administrative services. If one is taking a foreigner to lunch one comes here to arrange coupons for taxis, credit in a good restaurant, and a memo for the accounting department, which will provide some cash to throw around. Tickets for planes and trains are also reserved here.

Walking briskly down the east side's corridor we pass the photography department. This is really another filing system, with an inexhaustible stock of pictures to illustrate the achievements of the Socialist Motherland.

Countless photographs with negatives are filed here, for every conceivable occasion, but essentially bearing the same message. Readers who have wondered how it is that, as socialism triumphs in a country, its people begin to smile with an empty but eternal optimism, might address their inquiries to this section. Whether in Havana, Belgrade, Peking or Harare, one thing you can say for socialism, everybody loves it in the same way. This phenomenon should be a matter of research for psychologists.

Countries already enjoying socialism are served by the editorial departments of the south and west sides. The material produced here may not be as subtle as that produced for the third world, but there is nevertheless a sobering message: you live beautifully and securely, and if you behave, we may not have to "liberate" you again with our tanks.

A descent to the ground floor will be accompanied by the smell of *pirozhki* and yesterday's cabbage soup, for a cafeteria and dining hall are on either side of the building's lobby. Let's walk out, and see if we can get back in.

Large glass doors greet the visitor at the main entrance; except for two grey-uniformed sentries, looking quaintly like officers in Hitler's army, the building looks more approachable here than anywhere.

The sentries ask for your pass, they will send staff home who are without one. A visitor must explain his business carefully, for the sentry will call the person he wishes to see, and only if the two stories agree will it be possible for the visitor to enter. The sentries are retired KGB, probably demoted for missing a quota — of arrests, perhaps. On their faces is written a boring expression — "fifteen years ago I would have shot you."

Novosti is by no means the most difficult building in Moscow to sneak into; try visiting the Central Committee in Nogina Square. For intermediates I suggest the telegraph agency TASS, or the Moscow Radio building. There the guards are internal police, and visitors check in as if to foreign country. Your pass is your visa; half an hour or more can be spent (usually standing) waiting for the gentlemen behind a brick wall (with one brick missing) to process it, make out an extra slip of paper, and call your name.

Back to Novosti. To either side of the lobby, the corridors display Soviet personalities and achievements. Smiling milkmaids, thoughtful nuclear physicists and dumb conceited Party officials share space on the walls with charts of the increase of something, probably the number of people who have been "agitated and provoked" by Novosti propaganda.

Taking the left corridor, we come to the cafeteria, where, if we have some money left before the next *poluchka*, we may have some beer. Drinking to excess in the cafeteria is not advisable for Novosti staff; it gives the informers too easy a job. On the other hand, drinking to excess is common in Novosti, out of bottles concealed in filing cabinets, pockets and bottom drawers. A foreign colleague of mine once remarked how much water seems to be drunk by Novosti staff in the mornings . . .

Auntie Vera is not only the cafeteria's patron saint, but its manager. Her jovial, and substantial, presence accounts for no small part of the morale in this tomb of journalism. It is often suggested that she steals food; which is, in Russia, some sort of backhanded compliment, for everyone who works in cafeterias steals food. Stealing is an essential part of a planned economy.

Returning our empty bottles, and getting back for each the 12 *kopeck* deposit, we may round the corridor to the west side of the ground floor and to the *kassa* — cash-box. It is from this tiny room, with a tinier reception area, that foreign "progressives" are paid their thirty silver pieces for contributing to the destruction of their native "decadent capitalist" motherlands, and for printing the truth about the Motherland of Socialism — the Soviet Union. Most take it meekly; some have the nerve to complain that the number of pieces is unequal to their number of pages of

truth. A few take money on the promise to write in their native countries the glories they have seen, and few of these fail to deliver. But the really important contributors from abroad have their money taken to them, by persons of approximately equivalent rank. Future prime ministers and chiefs of civil services disdain to be seen by lesser men queuing outside of Novosti cash windows.

Still, I have seen distinguished persons here, for instance Ravi Shankar Raval, a painter from India; the poet Ali Sardar Jafri; another poet, and admirer of Lenin, Sumitranandan Pant; Biswas, editor of *Amrita Bazaar Patrika*; A.S. Raman, editor of *Bombay Illustrated*; Narayanan, editor of the daily *Patriot*. My colleagues from English-speaking countries told me that Mr. Kim Philby himself often sneaked here "incognito" to collect his fee for consulting services rendered to Novosti through the Disinformation Department of KGB. Many unsuccessful journalists and writers from the West and East, North and South, end up in the queue, flattered, or too cynical to care that their books are printed in millions of copies in the USSR, where circulation is never an indicator of popularity. (It is established "from above" by Agitprop.) The log books of this little room could say a lot about a rather large number of otherwise respectable people.

A dispatch office for truck and car drivers is further along the west corridor, by the arch which leads into the courtyard. Behind it there are several large rooms occupied by the printing facilities for Novosti daily bulletins, for both domestic and foreign consumption. The rest of the floor is too boring to investigate. So, these are the four floors of the Novosti building, but that is not all. There is a rather interesting basement. Follow me, please . . .

If we take an elevator, which is usually done only by "special" waitresses and some bosses, we can get right into a "special, closed" restaurant provided for Novosti *nomenklatura* and deserving foreign guests (Those who do not work — for APN, will not eat, — a socialist quotation from the Bible).

The restaurant looks like a replica of a small decadent steak house somewhere in New York: high-back chairs and benches divide the table area into cozy booths, soft lights, soft but progressive Socialist-realistic music emanates from concealed speakers; unobtrusive waitresses and first class food from the Central Committee reserves.

I used to take quite a number of foreign guests here, to toast their truthful stories about our classless society. Not a single lib leftish whore, while munching on the "people's" caviar, asked the Novosti hosts about the sharp discrepancy between food here



December 1967. Picture by John Philby



Cambridge, 1993: Maclean (see arrow) in the second rank of the Peace March

and in the "people's" restaurants (which any one of them could visit, if they wanted). Have the heroic Soviet people not deserved decent food after single-handedly defeating Nazis, conquering Space and liberating Africa? I never stopped puzzling over the unique ability of my progressive observers not to observe things "untypical" for my wonderful motherland.

From the restaurant, located in the south wing of the basement, we may turn to the west by a corridor and enter a roomy medical section, where employees of APN have their insides registered on x-rays and are treated for the traumas they acquire in their heavy struggle against the ideological diversions of the West.

The western tunnel abruptly ends before huge airtight doors, leading, I was told, into a fallout shelter provided for, let's say, some Soviet journalists in case of nuclear strike. At first the existence of these shelters seemed to me a sign of paranoia in our leaders, but I learned from a friend of mine, an employee of the Foreign Affairs Ministry, that it is more of a calculated preparation for war.

One day, while entering a Moscow metro station, we saw a team of workers laboring over huge airtight gates, half a meter thick, made of steel and concrete, which in an activated, vertical position could completely cut off the metro station from the entrance tube. As I remember, it was just before the Cuban missile crisis. I expressed my suspicion to my friend that our democratic junta was probably providing us with shelters in case President Kennedy ordered a strike against Moscow in exchange for Miami.

Not us, said the future diplomat, even the entire Moscow metro system cannot possibly shelter all eight million Moscovites. The gates are not to protect people from radiation, but to protect *nomenklatura* from a panic stricken flood of people.

Soviet media of that period was hysterical with laughter about stupid Americans paying hundreds of thousands of dollars to build their individual family bomb shelters. Some Soviet magazines, like the illustrated *Ogonyok* and *Krokodil*, printed photographs of the shelters with sarcastic captions, explaining that some Americans stock these shelters with canned foods, electric batteries and loaded rifles — to protect themselves not from the enemy, but from their neighbors, less fortunate proletarians, left shelterless above. My friend explained to me that in every Soviet *solidnyi* office, in one of its endless departments, there sits a modest bureaucrat, pushing insignificant but already secret papers. His real function is that of an "early warning radar system." In case of a nuclear war, he (or she) will receive

an innocent telephone call, and someone will mention a code-word phrase, maybe something like "the swallows are coming back to Yalta" or "Auntie Shoora sends her best regards to Petya." That will trigger the evacuation operation. The clerk will open his safe, produce a sealed envelope, tear it open, and call everyone who is listed, on his switchboard. The selected few will walk into an elevator, as if they had been called to another *soveshchaniye*, and peacefully go down to the shelter, leaving the rest of the office blissfully unaware of the approaching missile, to roast in the nuclear fire. Everything would be orderly and purely scientific. No last-minute class struggle at the airtight doors, no need for loaded rifles and canned foods . . .

This much for the building. Let's get the hell out of the gloomy basement and walk into the sunlit prison-yard of Novosti. In summertime the yard is used by auntie Vera for her buffet. Under the round colorful umbrellas there are neat plastic tables and chairs. Novosti folk flush sandwiches down with *Zhiguli* beer.

Na zdorovie!



Another boozing session with "progressive" guests of Novosti

NOVOSTI "KITCHIEN", OR SHOULD WE SAY "OUTHOUSE"?

Victorious Socialism, as claimed by the Soviet textbooks of "Political-economy", had awakened tremendous, unprecedented productive forces in the society, and during a historically-short period of time had demonstrated (to members of the Politbureau) the obvious advantages of the centralized planned economy over the so-called "free market", plagued with inflation, stagnation, oppression, exploitation, and general overall crisis. It was explained to me in childhood, that in the West the capitalists are so badly organised and so greedy, that they prefer to burn wheat and pour milk into rivers, rather than give it to the poor masses. It is called "overproduction". At this point I was expected to feel class hatred: "Bloody bourgeois scum! Milk into river! Why not bring some to Mytishchi?"

In my Motherland there is no danger of overproduction, that I can witness after 30 years of socialist life. Shortages, but only as temporary complications of rapid socialist growth. We may sometimes be short of potatoes, bread, matches, shoelaces, shoes, coal, kerosene, sheet iron, soap, strawberry jam, ballpens, living space, corn, wheat, meat of the first category, meat of the second, simple meat, eggs, warm underwear *Druzhba* (made in People's China), winter coats made in Czechoslovakia, dry fish from anywhere — "secondary" untypical products, without which our nation has survived and even made glorious achievements in space and Africa.

But not for a single second in the history of socialism have we been short of propaganda. This semi-fluid we produce in abundance for ourselves and for our foreign brothers.

The biggest overproduction of propaganda can be observed within *Novosti*. Where does it come from? How does it collect in the sewers, travel along, ferment, and what kind of fertiliser does it make? What sort of fruit grows on fields, sprinkled by our manure? Let us follow the flow of it from the very source.

Roughly speaking, there are three main sources of propaganda collected in *Novosti*: 1) "Upper" — from *Agitprop* of the Party's central committee, 2) "External" — from the Soviet mass-media outside APN, and from foreign media, both progressive and reactionary, 3) "Internal" — whatever we excrete ourselves.

Agitprop develops long-term and fortnightly propaganda plans for the Soviet and foreign media, as well as key-points of Marxist-Leninist Dogma, as interpreted by the present ideological elite. This is for APN, our "general line". Even the most "independent" and mature propaganda makers must digest *Agitprop's formulirovki* before giving forth

Agitprop's plans are briefed to the chief editors of Novosti during regular meetings at the central committee. Enlightened, the chiefs come to Novosti and brief the senior staff — department editors, etc. These consequently, elaborate the plans in accordance with current events in their respective geographical areas, to match the "needs" of specific nations. In cases when current events stubbornly happen in contradiction to the directives of the Kremlin, the department's chief editor coordinates the flow and consistency of propaganda with the Central Committee by phone.

"External" sources can be subdivided into "domestic", "progressive foreign" and "reactionary foreign". Every year, day and minute, the monstrous Soviet mass media monopoly floods our country and our neighbours with oceans of stinking semi-fluid. The average *homo sovietico* is used to the stench, and after three-quarters of a century simply passes it through his system as non digestible. Novosti men are quite another matter. We distinguish smells, colours, consistencies and blends, selecting the choicest pieces, chew them lovingly, and excrete new combinations and shapes.

My duty, for example, was to digest a pile of Soviet newspapers and periodicals daily in search of three or four bits still edible, with proper seasoning, for our developing brothers in the "Third World", particularly those on the Indian subcontinent. This type of job can be trusted only to a comrade who has spent some time in India, is familiar with the languages and media of the country and who knows the tastes and mores of the population. Thus, for example, while picking through a rhapsodic piece from Soviet magazine *Ogonyok*, I omit references to hard labouring Soviet women (on railway and construction projects, etc.), so not to scare our unemancipated Islamic sisters in Lucknow.

Another "domestic" source of raw propaganda is authors, outsiders, freelancers, professionals, bureaucrats or "intelligentsia" — *obrazovanshina*.

Each APN editor is expected to have a circle of these experts in various fields.

Let us take, for example, a typical case, when the Central Committee have decided to mark the glorious anniversary of Soviet Power in a Soviet Asian republic. Let us imagine also, that by coincidence one of the largest newspapers in India (say, *The Statesman*) has expressed a desire to get from Novosti something about farming in Uzbekistan. That often happens: to "balance" the flow of information from the West, editors of Indian papers will pick up a Soviet story, straight from the horse, as it were. Upon getting sober, our man in Delhi will immediately send to Novosti Headquarters in Moscow a telex, *zayavka*-request. Suppose, the piece of paper falls on my desk with comrade Makhotin's red pencil mark: 'please, satis-

ly". My first act would be to call the Representation of Uzbek SSR at the Council of Ministers of the USSR, and request the minister in charge, comrade, say, Gasanbeckov, to write for Novosti something about the glorious achievements of Uzbek people under the guidance of the Leninist Central Committee.

Comrade Gasanbeckov allows himself to be talked into such an important venture after half an hour on the telephone. He passes the buck to his aide, who spends another two hours on the phone, taking my dictation on the "main points". In two or three weeks the article is put on comrade Gasanbeckov's desk. Comrade Gasanbeckov may even read some of it, before signing, and dropping in the "out" tray. The article travels with a special ministerial dispatch to Novosti, sometimes in a black *Chaika* limousine. It becomes obvious that the whole piece is illiterate, too long, and on a different subject: methods of cotton cross-breeding. But Novosti's accounts department readily issues a modest honorarium — about four hundred rubles — to comrade Gasanbeckov. It is a trifle for a minister, but it pleasantly tickles his author's ego and further strengthens brotherly ties between Uzbek and Russian bureaucracies.

Sometimes, though, such an article is still born: either the minister is "out for the meeting at CC", or has a hangover, or his aide misplaces the note with "main points" and is too shy to call me again. In other words, the opus does not appear, and I notice steel in my boss's glances in the mornings. In this case I rewrite from a Tashkent local newspaper *Kommunist Uzbekistony*, add some details from the Kazakhstan paper *Lenin Zholy*, salt and spices, mention Indira Ghandhi's visit to Tbilisi and comrade Gasanbeckov's trip to Punjab last year, retype in three copies, and send to the Representation of Uzbek SSR. The article comes back with the precious doodle of comrade Gasanbeckov and the rest goes as above, including the "modest" honorarium.

The opus must, of course, pass through censor, be coordinated with Agitprop's recent propaganda plan, etc. By the end of the fourth month it lands on the desk of the Statesman's editor in New Delhi with a rubber stamp: "Exclusive from Novosti". By that time, suffering through the monsoon season, the editor is unable to remember why he ordered it.

Here, to refresh his memory, comes the Novosti man in Delhi with a bottle (or a case, depending on the importance of the topic) of whisky. The stuff is printed with photos of smiling Uzbek farmers, proving the unmistakable advantages of Soviet socialist agriculture in formerly backward Asian regions.

ONE DAY IN THE LIFE OF A NOVOSTI EMPLOYEE

7:00 a.m.

Heroically overcoming the headache — the result of yesterday's socializing with Novosti colleagues and our foreign "little brothers" — I wake up in my closet of a room in the communal apartment we share with another family, that of a worker who makes parts for sputniks at a supersecret factory in the neighboring township of Podlipki. Trying not to disturb the proletariat, or to awaken my parents ("Where were you so late yesterday? Is it really necessary to spend THAT much time with your colleagues?"), I tiptoe to our communal bathroom. My parents sleep across the corridor. Once in the bathroom my concern is not to fart too loud, for our apartment is far from soundproof.

After scanning through a *Pravda* editorial, I crumple the front page of the most truthful newspaper in the world. Having tried to avoid imprinting myself with the large portrait of comrade Brezhnev, delivering another historical speech, I make sure it is discretely flushed down.

7:20

In our communal kitchen I put the kettle on the stove to boil water for tea. Meanwhile I tiptoe to our communal bathroom and spend some time in front of our communal mirror, puzzled by the sight of my own face and the obvious fact of my existence. Shaving with a Soviet-made *Kharkov* razor proves the fact even further. I go through my morning fitness exercises, careful not to disturb our neighbor's laundry, drying on a clothes line hanging across the bathroom and beyond. A cold shower makes an awful lot of noise.

7:30

I finish yesterday's *borshch* in the kitchen, wash it down with hot tea, and ballet back to my room. Dressing to the radio news I learn a lot about the achievements of Soviet industry and stagnation of the Western one. After the news I listen to invigorating sounds of Budashkin's 5th Symphony for balalaika and orchestra, dedicated to the XXII Party Conference.

7:35

I fish out a miki of vodka from behind a row of neat imitation leather-bound volumes of the complete collections of works by V.I. Lenin on my father's shelf. (My father subscribed to the works when he was a young student of Frunze Military Academy — he just had to — and ever since the precious volumes have rested in peace and honour.) I have a gurgle with the vodka, return the miki to Lenin, and decisively exit from the apartment, ignoring grumbles emanating from my mother.

7:45

I briskly walk towards Mytishchi railway station, a half mile walk from our "military township," *Voyenka*, the residential area for the staff of the Military Communications Research Institute, where my father worked prior to his promotion to the General Staff and later retirement from the service.

7:52

I've made it. I run through the automatic doors of the suburban *elektrichka* train "Zagorsk-Moscow," pressing myself into the mass of warm passengers overcrowding the carriage. The pneumatic doors shut behind me, pulling the tails of my jacket. I try to take a deep breath, and an unwelcoming comrade, into whose bosom I am pressed, exhales garlic, sardines in tomato sauce and rye bread. I catch sight of the pale tender profile of another victim of the morning rush hour. She barely exists, squashed between myself and someone's leather-coated back. I smile and make some room for her. She smiles back, coming to life and inhaling stuffy air. Her shoulders feel soft, and I almost touch her hair with my cheek. The train stops at *Losinka* station, and the pressure per square inch upon our bodies doubles with a new bunch of smelly passengers. Now we are literally "flesh of one flesh."

8:15

Moscow terminal. We fall out the doors of the train, compressed into a single mass still, like half-alive Jews delivered by cattle-car to the gas ovens of Treblinka. In the morning light I critically observe my fellow traveller and discover that her legs are bowed, and that her Czechoslovakia coat is crumpled, hanging on her fragile figure like an empty potato bag. I smile farewell. She is swallowed by a whirlpool of a crowd casting SOS glances, drawn by another stream towards Komsomolskaya metro station.

8:17

Going down the escalator, I notice a shapely figure clad in an imported Bolonia raincoat, her sporty legs sunburnt. I elbow my way through the crowd, trying to see her face. I make sure to squeeze into the same subway car with the "Bolonia." Pressed together, we study each other's anatomy through a quarter inch of clothing. At *Kirovskaya* station I venture into a conversation. By *Dzerzhinskaya* I manage to get to the point of asking her for a telephone number. She says she does not have any. She lies. I give her mine, and exit at *Prospect Marksa* with a Gagarin smile. The train carries "Bolonia" to *Biblioteka Lenina*.

8:35

I emerge at Pushkin street, meditating upon "Bolonia," hoping she phones. The weather is good, so I walk. Two blocks south of Pushkin

square I drop into the "Taxists Cafeteria" and have a quickie. A standard breakfast of *sosiski* with sauerkraut (the Russian hot dog), an apple, and a cup of tea. The price of the breakfast is one-hundredth of my monthly pay: 1 ruble 50 kopecks. Thanks and glory to the Party's Leninist Central Committee.

8:59

I arrive by the guarded glass doors of Novosti, keeping my ID card ready in hand, with a feeling that almost half of my duty to the Motherland has already been completed.

9:05

At my desk, meditating and (secretly) picking my nose, I triumphantly observe others getting in late and, depending upon their position, that they are nervous or casual about it.

9:15

The progressive struggle for possession of the TASS reports pile starts immediately it arrives in our office from dispatch. The pile is promptly divided into the "open" TASS — the reports about achievements of our own and brotherly socialist countries, in which nobody is interested, and "DS" — *Dopolnitelnyie Soobshchenia* — these letters are stamped in the upper right corner of each page. Here we can read about happenings in the decadent capitalist countries and the People's China. These pages we read more attentively, but quickly, to be able to get to the most desirable part of the pile: the pages with a single red letter A in the upper right corner. This is what they call "white TASS" — the most "secret" information: translations of articles and comments of the Western papers about us, about trials of Soviet dissidents, strikes in places like Novocherkassk or Minsk, gossip from the Kremlin, as perceived and interpreted by "reliable sources close to the Central Committee" by sensationalist Western reporters. Over these pages we fuss the most, trying to snatch them from each other and reading sometimes over someone's shoulder, impatiently and eagerly. Sometimes the TASS pile bypasses our room and goes directly to comrade Pushkov's office. That happens when our glorious and peace-loving armed forces liberate someone from imperialist aggressors.

9:40

Soviet newspapers arrive. Unwillingly tearing ourselves from the "sensationalist fabrications" of Western media, we begin to scan the "most truthful." Not for information, of course, but in search of materials appropriate for external use. That could be an article, the topic of which corresponds to the list of "orders" from a foreign branch of Novosti, or simply a less dogmatic piece of propaganda, fit for consumption in a not-too-progressive brotherly country.

Each of us checks our desk to see if there is any *zayavka* — a request for such an article, red pencil marked by our boss. If there is

none, we look through the Soviet *mukulatura* (waste paper) rather casually. On my desk, most of the time, I find some note from my boss comrade Makhotin, to find a suitable piece on growing cotton in Uzbekistan and an interview with a Soviet indologist. Often there is also a hint where to look for it; in today's papers, in the *kartoteka*, the daily APN bulletin, or solicit such from an outside author. In extremis — to concoct it myself.

For each I am supplied with an ample stock of little *anketas*, the size of an index card, with red-lettered words printed across: "original," "copy" or "cutting." The last is for pieces I clip from the morning papers. *Anketa* also demands from me the name of the author, editor (me), to which country or geographical area the piece is to be addressed, into which languages to be translated and how to be delivered (by foreign branch of Novosti, by telex, by diplomatic bag, by ordinary mail or through a foreign correspondent in Moscow).

An average piece of propaganda does not take much time to process. I cut it from the newspaper page, paste it on a blank sheet of white paper, change the title from "The Glorious Achievements of Kazakhstan's Desert Captains" to a modest "Kazakhstan: The Desert Yields Cotton Fields." I replace two or three paragraphs and cut out one-third of the text, and finally sign the copy at the bottom, putting the code letters of our department (GRSAZ — *Glavnaya Resliktisia Sran Asii*), and lay the masterpiece on comrade Makhotin's desk.

10:00

Comrade Makhotin arrives, as usual, in an impeccable gray suit and white shirt, smelling of expensive shaving lotions of decadent bourgeois origins. He personifies efficiency and good manners, a replica of the successful businessman in the decadent bourgeois West. He briefly leafs through the garbage piled by us on his desk, barely concealing his contempt. The "cuttings" and Novosti bulletins "copies" he signs almost without a glance, and with two fingers casts them into the "out" tray, as if handling a dead mouse.

Materials solicited by APN's foreign bureaus or even by individual foreign newspapers are treated with more respect: they must be saleable. An "order" — *zayavka* from New Delhi looks like a telegram, and it is up to comrade Makhotin to decide who of the staff should be entrusted with it. After a moment of meditation, Makhotin drops it on someone's desk. Today it lands on mine, so I must devise a way to provide the material, and make suggestion to the boss. The ways may be several: to search for material on the topic in our *kartoteka*, to order it from a Novosti author in any other department, or finally, to write it myself. The latter is a privilege, for I am paid a modest royalty from our department's honorarium fund, always overspent. Makhotin is in a good mood, and I get his royal approval. I start concocting the article.

When the opus is ready and typed, I attach an *anketa* to it, and put it on Makhotin's desk. That's when the cycle of propaganda digestion (or indigestion) begins.

11:00

I am lucky. The boss signs my opus, briefly scanning through it, and not passing it to another junior editor to groom. I pick it up, and start my trip through Novosti's intestines, as we say in Russian, "like a fool running with a bagful of shit."

My first stop is at the "registration" room, a part of the *kartoteka*, described in an earlier chapter. Here I wake up a plump girl, daydreaming, and, using my charm, hypnosis, humor, and physical force, make her open a huge log book and enter the number of my article on the appropriate page, and print with a rubber stamp the same number on my *anketa*. Having completed this gigantic fit of labor, the girl drifts back into her daydream.

11:10

Leaving her, I fly to the censor's room. I do not remember a single case when one of the three censors passed my material on the spot, even if it was totally innocent and did not contain any state secrets. The censor mumbles, "Put it there, come back in a minute . . ." and absent-mindedly stares into another article, straining his brains to find secret information the decadent enemy in the West could turn against us.

"In a minute," my article is still there. It would be still there in an hour, three hours, a day, a week, etc., so I take it into my strong young Communist hands and bring it to the censor's very purple nose, while making vague gestures and whispering something like, "Ivan Petrovich wanted this urgently for the telex dispatch at 6:25." There is no Ivan Petrovich and there may not be any telex connection with Delhi at 6:25, but that is immaterial. I even suspect that the censor knows I am bluffing. But my bluff works because I know the magic power which Russian patronimics, whispered respectfully with mysterious numbers, and words like "urgent" and "classified," accompanied by vague finger gestures towards the ceiling, has on the simple tired souls of Soviet bureaucrats.

The censor pretends to find some small error in my article, inquires about the meaning of several figures borrowed from the official statistical yearbooks, looking nevertheless suspicious, and hesitantly puts his rubber stamp on the upper right corner of each page of my article.

11:25

Snatching my work from the censor, I run back to the daydreaming girl; my material is "original," and the topic could be of use to some other department. A copy must be deposited in the *kartoteka*. This time the girl must enter every detail of the *anketa*, perfectly



Comrade Makhotin in one of his best moods (and toxidoes)



Secretary girl Tamara, daughter of a KGB officer expeled from Norway in early 60'

clearly, just in case.

The act of photocopying cannot be entrusted to me: duplicating machines in my country's people's news agency are guarded more jealously than the nuclear warheads in the Pentagon's storehouses. For photocopying APN employs another daydreamer, who blushes deeply as I (unintentionally) glance at the low cut of her blouse. The machine gives birth to a pinkish spotted copy, legible if you hold the pages against a bright light.

11:40

I leave a copy in one of the countless file folders, and leave the girls totally exhausted by their effort. I run to the fourth floor, to the translation department. Here I have to bother one of the over-ripe girls, struggling through a pile of boring propaganda to be turned into boring English versions. Normally, one page takes them about 90 minutes, but with my encouragement and pestering it may take only 20. There is not much new to translate anyway: each article consists of a slightly varied combination of the same old clichés, almost unchanged since Ill & Petroff's hero Ostap Bender invented his "universal kit for newspaper article writing." All of it boils down to a brilliant idea, that because we are the best in an otherwise decadent world, everyone should listen and obey.

I volunteer to assist by sitting close to one of the girls. The translators already know the tactics of junior editors like myself, but don't mind. The girl patronizes me, and calls me a "little crow" for my nose, looking at me as a cat would look at a small bird. But I fly away with the copy. To typists.

12:15

Typists' room. Another struggle with temptation, this time much younger. Here, to make Nina do her job, I have to pledge another trip with her to a *Bervozka* foreign currency shop. Then, retyped in triplicate, my piece returns to our department's secretary, Tamara. Before it is dispatched to India, it collects a couple more signatures from Makhotin and Pushkov. If it were going to Delhi by diplomatic mail, I might relax — Tamara would take care of it. But the material is "urgent" and meant to be transmitted by telex, so I have another round of troubles. I have to get an OK and a signature from Pushkov myself. He is absent, so I run to the third floor and ambush one of the members of the directorial board, comrade Pishchik. I am lucky: I get his signature in a matter of seconds, after briefing him on the content of my opus (Pishchik never bothers to read the stuff). All this is done, not so much for sadistic purpose, as to prevent any "unwanted" text getting on the international radio waves, still out of control of the KGB.

12:30

I run back to the fourth floor and shove the thing into the tiny win-

dow in the huge plastic wall of the teletype hall. The *dezhurnaya* girl operator scrutinizes the text, lest there should be anything but subversive propaganda. She passes it to one of the key-punch typists, and I finally lose control over my creation. It is on its way to India to do its job of screwing up Indian minds.

1:00 p.m.

Trying to catch my breath, I run into a colleague, equally sweaty and wild-eyed. We start negotiating the lunch break. One does not simply "have lunch" in Novosti, unless, of course, he is a newcomer or a hopeless misfit. Anyone with prestige and position belongs to one's own "lunch group." And, depending on the amount of cash (the closer to payday *poluchku*, the less), the group either flocks to the Novosti cafeteria, or files out through the glass doors into Moscow's streets.

The purpose of the lunch group is very important: it indicates who are your friends, and what is your worth. Some "privileged" groups head towards Moscow's high-class restaurants, such as the *Aragvi*, *Uzbekistan*, or *Baku*. Our Asian department sponsors the *Pekin* restaurant in Mayakovski Square.

Only with one's lunch group can a Novosti man be safe to criticize his bosses and express political views. To be admitted to a group, one must prove his discretion, sense of humor, cameraderie — and ability to pay back borrowed money. My group consists of Karen Gievorkyan, admirer of Caucasian and Oriental foods, Vadim Smirnov, my schoolmate later co-opted to the CC. Today we include some outsiders: Dima from TASS, Viktor from external affairs (both Arabists), and another Viktor, from the KGB. Our loyalty has been tested by years of friendship. None of us, we want to be sure, is able to report on another.

We would never allow an unfit member into our group, such as Ben Zinovyev, a shifty little bastard, who runs with his boss's, Sasha Gornov's, car keys ahead of his boss to warm up the motor of his export-brand *Volga* station wagon. Disgusting. We would not bother, on the other hand, to infiltrate a group of such lunchers as Gromyko's son, or Brezhnev's daughter, or Krushchev's son-in-law, all of them belonging to Novosti's elite. We would not feel comfortable in their presence even if they would not mind playing at "democracy" and having some of us in their company, for entertainment, if nothing else.

1:15

The weather permits, so we walk to our meeting place. The way to *Uzbekistan* is loveliest of all — along the boulevard, watching pretty girls sitting on park benches.

3:00

When all topics and political jokes and gossip are exhausted, we head back to the office in a peaceful and lazy mood. The rest of the working day could vary from continued flying around to sitting at one's desk, pretending to be busy. Some ambitious comrades spend the rest of the day composing their own materials or doing the research for them.

Reading Soviet newspapers gives me masochistic pleasure: it makes me deeper and harder in my hatred of the system and it cures any illusion that the system can ever have "a human face."

4:00

We have our "coordinating meeting" or *proizvodstvennoye soveshchaniye* — a boring and unproductive exchange of opinions on each other's work, mainly with the only ultimate purpose in mind — to kill any creative and individualistic effort in its earliest embryonic stage. Egalitarianism in mediocrity is our guiding rule. We receive a short briefing on the latest lists of topics and viewpoints suggested to Novosti by our immediate master, Agitprop. In these briefings (*letuchka*) we, as journalists and members of the Party, elaborate on the ways to put the stupid and totally illogical *ustanovki* of Agitprop into passable, or even entertaining verbal form, so that they may have a chance to be picked up and reprinted in the foreign media.

5:00

The exodus starts. Bosses disappear first. The masses sometimes stay behind, lock the doors and have a little celebration, in which case a junior will be sent to the *Gastronom* across Pushkin square for a bottle (or two).

6:00

On the way home, in the electric train, I observe the proletariat and *kolkhozniks*, crowding and sweating, carrying with them large netbags, *avoska*, tightly stuffed with bread, macaroni, cheap kolbasa or *sardelki*, trying to "erase the difference between the city and village" by buying foodstuffs in Moscow and carrying them home. I listen to their life stories and anecdotes and their complaints about the hard life. I sympathize but at the same time feel happy I am not one of them, I am of the privileged class. I do not have to carry food home from Moscow to Mytishchi; I do not have to stand in long lines, for I have access to special shops for those a little bit more equal than others in the land of equality and abundance.

On the other hand, the proletarians have something I lack: freedom to curse our leaders and our system aloud. They have "nothing to lose but their chains." I have a lot to lose, if I loosen my tongue. So, pretending to be half asleep, I listen to the wisdom of the poor — political jokes, some of which I will "sell" to my Novosti colleagues tomorrow at lunch.

7:00

I seldom watch TV. While at home, my favorite medium is a short-wave radio set, imported by my father from liberated East Germany. I spend hours by the set, tuning to the Voice of America, BBC, and Deutsche Welle for news from abroad; Radio Luxemburg and Radio Teheran, for music; All India Radio, for nostalgia. But the most exciting for me is Radio Svoboda (or Radio Free Europe), the station that informs me about happenings in my own country. It is an irony: I work for a news agency.

At the supper table I quarrel with my parents and tell them I am not going to be thankful to them for a "happy childhood" in the system they have built for me. My father, an old Bolshevik, calls me names, but my mother, daughter of an affluent Ukrainian farmer, tells me with a sigh that with my attitude, I'd be unhappy under any system.

9:00

I retire to my room with a paperback American novel, borrowed from a Novosti friend just returned from abroad, or with a copy of a *Samizdat*, entrusted to me only for the night. I know I will never be able to write and self-publish anything like this. I have sold my soul to the system.



"La dolce vita" of the Novosti elite.

WHAT ARE FOREIGNERS?

"Big deal!" some of my countrymen may say. "foreigners are people who live in foreign countries, encircling the Soviet Union."

"What else?"

"Well . . . foreigners are free to come to us, but we cannot go to them."

"Very narrow definition, comrade! Shame on you! You should read more newspapers!"

"Oh . . . I . . . of, will you!"

"No, first, let me tell you what foreigners are. Correct me, if I am wrong."

Foreigners are, for us, divine creatures, dangerous and hated. They are people from a different planet, every molecule of their bodies being made from a different set of elements. We treat them with respect and fear, trying to please by showing our best and newest communal barracks and whichever crop has survived in the collective fields. But at the same time we have to be extremely vigilant with them, for any one of them maybe an enemy, a spy, a subverter, a saboteur. Foreigners are of different kinds: proletarian and bourgeois, but it is safer to suspect them all.

Foreigners wear unavailable things: stretch socks, nylon shirts, Italian rain coats, high boots "a-la-Russe" made in Japan, fur coats made of Siberian fox and sables, Dacron suits, woolen sweaters, etc. Foreigners' pockets contain desirable things such as ball-point pens and chewing gum. There are numerous cameras around their necks, and most of them work. Foreigners drive shiny foreign cars, and when they park on our streets we gather around their cars, touching the chrome, but utterly indifferent to this gimmick of capitalism. Some people say that foreigners give us credits in their foreign currency. And we love their currency, irrespective of age, Party status or position. Most of us love it platonically, just being happy to learn that our mighty State has received a few billion decadent unworthy American dollars from whatever deal. The biggest lovers of foreign currency are our biggest people, our leaders, "servants of the people." For example, the General Secretary of the Communist Party of the USSR is so crazy about the foreign credits that he readily gives away anything we have: timber, gas, oil, caviar, vodka, Jews, *matreshka* dolls, gold, masterpieces of art from the Hermitage, icons; if there were wheat, he would give them that, but it does not grow well in our country due to "unfavourable climatic conditions." The ordinary people, for selling their personal effects to foreigners in exchange for the currency which the state loves, may be executed, as "economical enemies of the State."

This is another reason foreigners are so much hated by us. The main reason, though, is that our land is encircled by imperialists, who constantly plot to eliminate our glorious State. This is why every true patriot and internationalist has unanimously supported the efforts of our armed forces to protect our encircled Motherland, by fighting against Western imperialism in Afghanistan, Vietnam, South Korea, Finland, Norway, Portugal, Africa, India, Cuba, Angola, Ethiopia, Nicaragua, El Salvador, Chile, Canada and Antarctica. That is why every Soviet patriot must develop in himself a pure class hatred to every foreign imperialist, and constantly reveal all foreigners as agents of foreign imperialism. Is that clear so far?

"Clear that you talk too much. What is your name, comrade? May I see your documents?"

(You see, he thinks I am a foreigner!)

Until 1957 I do not remember seeing any foreigners at all, therefore I had only warm feelings for them, intuitively understanding that whatever bad is said about foreigners by our propaganda is untrue. I envied foreigners because they lived in foreign countries. I longed to meet the foreigners, but they were too far away. Somewhere there were brave French stevedores who refused to load tanks for Vietnam, there were oppressed and deprived American Blacks, and exploited American workers; there were hungry farmers in Canada — but I had never seen them. Most probably, the imperialist circles did not let these good foreigners leave their countries and come to our land for fear that they would see how lucky we were with Socialism, or at least that was the explanation in the newspapers.

At a certain age I wanted to be a foreigner, feeling myself a bit of a misfit. Imagine a ten-year-old boy listening on the radio about bread growers of Stavropolye overfulfilling the plan of wheat harvesting for the State, or seeing the movie "Cossacks of Kuban" where the collective farmers' tables were loaded with food and wine, and at the same time in Kiev my mother would wake me up at 6 a.m. to take my place in the bread line. You would feel like a foreigner; especially if you were born into a Soviet army officer's family and still remembered although vaguely, such things as Spam, powdered eggs, condensed milk, supplies to us by *lendlease* from the U.S.

When I became a high school student, I remember being a successful impersonator of foreign accents in school amateur shows.

In 1957, for the sake of "strengthening peace and friendship among the nations of the world," Nikita Sergeevitch Krushchev allowed the first ever "International Youth Festival" in Moscow. We saw as many foreigners as we wanted. They were walking in Red Square!

Alive! Unprotected! One could (carefully) approach them, touch them, say something like, "*Mir, druzhba!*" (peace, friendship). Exchange badges! Addresses! We could really strengthen friendship, for about two weeks!

"Moskva—Kaluga—Los Angeles

United gladly into one kolkhoz!"

When the young foreigners finally left Moscow and went to their respective foreign countries to continue the work of Communist propaganda, by telling fables about Soviet achievements, after Moscow was cleaned and swept of foreign cigarette butts and chewing gum wrappers, our VD clinics became crowded with young people who took "strengthening of peace and friendship" too literally. Many of them lost some part of their admiration for things foreign.

As to me, I managed to preserve my faithfulness to the Motherland and did not catch VD. So I was still fond of foreigners. Moreover, from admiration of well-tailored clothes and elegant cars I made a further step to the realization that the foreigners were superior to us in a way: they were natural, they were not afraid to socialize, they were free to criticize their governments and countries. Slowly the idea grew in my mind: I understood that *democracy* is not what exists in the USSR, it is what foreigners have in their countries. And I had faith in *democracy*. At that time I could not know that many of my countrymen also had faith in Western democracy, and that this faith had cost hundreds of thousands of them their lives. Only many years later did I learn what Western democracies did to prisoners of war who rebelled against the Soviet fascism during World War II and joined Germans in the vain hope of crushing Stalin's tyranny. They had no other choice: the West was not going to help my nation to overthrow the gentlemen in the Kremlin; on the contrary, they were "allies" with Stalin. Unarmed, unprotected, naively trusting the "common sense" of Westerners, thousands of men, women and children then gave themselves up to the British and Americans, who turned them over to Stalin, and collective graves. Thus the West betrayed its only friends in Soviet Russia, leaving enemies alive and well paid.

But back in 1957 I did not know that. The facts about the shameful Yalta deal and '*keelhaul*' betrayal were concealed both by Soviet propaganda and by the Western media. At that time my attitude to foreigners could best be defined by the words "admiration, hope and envy." In the early 1960s that attitude slowly changed to "puzzlement and confusion."

After my first several contacts with foreigners during my university years, my attitude digressed further towards "pity and disillusion-

American singer Paul Robeson doing his propaganda stant.



ON BEHALF
OF THE WORLD
PEACE
COUNCIL,
PAUL ROBESON
HANDS
NADEZHDA
NADEZHDINA
THE GRAND
GOLD MEDAL
FOR PEACE,
AWARDED TO
HER COMPANY

ment," and after graduation from the Oriental Studies Institute and several years of Novosti work with foreigners, both in the USSR and abroad, the barometer drifted further down.

The process of losing faith in the foreigners started ever so slowly. Try to imagine post-war Moscow, hardships, Cold War paranoia, new waves of political arrests, disintegration of whatever freedom our people had won from Stalin as a reward for winning the war. Old people trembled every night expecting the KGB to knock at the door. Young people were hypnotized by the cynicism of government terror and propaganda. Imagine now, that from the stronghold of Western freedom, the United States, to which Soviet citizens secretly prayed for salvation and hope, there comes a "civil rights fighter," world-famous singer Paul Robeson. He sings to us, the white slaves of Stalin, about the black slaves of Uncle Sam. That we can understand. But when that "bird with black eggs" sings to us:

*"I do not know any other country, but the USSR
Where man can breathe so freely!"*

When I had become a member of the Young Pioneer Organization (the Soviet equivalent of Hitler's Jugend), I remember being told to draw the "peace dove" of Pablo Picasso. This was the time of the notorious "Stockholm Peace Appeal" — another propaganda trick for the naive Western world. Everybody was collecting signatures under the Stockholm appeal to ban nuclear armament, and most Soviets understood that it was a fake. Even as a teenager I could see through the whole thing and started actively hating not only "peace and doves," but anything painted by Pablo Picasso, good or bad. Many years later I can explain my aversion to the great painter in logical terms: an honest artist must not allow a communist-fascist regime to use his work for propaganda.

Imagine Moscow in 1960, a hungry year of disastrous crop failure. Despite the declarations of Krushchev about the USSR "overtaking the USA" in all kinds of production, including milk and meat, the situation even in Moscow foodstores was tragic. In the students' canteen of Moscow State University there was no more free bread on the tables, one of their previous liberties. A mammoth "World Peace Congress" was summoned to Moscow. Paid by the Kremlin, thousands of our foreign friends had come to Moscow to talk about the necessity of disarming the West. "Humanists" — writers, priests, scientists, lawyers, political and public figures, irrespective of race, color or creed, arrived in the USSR with one thing in common: a selective blindness to the negative side of Soviet life.

Imagine the abundance of the Kremlin palace, where all these "peaceniks" stuffed themselves with selected foods, while ordinary people continued to queue for the humblest necessities.

Imagine the group of well-nourished Western delegates, stuffing themselves with caviar and sturgeon in the Kremlin, telling me, their interpreter, how bad life is in America, how banks force them to buy more and more goods on credit, and how Americans are in so much debt that they do not belong to themselves, but to the banks.

I could not respond properly, nor spit in their fat faces, for fear of KGB agents sneaking all over the Kremlin, overhearing the "free exchange of ideas."

1962. Baku, the capital city of a colony of Moscow, named Azerbaijan. I am in a black *Chaika* limousine (a bad Soviet replica of the Cadillac). I am accompanying a distinguished guest from India, a writer, politician, humanist, friend of the Soviet people. I take him for a trip to the sea oil exploration of the Caspian "Oil stones." Our limousine stops at a red light, and in the bright early morning sun my Indian guest sees a colorful and long queue of people, standing by the bread store "*Bulochnaya*."

"What are these people doing?" asks the writer, politician and humanist.

"Waiting for the morning newspaper *Pravda*," I answer without hesitation, knowing that our driver, a KGB man, overhears every word.

"Truly, I'll tell you, the Soviet system of total literacy does wonders!" says the guest, rolling down his window to better observe the highly-educated Soviet masses. At this very moment a tiny wicket-window of the store opens and the first loaf of bread emerges, eagerly caught by the first man in the line. At the head of the line some disturbance occurs: two mustached Azerbaijani men drag away a screaming Russian *babushka*, and I overhear the words, "Go to Moscow, and eat your f...ing Russian bread, not our Azerbaijani one!" The old woman, crying, got to the end of the line.

The traffic light changes to green, and our black limousine speeds away from the "newspaper kiosk." On the docks of the sea oil exploration platform we are met by Party and administration bosses. Before the inspection, we are invited "for a snack," which happens to be a luxurious feast with lots of booze and caviar.

"To peace and friendship among the peoples!" says the Party boss, raising his glass of vodka.

"To India's socialistic path, following the great example of the USSR!" answers the Indian guest.

What an honest person should have done, would be to stand up and tell the Party boss that he refuses to eat, drink, or for that matter inspect the "glorious achievements," in a symbolic protest of solidarity with the hungry people. Nothing unusual. The politicians and humanists do it back home in India to show solidarity against the big capitalists. Why are they so shy in the USSR?

And the last episode. A well-known poet of India, translated in the US and Great Britain, comes to the USSR for a vacation paid for by the Soviet government, as a reward for his "revolutionary" activities in the past. In the early twenties, he had helped to undermine law, order and social institutions in the former British colony; not by writing poems, of course: they came later, when the young revolutionary poet became the old revolutionary poet, glorifying his own deeds. What were the deeds? Smuggling firearms, ammunition, mines, explosives and ideological propaganda into India via Kabul from a spy and sabotage training centre in Tashkent.

As we know now, independence came in a different way, thanks to responsible national leaders, not using explosives and ammunition smuggled from Soviet Russia. As for the revolution, it did not work quite the way he wanted. But the Soviet junta did not give up its efforts to turn the former British colony into a present Soviet one. Only now, after Stalin's death, the methods were changed. It was the time of "peace and friendship and co-existence and cooperation," meaning subversion, and the revolutionary poetry was needed to marry the struggle of Nehru and Gandhi with the great ideas of Marx, Engels, Lenin and Krushchev.

More than forty years were sacrificed by the Indian revolutionary poet for the cause of freedom, equality and progress, to own the right to see the country of freedom, equality and progress. A dehydrated, wrinkled and shaky seventy-year-old revolutionary was delivered, under my guidance as an APN translator, to the "special" clinic of the Kremlin, open to Party leaders but closed to the masses.

A rosy, plump Russian lady doctor, specially selected to treat the elite, attentively listened through a stethoscope to the tired heart of the revolutionary. I dutifully translated her commands to breathe and not to breathe into Urdu; and his incoherent senile boasting into Russian.

"Why have you neglected your health so much?" asked the Russian doctor, palpating his chicken-like chest.

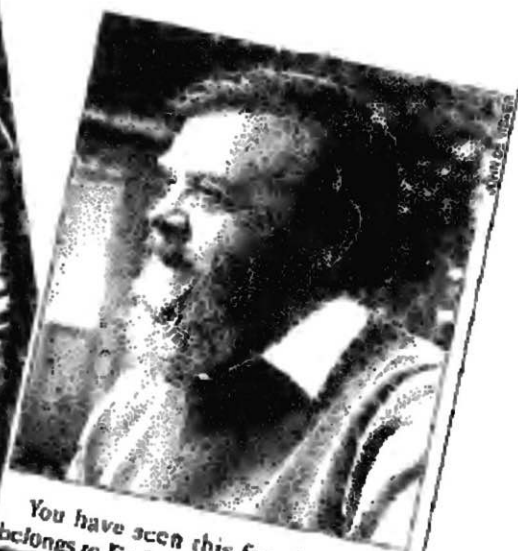
"Oh, there was no time for hygiene and health care," said the poet proudly, "we were too busy, blowing up police stations, shooting the British officers from behind the corners, robbing the banks, inciting mutinies, agitation, getting jail terms . . . you know, revolutionary struggle is not a joke . . ."

"Oy-oy," sighed the compassionate lady, "what a heroic man! You have probably seen Lenin?"

"Yes, I have met Lenin," answered the chicken-revolutionary modestly.

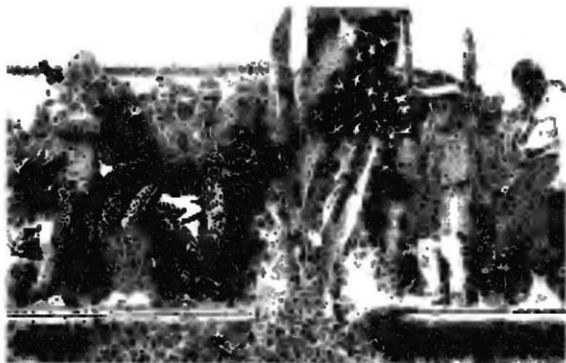
"Dat" said the Kremlin doctor decisively, "we'll give you first class treatment. People like you should be taken care of."

I easily imagined a different situation. What if the son of this good-



You have seen this face before. It belongs to Farley Mowat, the author of

Photos by Gerard Schachner—Sigma
Montand: Sketching a character with a single well-tuned gesture—and singing songs that can be sad, funny or disquieting



U.S. defense commitment to Western Europe comes under attack by vocal minority; pressure also builds inside U.S.

"Foreigners" — and the end result of anti-Americanism: scum burning US flag "for peace". Why not Soviet flag?

hearted Russian lady doctor, an officer of the Soviet colonial Army in Hungary, had been shot from behind a corner by a Hungarian revolutionary poet? Would she sigh about that Hungarian's neglected health? Or would she rather approve what was done by her son to the hundreds of Hungarian revolutionary poets, cornered in bullet-ridden city buildings, surrounded with Russian tanks and blasted at, point blank, mixing bricks' dust, water pipes, window glass and book shreds with Hungarian blood into one porridge?

Many years later, when I had already defected to the West, I read the book "The Russians" by Leonid Vladimirov. He wrote that, "among the Soviet intelligentsia there was no hatred towards foreign liberals, leftists and other misguided people, who allowed Soviet propaganda to take advantage of them; if anything they felt condescending compassion," writes Vladimirov, "because many Soviet intellectuals understand that most of the 'fellow-travellers' are 'honest, humane, only naive' people."

If this is true, then the gallery of the naive and misled is larger than the Hermitage. From presidents and prime ministers, giving half of Europe over to slavery by a scribble of their pen, to entertainers and artists glorifying that slavery for a handsome payment from Novosti; from great humanists to great bandits — all sorts, all colors, all creeds.

I am not an "intellectual," and unlike my countryman Vladimirov, who was editor of a scientific magazine, I socialized with foreign guests more actively, as a Novosti "guide." Yes, there was a period in my life when I tended to forgive the foreigners for their criminal naivete. Moreover, I imagined at a certain time in my career that those *zashantsy* (derogatory to rhyme with *inostrantsy*-foreigners) I had to accompany in the USSR were exceptions, that the rest of the liberals and leftists abroad deserved respect. But after years with Novosti, and hundreds of encounters with those foreigners, I changed my attitude to *contempt* and *disgust*.

Both the KGB and Agitprop know perfectly well about this sort of xenophobia among the Novosti's staffers dealing with foreigners, and I'll bet they share our feelings and encourage them for a purpose: it is easier to manipulate the foreigners with the help of foreigner-hating Novosti men. It is also safer. Feelings of contempt and disgust prevent Novosti staffers from being "contaminated" by the Western ideology (if such exists). Thus, xenophobia is a vital and inevitable element of IDEOLOGICAL SUBVERSION.

A LOYAL AND DEDICATED STEPSON

"The USSR grants the right of asylum to foreigners persecuted for defending the interests of the working people and the cause of peace, or for the participation in the revolutionary and national liberation movement."

(Soviet Constitution, Article 38)

In early 1968, the Central Committee of the Communist Party of West Bengal elected Bishnu Mukerjee to be a resident at the High Party School of Ideology in Moscow. It was an honor and reward for its 57-year-old faithful son: it was the type of school at which the likes of Patrice Lumumba and Walter Ulbricht had learned the principles of ideological subversion. Angola's Augustino Neto went there, as did Afghanistan's Taraki, Zimbabwe's Nkomo, etc., etc.

To Bishnu Mukerjee, who began life in an East Bengali village, Moscow was splendid. The hospitality of his Soviet comrades, the touching care of the Soviets towards their younger generation ("children are our future, the most privileged class in our classless society"), the world's best subway system (with its murals and monuments and slogans; a gallery, church and wax museum of Communism). A one-room apartment was thoughtfully provided by the Soviet Central Committee, in a prefabricated block close to the Exhibition of Achievements of the People's Economy — a huge, open-air display of certain industrial and agricultural machinery built by victorious Soviet socialism within 50 years. Comrade Mukerjee confessed to his Soviet translators that it brought him tears of delight, to think that it had all been done for the people.

Bishnu Mukerjee was not a snob. Although he understood the historical importance of his personality, (a secret to the necessary conspiratorial regulations of the party), he was content that his ascetic life would lead to the just and progressive society that he and the masses would enjoy in his homeland after the revolution. Although he missed the spicy ecstasy of Bengali food, he ate his Soviet canned sardines in tomato sauce and eggplant "caviar" with staunch revolutionary fervor, sometimes washed down by a good glass of vodka. In the evenings, after classes, he had the pleasure of a television set, donated by the Trade Union Committee of Progress Publishing House. There he worked occasionally in his cover job, as a translator of propaganda booklets from Russian to Bengali, or at least pidgin English to Bengali, for his intensive Russian course had not had too much effect and a little help was always in order.

Bishnu Mukerjee had joined the party long ago, probably during the war, when British India and Soviet Russia were nominal allies. With partition, India was more sympathetic to Communists than

was Pakistan, and Mukerjee drifted from Dacca to Calcutta. Belonging to the cause had helped him to overcome a personal disaster: his broken engagement with a girl from a wealthy Calcutta family. He had been unlucky with women all his life, but his efforts on behalf of the party took most of his time and energy. At first he was a courier, taking the instructions of the party committee, not to be trusted to the mails; then an agitator among students, paid by a leftist newspaper for which he did the odd spot of proofreading; finally a party administrator. There was practically no time for marriage.

A rare moment of confusion had impinged upon his consciousness during a recent visit to a "closed" party shop in Red Square, right in front of Lenin's tomb. In a small hall, windows tightly curtained, comrade Mukerjee was offered a modest choice of clothing from some crowded shelves. It was unlike a shop in Calcutta's Chowringhee Road, where the assortment might have been a bit broader, certainly better displayed. Shy of trying things on, he selected a winter coat from East Germany, a pair of fur-lined rubber shoes from Poland, a conservatively tailored Finnish suit, and a fur hat, made in the USSR at a factory named after Rosa Luxembourg. A sentry stood by the door, which was locked behind him.

In a couple of months, overwhelmed with gratitude for his Soviet hosts, comrade Mukerjee expressed his desire to celebrate the achievements of the country in articles for Soviet and foreign newspapers. A contact in the Central Committee's Department of South East Asia listened attentively and suggested that the appropriate place for so noble an enterprise would be the Novosti Press Agency — it takes care to disseminate the most truthful information about the USSR all around the world, and what is more, pays 10 to 15 rubles per page for material of this sort by any author.

One may only speculate whether comrade Mukerjee entertained himself, en route to the Novosti office, with translations of Russian rubles into Indian rupees; and if he did, with what rate of exchange. Notwithstanding, upon his arrival he became my problem. I was a junior editor with Novosti's South East Asia Department.

It was one of those days in our monstrous propaganda cartel when all its little wheels and cogs for some mysterious reason were running with the utmost friction and noise. It was a day when most of the senior bosses were "out for a meeting," the traffic of propaganda stopping, for want of signatures. It was a day when a secretary, a charming girl, with Brezhnev's IQ, or lower, was busy shopping for her expected illegitimate baby, causing our trade union leader to pass a hat, to collect donations for the future Soviet Citizen. It was a day when, having seen me every morning for five years, the sentry sent me home for my press card. It was probably one of those days when several influential Western newspapers approached our agency for

an "opinion poll" on how the Soviet people reacted to the latest statement of President Nixon.

I was summoned to the office of the South East Asia boss and told to meet Mukerjee downstairs: "Don't bring that black ass here."

The "black ass" was a small thin man with a pleasant open face, horn-framed spectacles, and a modest blue "Mao" jacket, buttoned to the throat. He held a rolled bundle of typewritten pages in one delicate dark hand, an optimistic smile (like that of an angel who has taken the wrong elevator), and with his other hand he held mine until every purpose of his visit had been explained. I knew that holding hands was common in India, and so did not withdraw as my colleagues would have done. I expected the worst, but what I read surprised me:

All over the world the eyes of all oppressed people turning today to Moscow Red Stars of Kremlin with hope and expectation knowing that the long night of slavery, imperialism, colonialist oppression and racism will soon be over. The new era has already started — here in the Motherland of Socialism, where all the dreams of mankind are fulfilled. Now, that I have the honour to witness the happiness of this courageous nation, now only do I understand how vile and inhuman are the reactionary circles, in their futile efforts to distort the truth about the Soviet Union . . .

A list of truths followed.

"Not bad, not bad at all," I said to comrade Mukerjee, explaining that I do not make decisions to accept material, but that I would take it to the chief editor. Comrade Mukerjee would not let me go, inquiring about payments and copyrights. If the *New York Times* reprinted the article, would he be paid by Novosti, or should he charge the *Times* directly? Half an hour was required to get rid of him.

Upstairs in my boss's office, I received instructions to throw the article in the waste basket. With respect for the revolutionary past of comrade Mukerjee, my boss signed a slip of paper for the accounting office, worth twenty rubles.

This did not discourage Mukerjee. In a week he returned with two more works of similar merit, bitterly complaining that he had been underpaid for his first and demanding copies of those foreign newspapers which had reprinted it. I took him to my boss's office, expecting never to see him again; but to my most acute surprise he returned beaming smiles, heartily shook my hand and thanked me for promoting his writings. A minute later my boss came with Mukerjee's pile, and, avoiding my eyes, told me to "groom it up here and there." Mukerlee got 250 rubles, and I, who ultimately wrote his works, not a



Dedicated "stepsons" of Communism visiting Kremlin with the author.



kopeck. He proved a prolific and persistent writer, though not excessively particular. He would describe the functions of a factory union without ever having visited one, supplying statistics from memory and imagination, leaving no references. It was my job to reconcile his facts and figures with those already officially published.

As the youngest editor and the only "active" orientologist my fate was sealed. Within two months I was losing weight, had become nervous, and contemplated sinister designs against comrade Mukerjee.

The opportunity to avenge myself came suddenly. Our department treated a large group of "progressive" writers and journalists from Asia, Africa and Latin America to a little reception. As is customary, the guests talked themselves out, in praise of the Soviet Communist Party. The director of Novosti, in reply, modestly admitted that, indeed, the Soviet Union was the greatest, wealthiest, justest and freest of countries, and, as it was also the most peaceful, it was always willing to help a national liberation struggle wherever it might occur. The guests clapped, and some young girls presented them with Lenin badges. The party retired to the "closed" dining room, where gallons of vodka were pumped into them. I acted as an interpreter for some of the Novosti director's jokes, fearing for my job if they did not elicit laughter. When we were filing into the dining hall, I noticed the lonely figure of the Indian admirer of Soviet freedom. He was clutching a fresh bouquet of typewritten pages. A dark demonic evil possessed me.

After official toasts the big bosses faded away, leaving the guests in the capable hands of the junior staff. We knew our business perfectly well, and sang revolutionary songs, taught the words:

Our country is vast and free,

I don't know any other

Where a man can breathe so free . . . et cetera

I quietly assisted a bottle of vodka in its struggle for liberation, finding some smoked salmon and a can of caviar for the other pocket, then half carried Mukerjee to the door. It would have been too cruel of me to leave him in the streets of Moscow in such a decadent state, so I drove him home, leaving father's license plates conspicuously outside.

Comrade Mukerjee's apartment was, although Indianized, typical of bachelor's apartments everywhere: the stench of unwashed clothes, mountain of unwashed dishes in the kitchen sink, books on the floor, a little crowd of empty bottles under the desk; then a few distinctive features: an unflushed toilet, portraits of Marx and Brezhnev, and a small oval silver framed photograph of an Indian girl with large, clever Bengali eyes. His daughter?

I hesitated briefly. Whose fault was it, after all, that comrade Mukerjee had turned into a parrot? He mistook the pause for dis-

pleasure with the mess of his apartment, and smiled

"This, as you may see, is a temporary dwelling. In a year or two I'll be coming back to my homeland, a new and independent Rangledesh!"

"Yes," I said, to say something.

"But you should not think that we do not appreciate your hospitality and brotherly assistance. We'll never forget this, even when we come to power and build a glorious society, like yours . . ."

Mukerjee fell silent, and I worked over my plan. His apartment would be bugged, as were all apartments of comrade revolutionaries from foreign countries, but that did not mean anyone would be listening. To make sure that the conversation would be overheard, I reached for the telephone. The usual buzz started after a lag of only three seconds. To make sure I had someone's attention, I dialed my office number, and allowed five rings. The next stage was to deliver comrade Mukerjee into a state of inebriation still more advanced, and, from my cynical experience with "progressive" prostitutes, provoke him into anti-Soviet remarks.

"The Indian delegates complained today," said I, "that we Soviets are too friendly to Indira Gandhi's government, and not attentive enough to the needs of the Communist Party of India."

"Oh, that's an old song; the split of CPI was the beginning . . . undermining the anti-imperialist front."

I thought that comrade Mukerjee was not yet drunk enough to run out of clichés. If he did not run out of clichés, I would have no end of his articles. Embracing him, in a brotherly way, I poured two more glasses. Mukerjee drank, and, pleased by my attention, showered me with names, dates and events. I learned that there were several Communist parties in East Pakistan (too many, I thought, for one developing country), that the real Communists were only those who follow professor Ahmed, as opposed to the followers of Allaudin and Biswas; and God help the followers of Muhammed Toha and Abdul Haq, the Maoists!

"We are developing a strong pro-Moscow party, and we are able to establish ourselves as the strongest force in the universities."

Alas, the volume of vodka in comrade Mukerjee was not in inverse proportion to the amount of his dedication. I fell upon another tactic. Was the Soviet role in East Pakistan greater than comrade Mukerjee implied? And, could I get him to talk about a subject secret enough that his discussing it would bring him fatally bad marks in school?

"Okay, Bishnu," said I in my friendliest manner, "do you think that you East Pakistani Communists can bypass violence and terror on the road to independence and social justice? Remember our history. For the purity of our Leninist norms we had to go through the

purifying fire of civil war and purges. You think the Bengali Communists can avoid this?"

"Avoid?" (and here he became dramatic). "Who says we need to avoid revolutionary terror? No, comrade, we must lead, control, channelize it! You cannot even imagine the ability of our proletariat and our revolutionaries to mobilize for a decisive armed struggle!"

(I could very well imagine that, somewhere in the villages and workers' townships, the agitators had the red paint waiting to put hammers and sickles on the walls, and many tons of booklets propagating class struggle and revolutionary violence, printed in the USSR, flown daily to the subcontinent in the diplomatic cargo of Aeroflot; I could imagine picture boxes with ammunition and Kalashnikov machine-guns.)

"Our propaganda cells operate in every university center," he said, counting on his fingers. "We have prepared and trained cadres of party administrators, we have military training for capable boys, we have prepared lists of all the opposition elements. The brotherly help of the Soviet Union and India will provide us with international recognition and ideological support, even at the United Nations."

"And then everything will be tip-top?" I asked sarcastically. Mukerjee shook his long thin finger at me.

"I know what you are thinking about. No, we are not that naive. We understand that political independence is only the first part of the struggle. Resistance of subversive and imperialist elements is taken into consideration. Thanks to your people and your consultants we have a vast re education program . . . and a plan to get rid of the enemies of the people."

"Re-education programs, eh?"

"Yes, comrade! Labor turned monkey into man."

"Labor camps, then."

"Call it labor camps," Mukerjee said peacefully.

"And what about the listed 'enemies'?"

"Historically inevitable," sighed Mukerjee, and made an internationally known gesture of a finger pulling a trigger of a machine-gun.

"Well," said I. "I'll drink to that!" I filled the glasses to their brims, pushed one into my comrade's hand, and toasted a free and independent Bangladesh. I tossed vodka into myself, almost hearing the hiss of the liquor on the red coals inside me. In a moment, the flame caught up, burning the remnants of my human compassion. Another toast to the unity of progressive mankind, one to fallen comrades.

Until Mukerjee began to cry. He held my hand, as if ready to confess. In a mumble he related to me that when he was a student he was rejected by that lovely girl, that one with the clever eyes. His parents tried to arrange the marriage, but his caste was no match for hers. In revenge, he insisted that one of his comrades, a militant

terrorist, "take care" of the girl. She was found dead, and raped, in the dormitory. Comrade Mukerjee lost his potency from the shock; he had become a homosexual.

I took his hand off my zipper, poured the rest of the vodka from the bottle directly into his throat, and left the liberator of Bengal unconscious on the carpet.

The next morning I felt as if I had spent the night in a garbage can. I stood under the shower much longer than usual, trying to wash away the memories. I did not know whether I should be pleased at letting Mukerjee say what he was not supposed to say, thus getting rid of him and his articles for good, or whether I should start to worry about myself, for the KGB might as easily get curious about my curiosity. To be sure, I called Vadim Smirnov, my one and only contact within the "highest seat of power," the Central Committee. We met during the lunch break in the garden in front of the CC building in Nogina square. The day, by contrast to my mood, was sunny and warm.

"Old man," said I, "your advise and maybe your help is needed. You know, perhaps, a Bengali Communist called Bishnu Mukerjee, a student at the High Party School."

"So?"

"I have made him drunk at a Novosti banquet, and then boozed with him till three in the morning at his apartment, discussing politics."

"Well," said the apparatchik, "let's hope the news does not reach Makhotin. You really should know better. And what do you want from me?"

"I am afraid I made Mukerjee talk too much, and supposing his apartment is bugged . . ."

"Not supposing, it is bugged. So, what did he say?"

"Well, I guess you can verify what I say with the KGB, but I can assure you, that without any provocation on my part . . ."

"Of course," smirked Smirnov.

" . . . Only journalistic curiosity. The damn Bengali told me that a socialist revolution is being brewed up in East Pakistan with our help."

"So what?"

"So this." And I told him the whole story: East Pakistani radicals trained in KGB schools, lists of "enemies of the people" to be executed after a leftist coup, invasion of Indian armed forces with our encouragement, and ideological and political "protection" of the newly-born "People's Republic of Bangladesh" in the United Nations and through a world-wide propaganda campaign orchestra-

ted by Agitprop. I also mentioned the homosexuality of the old revolutionary.

"Holy cow," said the referent-indologist, "this Mukerjee of yours . . . sorry, of ours . . . has a great imagination. How much you poured into him?" he asked indifferently, but I noticed a spark of interest in his eyes.

"Oh, about 500 grams, not more."

"Well, no wonder he had sick ideas. You forget that Asians cannot hold liquor . . . Look, I suggest you forget the whole damn thing. Buy him a drink next time he comes to Novosti, make friends, but keep away from your amateur intelligence tricks and drunken politics; that is, if you want to keep your Novosti job." (He stressed "Novosti"). "And don't think much about Mukerjee's sick fiction."

"What if the KGB starts thinking about it? They must be working on the tapes by now."

"So what? If they approach you, give them some psychological baloney, as you can do. Or simply tell them the truth. The rest is up to you . . . you know . . ."

"Okay."

"And call me if you get into a real mess."

"Right-o."

Bishnu Mukerjee never came again to Novosti with his opuses. Instead one day a pleasant voice on the phone asked me to meet comrade Major Sidorov of the KGB in room 935, hotel Moskva, for an informal talk.

To the committee of state security of the Soviet of Ministers of the Union of the Soviet Socialist Republics from Citizen of the USSR Bezmenov, Yuri Alexandrovich, born 1939, member of CPSU, card number . . . , presently an editor of Novosti Press Agency, department . . .

"Well, you do not have to be that formal," said Major Sidorov tenderly, looking over my shoulder at what I had written. Just use your own words. And the main point should be your own conscious decision to cooperate with the Committee. Then, perhaps, a couple of technicalities . . ."

Eduard Ivanovich Sidorov was very polite. He greeted me warmly, but without familiarity. Not a hint of blackmail, no mentioning of the Mukerjee affair. He said the Committee knows and values my experience in treating foreign guests of Novosti. Understanding, goodheartedness, humanism, respectability — those were the features Major Sidorov was trying to express on his rat-like face. One cannot, using all his imagination, associate this modest man with

some 60 odd millions of my countrymen (the entire populations of two European nations) shot, frozen, beaten, tortured to death by "the Committee." And while he was talking to me in a soft voice, somewhere beyond the windows of the luxury hotel Moskva, beyond the barbed wire borders of my Motherland, the colleagues of comrade Sidorov went on to shoot, poison, rape, subvert, sabotage, brainwash, blackmail, corrupt and do many other impolite things in the name of the most just new society in the history of mankind, and to provide for the security of its leaders — a small group of aged men, fat and flabby from overeating and alcohol, often senile, but determined and cruel, who parasite on my nation and call themselves "servants of the people." Major Sidorov wanted me to sign a document, certifying myself as an accomplice.

"All right," I said agreeably, "I'll write it in my own words." And on a clean sheet of paper I wrote:

I, Yuri Alexandrovich Bezmenov, volunteer to help the KGB in surveillance of foreign visitors of APN and foreign media representatives residing in my country . . .

"Yes, this is better, but still rather artificial. The words should come from your heart," said the Major.

From my heart:

I have an obligation to report my observations on foreigners, suspected on any actions harmful to my country, personally to comrade Sidorov in regular written reports. Signed . . .

"Here you should take an assumed name, to protect your privacy," said Sidorov with an apologetic smile.

"Oh, that's okay with me. I'll take the name of "Musafirov."

"Sounds like a Tartar."

"Arabic. Oh, by the way, what do I write about remuneration?"

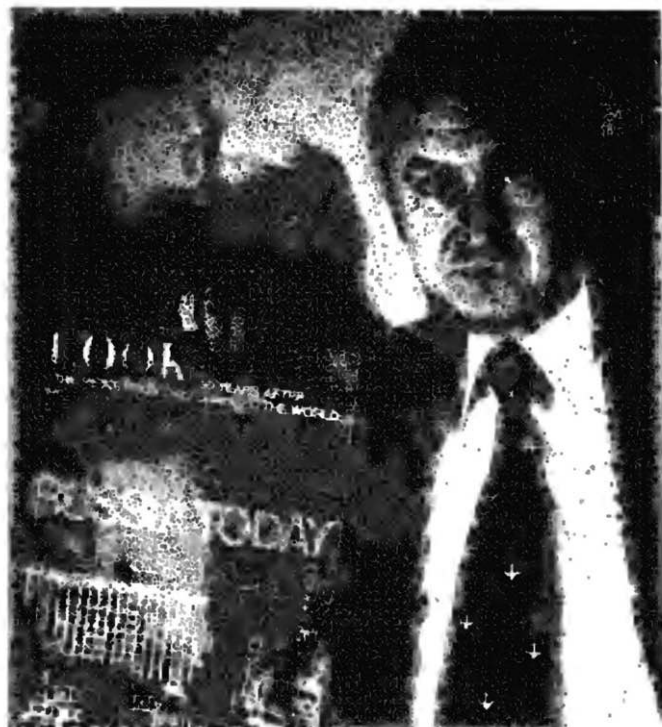
"Eh, don't write anything yet. But to be clear, the Committee will cover all your expenses while treating a foreigner, when you provide us with a detailed bill."

"Oh, I see," I said, showing mild disappointment, and signed the document: "Musafirov."

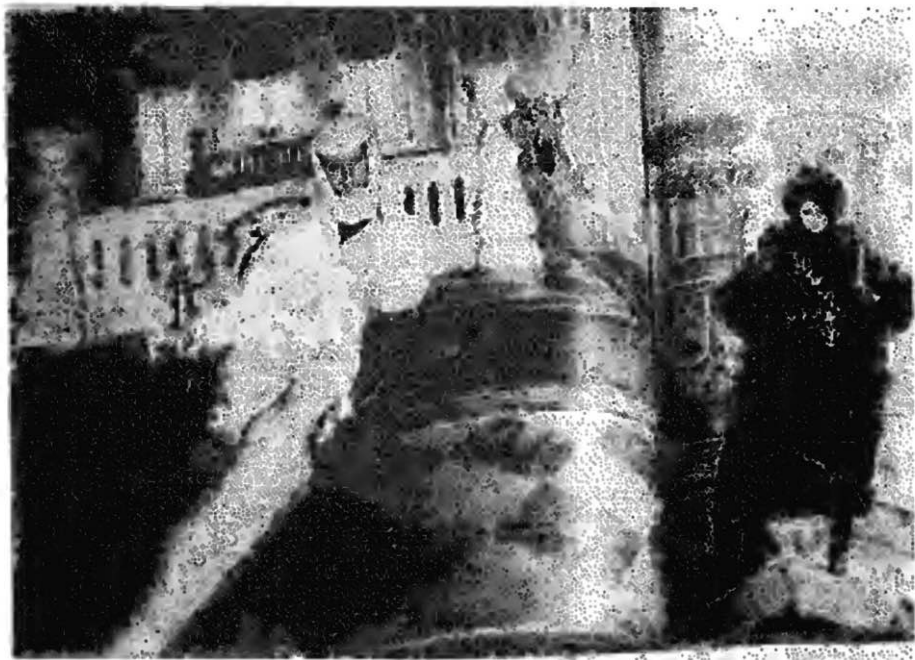
"I wonder what does the name mean," said Sidorov, folding the paper and stuffing it into his pocket rather disrespectfully.

"Musafir," I said, "means rider from "safir."

I was now working part-time for the KGB. I hoped I will be smart enough to take the KGB for a ride.



Tomas Schuman with a copy of 'Look' magazine he helped to produce as a Novosti manipulator. Below: Look's idea of 'Russian fashions' inspired by Novosti manipulators. 'All is fine in Soviet Russia after 50 years of Communism' -- that was the message.



A RIDE FOR LOOK MAGAZINE

On June 2, 1967, I was summoned by the directorial board of Novosti, who entrusted me with "a very responsible job." A large group of *Look* staff were in the country on a special mission, to prepare material for a special issue dedicated to the 50th anniversary of Soviet power. They were actually paying Novosti, according to contract, for the "services" we would provide.

My immediate boss during the trip was appointed from the section for English-speaking countries. He was Valeri Neyev, a tall sleepy looking fellow of some forty years. He spoke little of anything, including English, but had been quickly promoted because he was only working part-time; his other responsibility was to the KGB. I was to report all details to him, with a written report at the end of the trip, in triplicate.

On the same day, I was introduced to a group of good-looking, extremely sociable Americans. They sat in the National restaurant, discussing their trip into the second hour of their wait for chicken-a-la-Kiev. I thought that "normalization" had done wonders for their patience.

My future observee was Philip Harrington, middle-aged, middle-sized, and with a face that looked too intelligent for a photographer, at least by Novosti standards. He proved to be, as well, very demanding, capricious, nervous, unintuitive and unobservant. From the first day he asked too much of the Soviet bureaucracy, expecting service for money as if he were in Europe, or Asia, or Africa. He was as inconsistent as a teenage girl in love, presenting me with a list of places and persons to photograph that would take the KGB weeks to approve; the next day forgetting his list to insist upon spontaneity. I assumed that he had been told always to ask for more than you want, leaving a margin for diplomatic retreat. This would be the wrong approach; in Soviet Russia you take what you can get.

Near Volgograd (formerly Stalingrad), despite my polite recommendation that he tarry for a while, he insisted upon taking forbidden panoramic pictures from the Mamayev Hill. How could I hint to him that a KGB shadow was approaching?

Near the Volgograd Refinery he insisted upon stopping the taxi to photograph a long and rusted barbed wire fence. Didn't he realize that our driver was a KGB informer?

In Simferopol, he very nearly revived the Cold War by photographing some high transmission lines. He would not even wait for the driver to go for a pee. The KGB would conclude that he was tracing the inland roads and utility lines to spy and subversion camps near Simferopol, where international terrorists are trained.

In Yalta, he photographed a highway clover-leaf and a bus station. Was he trying to pick out foreign faces that might be from the spy

camps, on holiday in Yalta to screw Russian girls (a standard reward for loyalty to Moscow)? Surely he should know that the Third World's liberators are transported only at night.

If Philip was with the CIA, they forgot to train him. No matter how many clues I would offer, he failed to see that I was a sympathizer. He wasted his film on colored stones, crabs under water and children swimming. He didn't even bother with the foreign-looking man, past the barbed wire, further up the beach, and he was genuinely surprised when we were both told to go look for crabs elsewhere.

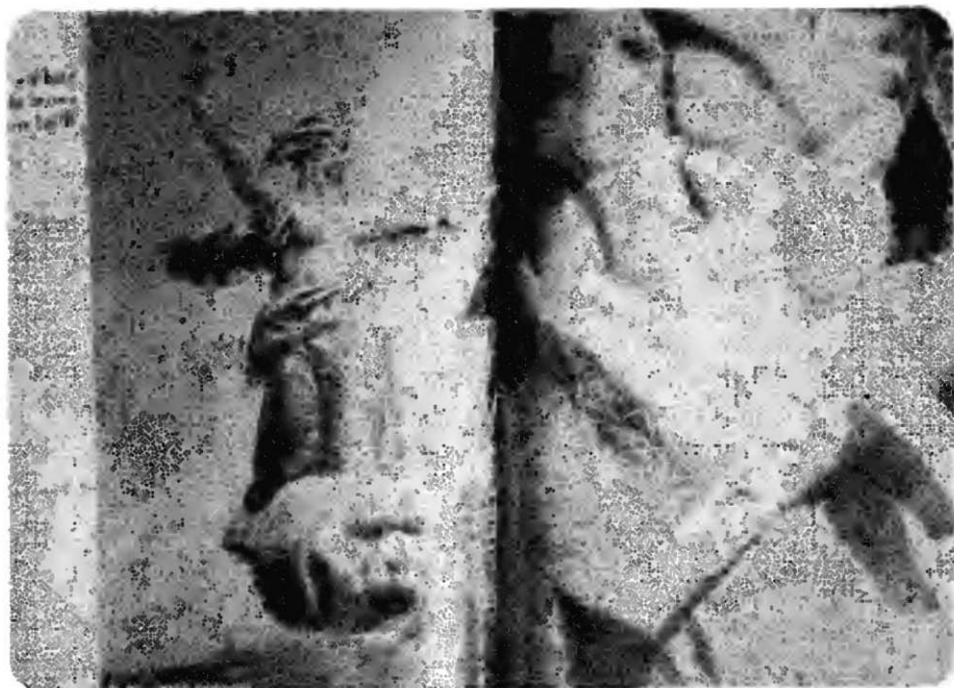
I wanted to avoid the "closed" places, but also to avoid pictures of smiling milkmaids enjoying the happy Soviet life. Doing unimaginable dirty tricks, playing hide-and-seek with local Party and KGB administrators, I managed to miss the "typical" collective farms and workers' houses, the "museums of the revolution," all of them designed for foreign tourists. Still, I remembered the instructions, went not too far from the official route, and for my own protection made notes of all of Mr. Harrington's doubtful pictures.

In Volgograd, he wasted several rolls of film on the huge steel and concrete statue of the full-bosomed Mother Russia, who stands as high as the Statue of Liberty, like a madwoman with an overdose of hormones brandishing a sword for the Soviet fencing team. At the hydro station, a hundred pictures of a turbine hall, through the railings of an overhead bridge. In Zaporozhyc, sparks flying from a smelter. And in the only advanced collective farm I failed to avoid, a smiling milkmaid. Comrade Brezhnev would shed his eyebrows if he were there to see that she was milking the cow with her hands, something they don't do in the World's Most Advanced Country. Fortunately she kept her hands out of the frame.

In Arteck we visited a "special" children's resort, where pink-cheeked pioneers had been especially selected to pose. We were in a "super modern" building: I failed to bring Mr. Harrington's attention to deep cracks on the wall, an interesting detail as the building was on a steep grade of clay, overlooking the Black Sea, in an area which experiences heavy rains.

All in all, Mr. Harrington did not correspond at all to the image of the "sinister imperialist stooge, sniffing at Soviet garbage cans for defamatory material about our glorious country." Neither the truth, nor the garbage, bothered his imagination.

On the Black Sea, I pointed out an old man, in faded military trousers, a torn tee-shirt and a straw hat tilted back a-la-Krushchev; his crutches leaned against a cement urn, full of garbage; on his lap a newspaper with his meal: a sliced pickled cucumber, a piece of rye bread, and several slices of cheap bologna kielbasa. In his trouser pocket I could see the empty end of a mekey of vodka. The newspaper's pacifist headline was, "It should not ever be repeated in the



Propaganda monument in Volgograd (above) as presented by the "Look" magazine; Schuman (centre) with group of American guests, including Look's photographer Phillip Harrington, who took the pictures for the propaganda issue of Look magazine.



world: Soviet veterans of war say."

"Hurry up, I said carefully, take it!" Philip smiled, and clicked one of his cameras a couple of times. But before he had rewound his camera, the ugliest of Russia's subjects, in gray gaberdine and white shirt sleeves, sandals and socks full of sand, had crept up behind us, tapping me on the shoulder with a rolled newspaper.

"Young man, you are the translator with the foreigner? Are you not?"

"I am."

"Why then do you allow him to make fun and defame our people?"

"Citizen!" said I, sternly, "Citizen! You will not obstruct the work. You will address all your questions to my superior. Is that clear?"

The informer was taken aback; he hissed, but did not press any further. He escorted us to our hotel, twenty feet to the side, disappearing into its side entrance with the air of a busy and decisive man.

After lunch, Philip went to his room to change film and take a shower. I was approached by a babushka-dezhurnaya (old lady sentry), the key lady of the floor. Pursing her lips sadly, babushka told me please to drop into room number 20, and talk to comrade. Comrade turned out to be an *operativny rabotnik*, a KGB supervisor of the local Intourist branch, tall, ugly and too young to look fearsome: he was trying to play a bit part in a Soviet spy movie. After half an hour of pregnant pauses, he asked,

"Why is the American so interested in untypical elements of Soviet life? Why doesn't he take the photographs advised by Intourist?"

I tried to be very polite to this young protector of my nation's oppressors.

"Being a Novosti editor, I am well aware what is good and what is bad for Soviet propaganda. Moreover, so do my superiors, who are being instructed by the Central Committee's Department of Agitation and Propaganda. All the film will be "edited" by our people, and all the untypical pictures will be replaced by typical ones. For doubtful cases, I keep a record of every single shot."

I showed him my notebook to prove my point, but that was a mistake, as it was in a code of my own devising. He demanded an immediate transcription.

"Sorry," I said, with utmost compassion, "that I cannot do. I am subordinated directly and only to my KGB contact, Major Neyev, and I submit my reports directly and only to him."

We parted open enemies. He promised to report me to Moscow, recommending that I never be permitted to work with foreigners again. I promised to tell Moscow about the obstruction of the Yalta KGB. I know not whether he ever made good on his threat, but I know that I did on mine: five pages in three copies the moment I returned to Moscow.

In the mood that I was left with, I spoiled my relationship with Mr. Harrington. This was done over dinner. He had noticed my encounter with a stranger that morning. He did not want any trouble with the KGB, and said that I should know better what not to do. I should concentrate my efforts on arranging "interesting visits" and "interesting objects" for photography.

"We have rather different ideas about what is interesting," I said.

"I mean interesting from the point of view of American readers and the editors of *Look* magazine."

"It is difficult for me to see what this might be," I continued. "I seldom get a chance to know either."

"You see," Mr. Harrington said in an irritated tone, "the management of *Look* magazine is spending a fortune for this trip, including the expense of an interpreter, whether we need one or not . . ."

"So what?"

"So, Intourist and Novosti charge us for certain services, which we agree to pay for, they agree to render, and we seldom see . . ."

"Oh, is that so?"

"Yes. And what makes me mad is, that we are doing the job, paying our money, basically in the interests of your country, to show the achievements of the last fifty years, in a truthful way."

"Mr. Harrington," I tried to be calm. "It is not I who establish the rate of charges for Intourist or Novosti or decide what volume of services is to be rendered."

"Maybe, but is you who arranges boring visits to kindergartens and museums. How many museums and kindergartens can one photograph?"

"Again you are wrong, Mr. Harrington. The programs and routes are established at a higher level. I only show you around. If you do not want boring visits to museums, you, or your management, should bargain with my bosses before you pay money. You Americans are supposed to be good bargainers. Don't blame me for the spinelessness of your bosses. My duty is to implement on the local level what you have decided with my bosses. That's all."

"Well, maybe you are right," said Philip a tone lower, "but can't you understand what I want? You are a journalist. Try to see my point and understand that my editor expects work up to the standards of the magazine."

"Try to see my point, Mr. Harrington. The management of APN expects me to show you our 'achievements,' however boring they seem to you. What can I do? Use me the way you see fit, but remember, my bosses are in Moscow."

"Yes, I see," said Philip in an almost friendly tone, but try to be more active, protect me from those damn propaganda visits, from embarrassing situations. Show me more."

"Philip," I said in my friendliest voice, "believe me, I am trying to show you much more than is prescribed by our propaganda. I am desperate to show you my country in a true light, the way we Russians see our land."

"Thank you. But I would prefer to photograph your country the way Americans can understand it. You probably know that our government is actively following the policy of "normalization." We want to follow this policy too, although our press is less dependent upon government policy. We try to understand your problems as a growing nation, but, believe me, neither I nor the editors of *Look* magazine want fights with APN or KGB over one-legged old invalids. Do you follow me?"

"Yes," I said after a thoughtful pause, "yes, Mr. Harrington. But as a journalist, I understand, I hope, that an honest journalist must be interested in everything: turbines, statues, war veterans . . . perhaps even high voltage utility lines and country roads, which, as you perfectly know, are 'not for foreigners' eyes!"

I caught the eye of our waitress and asked for 200 grams of vodka, which came much faster than the food. I explained that I was paying for the vodka out of my own pocket, not from the *Look* magazine account. Mr. Harrington seemed to be offended.

"I am sorry to sound so demanding, but as you may know, I spent my first two weeks here with your colleague, Mr. Neyev. He seemed to me more active, efficient and serious about his job. He was much more helpful than you."

"Philip," I said, swallowing vodka and pride "you are not very observant. You miss a very important point: Neyev is older and higher. I do not have as many 'connections'."

"I have noticed that," said Philip, "but I also feel intuitively that your attitude towards your duty is different. You are less dedicated."

"Mr. Harrington," I sipped some more vodka, risking my career, and even my freedom. "I must explain to you, that my and Mr. Neyev's 'duty' is not to help you do honest work, but to prevent you from seeing the real face of my land, of which our leaders are ashamed, for reasons beyond our discussion. It is my leaders, not me, who don't give a shit for the 'normalization' so dear to your president's heart. All they want is your money, and having that, they use you as a vehicle for our propaganda. I hope you'll understand this some day, before it is too late."

There was a long pause, after which Mr. Harrington said hesitantly, "Don't you think that you interpret the intentions and actions of your government rather subjectively and superficially?"

(He is a 'leftist'! I thought with horror, why have I loosened my tongue with this whore?)

"As I say, my work is to obstruct your work, by pumping propa-

ganda into your cameras, and also . . . (I paused hopelessly) by keeping track of all your 'secret' photographs for the KGB — all those stupid bridges, power lines, bus stations, military installations, etc., so that your film can be 'exposed my mistake' before you cross the USSR border. Don't you know what? Does your CIA not tell you these things before you come here? We are all controlled by the KGB! There are no private tourist guides or interpreters!"

"Yes, I know all that. Don't take me for a total fool," said Philip peacefully. "but please, don't try to scare me. I am not so sure that your KGB is as much worried about my 'secret' picture-taking as some over-zealous translators like you."

"I would not be so sure."

"The main thing is: does Novosti Press Agency want *Look* magazine to publish the 50th Jubilee material?"

"Only that which Agitprop wants: and in the way they want."

"Okay, suppose you are right. But wanting that, they would never bother exposing my films. They need it to be safe more than we do. Besides, if they steal my film, they won't be able to develop it. It's a secret Kodak process made only by US companies."

"Oh, Mr. Harrington, you grossly underestimate our KGB!"

"Oh, Mr. Bezmenov, you grossly underestimate our Kodak!"

There was no sense in arguing any further. We sat and stared at each other in disgust, vodka glasses raised above dirty dishes.

"Sorry I am in such a fighting mood tonight," I said, "it's because of that obnoxious stranger in the park, the KGB."

"Yes, I see," said Philip, as though he saw.

"But if I were you, I would still pass some of the film to some other American, who leaves the USSR separately. You never know."

"Okay, I'll do that," said Philip in the voice of one who was tired of arguing.

We walked to our respective deluxe and first-class suites in the Yalta Intourist Hotel, paid for out of the *Look* magazine account.

After all the stomping of military parades and people's demonstrations were over, after the schizophrenic boasting with phallus-like rockets in Red Square, after the Soviet propagandists had finished bullshitting and the Western commentators' respectful gossiping was done, a document of the following content appeared on my desk at Novosti:

Excerpt from APN Party Bureau's meeting resolution.

The subject under discussion (on agenda):

Report on the results of propaganda campaign dedicated to the 50th anniversary of the Great October Socialist Revolution.

For excellent work in the process of the jubilee campaign, particularly with foreign organs of mass media — namely preparation of press materials truthfully reflecting the glorious achievements of our Motherland in an historically short period of time, and for successful publication of these materials in the organs of foreign mass media, the Party Bureau recommends that the management of APN compliment (with the proper registration in personnel files) the following employees of APN:

BEZMENOV, Yuri Alexandrovich. — for preparation of photographic material and accompanying of a correspondent of *Look* magazine (USA)

In the lower right-hand corner of the paper there was a red pencil remark, in the handwriting of our local Party boss: 'Com. Bezmenov! Drop into Union office. There's a tourist ticket to Italy for November.'

With pounding heart I ran to our "closed" library, where secret foreign periodicals are kept (such as *Time*, *Life*, *Playboy*, *Popular Mechanics*, *The New York Times*, *Worker's Daily*, *Morning Star*, *L'Humanité*, *Patriot*, *Aka-Hata*). After years of loyal work for Novosti and a trip abroad, and after I had been admitted as a member of the Communist Party of the USSR, I had finally been given a "permit" allowing me limited access to such material. Hurriedly I filled in a request form and in fifteen minutes had a copy of *Look* magazine in my hands.

Above a background of Red Square, the St. Basil Cathedral, and the tasteless sugar-cube of the Rossia Hotel, there were the following headlines:

50 YEARS AFTER THE REVOLUTION THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

- The new freedoms
- Fear of China
- Upheaval in education
- A taste of profit
- Siberia since Stalin
- How we look to them
- Bikinis, ballerinas, blinis
- An active issue on RUSSIA TODAY

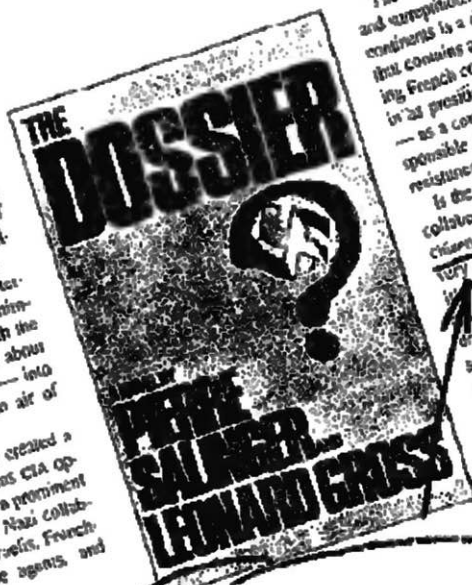
I opened the magazine to the lead article. The first few lines smelled of our propaganda morgue. I re-read the lines many times, trying to convince myself that I was misunderstanding something, that perhaps I did not catch the meaning of some expression.

"It works. Ponderously, fitfully, unevenly. But 50 years after the revolution that changed the world forever, the system it fostered wheezes with *life*. We strain to hear the

J. Bandler

 One than a passing resemblance
 mission correspondent Pierre Sal-
 Andre Kuhl, the European-based
 responding for a major American
 network who is the protagonist of
 a new novel coshored by Sal-
 isler, a new novel coshored by Sal-
 and writer-historian Leonard Gross.
 must assume that goes with the ter-
 Salinger has every right to him, with the
 — or someone quite like him, with the
 ne wisefolness about the '60s and about
 merica in the post-Kennedy years — into
 ne home of a novel, as long as an air of
 creditability is maintained.

It is, Salinger and Gross have created a
 dilly of a suspense thriller that has CIA op-
 eratives at odds with each other, a prominent
 French politician as an alleged Nazi collabora-
 tionist, and assorted Soviets, Israelis, French-
 men, journalists, intelligence agents, and
 politicians in a variety of roles.



Is the dossier legitimate or fake? Was there
 collaboration, and, if so, how many Allies'
 citizens were Nazi bedfellows? If it all sounds

The catalyst for the transatlantic chase
 and surreptitious goings on that occur on three
 continents is a dossier, recently come to light,
 that contains a document pinpointing a lead-
 ing French conservative politician — a shoot-
 ing president in the forthcoming election
 — as a conspirator, directly or indirectly re-
 sponsible for the death of the most beloved
 resistance leader of the war era.

Is the dossier legitimate or fake? Was
 collaboration, and, if so, how many
 citizens were Nazi bedfellows? If it all
 very much like the Nazis' tragic cas-
 e, just cousin to it. Still, to the
 ed, they couch it in a superbly
 dated with references to the Par-
 scape and in the landscape of Sal-
 mind. It works very well.

The Dossier, by Pierre Sal-
 Leonard Gross, Doubleday
 Company, Incorporated. 2

This is what Mr. Gross writes today. I have a better ques-
 tion for the literary critic: "How many US citizens ARE
 Communist bedfellows?"

sounds of discord and seize on every setback; but it's time to ponder some disconcerting realities. Grumps there are, and struggles — bitter struggles fought by angry, frustrated men. Yet, implausible as it seems to us, most Soviet citizens think they have a good thing going for them. *They feel safe.* (!) They don't worry about hunger or loneliness or calamity. Raised in a controlled environment, they are without objective measure, but by their own meager reckoning of what constitutes freedom, most of them now *feel free*. **POLITICAL TERROR HAS SHRIVELLED.** The indices by which men everywhere gauge progress are rising. To the average Soviet citizen, no conceivable space spectacular planned for the jubilee year could surpass the importance of what is happening on earth . . ."

Had the Americans gone cuckoo?

"If an honest democratic election were held in the Soviet Union today — involving legitimate alternatives, sufficient time and opportunity for their exposure and the assurance that those elected would serve — *the Communist party would win*. This is not speculation. It is a conclusion based on on-the-spot observations and interviews by ten *Look* editors and photographers whose journeys through the Soviet Union for this issue totalled more than a year."

This was an insult to the intelligence of my countrymen. Official facts ran through the issue, without accreditation. Captions tasted of the Novosti kitchen. A fabricated Novosti public opinion poll was placed beside a real American one to show that Russians know more about the United States than Americans know about Russia. A Soviet-American mountaineering team jointly climbed Mount Lenin, symbolizing "normalization." American fur fashions were exhibited on Soviet models, as if they were available in the Soviet Union. They posed before religious monuments in flagrant disrespect. Vodka, caviar, blini and sturgeon were depicted almost as typical fare. Dissidents were said to disagree about means only, never ends. And, for balance, it was admitted that the KGB does sometimes engage in harmless *mischief* abroad (only); a one-page article mentioned this, without the aid of pictures.

I had thought this sort of operation was possible only in India and some African countries. A black mood came over me.

I needed the trip to Italy.

NO BIRDS WITH TWO STONES

The fifth of May is one of those holidays in the Soviet Union when everyone works, but the calendar is marked "Day of the Soviet Press," to honor "the most truthful in the world." At about 7 p.m. on this day, in 1968, I had Mr. Mohan Kumaramangalam to supper at state expense. As a director of Air India and an old friend and fellow traveller,¹ he merited an Intourist restaurant, with bright candelabras and marble columns, rather as if the League of Nations had been converted into a railway station.

On our table, in a cut-glass collective grave, lay several thousand unborn *beluga*, decorated with a flag of the Republic of India. Around them, bottles of mineral water, cognac and Soviet champagne ("the best of the world") observed a minute of silence. Somewhere in the depths of a noisy kitchen, an unfortunate chicken prepared to meet us "a-la-Kiev." A twenty-piece orchestra conspired to inhibit our digestion, while a worn-out lady singer, and her three chins, reported that Moscow is the best city in the world.

A glass of cognac was poured, for several purposes: to welcome the guest to the USSR, to anticipate his visit to the Soviet Asian republics, to celebrate the cultural achievements of the Soviet Asian republics, in expectation of the book which the guest had promised to write about the cultural achievements of the Soviet Asian republics, and to toast the co-operation and friendship of the peoples of India and the USSR. By way of introducing myself, I told Mr. Kumaramangalam that my own childhood was spent in Kazakhstan during the Great Patriotic War (World War II to Western readers) while my father, later an officer of the General Staff, defended the Motherland elsewhere. I was glad that I would accompany our guest to the land of my childhood.

Mr. Kumaramangalam responded that his life was also related to war, inasmuch as his brother was a general and Chief-of-Staff of the Indian Army.

I remarked that my life, character and ideology were strongly influenced by the ascetic military spirit (it was a gross lie). Moreover, after I graduated from secondary school my father insisted that I join the Army Academy and become an officer, a career that until recently had been the dream of every Soviet youth (another lie).

Mr. Kumaramangalam responded that in his family the military spirit wasn't very popular.

¹ Kumaramangalam had authored a book celebrating the Soviet role in the founding of the United Nations as early as 1945. (Mohan Kumaramangalam, *The United Nations*, Bombay, People's Publishing House 1947). According to his file compiled by APN-KGB, M. Kumaramangalam had consistently supported Soviet foreign policy in the developing world, posing as non-aligned, ever since.

After two or three more such exchanges I asked who was more important in his family, the Chief-of-Staff or the director of Air India? Could Mohan Kumaramangalam influence his brother or vice versa?

"Eeeh . . . it is difficult to say. In India, as you probably know, the system is different. The military traditionally stays out of politics, and, as a matter of fact, so should the civil service."

"Oh yes, that is the British tradition, if I am right, but in several former British colonies the military have played a rather active role in politics. Can they not rule if they wish?"

"In India, it is highly improbable."

So I changed the subject, and we discussed the route of our future trip. Mr. Kumaramangalam was most interested in Samarkand and Bukhara, but was not unwilling to inspect irrigation ditches in Uzbekistan and Turkmenia. The dinner passed in such a "warm and cordial atmosphere of mutual understanding" that it was hard to say, after *café glucee*, whether that understanding, on the part of our guest, extended to the ways in which we planned to use him.

My Novosti boss was pleased that Mohan Kumaramangalam would indeed write a book on the "achievements of the USSR Asian republics under socialism." My KGB contact, Edvard Sidorov, continued to brief me.

The next morning I reported to Novosti's accounting office, to the person of a very solid lady, armed with a cash register and bunkered within walls of fat ledger books. I carried, triumphantly, a piece of paper bearing the following remarks (which I had typed myself):

TO THE DIRECTORATE OF NOVOSTI PRESS AGENCY FROM THE DEPARTMENT OF SOUTH EAST ASIA

A member of the directorial board of Air India, Mr. Kumaramangalam, has just completed his stay in Moscow by the invitation of the Chamber of Commerce of the USSR. A progressive political and social personality of India, Mr. Kumaramangalam expressed his willingness to write a series of articles on Soviet-Indian technical co-operation, and, after completion of his talks with the Soviet trade experts, to make a trip to Soviet Central Asia for the purpose of writing a book on the economical development of our Asian republics under Soviet power.

The department of South East Asia of APN considers it useful for our work in India to arrange such a trip for a period of two weeks, visiting: Sochi, Tbilisi, Ashkhabad, Tashkent, Samarkand and Moscow.

We request your sanction to finance the trip by the "deluxe" class for the guest, and "tourist" class for the

guide-interpreter, comrade Y. Bezmenov, an editor of our department.

Also we request to pay the royalties from our fund for the articles, written by Mr. Kumaramangalam for APN, to be redirected exclusively for Indian newspapers

Senior editor V. Makhotin

Chief Editor V. Pushkov

It was further embroidered with the signatures and comments of sundry Novosti bosses: "recommended," "approved," "please pay," etc. I signed in the appropriate book, adding Mr. Kumaramangalam's name in devanagari characters for authenticity; the lady pulled the book away impatiently, and handed me a heavy envelope, into which she had already inserted our guest's "royalty." With the same magic paper I ran to the third floor to arrange with the financial director such requisites as coupons for taxis, air tickets and hotel bookings, some two hours' work. Then back to my section to deliver the envelope to my immediate boss, comrade Makhotin. End of stage one.

Stage two began two hours later in the VIP lounge of one of the best restaurants in Moscow, the *Aragvi*, with its Georgian-Caucasian food. Comrade Makhotin, who spoke English fluently, did the talking, while I enjoyed the chicken "*Tabaka*" with a dry Georgian wine. Part way through the meal, comrade Makhotin casually produced the envelope, and joked, "petty cash for the road." The guest pocketed the envelope, and continued to discuss details of the trip without any increase in enthusiasm, diplomatically avoiding promises about the contents of his book. I drank, and meditated, how wonderful it would be if all the "progressive" whores visiting my country could behave as non-obligingly. The cat-and-mouse game ended with a diplomatic formula, that the contents of Mr. Kumaramangalam's book would depend on many things; comrade Makhotin gave me the cheerful glance of a KGB interrogator and concluded that, indeed, a lot would depend on the diligence of the guide-translator.

I was ready, willing and able to do anything to prevent the publication of a book of sweet lies about my country under the name of so pleasant and clever an Indian, and toasted my boss's remark.

Mr. Kumaramangalam enjoyed his visit to the historical monuments of Samarkand and Bukhara, Ashkabad and Tbilisi; we avoided most of the "*dezhurni*" (cliche) attractions, such as "typical and average" collective farms and kindergarten, through the judicious scheduling of Mr. Kumaramangalam's headaches and those of his wife. Comrade Makhotin was happy, for our guest continued to promise to write his book. I was delighted to spend two weeks away

from Novosti. Only comrade Sidorov was unhappy, with the following report from me:

1. Influence of Kumaramangalam on the military in India, according to him, is negligible. Relations with brother, General Kumaramangalam, cordial, but influence — unspecified.

2. Purchase of Soviet-made jet-liners by Air India, according to guest, depends only slightly on his personal decision. Last word will be after the technical experts, board of directors and Indian mass media have had their say. It was recommended to arrange free exhibition tours of "Ilyushin" and "Tupolev" planes in India for selected groups of journalists and public figures. During trip within Soviet Union the performance of some Soviet planes on domestic airlines were far from satisfactory, according to guest.

3. Personal shortcomings and weaknesses of the guest are negligible. He is happily married and moderate with alcohol. His financial status is too secure to make him interested in APN royalties already received. Discussing the possible publication of his book on USSR, five-digits sums of money were mentioned. Desire to become famous writer — negligible.

The KGB did not leave Mr. Kumaramangalam alone, despite the pessimism of my report. The courtship continued in New Delhi, when I arrived there in 1969. The Soviet trade mission organized a "show flight," with plenty to drink, but it did not help: in one of the major Indian newspapers there appeared a businesslike report, comparing the technical data of the Ilyushin, the American-made Boeing and British-made VC-10. It appeared that the Soviet aircraft consumed much more fuel, used longer runways, created more exhaust pollution, made more noise and was not as well sound-insulated as its competitors. In addition, it slap-landed. "The Soviet planes may be perfect as bombers, but surely they are lousy as passenger planes," the report concluded.

The Soviet trade mission was furious, but Air India still didn't buy Soviet planes. I was secretly pleased that Indian "democracy" had worked, and that the path to socialism there had been made just a little longer.

As for Mr. Kumaramangalam, he continued to be harassed by the KGB and Novosti until he died in a mysterious plane crash some seven years later.



Two famous Indians who were targeted by the APN-KGB for ideological "analysis": Mohan Kumaramangalam (above), and Maharishi Mahesh Yogi (below).



IN THE NAME OF PEACE

At about 4 p.m., when I had almost finished my daily marathon around the corridors of Novosti, and was meditating over a pile of "closed" TASS dispatches, news meant only for trusted eyes, my telephone rang demandingly.

It was comrade Sidorov. He informed me, in his usual syrup-and-poison voice, that he wanted to meet me at about five, somewhere between Pushkin Square and Petrovka. As I approached the place of rendezvous, Eduard Ivanovitch inquired about the state of my health and disposition, and whether I was tired by my daily routine.

Defense Minister Swaran Singh of India was coming to Moscow with a large entourage of military experts, both in uniform and out. Comrade Sidorov wanted me to accompany the delegation as a "reporter" for Novosti. Comrade Sidorov could not hope that I would be assigned to the job by Novosti, and I did not want to ask him who would be behind me. To let him have it all his way was strictly against my principles.

I personified modesty:

"For God's sake, Eduard Ivanovich!" I said, trying to look loyal, dedicated, humble and honest, "there are many more deserving colleagues in our office, who would be better fitted for such an honorable job. I just do not have the experience, or, for that matter, the Party standing of my colleagues . . ."

"This job, Yuri Alexandrovich, requires not so much experience or Party standing," answered the sleuth sincerely, "as a good musical ear and a thorough knowledge of colloquial Indian languages. You see, all we want from you during this trip, is to be present during all official and other meetings between the Indians and our boys, and pay utmost attention to whatever they say about our defense technology. I try to figure out who is a real expert and who is just a bureaucrat. I hope with your military vocabulary, taught to you in the Institute of Oriental Languages, it will not be difficult. Have you still retained some of it?"

"Oh, what are you saying, Eduard Ivanovitch! How could I possibly forget such an interesting subject!"

Comrade Sidorov pierced me with his constrictor's eyes, but decided not to notice my sarcasm.

"Anything curious, whatever you notice about the members of the delegation, their political and ideological views, their attitude toward our country, their personal qualities, anything that may give our Committee a more complete picture of the visit and of the composition of the group."

"Oh yes, the last request," said Sidorov crisply. "There will be a young second secretary of the Indian embassy, someone you know,

probably from unofficial cocktail parties. He is only twenty-five years old, but rather a promising figure in the embassy. Try to be friendly to him and have a closer look, OK?"

"Sure, no problem," I said, and Eduard Ivanovitch once again pierced me with his sharp little eyes and nose, nodded and disappeared in the Moscow crowd.

I have never seen what it looks like when arms are sold. I have seen only the results of those transactions — in photographs of the Vietnam war in foreign and Soviet magazines. Also, when I read about "selfless and consistent support to national-liberationist movements all over the world," I knew this actually meant supplying AK-47s to all sorts of bloodthirsty "progressives" desperately bent on power.

By eleven o'clock in the morning, a train of black limousines slowly and silently rolled up to the grey monster of the USSR defense ministry in Arbatski Square. The Indian guests walked in a long file, according to seniority, through a heavy oak and bronze door, spread open in welcome. Sergeants of the guard stood at attention, with the emotionless eyes of cannibals.

The delegation slowly walked to the second floor, along the widest imaginable staircase, laid with the inevitable red carpet, leading directly into a giant conference hall. Along the endless conference table, with its red cover, there were heavy chairs, and before each, symmetrically displayed pads of paper and pencils. Mineral water and glasses were also provided.

The visiting tribe displayed itself for photographers. In half a minute, the opposite door to the hall opened slowly, and in walked a group of our chieftains, led by Marshal Grechko, all of them decorated with the bones of eaten enemies and dried skulls of comrade Lenin on their chests. The Soviet minister-soldier approached the Indian minister bureaucrat, and I saw a tiny stream of urine pouring onto the parqueted floor under the guest, who danced convulsively in Nehru's pajamas. The Soviet minister bumped into the guest, grabbed his ready hand and showed his teeth to him and to the photographers. There followed flashes. The guests and the hosts lined up for the "press" and again showed their teeth, the Soviets beaming, the guests more modest. The next morning there would be a large picture in *Pravda*, and a chance for Western kremlinologists to speculate.

In a minute all of the war-makes settled at the table, and started pronouncing words without meaning, words of which the meaning had been changed, and words that had been purposefully twisted. "Staunchly abiding by the principles of proletarian internationalism . . . consistently following the course of the Communist Party of the USSR towards peaceful coexistence . . . being in the advance-

guard of the forces of peace and progress . . . fulfilling our duty to all progressive mankind . . . victorious Soviet people . . . hand of friendship . . . peoples of Asia, Africa and Latin America . . . brotherly cooperation between the Republic of India and the USSR . . .”

The Indian war minister replied:

“Following the path of independent development . . . in the interest of preserving the sovereignty and territorial integrity . . . considering certain aggressive tendencies . . . for the sake of peace and progress . . . non-alignment with military blocs . . .”

In my inner ear I heard:

Soviet-savage: We are strongest, all fear us, we help all who fear us and who help us to keep the rest of the tribes in fear. You better buy our poisoned arrows, or we will beat the shit out of you.

Indian savage: Yes, you are strong, but we do not want to be obliged to you. We want to buy the poisoned arrows wherever we want. Moreover, if it were not for our unfriendly next-door neighbor we would not need any arrows at all. But thank you anyway, and please, don't hurt us!

Grechko could then show his teeth, growl and bite his Indian counterpart on the leg. Swaran Singh would then give a friendly bark and walk alongside with his tail between his legs.

The bargaining lasted ninety minutes.

The meaning of comrade Sidorov's assignment became clear to me in Sevastopol, where the Indian delegation was brought to inspect a number of military vessels, offered for sale. There were torpedo boats, cruisers, submarines and rocket-launching boats, all freshly painted and shined for the guests.

During the inspection tour some members of the delegation were obviously impressed. They would touch the iron monsters with respect, pat the round bodies of the rockets and fill numerous notebooks with the figures on how many could be killed with this or that rocket. It seemed that the statistics quoted by the Soviet salesmen were satisfactory. Several times I overheard Indians quietly saying to each other, in Hindustani, words like “below standard,” “junk” and “uncomfortable.” Those officers, I gathered, wanted to guarantee the territorial integrity of India in more comfortable boats, capable of using interchangeable parts, purchased in other countries. Evidently, the “progressiveness” and patriotism of those officers had not yet reached the level where one understands that such trifles as sailors' comfort (they will die anyway, won't they?) has nothing to do with the historically-inevitable national-liberation-movement-towards-the-bright-future-of-all-mankind.

During an impressive banquet on board a shiny cruiser, I was seated between the Indian and Soviet officers and acted as a translator, allowing officials to grab a bite and a gulp of wine between cere-

monial remarks. In an hour or two, both sides were less formal and the Indian side was more sympathetic to the idea of buying Soviet-made weaponry. I asked a Soviet officer next to me if it were true that some of the boats offered to India were no longer produced or serviced in the USSR and had been discarded by the Soviet Navy. Chewing a piece of steamed *hohuga*, the officer attentively looked at me, noticed the Novosti badge on my chest pocket, and portable tape recorder hanging from my shoulder, then reached for a bottle of vodka, poured it into as many glasses as he could reach, tilted his glass and pronounced a toast: "To peace all over the world! To our advanced defense equipment!"

Who would refuse the drink?

СВОБОДУ И МИР НАРОДАМ:



Dutch political cartoonist H. Bidstrup, courtesy APN, is published in Soviet "Pravda". Soviet artists get 7 years of jail for this cartoon in China. World peace is at stake.

DAWNIN OF DETENTE

Comrade Sidorov wanted me to meet as many Indian diplomats as possible during the next week, and to take a sort of "opinion poll" on the question: "How would the Indian government react, if the Soviet government actively interfered in Czechoslovakia to stop anti-Soviet and anti-socialist elements' activity?" I knew from the TASS reports, and from foreign radio broadcasts, that Soviet troops had withdrawn from Czechoslovakia after rather prolonged "military defensive maneuvers" by the West German border, which had been held under the pretext that NATO troops were having their own war games at that time. But NATO troops were long gone, the Czechs were more or less content, and we, in Novosti, were under the impression that Dubcek would get away with his liberal reforms. What kind of "active interference" might comrade Sidorov mean? Invasion? Impossible! Purges under KGB supervision? Too old fashioned, highly improbable. Then what? . . .

"Well," I said to myself, "what possible harm could I cause to Czechoslovakia or India by asking my Indian friends a couple of political questions?" So I did. None of them even suggested that India might protest or condemn Soviet "active interference," even when I took it upon myself to suggest what this might mean.

Comrade Sidorov seemed to be satisfied with my report on Indian diplomatic reaction. And I comfortably forgot the matter . . .

On August 20 I received a call from a fellow whose name I could hardly recollect. We met at Delhi University in 1964. He had introduced himself as Igor Ivanov, a student from Moscow, who had arrived in India on a "cultural exchange." Igor was a tall, blue-eyed and blond-haired Aryan *ubermensch* with strong jaws and an athletic body. He cracked stupid jokes in broken Hindi and addressed a Sikh taxi driver disrespectfully as "*toom*" and "*sardar*." As far as I remembered, Igor spent most of his time at students' parties, where young radicals discussed politics. For entertainment Igor collected pornographic magazines, sold in Connaught Place on the sidewalks. That's about all I could remember of Igor Ivanov (probably not his real name) on my way to meet him at "Friendship House" in Kaliniński Prospect. I do not remember exactly what was the occasion of the meeting that day: probably the signing of some new Soviet-Indian friendship and cooperation protocol, or the celebration of an anniversary of an old one.

I met Igor after the official part of the evening in the basement cafeteria-cum-bar, and he introduced me to a group of African and Asian students from the University of Lumumba. We talked about nothing for a while, the Africans bored to death and showing it. The Indians were more polite. In about half an hour Igor came up to me

and whispered that he and the Africans were leaving for a private party at someone's apartment, and that I was invited. That was fine with me, and we left quietly.

The party appeared to be a gathering of students from Lumumba University celebrating graduation from a preparatory course. There were some Latin Americans too. The girls were mainly Russian; they were bravely dressed "decadent U.S. style." They introduced themselves as students, but I immediately recognized them as *lastochki*. The music was loud and decadently Western. I could hardly hear Igor as he introduced me to a group of students from Somalia or Mozambique, all studying "political economy and philosophy." The philosophers were rather unsociable. They were too occupied with watching girls, chewing gum and shaking their muscular bodies in the rhythm of the music. When they danced, they did it well. Their "body language" spoke of the awakening spirit of Africa. Compared to the boys, our Russian girls looked like cows on a skating rink, but clad in foreign stretch skirts and blue jeans.

By ten o'clock most of the guests and hosts were solidly intoxicated, and I noticed that, one after another, mixed couples disappeared into another room or, if that was occupied, into the bathroom. They emerged slightly ruffled by proletarian internationalism. Following the example of my African brothers, I tried to woo one of the girls into the kitchen, but after a noncommittal kiss and a superficial study of each other's anatomy, the *lastochka* pushed me away with unexpectedly strong arms, whispering impatiently, "Not here, another time!" and gave me her telephone number (which I was sure was a false one).

At about one in the morning the guests started leaving. The music was turned lower, as were the lights in the guest room. The dancing rhythm became slow and intimate. I mixed myself a vodka with lemon and went around the apartment in search of Igor, who had said he wanted to talk to me. I found him on the balcony, molesting a nice-looking young Communist from Latin America. I apologized and began to leave them to international friendship, but Igor stopped me. He let go of the girl, and she left quietly to the guest room in the direction of the liquor table.

"Eduard Ivanovich sends you his best regards," said Igor by way of a password. "He is on vacation, in Sochi."

I offered to get Igor a glass of vodka, but he said that he did not drink.

"Alcohol kills the brain cells, you know," he said, smiling. (And I thought, why should that stop you?)

He listened to my account of adventures with foreign diplomats rather indifferently. Neither was he impressed when I told him how

In his name and "honor" KGB trains thousands of mass murderers in Moscow.



UPI Photo

Patrice Lumumba, Communist puppet in the Congo, travels from bar to bar in Leopoldville drumming up support.

successfully I had spread the KGB rumor that the Soviet premier minister was planning to send an invitation to the president of the US to visit Moscow the following month. The traditional "reliable sources" formula, in combination with my APN background and some real contacts within the Foreign Affairs Ministry, worked perfectly well . . .

"That's all very well, Yuri Alexandrovich," he said, "but now, if you want, you may go a step further and do work of a slightly different character for State Security. We have been watching your work with the foreigners, and we think that you could do with a more intellectually stimulating job."

"I am not sure about a 'step further.' . . . You see, Igor, the Committee may probably be aware that I . . ."

Your mischievous character is well known, but that would not matter. Now, after several years of work with foreigners, both at home and abroad, you probably have noticed that many of them are rather weak people, lacking what we call an "ideological backbone."

"Something of the sort came to my mind, true. But I assume there are more dignified people abroad, maybe even some talented and strong enemies?"

"Talented enemies are the concern of a different department of the KGB; we shall stick to weak friends first, the foreign friends, who need our help and moral support."

"All right," I said. I had an impression that Igor was enjoying his role as a lecturer, so I let him talk.

"You probably have discovered already that our Soviet man, with all his shortcomings, is a being of a higher order than they. Even our Soviet hooligan and alcoholic (here Igor stuck his finger in my chest, to offer an example) is basically an honest and free man, enjoying freedom of a true kind, acquired by *scientific cognition of reality*. We, the Soviet people, are able to sacrifice our personal interests for the interests of our society, our present for our bright future. They (Igor made a vague gesture towards the dancing foreigners) cannot."

"Generalizations of this sort are beyond my competence . . ."

"Read the newspapers! The Americans in Vietnam, a country literally possessed and screwed up by them, cannot fight the war without beer and women! And drugs. They are pawns, expendable pawns, gun fodder . . ."

"Well . . . So what?" (I still wondered what the hell the KGB wanted from me now.)

"So this: we are a better and stronger sort of people. You personally, for example, with all your weaknesses, I would prefer above most so-called "friends" of our country, many of whom you have to accompany as a translator-cum-servant."

"So?"

"Say, if we invited some Jean-Paul Sartre to a conference of progressive writers, he would arrive with his nose running from delight, and write and declare publicly anything we would ask him — about our achievements. But try the same trick with you: would you give an interview to the 'Voice of America'?"

"Of course not," I said. (Cheap provocateur!)

"You see!" exclaimed Igor, as if he had proven a very important point.

"A 'step further.' " I said gloomily.

"Yes. A step further, Yuri Alexandrovich, if you decide to make it, would mean that you'll have not only to observe the foreign guests and report to us, but also to play a somewhat more active role in their reorientation process, using their weaknesses and personal peculiarities. It is difficult work, if you want, to that of a psychologist, or a teacher with mentally retarded children."

"I see," I said pensively, not understanding why we needed mentally retarded friends.

"You see, we do not allow renegades and anti-Soviet elements to undermine our social order by voicing the so-called 'rights' of criminals, *pederasts* and traitors. But in the West their presidents woo every devil, shake hands with both hippies and progressive writers, neo-fascists and Communists. Therefore, we also cannot afford to ignore any foreigner, as long as he is able and willing to be a carrier of our ideas."

"My impression is," said I, "that a number of rather progressively-thinking foreigners would prefer their names not to be associated with us, Novosti Press Agency in particular."

"Oh, that will change," said Igor with force, "that is already changing. In the time of 'cult' our committee used old-fashioned methods based on the presumption that 'nothing humane is strange to our friends and adversaries': everybody likes a little bit of extra cash, a good meal, a company of a young girl, maybe . . . a reputation as a well-known humanist. And if that did not work we used to have, and still have, and still have, wonderful files on each of them, and we would not hesitate to pass it on to their sensational mass media."

"Is it any different now?"

"Well, in a way, yes. You may get it at your Novosti briefing soon — the new policy line."

"Relaxation of international tensions? Rapprochement?"

"Not only that. The latest key-word is '*détente*.' "

"?"

"Big, big men will dance to our music. You'll see, men like Willy Brandt, Nixon, Ed Kennedy, Pompidou, that Canadian *pidor* Trudeau . . . to say nothing about small shit like liberal university professors, media people, actors, lawyers, businessmen, and of

course, students."

"Igor," said I, pretending to be more drunk than I was, "don't you think it stinks?"

"The ethical side of the work, Yuri Alexandrovich, may give you some trouble and often bring up the question 'to be or not to be' with our Committee. Remember though, that any respectable world power, and we are, must have its intelligence service, and in any political system these services use methods which are, mildly speaking, less than *kosher*."

"Could you be more specific about my work, please?"

"Yes. We want you, for the start, to screen the young *chemozhopye*, including the Lumumba lot, and using your Novosti cover and your discretion, select those who are fit for further training in our centers for leaders of the national liberation forces."

"Why me? Don't you have enough of your men within Lumumba already?"

"We want your opinion on them from a specific angle. As a journalist and propaganda specialist we want you to assess their ability to be ideologically effective."

"Well, most of them were sounded ideologically, as I understand, before entering Lumumba. Would you like me to select further the most dedicated marxists?"

"No. Just the opposite. We need people who can innocently say white is black and make others believe it. We do not need 'true believers': they turn into the worst enemies if and when disillusioned. We want ideological workers, motivated by simple, permanent and reliable instincts: the desire for power and the ability to survive. Plus an ability to use ideological propaganda techniques, the way you do within Novosti. This is one of the most important factors of our future work in the developing world, according to the latest *ustanovka* of the Central Committee."

"Yes, I see," I said, noticing that my glass was empty. "I will think it over and let you know soon."

"Very well, Yuri Alexandrovich. Please call Sidorov when you are ready, OK?"

It was getting cold on the balcony, so I said good-bye to Igor and walked into the guest room, where the future liberators of the Third World were dancing cheek-to-cheek with KGB girls to blues from the USA. The room smelled of sweat, smoke, alcohol, and proletarian solidarity. I poured myself a stiff vodka and tossed it down my throat, chasing it with a bite of pickle. Nobody paid any attention to me as I slipped out of the apartment and walked into sleeping Moscow. Sleep well, dear Moscow. Me and Igor are vigilantly guarding your security against imperialists.



Awaiting orders to begin the slaughter, apparently so confident that they are not even on guard against snipers hiding in the battered buildings all around them, Russian tankmen stand beside their machines.

The next morning I heard on the short-wave about the Soviet invasion into Czechoslovakia. The tearful voice of a Prague radio girl implored the indifferent world: "This is Radio Prague. Brotherly radio stations in Yugoslavia, Romania, Hungary! Please tell the world about our tragedy. Please help us to reach people in brotherly socialist countries . . . This is our last broadcast . . . The Soviet tanks open fire at the windows of our radio station . . . Long live Dubcek! Long live socialism! Long live Czechoslovakia!"

Four days later, a Novosti colleague introduced me to his girlfriend Galya, just returned from Prague on a Soviet personnel carrier. She was shaking, weeping, describing the night of the invasion. And the shame she felt, as a teacher of Russian in Prague University, when her students walked out of her class on the morning after the invasion.

Helpless rage overtook me. What can a small man like myself do to stop this madness? Burn myself in protest in the Red Square? Blow up the Kremlin? Hopeless. This world, as my Indian friend would say, is going progressively mad . . .

By the end of the day a decision crystalized: I shall take the new KGB job. I shall remember every blackass son-of-a-bitch personally. I'll take their pictures, if possible, and after defection to the West, I shall tell the world who are the cadres of the "black majority" and "liberators of peoples"! And what these whores were doing in my country, apart from screwing the KGB *lastochki*.

To be continued...

To be continued...

All warfare is based primarily on the deception of an enemy. Fighting on a battlefield is the most primitive way of making war. There is no art higher than to destroy your enemy without a fight — by SUBVERTING anything of value in the enemy's country.

Sun Tzu
Chinese philosopher
500 B.C.

We rarely use guns to kill people and take their country. The cleanest way is to blackmail, pervert, bribe, lie and intimidate the POLITICIANS and the MEDIA, and they will destabilize and disunify their own country for us. Then all we have left to do is to arm the pro-communist or simply criminal factions and we have a coup and another "liberated" country. As neat as that.

Yuri Bezmenov
former agent of APN-KGB

What war rages between 1945 and . . . now? Ah, only a third of mankind was conquered! No war at all. Just peaceful liberation.

Lev Navrozov
Soviet dissident writer

Psychological warfare, a form of 'covert' action which breaks down the opposite side's home defenses without a shot being fired, is waged by Soviet Communism throughout the communication media of other countries.

John Rees
Accuracy in Media, Washington

Whether a journalist, politician or a businessman is in fact on a payroll of the KGB or not, whether he helps to spread Communism willingly, by ignorance or for a profit, whether he is caught and punished or at large and happy — is absolutely immaterial for the cause of SUBVERSION. What matters is the final vector of History, the sum of our individual actions, decisions, statements, our compromise with our consciousness. This is where every one of us is accountable to the future and God.

Alex Kosachov
Russian emigre poet

★★★★★ MY PUBLICATIONS

1. "Love Letter to America" — my life story, work for the KGB, methods of disinformation and how to deal with it, 64 pages including photographs and charts — \$5.69 postpaid.



2. "World Thought Police" — description of the shameful "deals" between the Soviet KGB and some Western journalists, spreading Communist disinformation in their own countries. Photos and documents included. 64 pages, \$5.69 postpaid.

In my next book "Moscow — Delhi — Void" I will describe the workings of the Soviet embassy's Information Department in India, orchestration of the invasion into East Pakistan in 1970 (described by the Western media as "grass root Islamic Revolution") and, finally, my defection from the USSR embassy to Americans, disguised as a "hippie". Price of the book — \$7.95 postpaid. send your checkes to NATA, 501 So. Fairfax Av., Room 218, Los Angeles, California 90036.



TOMAS SCHUMAN has been personally involved with the world-wide propaganda efforts of the Soviet regime. Like a true-life Winston Smith, from George Orwell's "1984", Tomas Schuman worked for the communist equivalent of Orwell's Ministry of Truth - The Novosti Press Agency. Novosti, which means "News" in Russian, exists to produce slanted and false stories to plant in the foreign media. The term for this K.G.B. effort is "disinformation".

Mr. Schuman was born under the name of Yuri Bezmenov in Moscow in 1939, the son of a senior officer in the Red Army. Consequently, he went to good schools. At the age of 17 he entered the Institute of Oriental Languages of Moscow State University.

After graduating, he worked for Novosti, then spent two years in India as an interpreter and public relations officer with Soviet Refineries Constructions. He returned to Moscow in 1965 to work for Novosti, serving as Economic Editor for the Hindi, Urdu and English Editions of Sovietland Magazine. In 1969 he went back to India and continued propaganda efforts for Novosti in New Delhi, working out of the Soviet Embassy in a department called Research and Counter-Propaganda. Due to his growing disgust, he began to plan defection.

In February of 1970 he disguised himself as a hippie complete with beads and wig and joined a tour group to escape to Athens. He contacted the United States Embassy and, after a long debriefing by U.S. Intelligence, was granted asylum and went to Canada.

In Canada, he studied political science at the University of Toronto for two years, taught Russian language and literature and in 1972 was hired by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation's International Service as a Producer/Announcer, broadcasting to the Soviet Union. The K.G.B. forced him out of the job in 1976, so he began free-lance journalism and worked on a variety of projects.

Today he is a political analyst for **PANORAMA** weekly in Los Angeles. He is married, and has two children. He is the author of two yet unpublished books.

You can order this book by mailing your check made to N.A.T.A. (New American Talent Association) 70 pages, \$7.80 postpaid. — to: Almanac, 501 So. Fairfax Av., Suite 206, Los Angeles, Ca 90036. Tapes-cassettes with Schuman's talk on KGB's Active Measures are available for \$5 a piece plus postage.