

**EXECUTIVE SECRETARIAT
ROUTING SLIP**

TO:		ACTION	INFO	DATE	INITIAL
	1 DCI		X (w/att)		
	2 DDCI				
	3 EXDIR				
	4 D/ICS				
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	6 DDA				
	7 DDO				
	8 DDS&T				
	9 Chm/NIC				
	10 GC	X (w/att)			
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	SUSPENSE		10 April		

Remarks

For recommendation to DCI. Please prepare response for DCI's signature.

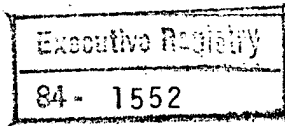
by Executive Secretary
2 April 1984
Date

STAT

W.R. CINE & Spokin meeting with cutter on
13 April.
Action complete

The Director of Central Intelligence

Washington, D.C. 20505



30 March 1984

NOTE FOR: General Counsel

FROM: DCI

Attached was passed to me today by Lloyd Cutler. Look it over to see to what extent we can be helpful--probably not much. He wants a lot of information on Oman in 1977; all he wants are some leads to find the right people.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be "W. J. Casey".

William J. Casey

Attachment

P-312
YF L-204A

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THE TERROR NETWORK

THE SECRET WAR OF
INTERNATIONAL TERRORISM

CLAIRE STERLING

HOLT, RINEHART AND WINSTON

Reader's Digest Press

New York

AUTHOR

Case

During Ecevit's year and ten months in office, the terrorist kill rate had more than quintupled (from less than one to over five a day). A decent and civilized left-wing democrat, he had started out in January 1978 believing that the right was at the bottom of all the nation's troubles. He was a much-chastened man when he stepped down.

There was no separating the Fascist right from the revolutionary Communist left in Turkey's spreading terror. Both were in it up to their necks, with the same sinister intent, and had been egging each other on for a good ten years. There wasn't much doubt about who started it, either. The left did.

More precisely, the Russians did. For invaluable clues in this case we are indebted to a defector from the KGB named Viktor Sakharov, whose documented story is told in John Barron's *KGB*.⁷ A bright young man with five years of Arabic studies, Sakharov was sent to Yemen in 1967 to be broken in. He went on to Kuwait in 1968, as a full-fledged KGB agent. The KGB *resident* there, who specialized in Turkish affairs, spoke no Arabic. Neither did the man from GRU, handling Russian military intelligence. A translator from the KGB Center was long overdue, causing a huge backlog in communications. Sakharov, asked to help out, had access to a fabulous store of information.

He was operating at the heart of the KGB's VIII Department, embracing the Arab states, Afghanistan, Iran, Yugoslavia, Albania, Greece, and Turkey. Agents' reports crossed his desk from all over the area. (They were actually written in invisible ink.) Accordingly, he was able to learn in detail about three major Soviet operations in his zone. They were:

1. to sabotage Saudi Arabia's oilfields and, if possible, dislodge its pro-Western monarchy;
2. to build terrorist cells in the Arab oil sheikhdoms around Kuwait and the Persian Gulf, notably Qatar, Bahrain, and Oman, offering scholarships and guerrilla training in the Soviet Union; and
3. to mount a "brutal campaign of urban terrorism, kidnapping, and assassination against Turkey."⁸

The going wasn't too easy in the sheikhdoms, whose rulers were deeply suspicious and extremely well informed. Still, eighty tribesmen did get off to Moscow from Qatar alone while Sakharov was around, to his knowledge. Oman's Dhofar tribesmen also began to shape up around then, for the ten-year siege to come. (The special camp reserved for them near Aden, in South Yemen, was set up in 1968.) The earliest Palestinian guerrillas got started then as well. But of the three major projects, Turkey's was the most advanced by far.

As NATO's farthest outpost in the Middle East, facing the Russians across the Black Sea and guarding the Dardanelles, Turkey was a very special Russian target. The Russians had come close to neutralizing if not annexing it just after World War II, when they were stopped short by the Truman Doctrine. They were in a better position to try again after 1960, when nearly half a century of rocklike Turkish stability came to an end.

Kemal Ataturk's extraordinary revolution had swept the Turks from a closed and medieval Islamic society to a Europeanized nation with parliamentary government by then. But Ataturk, though still revered, was dead; his political legacy had been squandered by a recklessly spendthrift and venal regime; and a patriotic army took over briefly in 1960 to set things straight. The army promised to restore civilian rule and, miraculously, kept its word. (Colonel Turkes, bent on tough military rule even then, was sent off as ambassador to India to be kept out of mischief.) Though the democratic order was restored, however, the system was weakened at the core and never recovered its strength.

The convulsive change for the worse may be measured by the fact that not a single Turkish life was lost when the army took over in 1960. Indeed, the last straw for army leaders that year had been the death of two students—two—in demonstrations against a wildly corrupt and inefficient government. There would be no further political bloodshed until 1969, by which time the Russians had put in quite a lot of work.

Sakharov, who defected from his KGB post in Kuwait midway through 1971, had ample evidence of Russian penetration starting in the early sixties. It began when the KGB in Ankara recruited a few promising young Turks for training in Russia.

Back home, the freshly groomed Turkish agents recruited more radicals into a nascent terrorist movement. These were shipped secretly to Syria for guerrilla training. Ostensibly, they were going into Palestinian camps there. Actually, the arrangements were made for them by two KGB agents working out of the Soviet embassy in Damascus: Vadim A. Shatrov and the usual embassy "chauffeur" Nikolai Chernenkov.

From Syria, Turkey's terrorist cadets inevitably spilled over into other Palestinian camps from Lebanon and Jordan to South Yemen, to be taken in hand by George Habash and Wadi Haddad. University students in Ankara and Istanbul "would just disappear for three or four months and then just show up again," as an Ankara professor told me. By 1970, a group had already been caught in the act of mounting a terrorist hit, as they returned from training by way of Diyarbakir in eastern Turkey—on a straight line as the crow flies from Baghdad, Wadi Haddad's headquarters in Iraq. Year after year after that, Turkish graduates of Palestinian camps—Russian-supervised or the Habash-Haddad Front's—would be picked up as they made their way back home: in batches of ten or twelve, by boat or car, loaded down with Soviet-bloc weapons.⁹

Meanwhile, the KGB's Disinformation Department (Department A of the First Chief Directorate) was setting the scene for a high-priority campaign against the American-NATO presence in Turkey. Between 1966 and 1970, the Disinformation Department carried off three spectacularly successful forgery operations. One was a widely circulated book purportedly written by a Turkish senator, "proving" an American plot to undermine "progressive" Turkish politicians and strengthen right-wingers. Another document "proved" American interference to beef up rightist forces in the Turkish army. A third "proved" an American conspiracy with the ruling right-wing military junta in Greece to take over the half-Turkish island of Cyprus by military coup, annex it to Greece, and tack it on to NATO. This last was passed on to the Turkish Foreign Ministry as urgent intelligence information—by Soviet Ambassador Vasili Federovitch Grubyakov, a veteran KGB officer—with sensational results.

The combined effect might have led any red-blooded young

Turk to vow that Turkey would be "the graveyard of American imperialism," just as many a young Turk did. Few realize to this day that all three "documents" were egregious fakes.¹⁰

The anti-American riots breaking out on Turkish campuses in 1968 looked natural enough. Who wasn't rioting against the United States in 1968? The appearance of an inflammatory Marxist student organization called Dev Genç in 1969 looked natural too. Turkish students were bound to feel the pull of revolution, in a society wrenched from its rural and traditionalist Islamic moorings; struggling to pull abreast of industrial Europe; stricken with inflation, unemployment, corruption, and wretched shantytown slums. Yet the leap in a single year—from setting fire to the American ambassador's car on a campus in 1968 to a ready-made, professional underground terrorist apparatus by 1969—was a dead giveaway.

It wasn't long before Dev Genç showed unmistakable signs of prefabrication in structure, strategy, methods, slogans, litany, logistics. "A subtle change in the catchwords of students' public statements, meetings, boycotts, was observed during the late '60s, particularly since 1968. . . . Instead of merely deploring the situation in moderate terms, demands were voiced loudly and insistently and sometimes expressed by violent deeds," noted a widely respected scholar of Turkish affairs. Catchwords changed no less while in foreign affairs "the emphasis shifted from Cyprus to anti-imperialism, anti-Americanism, neutralism, foreign capital and the Vietnam War."¹¹

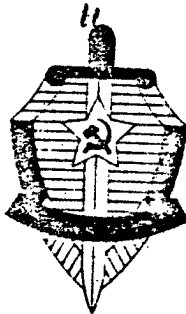
Dev Genç's classic two-tiered form alone became a textbook model for the decade's urban guerrilla movements. (The Organization in Italy, the Provisional IRA, and ETA-Militar all followed suit a couple of years later.) An open political arm handled revolutionary propaganda, demanding a Leninist regime in place of parliamentary democracy.¹² An underground military arm got going right on schedule, with a "brutal campaign of urban terrorism, kidnapping and assassination against Turkey."¹³

The campaign was not a response to Fascist provocation; there was none to speak of in 1969. While Colonel Turkeş did

KGB

THE
SECRET WORK
OF SOVIET
SECRET AGENTS

BY
JOHN BARRON



READER'S DIGEST PRESS
Distributed by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc.
New York
1974



SECRETS FROM THE DESERT

The impact of the KGB upon world affairs sometimes best can be seen through the eyes of individuals who are drawn into the subterranean world it inhabits. The experiences of one such man, Vladimir Nikolaevich Sakharov, yield remarkable revelations about KGB influence upon one of the continuing crises of current history, the travail of the Middle East. Both Sakharov himself and the fate that befell him are unusual. But the life he led while perched amid privilege atop Soviet society and while stationed in Soviet diplomatic posts abroad typifies important realities that rarely can be glimpsed by anyone outside the KGB.

The story that follows is based primarily upon extensive interviews with Sakharov. Throughout the interviews he spoke of his experiences and emotions frankly, sometimes painfully so. There is, though, one phase of his life that he has pledged to keep hidden. Otherwise the story is told as he lived and felt it.

At twenty-two, Vladimir Nikolaevich Sakharov was a young man everyone envied. He stood six feet three inches tall, weighed a muscular 235 pounds, had wavy chestnut hair, hazel eyes, a handsome face, and a reputation for brilliance. His family was influential and by Soviet standards wealthy; his wife was graceful, blonde, and beautiful. Among his closest friends were Igor Andropov, son of the KGB chairman; Mikhail Tsvigun, son of a deputy KGB chairman; and Viktor Kudryavtsev, son of Sergei Kudryavtsev, the old master of subversion.

Sakharov had distinguished himself during five years of Arabic studies at the most prestigious school in the Soviet Union, the Institute of International Relations. Awaiting him was a diplomatic career that promised perquisites, immunities, and material benefits usually reserved for the elite of the New Class.*

In the spring of 1967, Sakharov said good-bye to his wife, who was expecting their first child, and left Moscow for six months of field training in the Middle East, preparatory to his graduation. He volunteered for duty as a probationary consular officer in the strategic Red Sea port of Hodeida in Yemen. When he arrived in April, the temperature was 128 degrees and the humidity 96 percent. In the next few days he learned that neither ever fell much lower.

The body perspired continuously, a fresh shirt became soaked in five minutes, and shoes, if worn regularly, soon disintegrated from moisture. The Russian colony, consisting of about six hundred diplomats and KGB officers, construction personnel, and wives and children, lived in dread of virulent native diseases for which their doctors had no cure. Most feared was a strain of bacteria that produced feverish death by consuming or, as Soviet doctors said, "burning up" the brain. The corpses of Russians it killed were hurriedly carted into the desert, drenched with gasoline, and cremated to prevent contamination. In the streets, the Russians winced at the sight of amputees who were victims of the ancient Yemeni practice of cutting off the hands of thieves. Suspected criminals still were caged and pilloried in the marketplace, where passersby could poke, stone, or spit upon them. The Yemeni openly relieved themselves on the streets, using stones in lieu of toilet paper, and a latrine stench permeated the air.

The dangers posed by volatile, unpredictable Yemeni tribesmen were real enough. But these were exaggerated in the minds of the Russians by rumors only partially founded on fact. According to the lore prevalent in the Soviet colony, tribesmen without warning or cause had gutted the U.S. embassy in Taiz with bazooka fire and burned down the West German embassy, killing several people. According to another rumor widely believed in the Soviet colony, desert marauders had beheaded two KGB officers the previous year, mistaking them for Americans located near the Aden border.**

* "The New Class is the term first applied by Yugoslav political philosopher Milovan Djilas to the small minority that rules and administers a communist nation. The New Class created by the communists after the Revolution consists mainly of oligarchy, political bureaucrats, and Party workers. Djilas notes that because a minority controls the disposition and use of national resources, by the Roman definition of property it owns the state.

** Yemen moved its capital from Taiz to Sanaa after the 1962 revolution. However, many nations retained embassy buildings in Taiz because of a lack of facilities in Sanaa. The Russians and Chinese additionally opened consulates in Hodeida.

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The Russians assigned to Hodeida huddled together in a cramped compound of apartments that lacked air conditioning and provided one kitchen for each two families. A wall separated the compound from the grounds of the Chinese consulate. Frequently, in the dead of night, Chinese mounted the wall and banged tin pans, blew bugles, and shouted curses at the Russians. Sometimes they augmented the racket by circling the compound in cars, chanting imprecations through portable loudspeakers. Awakened by the din, Russian babies cried, distraught mothers complained, and husbands cursed helplessly. Soviet policy prohibited any response.

Although the Russians had bought control of Yemeni President Abdullah al Sallal, he was afraid to consort with them openly in the capital. So the KGB acquired a house in Hodeida for secret meetings, and Soviet Ambassador Mirzo Rakhmatovich Rakhmatov periodically drove across the desert from Taiz to rendezvous with the President there. Arriving early one morning in late April, the ambassador stopped by the consulate and asked for Sakharov, whose uncle was one of his oldest friends. He announced without explanation that the regular consul in charge at Hodeida, Ivan Skarbovenko, would not return from the vacation he had just begun in Moscow.

"Young man, I congratulate you. You are now the acting consul," Rakhmatov said grandly, offering a hearty handshake. "Skarbovenko assured me you were quite capable of carrying on in his absence, and knowing your uncle, I have confidence you can do the job until a permanent replacement comes." Sakharov was too astounded to ask for a definition of his new duties, and the ambassador hurried off without offering him any guidance.

The consulate had no telephones at the time, so the Russians often communicated through hand-delivered notes. The morning after the ambassador's visit, Sakharov received a scribbled message saying, "Come see me, please." It was from Vladimir Ivchenkov, the KGB Resident who posed as chief engineer of the State Committee for Economic Relations. Ivchenko, a wiry blond in his late thirties, was a keen and aggressive professional charged with nervous energy. Consecrated to his clandestine calling, he had amassed an encyclopedic knowledge of Arab culture, and he approached all problems clinically. He did not indulge in contemptuous diatribes against the Arabs, but would often tell Soviet newcomers: "The Egyptians need a hundred years to master our ways, the Yemeni three hundred." Yet he was not expressing personal disdain, merely his dispassionate judgment.

40,000) which provided a springboard for subversion along the Red Sea coast and against nearby oil sheikdoms.

The West German embassy was burned in September 1964 and the American embassy building ransacked in May 1967, but no fatalities occurred during either attack. Whether two KGB officers actually were beheaded is not known.

Inviting Sakharov to make himself comfortable in an office cooled by a Westinghouse window air conditioner, Ivchenkov remarked, "I suppose you know who I really am." Sakharov nodded.

"Well, let me be frank and straightforward," said Ivchenkov, lighting another of the British cigarettes he chain-smoked. "It is of course expected that you work for me. Your youth and background can make you quite useful, and your Arabic is admirable. However, our first duty, yours and mine, is to look after our own people. I want a report about everybody who comes to you. I want to know who's seeing Arabs, who's speculating in currency, who's sleeping with whom, who's dissatisfied—everything that's going on. You understand?"

"Perfectly," answered Sakharov.

Pouring himself a heavy slug of King George IV Scotch, Ivchenkov asked, "Want some?" It was not yet 9 A.M., and Sakharov politely declined. "If you are to deal with Arabs, you must learn to control and exploit alcohol," Ivchenkov continued. "It turns them into absolute putty."

"We are taught that their religion forbids it," replied Sakharov.

"Just so," said Ivchenkov. "They covet the forbidden, and they cannot handle it." Fidgeting and pacing the office, he began to lecture. "Seat the Arab at a table lined with bottles. Give him soda and nuts, while you drink whisky and comment about how relaxing it is. After a while, suggest that occasions of state take precedence over social custom, so it is permissible for him to take whisky. Once the Arab starts, he cannot stop. When he's drunk enough, he'll agree to anything, sign anything.

"Shelenkov* won a commendation here. It was actually for stupefying the Foreign Minister and photographing everything in his briefcase."

While Ivchenkov retained the ultimate, hidden power over all Russians in Hodeida, Sakharov, as acting consul, became the man to whom they came for help in their personal lives, quarrels, and other troubles. Bored and crammed together in the tiny, torrid apartments, wives argued and even engaged in hair-pulling battles over use of the kitchen or bath or over even pettier issues. Ethnic rivalries led to brawls among construction workers recruited from different Soviet republics. Summoned one night to stop a fight between an Armenian and a Kazakh, Sakharov found one had a broken arm and the other a broken leg.

No one could have assuaged all the human vexations with which he had to contend. But he tried, with patience, wit, and sympathy. Before long, Volodiya, as admirers called him, came to be known in the colony as a fair and compassionate arbiter, a "good guy" too young to be encrusted with bureaucratic cynicism.

*Ivchenkov referred to Aleksandr Ivanovich Shelenkov. Stationed in Taiz, Yemen, until 1966, Shelenkov in 1971 turned up as the KGB Resident in Amman, Jordan.

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All the while, of course, Sakharov privately reported to Ivchenkov, who entrusted him with more substantive assignments—the identification of Yemeni sympathetic to the Chinese, the spotting of potential KGB recruits among Egyptian forces stationed in Yemen, and the noting of likely Arabs who could help penetrate into the oil-storage areas of Aden. The two conferred almost daily and, because they liked each other, often stayed up late into the night drinking together.

After the Arab-Israeli war in June, the Chinese intensified their propaganda, accusing the Russians in leaflets and over loudspeakers of having caused the Arab defeat. Sakharov was so occupied in KGB efforts to counter the Chinese campaign that he fell further and further behind in his administrative duties. The morning of July 10 he worked at the consulate alone, hoping to reduce a pile of paperwork. About 10 A.M. he heard an ominous babble in the street and from a window saw the approaching vanguard of a Chinese-incited mob. Had he fled, Sakharov probably could have escaped. Instead, he chose to protect the consulate by bolting the doors, locking the windows, and turning on all the lights to create an impression that others were present. By the time he finished, the building was surrounded by some 1,500 frenzied Yemeni shouting Chinese charges of Soviet perfidy. Stones pounded the building, and as splinters of glass from smashed windows showered down around him, Sakharov climbed to the roof. There he looked down on the shrieking crowd armed with their long, curved knives and old British Enfield rifles. Recalling the attacks on the American and German offices, he concluded that eventually somebody in the mob would think of setting the consulate afire.

Sakharov had accepted the fact that he might have to die unnaturally, perhaps even in disgrace. Though he feared such a possibility, he was prepared for it, provided that his death could have a meaning and serve a cause. But to die now, having accomplished nothing, burned up or dismembered by crazed men in a forsaken, miserable Arab town, would be meaningless and terrible. Beating his fist against the palm of his hand, he cursed himself for not having run away. At that moment he heard the sound of rifles being fired into the air and the rumble of trucks bringing Egyptian troops to rout the mob.

By the next day, Sakharov was a hero. His honest attempts to explain that he had done little were interpreted as the modesty becoming to authentic bravery. To everyone in the compound he was the valiant Russian who singlehandedly stood up for his country against the loathsome "yellows" and "subhumans"—and triumphed. The ambassador sent proud congratulations. Ivchenkov embraced and kissed him. The construction workers cheered him, and the children shouted "Volodiyal Volodiyal Volodiyal!"

Through the summer, Sakharov yearned more and more to go home

and see his baby daughter, Yekaterina, who had been born in May. The evening before his return to Moscow in September to conclude his studies at the Institute of International Relations, Ivchenkov gave a farewell dinner. As the other Russians started to leave, he insisted that Sakharov remain. "I want you to read something," said the Resident. It was the fitness report he had written assessing Sakharov's work in Yemen. Everything stated was factual, or almost so, but was so cleverly worded that the report as a whole exaggerated the magnitude of Sakharov's achievements. Anyone reading the evaluation would have concluded that Sakharov was an exceptionally gifted young man with all the native talents of a great intelligence officer. "Can you think of anything we should add?" asked Ivchenkov.

"It is far too good as it is," replied Sakharov.

"Well, I think you deserve it," said Ivchenkov. "In any case, it won't do you any harm in Moscow. Now let's celebrate."

By 4 A.M. both were quite drunk, and Ivchenkov announced they must refresh themselves with a swim in the Red Sea so they could drink more. Staggering toward the beach, he boasted of a newly acquired mastery of karate. British intelligence symbolized his professional ideal, and he had persuaded himself that all MI-6 officers were karate experts. He had recently ordered a karate book to make himself the equal of his cunning British adversaries. Once in the water, he tried to demonstrate his techniques on Sakharov, and the pair nearly drowned grappling in the hot sea. Suffused with the spirit of laughing, intoxicated camaraderie, Sakharov thought no one could have a finer friend.

Back in Moscow, after he recovered from a round of welcoming parties, Sakharov called upon Skarbovenko, the consul who strangely had not come back to Hodeida. His appearance shocked Sakharov, for he seemed to have aged a decade in a few months. Bitterly, Skarbovenko told what had happened.

His wife long had dreamed of a sea voyage, so he arranged passage on a ship sailing from Alexandria to Odessa. Never had his wife been happier. She anticipated each hour of the voyage and also planned to pick up enough fine Egyptian cotton to sew dresses for a lifetime. Intent upon realizing her every expectation, she bought dollars in Yemen for use in Egypt and aboard ship. She knew all Russians were forbidden to deal in foreign currency. Yet because so many of them flouted the regulations, she made little effort to conceal her purchase. Ivchenkov found out about it and inexplicably decided to report her to the Center. When Skarbovenko reached Moscow, he was summoned to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, demoted, and barred from going abroad again.

"Ivchenkov did that!" Sakharov exclaimed.

"Ivchenkov did it," Skarbovenko said, shaking his head. "I thought he

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was my best friend. Remember, I told you last year that if you needed help, you could trust Ivchenkov."

"I can't believe it," Sakharov said.

"You'd better believe it," replied Skarbovenko. "It is too late for me, but for you there is still time. You must learn to guard yourself against the Chekists. They have the highest positions, but they are the lowest form of our society. They spend all their lives betraying people, selling people. They sell us in the MFA [Ministry of Foreign Affairs]; they sell Party members, they even sell each other. Then the sons-of-bitches defect to the Americans and sell the whole Soviet people.

"The Chekists eventually will call you; they will try to make you one of them. Heed me, Volodiya. Have nothing to do with them!"

But Sakharov, for secret reasons of his own, already had determined that if the Chekists did call, he would answer as they wished. Far from dissuading him, the story of Skarbovenko only fortified his resolve to become an officer of the KGB.

The call came in November. The personnel director of the Institute, himself a KGB officer, handed Sakharov a slip of paper and told him to telephone the number written on it. He did so, and received instructions to come at ten the next morning to an office on Neglinnaya Street, half a block from Dzerzhinsky Square, and to ask for "Vasili Ivanovich."

A sentry ushered Sakharov into a reception room furnished only with a wooden table and two chairs. Vasili Ivanovich, a plump, middle-aged officer with white hair and a paternal manner, greeted him politely. "You understand, of course, that I represent the most respected organization in the Soviet Union—the Committee of State Security of the Council of Ministers of the U.S.S.R.," he began.

"My purpose in talking to you is to explain some of the work of our organization and to invite you to become a member. We have observed you during the last year of your study. We know of your command of Arabic and English. You have been given the highest recommendation by the Institute, and your work in Yemen was outstanding. In fact, I myself congratulate you. In these times we need gifted, educated young men to contribute to the success of our state in the international field."

The officer specified numerous benefits the KGB would provide, including immediate and permanent possession of a good apartment in Moscow and a new suit and a new pair of shoes each year. Without disparaging the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, he stressed that KGB officers abroad have much more influence, opportunity, and money than ordinary Soviet diplomats. "At the same time, you will have all the prestige and privileges of a diplomat, which is what everyone will think you are. And for a young man our work is far more interesting and challenging. I will not tell you that it is completely without hazards. But I can assure

you that always the full might of the Soviet Union stands behind you."

The interview, which was really a briefing, continued about two hours. Sakharov understood that after specialized KGB training lasting a year or two, he probably would be assigned to the American Department of the First Chief Directorate and posted to Washington or New York. But he gathered that from time to time he might also make use of his training as an Arabist by working against the United States in Arab lands.

"You may discuss our conversation with your father, if you desire," said the officer. "However, you are to mention it to no one else, not even your wife or mother. You can take a couple of days to think it over, but I would be happier if I could have your decision now."

"I am greatly honored by this opportunity to serve the Soviet people," Sakharov responded. "I accept your invitation and pledge that I will always strive to be worthy of it."

It was as simple as that. The KGB, through its staff officers and informants at the Institute, surely observed Sakharov. But there was no searching investigation of his background, no examination of his ideals and motivation, no attempt to divine what he really thought. The reason for this lapse was that the KGB considered Sakharov's family credentials overwhelming. His father was a Ministry of Foreign Affairs courier, a job far more important and prestigious in the Soviet Union than in the West. For twenty years he had efficiently ferried Soviet secrets around the globe, all the while performing myriad useful services for the KGB. As a consequence, he had influential KGB friends in Moscow and numerous foreign capitals. Moreover, Sakharov's uncle was deputy director of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs archives department; his grandfather was an honored Red Army colonel assigned to the Central Committee. His mother-in-law was a Kremlin psychiatrist, trusted to treat Party leaders; her father commanded a concentration camp for political prisoners, another position of prestige in the Soviet Union. The KGB also knew that Sakharov's closest friends were the sons of its highest-ranking officers. Everything about him was ideal—his breeding, background, academic record, and performance in the field. Indeed, he represented the quintessence of the New Class.

From his earliest childhood, Sakharov's family imbued him with the values and aims of that class—the acquisition and preservation of special privilege, material possessions, and social status. The family carefully supervised his choice of playmates to ensure that he associated with no one beneath him. Children of Party officials, KGB officers, and senior bureaucrats were acceptable; those of doctors, engineers, and workers were not. As a small boy, when meeting possible new playmates, Sakharov's first question invariably was, "Who is your father?" His family shamelessly indulged him with foreign products, the ultimate status

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symbol. His father, with a diplomatic passport and highly placed friends, had constant access to dollars and Western goods. The dollars he sold in Moscow yielded a fortune in rubles, while those he kept bought Western merchandise cheaply at the special restricted stores that accept only hard currency. Sakharov learned at an early age that foreign goods bought favors. Once he accompanied his father to a KGB laboratory hidden in an old house on Sadovoy Koltso to have an IBM tape recorder repaired. His father rewarded the KGB technicians with Parker pens and Ronson cigarette lighters.

Virtually everything in the commodious Sakharov apartment near the American embassy came from abroad. Most of the furniture was Scandinavian; the refrigerator Finnish, the vacuum cleaner a Hoover, the stereo a Philips, the television from RCA, the short-wave radio a Grundig, the shower head from Sears, Roebuck. The first coffee Sakharov ever tasted was Nescafé; his first cigarette was a Winston and his first whisky White Horse. His best suit came from Brooks Brothers and his favorite tweed jacket from the English Shop in Copenhagen. He boasted a collection of nearly five hundred American records, the most prized being those of Stan Kenton, Glenn Miller, Cannonball Adderley, Frank Sinatra, Dave Brubeck, and Peggy Lee.

Along with such luxuries, Sakharov's father brought wondrous tales of the West, especially of Washington, which he loved. "There is where I would like to live out my life," he told his son. "It is my city—quiet, beautiful, friendly. The people live in their own cottages. If they want to go somewhere, they just get in their car and go." Returning from a trip to Washington in 1960, he remarked: "America is the happiest country in the world. It is written on the faces of the people. Whatever you may hear, I have seen it for myself."

While secretly admiring the United States, Sakharov's father bore no deep grievances against the Soviet system under which he prospered. However, because Sakharov's mother herself traveled frequently during the prolonged absences of his father, he lived much of the year with his grandparents, and they, in different ways, were virulently anti-Soviet.

Turkish ancestry endowed his grandmother with a dark, gypsylike beauty and a defiant, indomitable spirit that made her loathe everything Soviet. "Shit!" she habitually exclaimed upon reading *Pravda*. "Everything the Soviet press prints is shit. Tonight we will get the truth from the BBC." Sakharov often fell asleep listening to the BBC or the Voice of America on an American-made radio with unjammed frequencies.

Sakharov's grandfather was a model officer whose military record and political reliability had brought him through purges and earned him a staff position with the Central Committee. As an idealistic young communist he had fought with the special Cheka troops during the Revolution and afterward helped destroy unsubdued anticommunists as well as

marauding criminal bands plaguing the countryside. He received two decorations for his valor during the 1941 Battle of Moscow. However, the 1936-38 purges in which most of his army friends perished and the subsequent official confirmation of the mass murders under Stalin left him with nothing but scorn for the cause to which he had given much of his life. Beyond his own comfortable survival, he now cared only about the future of his grandson.

On Sakharov's twelfth birthday, his grandfather took him for a walk in the park and spoke to him earnestly, summarizing the philosophy under which Sakharov was to grow up. "Our society is controlled by a small group of men," the old man said. "You can achieve a worthwhile life only by becoming a member of that group. It is not enough to be on the perimeter; you must gain the inner circle, and that is not easy. But it can be done with hard work and study. If you will work and study, I will give you anything, buy you anything you want.

"As you make your way upward, you will see with young eyes cruelties and injustices. You cannot change them, and it is futile to worry about what you cannot change. Once you are secure with money and position, you will learn to close your eyes and live your own life."

The family concluded that the surest route to the inner circle lay through the Institute of International Relations, whose students were graduated into careers affording status and the opportunity to work abroad, and hence to make money. The Institute was almost exclusively the preserve of the New Class. Even so, there were about fifteen applicants with the right family credentials for each of the six hundred annual openings, and the competition for entry was fierce. Sakharov's family thus devoted his adolescence to preparations that would give him advantages in the competition.

He swam, boxed, wrestled, played tennis, and won third place in the Moscow rowing championships, because athletic accomplishments were a plus. He took private German and piano lessons, because knowledge of a foreign language and music would further set him apart from other youths. After Khrushchev decreed that university applicants who had worked at a job would receive preference over those who had not, Sakharov's uncle arranged a "job" at a high-school physics laboratory administered by a friend. He was paid during the next two years for ostensibly working from 8 A.M. to 5 P.M. while attending night school. Actually, he showed up only in the morning to do his homework and left in the early afternoon to work at sports. The Institute required that every applicant present a written endorsement from Komsomol, the youth branch of the Party. The more glowing the recommendation, the better an applicant's chances. Sakharov looked upon Komsomol as a plebeian absurdity, and though he paid dues to retain paper membership, he did not deign to attend meetings. But his father telephoned a friend who had

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a friend who was Komsomol chairman of the Moscow District. There was some discussion of a portable RCA television. The testimonial the Komsomol chairman supplied as a result portrayed Sakharov as a veritable latter-day Lenin, the ideal communist youth.

Sakharov took his five entrance examinations in June 1962. The first consisted of writing a political essay, which was graded subjectively. It served to eliminate all female applicants except the daughters of the highest Party officials. If the girls thus excluded were attractive, they wound up at the MFA school for typists and stenographers; if talented, they were sent to the Institute of Eastern Languages. Another exam consisted of a standard set of questions about geography, accompanied by queries arbitrarily chosen for each applicant. By putting hard questions to some and easy ones to others, the faculty weeded out applicants with insufficient family influence. Out of a possible twenty-five points, Sakharov scored twenty-four on his examinations, and his family celebrated an entire weekend.

By virtue of admission to the Institute, students entered an exalted caste, recognized by one and all as the source of future oligarchs. Adults deferred to them, youths from other schools envied them, and girls looked upon marriage to one of them as a ticket to security, affluence, and the good life. Among themselves, the students maintained a highly refined system of snobbery. The lowest stratum was made up of those relatively few youths of humble origins accepted by the Institute for show, or because they worked for the KGB. Without family influence and forced to exist on monthly stipends of about forty rubles (roughly the amount Sakharov spent each month on taxis to and from school), they willingly acted as informants in return for KGB patronage. The status of other students was largely determined by their fathers' station in the oligarchy. If a father suffered a career reversal, the son suffered socially. Dmitri Tarabrin was perhaps the most brilliant and popular of the young men at the Institute until his father was suddenly ousted from the American Department of the KGB. As knowledge of this disgrace spread among the students, Dmitri stopped receiving invitations to their private parties. His ostracism was complete after about a year, when he appeared in Russian clothes rather than the American ones he had worn previously. Igor Andropov, whose father soon was to become KGB chairman, was in a class all his own. He alone could skip school as he pleased. After a prolonged vacation in Hungary left him unprepared for his annual exams, professors obligingly visited him at his apartment to administer special tests in private.

Except for the courses explicitly devoted to political indoctrination, the curriculum at the Institute was generally free of propaganda. The instruction, particularly in languages, area studies, and military intelligence, was outstanding. In an atmosphere of semimilitary discipline, subtly en-

forced by KGB officers on the faculty, and the knowledge that the informants were everywhere, students applied themselves during the day. Outside of school, though, a majority, including those in Sakharov's clique, lived a life bordering on the dissolute, and a goodly number drank as much as a bottle of vodka every evening. Weekends were given over to alcoholic and sexual orgies at apartments of students whose parents happened to be away. Igor Andropov hosted such an affair in the spring of 1964, at which Sakharov wound up sleeping with a girl in the bed of the man who now heads the KGB.

Conditioned from boyhood to be conscious of class and to shun social inferiors, Sakharov had no friends outside the Institute except for some intimates of the family. He shopped in special stores, closed to the common citizenry; vacationed at state spas off limits to the public, dined at restaurants only foreigners and the oligarchy could afford. He even took taxis to school rather than the subway to avoid the stigma of mingling with the herd. Not until 1964, when he was nineteen, did he even have any real associations with ordinary people.

That spring he vacationed in Estonia, using money his grandfather had given him as a reward for high grades at the Institute. Although the Russians occupied the little Baltic nation in 1940 as part of a deal with Hitler, the Estonians have stubbornly striven to perpetuate their language and culture. Sakharov found it delightful. However, he was constantly aware of a sullen hostility which the Estonians communicated in every manner they safely could. Twice after requesting street directions, he was deliberately steered far from where he asked to go. In shops, clerks ignored him as long as another customer was present. One evening in a Tallinn hotel lobby, he met Aeroflot crew members who invited him to come along for a birthday celebration at a restaurant that had a jazz band. When the party was recognized as Russian, the band abruptly stopped in the midst of a jazz tune and started playing "*Deutschland über Alles*." Many diners joined in this insult to the Russians by rising and singing the old German anthem.

Once Sakharov saw a man buying a fishing rod in a store, he decided to purchase one.

"These are only for display, not for sale," said the clerk, a thin little man of about sixty.

"But I just saw you sell one," Sakharov persisted.

"For display only," repeated the unyielding Estonian.

"Look, what have you got against me?" exclaimed Sakharov in exasperation. "What do you want?"

"We want you to go away and leave us alone," replied the clerk.

Sakharov's next experience among ordinary people occurred in September of 1965. During a morning class at the Institute a Party secretary announced: "All students will devote six weeks to assisting our agric-

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tural workers. We leave tomorrow to demonstrate our solidarity with our comrades at the kolkhoz. Be here with appropriate clothing by 0700 hours."

Though Sakharov and his friends had never seen a collective farm, they had read numerous official stories depicting the collectives as scenes of pastoral happiness born of wholesome toil. Bouncing in a bus along a rutty road toward the kolkhoz, some hundred miles north of Moscow, they looked forward to a diverting lark in the country. But their first twenty-four hours at the collective left them incredulous and mortified.

The inhabitants lived in clusters of one- and two-room log huts spaced along an arc through the potato fields. The huts had dirt floors and no plumbing or electricity. What little heat there was in any of them came from small wood-burning stoves. The kolkhoz contained one ramshackle store to sell bread, vodka, canned goods, and sundries, but its shelves were mostly empty. Years before, Moscow planners had allotted the store a piano and two motorcycles. They still were there, unsold and encrusted with the dried spittle of contemptuous people who could neither afford nor use them. The students' first three meals consisted solely of milk and potatoes. As it turned out, milk and potatoes were all they ate for the next six weeks except on the four days when bread was available.

Physically fit young men raised on the kolkhoz escaped by enlisting in the army, and the more attractive girls escaped through marriage. The older or crippled men who remained monopolized jobs involving farm machinery. No matter how idle they might be, because of overstaffing and broken-down machinery, they concocted excuses for not going into the fields. Younger women chained to the farm by their plainness fought viciously for jobs in the crude kolkhoz dairy. So the tilling of the fields—the digging of potatoes—was left mostly to old women and children, who labored from 8 A.M. to 6 P.M. six days a week.

For the adults, the kolkhoz was a world without hope; nothing relieved their days save the oblivion of alcohol. A river offered the only means of bathing, and its waters were so frigid from autumn through spring that baths were rarities. Deprived of facilities or incentive to maintain their appearance, stripped of individual dignity and self-respect, everyone spoke to each other with a venom and vileness of language that shocked Sakharov. They spoke even more hatefully to the students, whose status and prospects symbolized everything they would never attain.

Sakharov felt the most compassion for a woman who, with her daughter, was forced out of her hut to make room for himself and ten of his classmates. She had a dumpy, worn body with straight, stringy hair and a forlorn, creased face marked by dark moles. Each morning and evening she was required to come and cook potatoes for the stu-

dents who had displaced her. Shamed by his contribution to her eviction and additional servitude, Sakharov tried to make friends with her, but his efforts were unavailing until he thought of giving her a bottle of vodka. For the first time, he saw her smile, and on subsequent evenings she sometimes stayed awhile to talk with him.

She longed to own a cow. Its milk, which she would sell or consume, would give her a tiny measure of liberty. Its mere possession would make her superior to her neighbors. The state formerly permitted each family on the kolkhoz to keep one cow and cultivate a small private plot. Khrushchev abolished this policy on the theory that people would be more productive if not distracted by private enterprises. However, many of the cows that were confiscated by the state perished because the kolkhoz was not supplied with added fodder. Moreover, because the people worked no harder in the fields, the quantity of food grown declined. Now the state once more allowed the private plots and cows. But the woman had no money to buy a new cow or seed.

Sakharov had brought some of his belongings to the kolkhoz in a blue KLM flight bag given to him by his father. Just before the students returned to Moscow in October, he handed the bag to the woman, saying, "I want you to have this as a present." She unzipped the bag to find it contained bottles of vodka and nearly a hundred rubles, all the cash Sakharov had with him. "For a cow," he said. Tears flowed down the woman's wrinkled face.

Heretofore, Sakharov's experiences had denied him any sense of identity with the Soviet people—or any concern for them. The influences of family, class, and schooling all taught him that the purpose of life was the pursuit of his own interests. But riding back to Moscow, thinking of the kolkhoz and Estonia, he began to wonder if perhaps there might not be another purpose.

That fall, at a weekend party, Sakharov spotted an eighteen-year-old girl with golden silken hair, green eyes, beautifully formed features, and an exquisitely contoured body that made men stare. Having plied her escort into alcoholic collapse, he gallantly offered to take her home in a taxi. Instead, he took her to his grandparents' apartment for the night.

The alluring girl, Natalia Palladina, was as brilliant as she was beautiful. Because of sheer native intelligence, she quickly and easily mastered whatever she undertook to learn, whether ballet or cooking, foreign languages or esoteric art, social graces or Marxist theory. But Natalia was an even more spoiled child of the New Class than Sakharov. Her psychiatrist mother was determined that she should be a future queen of the Soviet Union. She molded her daughter from infancy onward to fulfill the ordained role. The rigorously controlled upbringing endowed Natalia with sophistication and regal manners that enabled her

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to captivate adults. Yet beneath the beguiling veneer, her mother's ambitions and values made her selfish, willful, and materialistic.

Upon meeting Natalia, Sakharov's family was ecstatic. Nothing was more important to them than his choice of a wife. Since his early adolescence, they had tacitly encouraged him to bring girls home for the night, discouraging him only from forming emotional attachments. Not only did they want to inspect each girl; they wanted his normal drives gratified, so that sexual impulse would not influence his marriage. Natalia personified their ideal. In her they saw every qualification his career required. "This is the girl for you!" raved his father, who immediately set out to promote a marriage, showering Natalia with presents from New York, among them a fur jacket from Saks. Natalia's mother, equally enthralled with Sakharov and his career prospects, became just as ardent a proponent of marriage.

Physical attraction was the strongest bond Sakharov and Natalia shared. Under the influence of it and parental pressures, they married in November 1965. But their differences in personality, temperament, and outlook soon caused sharp conflict. Sated by the materialism of his upbringing, affected by his experiences in Estonia and on the collective farm, Sakharov no longer looked upon luxury, privilege, and status as ends unto themselves. In quest of other goals, he read underground literature and came to regard Solzhenitsyn as a sublime example of courage and Russian patriotism. He had not completely shed the biases and class snobbery taught to him since childhood. Yet he had developed a tolerance and compassion toward others that made him interested in matters beyond his own self-interest. Natalia wholeheartedly embraced the New Class materialism and aspirations he now rejected. She looked upon Solzhenitsyn as a fool for not bending his talents to service of the state and reaping rewards in return. And she treated the slightest frustration of her whims as cause for indignation or an outright tantrum. They argued frequently and tempestuously. Sometimes after arguments, days passed without their speaking to each other. Had it not been for the birth of Yekaterina and awareness that divorce would preclude them from achieving their common goal of going overseas, they certainly would have separated.

As soon as Sakharov announced his readiness in November 1968 to join the KGB, Vasili Ivanovich consummated the recruitment by requiring him to sign the standard KGB secrecy oath. It did not occur to Sakharov that he first should consult his family. He assumed they would be proud. Though never discussing details, his father always left the impression that he served the KGB as much as the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Once he boasted: "If I wanted, I could come home tomorrow in the uniform of a KGB colonel." Yet when Sakharov confided that he was

Joining the KGB, his father, for the first time in his life, shouted at him in rage.

"My son will not be a Chekist!" he yelled. "Never!" With unprecedented vehemence, he named friends fired from the KGB after the death of Stalin, after the discovery in 1962 that Colonel Oleg Penkovsky was a spy, and as a consequence of some unexplained convulsion in the mid-1960s. "One man makes a mistake, and ten innocent men are fired," he continued. "They discover one American or British spy, and a hundred are fired. And when the KGB fires you, your life is at an end. You can do nothing. No one will touch you!"

"If you slip in the MFA, you can catch yourself. You are not ruined. There are other places to go. And the MFA does not take away your soul."

Overwhelmed, Vladimir asked in bewilderment: "Isn't it true that you yourself have worked for the KGB? Aren't many of your friends in the KGB?"

"I live as I must. You must live as you can," his father quickly answered. "There are good men in the KGB, and I have friends. That I do not deny, but we will not always be here to protect you."

"Now hear my warning. I cannot stop you. But if you join the KGB, I disown you. I will never help you again. You will get nothing from me, ever."

"Father, it is impossible," said Sakharov. "I have signed the papers. Tomorrow I start the physical examinations. What can I do?"

"Do nothing. Just don't go near them again," his father ordered. "I will arrange everything."

At the Institute the next afternoon, the Personnel Department sent a note commanding Vladimir to telephone the KGB number he first called. He ignored it, and the messages that followed. On the third day, the KGB stopped calling. Seemingly, his father's influence had prevailed.

Earning twenty-three of a maximum twenty-five points on his final examinations, Sakharov was graduated from the Institute in January 1968 and assigned as an assistant attaché to the Soviet consulate in Alexandria. After weeks of briefings at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, he, Natalia, and Yekaterina departed from Odessa in May by ship. Awaiting them at the pier in Alexandria was a Russian of about forty, with dark hair, a pleasant round face, and a paunch spilling over his belt. "I am Viktor Sbirunov, vice consul," he introduced himself. "I have a nice apartment for you right across the hall from mine. Come on, my wife has supper."

As they drank and talked, Sakharov perceived that Sbirunov knew virtually everything about him—his family's connections, his accomplishments at the Institute, his service in Yemen, even his aborted recruitment by the KGB. Obviously Sbirunov was the KGB Resident, a fact he privately acknowledged later in the evening.

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Sbirunov was a tough, aggressive, effective officer, a genuine Chekist who already had attained in life more than he expected. His career started as a militia investigator in the Caucasus. He later worked his way into the KGB by acting as a local informant and by sheer tenacity ultimately gained a transfer to Moscow. He then took night courses at the university and, in the expansion of KGB foreign operations during the early 1960s, was shifted to the First Chief Directorate. His language was obscene, his jokes vulgar, his table manners messy. "I fought my way up from the village into the KGB and made myself what I am today," he liked to boast.

A small incident that evening demonstrated to Sakharov that Sbirunov was a true Chekist. Three Russian women, one crying and hysterical, came to the apartment as they finished supper. From what Sakharov overheard of their conversation in the hall, he gathered that the crying woman had just been the victim of an attempted rape. Now she vaguely sought some sort of redress, or at least consolation, from a Soviet official.

"You fool! What do you expect me to do?" Sbirunov snapped. "The Arabs are subhuman and act like animals. You are supposed to be civilized and have sense enough to know that. I have told you not to go to the marketplace at night. You are to blame, not the animal. Stop bawling and go home. If you make more trouble, I will send you back [to the Soviet Union]."

Returning to the table, Sbirunov shook his head. "The Egyptians are Arabs, and the Arabs are all just like niggers,"* he declared. "Subhuman, all of them. I tell you, though, sometimes I don't know who are worse, the subhumans or our stupid women." Natalia smiled as if she had just heard something very chic.

After the wives had retired to another room, Sbirunov referred to Sakharov's dealings with the KGB in Moscow. "You tried to run away from us," he said laughing. "No one gets away from us. You see, we have you now." Sakharov laughed also. He realized that to avoid the bother of contesting his father, the KGB had let him go in Moscow, fully intending to recover him in Egypt. Sbirunov didn't even ask him if he wanted to work for the KGB. From that evening on, Sbirunov and other KGB officers simply told him what to do and treated him as one of theirs.

Natalia and Sakharov were instantly popular in the Soviet colony. The Russians liked to show off such a strikingly handsome couple in diplomatic society, representing them as typical young Soviet emissaries. Attired in clothes Sakharov's father had bought for her on Fifth Avenue, Natalia was one of the more elegant women in Alexandria. She taught herself English, learned to prepare exotic Middle Eastern dishes, and

* The word Sbirunov actually used was the plural of "*chernozhopy*," the term by which Russians popularly refer to black people of all nationalities. Literally translated, it means "black ass."

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charmed those Russians and foreigners who could help her husband. Though their private relations remained empty and often antagonistic, in every other way Natalia was precisely the asset Sakharov's family had sought for him. Sakharov, however, needed no help. The eagerness and ease with which he accomplished assignments, menial or complex, led the KGB to congratulate itself on its own perspicacity in co-opting him. Everyone considered him an inordinately gifted young man who realized that he still had much to learn and who was determined to learn so that he could better serve his country. His thoughtful questions impressed his superiors, and his habit of returning to the consulate to work alone two or three nights a week further testified to his devotion.

These were important and dramatic times to be with the KGB in the Middle East, where the Soviet Union had mounted its greatest subversive operation of the decade. Whereas the Czars yearned for warm-water ports on the Mediterranean, Soviet leaders coveted control of Middle East petroleum, which comprises about 60 percent of the earth's reserves. Already, Western Europe and Japan depend almost entirely upon the Middle East for the oil that fuels their economies. According to some projections, unless American domestic resources are better exploited, by 1990 the United States will have to buy fully half of its petroleum from the Middle East. Thus, Soviet strategists accurately equated the power to control or interrupt the flow of oil from the Middle East with the power to blackmail the West and Japan.

By the summer of 1968, the Soviet Union had progressed far toward converting Egypt into its principal base of subversion against the Arab world. In return for some \$2.5 billion worth of arms and aid, President Nasser had mortgaged both the policies and economy of his country to the Russians. Soviet officers gave orders to the Egyptian military. Soviet engineers supervised Egyptian workers in the construction of bases from which Arabs subsequently were barred. An extraordinary delegation from the Central Committee itself, along with some fifty KGB and GRU officers, stood watch in Cairo to ensure that Egyptian actions reflected Soviet interests. Among themselves, the Russians, only partially in jest, referred to Egypt as the "Soviet Egyptian Republic."

Nevertheless, Soviet dominance of Egypt was neither absolute nor completely secure. Certainly the Russians could not consider Egypt an integral part of their empire as they do East Germany, Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Hungary. In each of these Eastern European satellites, the Soviet Union has installed an indigenous New Class largely unsupported by the people. Because their rule rests solely upon Soviet power, these regimes must remain servile to Moscow. Nasser, however, commanded the allegiance of the Egyptian populace and thus retained at least an option of independent action. The Russians also worried about a quiescent minority of Western-oriented Egyptians who opposed subserviency to

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the Soviet Union. They also realized that an accommodation between the Arabs and Israel would diminish Egyptian need for Soviet arms and thus endanger their hold on Nasser.

Therefore, the KGB endeavored to build a hidden foundation for an enduring Soviet dominance. It recruited agents in the Egyptian military, the security services, the press, the universities, the governing Arab Socialist Union Party, and even among Nasser's personal advisers. Shortly before Sakharov arrived, it also started to penetrate those groups sympathetic to the West. The Russians relied on all of these agents to reinforce covertly their influence over the existing Egyptian regime. And they counted on them to form the nucleus of an Egyptian New Class wholly beholden to the Soviet Union.

Sakharov in executing KGB assignments, reading secret dispatches, translating intelligence reports from Arabic, and listening to KGB shop talk, was able to watch the Soviet strategy unfolding. Sbirunov instructed him to cultivate selected Egyptians the KGB considered vulnerable to subversive overtures. One was Abdel Madsoud Fahmi Hasan, the young chief of an intelligence unit assigned to protect and watch foreign consulates in Alexandria. "It is normal for you as a new officer to introduce yourself and state our desire for good relations," Sbirunov told Sakharov. "Hasan is a little man now. But never forget that little men sometimes grow into big men."

Taking along a bottle of whisky, Sakharov visited Hasan and subsequently invited him to dinners and then to a diplomatic reception, where he presented Sbirunov. Periodically Sakharov called on the Egyptian with gifts, usually caviar or whisky, which he sometimes explained away as part of an "overshipment" mistakenly sent to the consulate. After about three months, Sbirunov ordered him to stop seeing Hasan.

"He may be offended," said Sakharov. "We have become rather good friends."

"He understands," Sbirunov replied.

Sakharov never saw the Egyptian again. But later he translated reports about Egyptian intelligence operations and foreigners in Alexandria that Hasan regularly provided Sbirunov.

The Egyptian responsible for counterintelligence on Russians in the Alexandria area was Major Abdel Hadi el-Sayed. As part of a plan to suborn him, the KGB arranged a scholarship for his brother to study in the Soviet Union. Sakharov met the brother before his departure for the Agricultural Institute in Tbilisi and, using this tenuous social link, introduced himself to the major. Thereafter, he followed the usual pattern of development until Sbirunov interceded to take charge of el-Sayed.

Sbirunov also encouraged Sakharov to strike up acquaintances with government officials and businessmen on his own. Local communists were the only Egyptians with whom contact was prohibited. Sakharov pitied

these idealistic Marxists. They had been persecuted for years, first under King Farouk, then under Nasser, who, as a sop to the anticommunist elements among his people, periodically made a great show of jailing them. Now the Russians scorned them as foolish, troublemaking "amateur Marxists" or agents of the Chinese. "The trash of society," Sbirunov called them. The communist editor Mohammad Koreitim offered to devote an issue of his magazine to commemoration of Lenin's birth, asking only that the Russians promise to buy five hundred copies. The Russians turned him down, and after he kept pleading, evicted him from the consulate. Faithful to the cause, Koreitim published the commemorative edition anyway from his own sparse resources. Sbirunov merely laughed when Egyptian journalists subsequently accused Koreitim of taking a Soviet bribe.

Although Sakharov never revealed his KGB affiliation to anyone in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, he assumed that his nominal boss, Consul General Oleg Shumilov, had been briefed about it. However, in June Shumilov asked him to his office and shut the door. "A very serious matter has arisen," he announced gravely. "I am informed that two nights ago you went to a nightclub with an Egyptian. Our rules are clear, and you violated them by failing to report this contact. What is your explanation?"

"I am seeing the Arab at Sbirunov's orders," Sakharov answered.

"Who do you think you are working for?" Shumilov exploded. "The KGB or the MFA?"

"I am working for the Soviet Union," replied Sakharov.

Shumilov misconstrued this as a calculated impertinence, and his face reddened. "Young man, I don't care who you are or who your father is!" he shouted. "The Ministry sent you here to work for me. If you do anything else without consulting me first, I will ask the ambassador to send you home."

Sakharov went directly to Sbirunov. The next afternoon a humiliated Shumilov offered him an awkward apology. "Neither one of us can control the circumstances," Sakharov said respectfully. "I still want to do my duty for the MFA. Ask anything of me. I will help in every way I can."

The incident left Sakharov with a kind of immunity and liberty rarely enjoyed by Russians abroad. Under the aegis of the KGB, he could circulate freely among foreigners, and Shumilov no longer dared inquire about his associations or whereabouts. Because he performed some consular duties, the KGB did not demand as full an accounting of his time and contacts as it did from its own staff officers or from regular diplomats. Thus, no one questioned him when he took long afternoon drives across the desert—where neither Russians nor Egyptians could follow him without being detected. If questioned, he was prepared to explain that because of his evening work he seldom could spend time with his

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daughter, Yekaterina, whom he was merely treating to a swim in the sea. On one occasion while they were frolicking together in a gentle surf, an immense man, weighing at least 320 pounds, wallowed toward them like a fat walrus. He had a long black beard, coal-black hair and eyes, and an intelligent, raffish face. Delighted to encounter fellow Russians, he introduced himself in a booming bass voice as Anatoli Kaznovetsky, Archbishop of the Russian Orthodox Church for all Africa. The bishop, without doubt, was the most colorful KGB agent in the Middle East.

He and his tall, graceful wife soon became the Sakharovs' favorite friends in Alexandria. Kaznovetsky was interested in everything. Skilled in mechanics and addicted to gadgetry, he repaired his own car, distilled his own liqueurs, and built his own spearfishing gear. He listened to Bach and Beethoven by the hour and sometimes drank two bottles of vodka at a single sitting with no visible effects except a florid face. He was perfectly capable of administering religious sacraments one hour and writing reports for the KGB the next. Beyond their common relationship with KGB, Sakharov and Kaznovetsky shared many obliquely expressed perceptions of Soviet reality.

The bishop's principal KGB mission was to persuade clergymen of other faiths to adopt and propound the Soviet view on international issues such as Vietnam, the world peace movement, and the Arab-Israeli conflict. At the same time, he assisted in recruiting religious agents, particularly among the Copts, the Christian minority. His clerical position also permitted him to reconnoiter African regions and social circles to which official Soviet representatives were not easily admitted. At the Alexandria consulate, Kaznovetsky dealt exclusively with Sbirunov, delivering written reports and receiving instructions every week. He also traveled to Cairo about once a month to confer with the KGB Resident there, Pavl Nedosekin, a ruthless wartime terrorist feared by everybody, including Sakharov. Accompanying the bishop to Cairo on business of his own, Sakharov saw him emerge from the guarded Room No. 6, where the embassy disbursed funds for clandestine operations.

In time, Sakharov felt secure enough with the bishop to request a secret favor in behalf of himself and Natalia. "Do you think," he asked, "that Yekaterina could be baptized? I mean, without anyone knowing."

With a fatherly embrace, Kaznovetsky answered, "Of course, my son, of course."

Sakharov kept hidden in the bottom of his cufflink box a small golden cross given to him by his grandmother at the time of his own baptism. Taking it along, he searched Alexandria hoping to find a matching one for Yekaterina. The night of the baptism, the bishop arranged his living room to resemble, as nearly as possible, a sanctuary, even setting up an altar. He appeared in the magnificent vestments of the

Russian Church, adorned with a miter and carrying a crosier. The solemn setting and the organ chorales from the bishop's stereo made Sakharov feel as if he were in church. After the baptismal ceremony, Kaznovetsky's wife, in the old Russian fashion, served a grand festive supper in celebration.

Saying good-night, the bishop whispered, "Do not worry, Volodiya, no one will know." Both recognized that the KGB would consider the baptism a mark against Sakharov. The interest in religion that it signified might be dismissed as a harmless aberration or youthful whimsy, but the record of the baptism would be permanent, and, should circumstances ever arouse official suspicions about Sakharov, it would weigh against him.

Yekaterina fell asleep after the dinner, clutching a little cross in her hand. She was a beautiful, angelic child with her mother's golden hair. After settling her in her crib, Sakharov and Natalia spontaneously embraced and went to bed together for the first time in months.

Half a year or so later, the bishop approached Sakharov with a personal problem. The foreign car he owned in Moscow had long been inoperable because it required replacement parts unobtainable in the Soviet Union. The bishop had managed to buy all the needed parts plus some spares in Egypt, but, as their importation was strictly illegal, he had no means of transporting them to Moscow. He wondered if Sakharov might, with the aid of his diplomatic passport, take them along on his next home leave. Aware of the dangers of smuggling contraband, Sakharov hesitated. "Of course," said the bishop, "I do not wish to involve you in trouble. It merely occurred to me that a clever young man such as yourself might know a way." Then he added, "By the way, how is your beautiful little Yekaterina? Every time I think of her, I feel comforted that she enjoys the blessing of our Lord."

It was sheer blackmail. Despite Natalia's fears, Sakharov shipped the crate along with their luggage when they left for a Moscow vacation in August 1969. As it happened, the customs inspector looked at his diplomatic passport and waved them on without examining their belongings.

While in Egypt, Sakharov journeyed to Cairo two or three times a month to discharge tasks for Sbirunov or attend to consular business. After stopping at the embassy, he customarily stayed overnight with friends. He talked most often with KGB officers Gennadi Yenikeev and Valentin Polyakov; MFA Referentura Chief Ivan Ignatchenko; and an accomplished Soviet Arabist, Sergei Arakelyan, whom Nasser idolized and employed as his personal interpreter. During these visits Sakharov learned much about what really was happening behind all the public bombast and posturing typical of Middle Eastern affairs. His friends confided that Soviet pilots, flying MIGs with Egyptian markings, were dying in aerial combat. Once while he was in Cairo, the bodies of two

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Russian pilots shot down by Israeli Phantom jets were brought in from the desert, and he saw their wives weeping on the caskets. Arakelyan also told him of secret trips Nasser made to Moscow and of his conversations at the Kremlin.

He learned the most, however, from Sbirunov, his KGB boss, neighbor, and drinking companion in Alexandria. Although generally discreet, the Resident at times did succumb to an impulse to impress people with his secret knowledge. Drinking Scotch with him late on a spring evening in 1969, Sakharov expressed surprise that the KGB had not detected Israeli preparations for the lightning attack in June 1967.

"Everyone knew Israel was prepared for war," Sbirunov said. "But the main task of any Soviet representative is to ascertain the exact date of war and just what the enemy plans are."

"Well, in Yemen we wondered why this was not done," Sakharov remarked.

"Oh, no!" Sbirunov interjected. "There was information, exact information. We learned the exact date of the attack and the hour of the attack. That was sent to the Center. We were astonished they did not tell the Arabs. Maybe they did not believe it or doubted the source. Maybe it was just a routine fault at the Center, or maybe it was planned. I don't know."

Sakharov, of course, was intrigued by this assertion that the KGB acquired and yet withheld momentous intelligence that might have spared the Arabs their military debacle. Less than a week later he was even more intrigued by a revelation Sbirunov casually made at a routine consulate staff meeting. Present were Consul General Shumilov; Sbirunov and Sakharov, representing the KGB; the GRU Resident; and the Central Committee representative. Sakharov asked whether the increasing influence in the Egyptian government of a comparatively moderate editor, Mohammed Hassanein Heikal, might augur difficulties for the Soviet Union.

"No, not so long as Sharaf stays where he is," answered Sbirunov.

"I never heard of him," said Shumilov.

"Sami Sharaf in reality is the foremost figure in the government. He is the intelligence adviser to the President, the man Nasser listens to most," declared Sbirunov. "From our standpoint, he is the most positive force in Egypt. He is the one we rely on."

Sbirunov spoke truthfully but not wisely. Sharaf was far too important to be exposed to those who had no real need to know about him. In fact, at the time, Sami Sharaf was one of the most important KGB agents in the world. He represented a case of a "little man" who grew into a "big man"; a vindication of the KGB practice of recruiting myriad agents in the hope that a few will succeed years hence, a classic illustration of how a single agent of influence can alter history.

Sharaf, barely five feet six inches tall, with his stooped, round shoulders, bulging stomach, bald head, dark, moony eyes, and drooping mustache, looked like a sad pear. His appearance belied his quick mind, natural talent for intrigue, tough, ambitious personality uninhibited by scruples, and seemingly inexhaustible capacity for work. Aside from treason, he had no personal vices. The chief indulgence he granted himself was an occasional evening at the movies with his wife.

KGB cultivation of Sharaf began in 1955, when he visited Moscow with one of the first Egyptian military missions seeking Soviet aid. Shortly thereafter the procommunist Ali Sabry, who then headed the Egyptian cabinet, appointed Sharaf his assistant. Whether he did so at Soviet prodding is unknown. Sharaf soon reorganized Sabry's office, in the process gathering more power into his own hands and gaining direct access to Nasser. He returned to Moscow in 1957 with another Egyptian delegation, and again the KGB assiduously courted him. Sharaf visited New York in 1958 and twice met secretly with Vladimir Suslev, a KGB officer posing as a counselor with the Soviet delegation to the U.N.

Even some former KGB officers knowledgeable about the Sharaf case are not sure precisely when he became a controlled agent. Evidence suggests that the year was 1958. For subsequent to 1958 Sharaf was not mentioned by his true name either at the Center in Moscow or in enciphered KGB dispatches. Instead, the KGB referred to him by the type of code name reserved for controlled agents. His was Asad, the Arabic word meaning "lion."

Under the misleading title of Director of the President's Office of Information, Sharaf emerged in 1959 as de facto chief of Egyptian intelligence—the principal intelligence adviser to Nasser. He disassociated himself from Sabry and adopted the pose, carefully formulated by the KGB, of a fervent Arab nationalist. He argued that Egypt's overriding domestic goal should be realization of a social democracy, along with a dominant foreign policy objective of Arab unity leading to Israel's dismemberment. In every way possible, he impressed upon Nasser the view that because of domestic political considerations, the United States would ultimately support Israel. Therefore, Egypt would play East against West and extract all it could from the Russians without compromising its sovereignty.

With or without Nasser's knowledge, Sharaf consummated a secret deal providing for joint Egyptian-KGB operations and Soviet training of Egyptian intelligence officers. The arrangement permitted the Russians to further penetrate the Egyptian government through the officers they indoctrinated. It also provided Sharaf with a pretext to meet openly with his KGB case officer in Cairo, Vadim Kirpichenko.

By the early 1960s, Sharaf approved all foreign assignments of Egyptian personnel, supervised security investigations of government

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employees, and personally directed foreign intelligence operations of particular interest to Nasser. For this purpose he organized within the intelligence service a special network of officers reporting directly to him. More significantly, he determined which reports reached Nasser, as well as the content of his daily briefings. Thus, through Sharaf, the KGB controlled the intelligence that the Egyptian President relied on most to form his judgments and national policy.

Still another dimension of the elaborate web the KGB spun around the Egyptians has been revealed by Ladislav Bittman, former deputy director of the disinformation and action department of Czechoslovak intelligence. Bittman, who fled to the United States in 1968, disclosed that during the 1960s the Czechs dangled their own agents before Egyptian intelligence officers in Western Europe. As soon as the Egyptians recruited some of these Czech spies, the disinformation department supplied them with a stream of false but persuasive reports alleging French, British, and American perfidy against Egypt. To the Egyptians this fake intelligence was all the more convincing because it presumably resulted from their own enterprise. And Sharaf was able to cite it as documentation in support of the anti-Western arguments he urged upon Nasser.

Sharaf continually sought ways to erode Egyptian ties with the West. With KGB guidance, he planned the November 1964 mob demonstration that culminated in the burning of the United States Information Service library in Cairo.

As Nasser's most intimate confidant, Sharaf by 1967 attained power in Egypt second only to that of the President himself. It was Sharaf who relayed presidential orders to Egyptian cabinet ministers, becoming in effect their superior. But his greatest influence upon Egyptian affairs derived from his success in masking his true allegiance. Nasser realized that the Russian advice was self-serving and might not coincide with Egypt's interests. He also recognized that many of his associates, notably Vice President Ali Sabry, Interior Minister Sharawi Gomaa, and War Minister Mohammed Fawzi, were Soviet allies. But he had no reason to question his trusted and loyal intelligence chief, who, guided by the KGB, steadfastly maintained the posture of a patriot concerned only with what was best for Egypt. Sharaf, in fact, was the one man upon whom Nasser felt he could rely for objective counsel. And during the critical spring of 1967, when Nasser was making the decisions that would lead to war or peace, Sharaf presented him the picture of the world the KGB wanted him to see.

Like Consul General Shumilov, Sakharov had not heard of Sharaf until Sbirunov incautiously praised him. But the casual remarks of the Resident conveyed to him extraordinary meaning. And during the next year, the one subject about which he most tried to learn was Sami Sharaf. In May 1970, Soviet Ambassador Sergei Vinogradov called Sakharov

to Cairo. After flattering him with comments about his performance in Alexandria, he announced that "the neighbors"—an MFA term for the KGB—had requested that Sakharov be assigned to Cairo. If Sakharov agreed to the transfer, the ambassador could guarantee him an excellent apartment and a promotion. Sakharov accepted with alacrity. Cairo ranked as a major center of KGB operations, and he particularly wanted to be stationed there. Unfortunately, his plans were to be thwarted.

Three or four days later, Sakharov's mother telephoned him from Moscow. "Have you heard about your new assignment?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied. "I saw the ambassador last week."

"Oh, it's not the one you think," his mother said proudly. "You are going to the golden land. Your father has arranged it."

Sakharov muttered some words of thanks, disguising his disgust. In the Ministry of Foreign Affairs the "golden land" meant Kuwait, the oil-rich Arabian emirate on the Persian Gulf. Years before, through some bureaucratic miscalculation, the Soviet government had authorized personnel stationed in Kuwait an unduly high cost-of-living allowance. With this extra money, Soviet personnel in Kuwait could buy duty-free Western products that commanded huge sums in Moscow and thereby accumulate a small fortune. Sakharov long since had ceased caring about money, but he did care about what he could learn in Cairo. Once more, though, his family had interceded to control and change his life. There was nothing to do but go to Kuwait.

The third day after he landed there, Sakharov unexpectedly met Stanislav Yeliseev, a young Soviet diplomat and friend of his student days. Over dinner, Sakharov deliberately mentioned that the KGB had advance intelligence on the surprise Israeli attack in 1967, knowing Yeliseev had been working in the Middle East section of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Moscow at the time of the Arab-Israeli war. "Yes, that is true," Yeliseev said. "Later it became known in the MFA that we were informed in advance but did not tell the Egyptians. The big question was, Why?" That was all Yeliseev could offer. Though Sakharov tried, he never learned anything more about the fascinating possibility that the KGB may have furthered the Arab defeat.

Yeliseev was far more talkative about the miserable morale of the Soviet colony in Kuwait. As Sakharov soon saw for himself, it was in a state of sullen, mutinous disarray created by the newly arrived ambassador, Nikolai Kuzmich Tupitsyn.

A mean, foolish, and autocratic functionary, Tupitsyn had received the ambassadorship in reward for years of slavish service as a Party secretary in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. He was an aging, tyrannical bureaucrat who enjoyed flaunting authority. So he banned the sale of duty-free liquor, prohibited recreational use of the embassy motor launch, and forbade the traditional farewell parties. He himself drank steadily

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from mid-morning on, and often commandeered the launch for fishing. From Moscow, Tupitsyn imported four lackeys to develop his own informant network within the colony. Among them was his secretary and mistress, Rita Smolicheva, a redheaded shrew.

Normally, a KGB Resident would have warned the Center about such an ambassador. Yet the Resident in Kuwait, Lieutenant Colonel Vladislav Sergeevich Lobanov, wearily had retreated into himself after twenty-five years of subversion and espionage. He still did his job but without the old Chekist impulses.

Unless an offender was Jewish or obviously incorrigible, Lobanov no longer filed the derogatory reports that led to recall. "You know our system," he told a young GRU officer arrested for drunkenness. "If someone who doesn't like you found out about this, he could ruin you. Now, let's forget about it and not let it happen again." Once he remarked to Sakharov: "It is no wonder our young people are turning to religion. What else can we give them besides alcohol?" Sakharov felt that if Lobanov had been a younger man, he would have been a likely candidate for defection to the British or Americans, whom he admired. As it was, the Resident wanted merely to complete his tour without incident and retire to his dacha with his books, folk music, and garden. He was patronizing toward Tupitsyn, content to watch in amusement as the ambassador clumsily tried to enforce the security procedures that were the proper province of the KGB. If security collapsed, as it soon did, Lobanov could rationalize that the ambassador was to blame, as he largely was.

Conditions in Kuwait were radically different from those Sakharov knew in Egypt, where the Russians could do as they pleased. The Kuwaiti security service was vigilant, efficient, and devoid of any illusions about the Russians. Moreover, the Kuwaitis realized that so long as the Soviet Union wished to maintain diplomatic relations with them, they could maintain as tough a policy as they wanted toward KGB personnel. They rigidly restricted the number of Russians allowed in the country. While Sakharov was there, the whole colony seldom totaled more than thirty, including women and children. To Tupitsyn's blustering demands that the quota be increased, the Kuwaiti replied that there were quite enough Russians there already, perhaps even too many. In Western countries, KGB officers have swung at photographers, assaulted citizens, and staged kidnappings, yet remained physically untouched by local police. But a Kuwaiti policeman, after being slugged by a drunken GRU officer, knocked down the Russian, picked him up, and beat him. The police kept the Russian in jail for three days, then ordered the embassy to come and get him.

In this dismal working climate, Sakharov expected to see or learn little. But on Monday of his second week in Kuwait, Lobanov gave him an assignment for which he could not reasonably have hoped. A specialist

in operations against Turkey, Lobanov knew no Arabic. Neither did the GRU Resident, Valentin Yakovlevich Zimin, who barely spoke English. A translator promised by the Center was long overdue, and a growing backlog of reports remained untranslated. Because of the KGB endorsements from Egypt that preceded his arrival, the Resident felt he could trust Sakharov to process them. To do so, though, Sakharov would require some preliminary briefings.

The agents' reports, the files and messages to and from the Center to which Sakharov now obtained access, were revealing. Sakharov learned much more as he was taken into the confidence of both the KGB and GRU Residents. In time, he was able to identify numerous agents, recognize embryonic penetrations, and discern the general outline of four major Soviet operations.

One was aimed at sabotaging the oilfields and eventually subverting the government of Saudi Arabia. The KGB there had established and was attempting to sustain a terrorist guerrilla organization calling itself the Front of Liberation of Saudi Arabia. Sakharov translated several reports from KGB agents planted among the terrorists, written in invisible ink and mailed to drops in Kuwait. Each contained some complaint about the extreme difficulty of operating against the government, and one bemoaned the quick execution of terrorists who were captured.

The KGB also had begun to build cells of terrorists in the oil sheikdoms south of Kuwait, along the Persian Gulf. Here again it sought to wrest control of another source of Middle East oil vital to Western Europe and Japan. To attract future terrorists, the KGB held out to youths of these sheikdoms the lure of scholarships in the Soviet Union, where the most apt could be observed, recruited, and trained. Sakharov noted that eighty young men from the sheikdom of Qatar alone had already been ferried clandestinely to Russia through Cairo.

A third operation, consisting of a brutal campaign of urban terrorism, kidnapping, and assassination directed against Turkey, was much more advanced and successful. It began in the early 1960s with a few agents recruited by KGB officers working out of the Soviet embassy in Ankara and trained in the Soviet Union. Back in Turkey, this cadre inducted more radicals into the terrorist movement, some of whom were slipped into adjoining Syria for training in camps supervised by the Russians. The consequent violence, which produced martial law, curfews, and other social dislocations, starkly exemplifies how the KGB has perfected the techniques of convulsing a society at little cost or risk to the Soviet Union.

Finally, the KGB and GRU were joined in an extremely sensitive effort to penetrate, dominate, and exploit the Palestinian guerrillas. The Soviet purpose was to neutralize Chinese influence among the Palestinians and, ultimately, to harness the guerrillas as a force against those Arab leaders trying to stay independent of a Russian hegemony over the Middle

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East. To avoid antagonizing the many Arab rulers who already felt menaced by the mercurial, unpredictable Palestinians, the Russians denied them official recognition. When the Palestinian chieftain Yasir Arafat visited Moscow in 1970, for example, he was received by the Soviet Afro-Asian Solidarity Committee—a KGB front—rather than by any representatives of the Soviet government.

However, in the summer of 1970, the KGB began smuggling arms to the Palestinian Liberation Army through Egypt.* The GRU dispatched thirty Palestinians to the Soviet Union to convert them into controlled agents while training them in guerrilla warfare. It also developed an influential agent in Colonel Sha'ir, a Syrian Palestinian in the Liberation Army.

Sakharov discovered no evidence of Soviet complicity in the hijacking and destruction of commercial airplanes that the Palestinians undertook shortly after they were assured secret Russian support. But the Russians were alarmed by the possibility that their clandestine relations might be exposed and cause them to be blamed for the more reckless terrorism. The Central Committee on May 10, 1971, issued an urgent top-secret order forbidding all Soviet embassies from any further dealings with the Palestinians. Contacts thereafter were made by KGB and GRU officers in the field and by the Afro-Asian Solidarity Committee.

Though none of these major operations originated from Kuwait, the KGB and GRU Residencies there assisted in all of them. An annual quota system required both Lobanov and Zimin to recruit at least three Palestinians for indoctrination in the Soviet Union and subsequent infiltration into the guerrilla movement. In addition, the KGB in Kuwait sought to manipulate segments of the Palestinian Liberation Organization through one of its principal agents, Dr. Ahmad Khatib, a wealthy businessman driven by pathological hatred of the Kuwaiti royal family. Through influence Khatib exerted on Palestinians around Foreign Minister Sheik Jaber el-Ahmad, the KGB in 1970 promoted the Kuwaiti decision to suspend subsidies to independent Jordan. The information Sakharov obtained, of course, was often fragmentary. Lobanov confided, for example, that he was involved in the Turkish operation, without letting Sakharov know just how. But Sakharov did glean names of Armenian, Ceylonese, Indian, and British residents of Kuwait used by the KGB in the operations against the sheikdoms and Saudi Arabia.

In the same way he had succeeded with Sbirunov in Alexandria, Sakharov earned the confidence of Lobanov through his display of ef-

* The *New York Times* of September 18, 1972, quoted unnamed Palestine guerrilla sources as stating that the Soviet Union had begun to supply arms directly to the Al Fatah organization. The report came thirteen days after the Black September terrorist group, an element of Al Fatah, murdered eleven members of the Israeli Olympic delegation at Munich.

iciency, enthusiasm, and diligence. And as in Egypt, he established a routine that allowed him time alone on deserted beaches and at the office. He ordinarily awakened about 6 A.M., fixed a breakfast of Nescafé and cornflakes, then drove to the beach, ostensibly for a swim. At 2 P.M., when the official tropical workday ended, he returned to his apartment, some eight miles from the embassy, ate lunch, and took a nap. After playing with Yekaterina, he often went back to the embassy around seven and worked alone until ten or eleven o'clock.

Like Referentura personnel the world over, the guards were not allowed off the grounds without an escort, and Sakharov volunteered to be their escort. He took their wives shopping, brought them snacks at night, and became their friend. Sakharov cultivated their friendship in hope that, in some future emergency or other special circumstances, he might prevail upon them to bend the rules and let him into the Referentura alone for a few minutes.

The morning of May 22, 1971, Sakharov called upon Lobanov, intending to suggest that he was now prepared to become a staff officer of the KGB. His words and actions had been planned precisely. He had been overseas three years. Soon he would be recalled for a tour of at least two years at the Ministry, where his access to information might be relatively limited. He now needed to join the KGB officially and permanently, no matter what his father thought. But he did not want to take the initiative, to be a supplicant. He calculated that if Lobanov informed the Center that he was receptive, the assignment would come to him.

But before Sakharov could even bid him good morning, Lobanov asked, "Have you heard the news from Cairo?"

"No, I have been swimming," replied Sakharov.

"They have wiped us out!" exclaimed Lobanov. "Sadat arrested all our people—Sabry, Gomaa, Fawzi—everybody!"

"Was there a man named Sharaf?" asked Sakharov.

"The intelligence chief? Yes, him too," responded Lobanov.

President Anwar Sadat had not "wiped out" all KGB agents in the Egyptian government. But he had crushed an imminent coup and created absolute pandemonium at the Kremlin.

In another Middle East miscalculation, the Russians had totally misjudged Sadat. When he succeeded Nasser in September 1970, they looked upon him as a colorless mediocrity, an inoffensive bureaucrat who, after a decent interval, could be displaced by their own men. However, he soon demonstrated both a shrewd competence and an alarming inclination to govern Egypt in terms of its own interests rather than those of the Soviet Union. Though Sadat was neither pro-Western nor anti-Soviet, he was sufficiently independent that, by the spring of 1971, the Russians concluded they should dispose of him.

A ranking Egyptian delegation departed from Moscow on April 15

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after observing the 24th Party Congress. One member, Sami Sharaf, stayed behind, it was announced, for a "medical checkup." Actually, Sharaf remained to consult with the KGB about a coup—a coup by which the Soviet Union intended to install its own New Class of Egyptian rulers and transform the country openly into a "Soviet Egyptian Republic." Somehow, Sadat learned of the plot and crushed it, arresting Sharaf and ninety other conspirators.

In the Kremlin the arrests raised a specter of disaster. The whole Soviet position in the Middle East, as well as its multibillion-dollar investment, now seemed jeopardized. Fearing mob assault on their embassy in Cairo, the Russians hurriedly erected a wall around it and stationed soldiers with machine guns on the roof. Soviet President Nikolai V. Podgorny, who had worked well with the Egyptians before, flew to Cairo to assess and try to repair the damage. Through a combination of threats and promises, he extracted from Sadat a treaty pledging continued Egyptian cooperation.* The treaty notwithstanding, the Egyptians sentenced Sharaf to death for treason, though Sadat commuted the sentence to life imprisonment.

Because Lobanov was so preoccupied with the Egyptian situation that May morning, Sakharov decided to await a more propitious time to broach the subject of joining the KGB. But the KGB Resident left on vacation in early June before Sakharov found occasion to speak to him.

Each day, driving to and from the embassy, Sakharov rounded a certain traffic circle and scrutinized a Volkswagen sedan that often parked there. Sometimes books, toys, and other items were visible in the rear window of the car. The afternoon of July 10, 1971, Sakharov as usual slowed to inspect the Volkswagen. In the rear window he saw something that made his hands tremble and his heart pound—a bouquet of flowers. It was an emergency signal from the American Central Intelligence Agency. Vladimir Nikolaevich Sakharov was a CIA agent and had long been one. Now, by placing the flowers in the car, the CIA was telling him that he was in danger and must flee.

To Sakharov, espionage represented the only effective, practical form of rebellion. It caused him neither feelings of guilt nor disloyalty. For like others of his generation and class, he never had acquired a sense of personal identity with the Soviet Union or an allegiance to it. He thought of the Soviet Union simply as the place where by reason of birth the calculated, pitiless pursuit of his own self-interest was to occur.

Both in orgies with his New Class peers and in the despair of the collective farm, Sakharov experienced a degradation that ultimately caused him to reject the values he had been taught to prize. His rejection

* In an effort to liberate the arrested Soviet agents and sympathizers, Podgorny told President Sadat, "Everyone in the Soviet Union greatly admires Ali Sabry." Sadat replied: "All Egyptians greatly admire Nikita Khrushchev."

of these New Class values turned to hatred of the system that spawned them. But he knew that to strike at the prevailing order successfully, he would have to strike at it secretly. Thus, even while a student, Sakharov resolved to seek, inside and outside the Soviet Union, an opportunity to establish relations with a Western intelligence service.

When he approached the Americans, Sakharov stated that he wanted neither payment nor asylum. He asked only opportunity to help subvert the system by undermining the KGB. For that opportunity he daily risked his life but gave it a sustaining purpose.

The second time he met the Americans, they began drilling him in emergency escape procedures. He could hear the words of the American officer: "If it happens, stay calm; above all else, stay calm. Right up to the moment you meet us, there can be no deviation from your normal behavior. Remember, if it happens, they may already be watching you." As Sakharov's circumstances changed, the CIA changed the escape plan. The one now in effect required him to meet the Americans at a designated site at 11:20 P.M. Sakharov looked at his Seiko watch, a present from his father on his twelfth birthday. It was 2:11 P.M.

Sakharov feared not only the imminent danger but the unknown future. He had vowed to himself and to the Americans that he would live the rest of his life in the KGB, secretly resisting. He had no idea of the kind of life he would begin at 11:20 P.M., assuming he survived until then. He only knew that the end of his marriage would be merciful for both Natalia and him. But then there was Yekaterina.

His efforts at lunch and a nap were in vain. About 4 P.M. he took a .32-caliber Beretta from beneath his mattress, slipped it in his pocket, and called to Yekaterina. They drove aimlessly until sundown, when he stopped by the sea. He watched her, beautiful and laughing, run up and down the beach, shrieking whenever a small wave washed over her feet. Suddenly she ran straight to him and jumped into his arms. "Papa, why are you crying?" she asked.

"I am not crying, Katushka," he said. "I just have sand in my eyes."

Sakharov wanted to be kind to Natalia, to communicate to her in some way that he respected her. For all the hell of their marriage, she was still an intelligent woman with whom he had shared parenthood and six years of his life. He decided that he could be kindest by leaving her with no remnants of affection for him, by making her believe that his disappearance was a blessing. So, after they put Yekaterina to bed, he provoked an argument. All their grievances against each other poured out in vindictive words until she screamed, "Get out! Get out!" He kissed his sleeping daughter and drove off to the embassy, where the guard let him in as usual.

There, Sakharov removed documents from his safe, then went to the

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Referentura on the second floor. "Vasili, something urgent has come up," he told the guard. "Could you let me in for a few minutes?"

"Why not, Volodiya?" answered the guard.

At 11:05 P.M. Sakharov said good-night to the guard and walked away toward the desert, leaving the keys in his car. The only personal belongings he carried with him were an automatic pistol and his baptismal cross. About noon the next day, Russians began grimly patrolling the airport and highway border crossings out of Kuwait. By then, Sakharov was thousands of miles away.

The story of Sakharov is unavoidably incomplete because he has refused to disclose when, where, or how he became an agent of the CIA or to reveal precisely what he did in its behalf. The CIA similarly has declined to answer questions about the relationship.

One of the more intriguing unanswered questions is why the CIA chose to withdraw an agent of such value and potential. Apparently it believed he was in danger. But why? Sakharov fled Kuwait shortly after the Egyptian government arrested Sharaf and ninety other Soviet sympathizers. Although he obviously could not have caused the arrests, maybe there was some relation between them and his flight; maybe not.

However, Sakharov by the intelligence he provided doubtless did damage Soviet Middle Eastern strategy, and therein lies the significance of his story. Soviet policies based heavily upon clandestine action are in effect hostage to the conspirators assigned to execute them. At times they can be ruined by the lone individual who elects to betray them. And during the past two decades, disgusted KGB defectors repeatedly have undermined Soviet policies by exposing their clandestine foundations.

Yet despite the reverses and risks incurred, Soviet leaders from Lenin onward have evinced no inclination to diminish their reliance upon clandestine actions. One reason they have not may be found in their philosophy. Former U.S. Ambassador George F. Kennan writes of earlier Soviet leaders: "These, it must be remembered, were all men who had renounced, as a matter of ideological conviction, the view that there were any absolute standards of personal morality to which one owed obedience. Usefulness to the cause of social transformation, as defined by themselves, was the supreme determinant of right and wrong in all human conduct, including their own. With relation to people outside the Party itself, this was indeed the only criterion. Here, dishonesty, trickery, persecution, murder, torture were all in order, if considered to be useful and important at the moment, to the cause." Such men naturally considered it better to steal than to buy from another country; better to seek control of a man than to seek his cooperation; better to compromise an ambassador than to compromise with his government.

Perhaps it would be unfair to impute this exact same mental set to the contemporary Soviet leadership. Nevertheless, the present leaders remain steeped in clandestine ways and addicted to dependency upon the KGB. And as the ensuing chapter demonstrates, the dynamics of Soviet society are such that it will not be easy for them or future Soviet leaders to free themselves of this dependency, whatever they might themselves desire.

Background of Sharaf: The details of Sharaf's background and activities emanate from various foreign security services as well as from Sakharov. The presence of an extraordinarily important KGB agent of influence in the Egyptian government prior to 1971 has been further confirmed by another KGB defector.

Disinformation operations against Egypt: Interviews with Bittman.

Soviet personnel in Kuwait: Names of most of the Soviet nationals with whom Sakharov dealt in Kuwait appear in the *List of Diplomatic and Consular Corps*, April 1969, issued by the Kuwait Foreign Ministry; *Prominent Personalities in the USSR*.

Terrorism in Turkey: Interviews with Turkish embassy officials, Washington: "The Trade in Troublemaking," *Time*, May 10, 1971.

Exploitation of Palestinian guerrillas: *Soviet Analyst*, June 20, 1972; "L'U.R.S.S. et Les Palestiniens," *Les Informations Politiques et Sociales*, Paris, September 23, 1972.

Trial of 91 Egyptians: *New York Times*, August 25, 1971.

Podgorny-Sadat agreement: *Christian Science Monitor*, August 25, 1971.

Sentencing of Sharaf: *Christian Science Monitor*, December 10, 1971.

Kennan quotation: Introduction by George Kennan to *Power and the Soviet Elite* by Boris I. Nicolaevsky, pp. xiv-xv.

CHAPTER III

Barghoorn case: Nosenko is the sole source of information concerning what transpired within the KGB and Politburo before and after Barghoorn's arrest. The account of the arrest and incarceration is based upon an interview with Professor Barghoorn. President Kennedy's statements were published by the *New York Times*, November 15, 1963, in a transcript of his press conference. Other relevant published reports may be found in Barghoorn's "The Security Police"; *New York Times*, October 31, November 13, 16, 17, 20, 21, 1963; *New York Herald Tribune*, October 30, 31, November 13, 15, 16, 1963.

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Dzerzhinsky quotation: Scott, p. 8.

Deaths inflicted by Cheka: Conquest, *The Human Cost of Communism*, M SSIS, 1970, p. 11.

Lenin quotations: ". . . this is unheard of . . ." *Lenin, Works*, V. 35, p. 275; "narrow minded intelligentsia . . . sob and fuss," V. 28, pp. 331-43, *Pravda* (Moscow), December 18, 1918, "merciless mass terror," V. 35, pp. 287, 288.

Opposition to communists and revolt at Kronstadt: Scott, p. 14; Shub, p. 405.

Lenin quotations: "We have failed . . ." Conquest, p. 3; "resting directly on force," *Lenin, Works*, V. 31, p. 326; letter to Kursky, V. 33, p. 321.

Conquest quotation: Conquest, p. 8.

Deaths inflicted under Stalin: *ibid.*, p. 533.

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- Execution of Beria cohorts: interview with Deriabin.
 Khrushchev as a Stalinist: Pistrak, pp. 123, 145-48, 165.
 Khrushchev speech: Speech of Nikita Khrushchev Before a Closed Session of the XXth Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union on February 25, 1956, SSIS, 1957.
 Wolfe quotation: Wolfe, *Khrushchev and Stalin's Ghost*, pp. 67-68.
 Party announcement of June 30, 1956: Speech of Nikita Khrushchev . . . SSIS, 1957, p. 21.
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 Library of Congress study: *Soviet Intelligence and Security Services, 1964-1970, A Selected Bibliography of Soviet Publications, with Some Additional Titles from Other Sources*, R SSIS, 1972.
 Pipes quotation: Pipes, p. 4.

CHAPTER IV

The chapter is based in the main upon heretofore confidential data provided by Western security services and former KGB personnel. All but Nosenko, Deriabin, and Sakharov have requested anonymity. Some published sources can be cited to document portions of the chapter.

- Andropov: References to Andropov's background derive from *Prominent Personalities in the USSR*; *Valeurs Actuelles* (Paris), April 26, 1967; *New York Times*, *Toronto Globe and Mail*, May 20, 1967; *Sunday Star* (Washington, D.C.), May 21, 1967; *Daily Telegraph* (London), April 14, 1971. References to the Hungarian Revolution are based primarily upon the United Nations Report of the Special Committee on the Problem of Hungary, New York, 1957, and *Hungary's Fight for Freedom*, a special issue published by *Life*, 1956. The description of Andropov's apartment was supplied by Vladimir Nikolaevich Sakharov, who several times was a guest of Andropov's son.
 References to William Fisher: *Los Angeles Times*, August 22, 1972; *New York Times*, August 27, 1972.
 Scientific and Technical Directorate: Some data pertaining to Soviet scientific and technological espionage are provided by Penkovsky, pp. 69, 77, 105, 339.
 Serge report: Deakin and Storry, p. 230.
 Stalin's disregard of intelligence: Rauch, p. 307; *Conquest*, pp. 484-89.
 Ciphers, signals, and communications: *New York Times*, April 6, 1965; *Washington Post*, April 6, May 11, 1965; *Toronto Globe and Mail*, May 11, 1965; Wise and Rose, p. 107.
 Persecution of Jews: *Observer* (London), December 12, 1971; *Washington Post*, August 12, September 26, 1972, April 20, 1973; *Daily Telegraph* (London), August 14, 1972; *Sunday Telegraph* (London), May 21, 1972; *New York Times*, April 28, 1972; *Soviet Analyst*, September 14, 1972.

WASHINGTON — History will mark the events in Iran, Afghanistan and Nicaragua in 1979 as a turning point in the invisible war between radical and moderate forces for control of the oil and destiny of the Middle East and control of Central America and Mexico.

In the Middle East, the outcome of the process now gaining momentum might include the replacement of the royal families in the oil states of the Arabian Peninsula by radical anti-Western regimes. Among the effects of such a change could be the use of Israel and oil supplies as the fulcrum to divide America from Europe and Japan, which depend on that region for more than 70 percent of their oil consumption. While encouraging radical destabilization in the Persian Gulf area, the Soviet Union could use a diplomacy of conciliation with Europe and Japan intended to end any meaningful alliance with America.

The Sandinista victory in Nicaragua last July encouraged leftist terrorists' assaults against the Governments of El Salvador and Guatemala; these continue to gain force and might succeed soon. That in turn would open Mexico to the politics of polarization through leftist terror and to possible destabilization by a coalition of reformist, radical and Communist groups opposed to the current regime. Mexico might then become an Iran-next-door.

United States policy toward the Middle East and the Central America area has long been based on the assumption that the invisible political war that is raging could be lost. In Central America, this requires additional support for peaceful reform and immediate action against extremist and Cuban-supported terrorism. In the Middle East, adequate Western military power is necessary. However this alone will not preserve our interests against three converging radical forces.

Radicalism Abroad

By Constantine C. Menges

First, Palestinian terrorists, including the Palestine Liberation Organization, believe that after the ruling elites on the Arabian Peninsula are replaced by radicals, the Palestinians will be able to force the entire West to abandon Israel. Second, the radical Governments of Libya, Syria, Algeria, Iran and, to some degree, Iraq, share this view, but they would remain hostile to the democracies even without the pretext of Israel because their leaders believe much of the Marxist mythology about Western "evils." Third, the Soviet Union and its client governments, among them Southern Yemen's, aim to do anything possible, short of risking major war, that will bring the oil closer to their control.

Targets for these three destabilizing forces include President Anwar el Sadat and the oil regimes on the Arabian Peninsula along with Yemen and Oman. The failure to meet the May 26 deadline for completing negotiations for Palestinian autonomy could be the last straw for the radicals to work for the overthrow of Sadat and replace him with a more radical leader.

Last November, the attack on the Great Mosque in Mecca was aimed at overthrowing the monarchy in Saudi Arabia. Kuwait, Bahrain, Abu Dhabi, Qatar and the United Arab Emirates are even more vulnerable, since their Palestinian and Shiite Moslem minorities add up to about half the population in each state. The practical approach to

destabilization in the small oil states might combine pressures and threats from neighboring Iran or Iraq with internal upheavals encouraged by radicals.

Simultaneously, Soviet proxies might be active. After the summer Olympics have ended, Cubans and East Germans might help Communist Southern Yemen or Libya make use of the hundreds of modern tanks, armored personnel carriers, mobile artillery and mobile air-defense missiles already stockpiled in those countries.

What should be done? Rather than waiting passively for destabilization to strike one country after another, a coalition of democracies and Islamic nations must take the offensive against radical and terrorist networks. Decades of repression of Islam inside the Soviet Union, and the brutality in Afghanistan, should be used to show Moslem peoples the consequences of Soviet dominance. There should be a solution providing for Palestinian autonomy based on democratically-chosen authority and for the security of Israel. This will be possible only if the radical forces are contained.

It is an illusion to believe that anything other than the disappearance of Israel would satisfy any of the three radical forces. The democracies must use conservation of energy, technology and unity to establish real economic counterpressures to the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries. And finally, there must be a concerted but private proposal to the Soviet Union to stop your reckless war against the moderate governments of oil states or there will be a complete cessation of economic transactions with many of the democratic nations.

Constantine C. Menges, editor of "International Strategic Issues," a newsletter, is author of "Spain: The Struggle for Democracy Today."

N.Y. Times, 6/11/80, at A31-1

THE NEW YORK TIMES, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1976

Qatar, Site of Oil Ministers' Conference This Week, Bolsters Its Border Guard to Block Any Terrorists

By ERIC FAYE

QATAR, Dec. 11—This remote Arabian sheikhdom has been taking special security measures in recent days to guard against any terrorist assaults or incidents during a meeting next week of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries, more commonly known as OPEC.

Desert patrols have been intensified. Bulletproof steel shutters have been put up to shield the conference hall. Foreign travelers are being carefully screened by the police.

"We have a tradition of hospitality here but we must prepare for everything," a visitor was told by Abdul Rahman Salf al-Sudhani, director of the Qatar radio. Petroleum experts from the OPEC capital, Vienna, have already arrived here for a pre-conference meeting before the chief of delegations from 13 countries convene on Wednesday for talks that are expected to last two or three days, and which also are expected to result in an increase in oil prices, the first in 15 months.

The price increases are of enormous significance for the economies of the world's industrial and developing countries.

A similar OPEC conference in Vienna in 1975 was riddled by terrorists, who shot and wounded many of the delegates. The sheikhdom's \$2 billion a year economy is dependent on the oil industry. No specific threats of reports of impending terrorist actions have been made known, but it is thought here that activists of many political shadings might attempt to disrupt the meeting.

Foreign applicants for visas to enter Qatar have been screened more carefully than usual.

During the meeting, patrol boats of Qatar's small navy are expected to cruise the waters near the Gulf Hotel, which is to house most of the OPEC representatives.

The nine-story modern building is set on the eastern peninsula known as Ras Abu Abid, which is expected to be cordoned off next week. The hotel is to be closed to unauthorized visitors starting tomorrow.

Fall steel shutters have been fitted to the windows of the Gulf Hotel's 160-room main banquet hall, where the meeting is expected to be held.

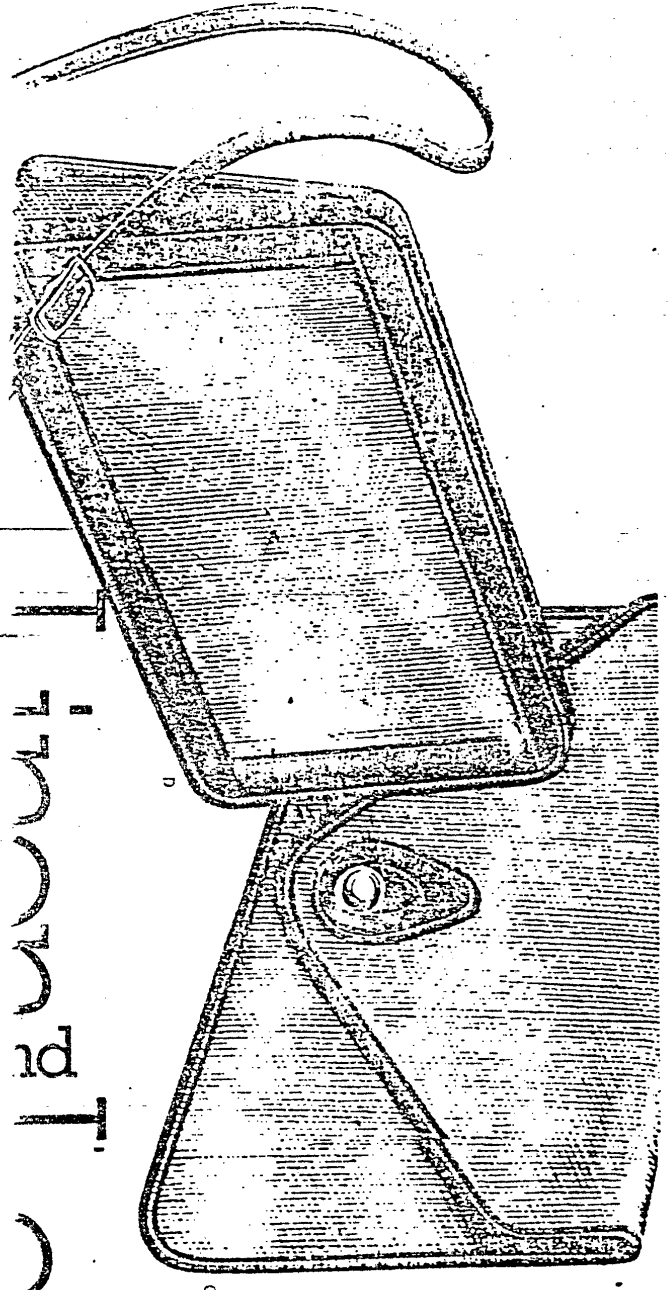
The banquet room was shuttered and dark this morning.

About 200 foreign reporters authorized to enter Qatar for the meeting are to be housed in the nearby Qasr Hotel, which, in accordance with Qatar's strict laws on Islamic law, does not accept foreigners.

Terror on Iranian-Iraqi Border

TEHRAN, Iran, Dec. 11 (AP)—An earthquake measuring 4.8 on the Richter scale was recorded today near the border between Iran and Iraq, about 40 miles southwest of Tehran. Strong aftershocks were reported.

REMEMBER THE NEEDS!



REPORT

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