

LAST OF THREE ARTICLES ON LIPPERT CASE

[Article by Aleksey Golub and Boris Daneliya: Moscow, Krokodil, Russian, 10 April 1970, pp 10-12]

Boudoir on Elkenbachstrasse

"Shuba-1" did not like to be detained in Sossenheim. The government barracks and the gloomy Solidaritys wandering around the camp caused him to feel disgusted. The son of a tsarist colonel, and son of a Polish gentleman, Zhura Ostrovskiy -- who subsequently took the last name Romanov -- had an attraction toward luxury. He held business meetings in the comfortable restaurant of the fashionable Rex Hotel. But most often "Shuba-1" would get into his Mercedes and hurry across the entire city to his own apartment on Elkenbachstrasse.

Here Zhura would be transformed. He would hang his stylish suit of British tweed in the wardrobe and go straight to the bedroom. That room was done in pinkish hues and was furnished in a style that reminded one not so much of the home of an old bachelor as the boudoir of a seventeenth-century courtesan. After digging around in the chiffoniere, "Shuba-1" would put on a silk dressing gown that somewhat resembled a lady's peignoir, and, drawing up a satin hassock, would settle himself in front of the mirror.

"Shuba-1" would attentively examine every blotch and blemish on his face, rub cream lotions into the wrinkles under his eyes, and pluck his eyebrows. Sometimes, in special situations, Zhura would color his lips slightly, giving preference to the iridescent lipstick produced by Coty.

If, while he was so engaged, the telephone should ring, "Shuba-1" would lift the receiver and in a languid feminine voice answer, "Hell-o-o-o! Yes, this is Matilda speaking!"

Matilda was the intimate name of "Shuba-1," a name which, like the number of the telephone in the pink bedroom, was known to only a very few. That is what he was called by only his very close friends, whom Romanov did not like to display too much. They even included a certain American general, who once, in memory of his visit, gave his host an elegant signet-ring containing a rare blue stone. And although the signet-ring was a lady's ring, Zhura so valued the attention shown by the highly-placed Yankee that he never parted from that decoration and constantly wore it on his middle finger. . .

Matilda spent that Christmas evening in the company of "her" closest associate in Solidarism, Aleksandr Artemov (Zaytsev). Leaving "her" guest to himself for a little while, Matilda fluttered around the apartment, tinkling wine glasses and silverware. From the kitchen was wafted the aroma of a roast goose with apples, that had been prepared by Matilda "all by myself!"

In a little while, Matilda rolled out a little "table for two" on wheels, in the center of which was a silver wine bucket with a bottle of champagne sticking out of it.

The "intime" little dinner was suddenly interrupted by a sharp ring of the doorbell in the vestibule. On tippy-toes, Romanov went to the door and looked out of the peephole. Standing on the landing were the disheveled Poremskiy, Okolovich, and Shirinkina.

"Who's there?" Romanov asked, unable to believe his own eyes.

"It's us!" Poremskiy's voice answered.

Romanov feverishly tore the silk dressing gown off him and, hurriedly wiping off the lipstick, started to put on the first jacket he could latch onto.

"What's the password?" he asked, stalling for time.

"Does Frau Schmidt live here?" Okolovich whispered into the keyhole.

"Frau Schmidt has moved next door," Romanov answered, "but her niece still lives here. . . Come in!"

Seeing traces of lipstick on Romanov's face, Shirinkina could not keep from asking in a barbed tone of voice, "Oh, excuse us! Do you have a lady here?"

Artemov (Zaytsev), who had not expected to meet his associates here, began rushing around the apartment looking for refuge. But it was too late.

"Um, Aleksandr Nikolayevich and I have been discussing a few things," Romanov said in a hesitating manner, attempting to explain Artemov's presence. "So it's really apropos that you should drop by. . ."

Poremskiy and Okolovich, interrupting one another, told about the mysterious event that had occurred in the middle of the party at the Mazurka Restaurant.

The fact that it was specifically Skorina who disappeared especially perplexed Matilda. If the situation had already gone that far, then the one who was the most likely person to be kidnapped was he, "Shuba-1." It was also not precluded that the old henchman of the Intelligence Service, Okolovich, could also attract attention to himself. If worst came to worst, the kidnapers could stop their choice on the "chief ideologist."

But poor insignificant Skorina! That was not only unexplainable and also, to a certain extent, insulting!

Solidarist Skorina was felt to be the most unqualified associate and was used for only the least important jobs. Not only did he not have a permanent corner to call his own, but he also did not even have his own bedding or own pillow. His sole property was a well-polished log that he would put under his head when he went to sleep.

And suddenly the person whom everyone had dismissed long ago with a wave of the hand had been kidnapped!

"I completely reject the possibility of kidnapping!" Shirinkina said confidently. "But it's completely possible that that oddball wormed his way into our midst and now he's run off somewhere!"

It was necessary to go to Sossenheim immediately, in order to carry out a detailed investigation on the spot. When the bosses of "Shuba" arrived at the camp, everyone was already sound asleep. Romanov ordered the porter to wake up Skorina's friend, Chikarleyev, immediately. But that proved to be not so simple. The drunk-as-a-skunk Solidarist mumbled something incoherent and kept kicking at the porter.

The only thing that could bring Chikarleyev to his senses was a bucket of cold water. But he could not say anything valuable about Skorina's disappearance. Chikarleyev only said that Skorina had a girl friend who was a maid at a small suburban hotel in Bad Homburg and whose name was Gertrud.

In a few minutes Romanov's black Mercedes, accompanied by the old rattletrap Volkswagen containing the bodyguards who had been awakened as a result of the alert, was already speeding along the road to Bad Homburg.

The nighttime guests, together with their bodyguards, dashed ~~un~~ unceremoniously into Gertrud's room.

The half-awake maid, modestly buttoning up his nightgown, began assuring them that she never knew any Solidarists at all and she didn't want to know any. But if the gentlemen were thinking about that Russian who says that he is a watchmaker, she hadn't seen him for more than three weeks.

The whole gang dashed for the exit. But before saying good-bye to Gertrud, the experienced henchman of British intelligence, Okolovich, walked up to the bed and, as though accidentally, tugged at the end of the feather comforter. The comforter slipped down onto the floor, and what should appear but the figure of the peacefully sleeping figure of a man, all curled up like a Danish pastry. Who was it but Skorina!

"What's the matter?" Skorina grumbled with displeasure. "Where am I?"

Skorina was yanked out of a nice warm bed and taken directly to Sossenheim and, for violation of discipline, given 15 days of bread and water in the brig.

Putting his polished log under his head, Skorina resumed his interrupted sleep.

Unsuccessful referendum

A very important act began in Moscow at 1810 hours in the glassed-in vestibule of building No. 14 on Bumazhnyy Proyezd. In the list of assignments given by Madame Ara, it was designated by number 4 and was formulated as follows:

"Carry out a general referendum concerning the state reorganization in the USSR (parliamentary republic or constitutional monarchy)."

And so, at 1810 hours, after finishing our ordinary workday, we went down to the vestibule, put on our overcoats, and, as usual, said good night to the janitor.

"Good night, now!" the janitor said.

"Oh, by the way," one of us suddenly said, "you're on duty here. . ."

"Yes, sir!" the janitor confirmed in a dignified tone. "Every third day! It's the schedule!"

"Oh, I see," we said. "Say, have you ever given any thought to what you would rather have -- a parliamentary republic or a constitutional monarchy?"

"What are you talking about? The tsar, or something?" the janitor said, bursting out laughing. "You jokesters are something else! You'll say anything to get material for a funny feature article!"

It was obvious that the janitor was not inclined to take seriously the problem that we had advanced. We turned up our collars and went out into the street. A line of people was waiting near the taxi stand.

"Ladies and gentlemen!" one of us began, without beating around the bush. "We're conducting a referendum about state reorganization."

"Please speak right out!" the other said. "What are you in favor of? A parliamentary republic or a constitutional monarchy?"

An old geezer wearing felt galoshes and with a luxurious moustache, who had been standing at the end of the line, took a step toward us and, holding onto his eyeglasses, began looking us over attentively. It was completely possible that he was getting ready to express his opinion on the subject we had brought up. But at that instant the "Refik" arrived and the line of people dashed to the bus. We grabbed one man by sleeve.

"Who are you grabbing onto?" the man with the moustache bellowed. "You hooligans, you!"

"They look as though they're decent people," a lady wearing a fake leopard-skin coat added. "But the smell of vodka off of them would knock you out! They ought to throw those parliamentarians into the sobering-up tank! Their monarchy too!"

We scarcely had time to bat an eye before we were sitting in a police motorcycle side-car. En route, so as not to lose any time, we continued the referendum.

"Okay, okay," the driver said. "We'll settle that when we get there! You'll get your monarchy there and you'll get a nice cold shower too!"

The sobering-up tank proved to be a rather comfortable institution. Cute little curtains hung at the windows and all the people who worked there were wearing snow-white gowns. A very pleasant nurse seated us in wheel chairs and scooted us up to a desk at which a stern-looking medic in a high white cap was sitting.

He handed us each a glass tube that resembled a cigarette and said, "Blow!"

Soon he took the tubes away from us.

"The Shinkarenko test is negative," he told the nurse quietly. "No signs of drunkenness. It's probably a more difficult case than one might have assumed."

The nurse turned the wheel chairs around so that we were sitting with our face to the light, and the stern medic began to study us carefully.

"What seems to be troubling you gentlemen?" he asked sweetly. "What's this monarchy you're talking about?"

We made a clean breast of everything.

"Oh, then, you're fulfilling an assignment for 'Shuba'," the doctor stated, summing it up. "That's very good! And you wouldn't also happen to see pink elephants in front of your eyes too, would you?"

We immediately disowned the pink elephants.

"I see, I see," the doctor said, writing something down on a file card. "Now, then, is there any chance that one of you might be Napoleon and the other one Josephine?"

"No, no!" we protested. "At the very beginning we wanted to call ourselves Antony and Cleopatra. But now we're both Jaguars!"

"Oh, Jaguars!" the doctor exclaimed joyously, throwing a victorious glance in the direction of the pretty nurse. "This is absolutely splendid! A very typical case! Jaguars!"

Our stay at the medical institution threatened to drag out somewhat. But fortunately our operations staff was not dozing. The deep meditations of the stern medic were suddenly interrupted by a knock on the door, after which our colleague from the "operations division," Mariya Kirillovna, appeared on the threshold.

As soon as the doctor learned that we were writing a satirical article, he immediately became angry.

"Of course I understand humor," he said reproachfully. "But is this really anything to joke about? To make exaggerated statements about some kind of monarchy! That is a clearly expressed symptom of paranoid schizophrenia! You shouldn't joke about things like that!"

With a relieved feeling we got into the staff car that was waiting for us in the driveway and went to our various homes.

At that very time our "bosses" in Frankfurt-am-Main were reporting to Mister Smith in his secret apartment in the Rex Hotel about our underground "molecule."

"It is a well-developed and well-armed organization," "Shuba-1" said. "It is headed by a student leader who is very popular among the youth."

"Okay!" the American said, nodding his head.

"This is the first time that we have succeeded in creating an entire operations staff!" the head of the secret sector said excitedly. "The organization has access to military documents and has at its disposal information concerning potential allies and possible enemies of Russia in a future war! Particularly about Turkey."

"Okay!" the American said, nodding his head.

"But you must agree, Mister Smith, that without money. . ."

As soon as the conversation came around to money, the business-like Yankee began to have the very same doubts that had nagged at the "Shuba" disburser, accountant Werahof.

"What name did you give this operation?" he asked.

"Operation Seminarist!" Romanov said weightily.

Mister Smith made a wry face.

"It's unmysterious and ineffective," he said. "Not only that, but all your operations have names that are as alike as peas in a pod. Seminarist, Bishop, Monk-Priest, . . . The only name that's missing is Church-Chandelier!"

Smith stared fixedly at Romanov. Matilda began nervously twisting around on "her" finger the signet-ring that had been the gift of the American general.

"The code name for the operation," the American said, making a dramatic gesture, "is right in your hands."

"Excuse me," Romanov said, "I don't understand the hint!"

"The signet-ring!" the Yankee said.

And so Operation Seminarist received its second name. From that time on, the operation was a matter not only of "Shuba" but also of its bosses. A new agent record card appeared in the card file of the Frankfurt "Association of Friends of Russian Freedom."

However, when planning the operation with the new code name, the participants of the meeting in the Rex Hotel did not know that that operation had already been completed. Its last stage was the referendum concerning the state reorganization, a process that had ended for us with a trip to the sobering-up tank.

Now all we had to do was to pick up our pens and sum up the total.

Made in USA

The ancient city of Frankfurt-am-Main has many tourist attractions. Five monumental bridges hanging over the mighty Main, three ancient gunpowder towers that are constantly surrounded by curious tourists, famous Frankfurt beer. . .

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But we were/fortunate enough to savor any of these.

Instead of telling the reader about the tourist attractions of that ancient city, we were forced to discuss several unattractive formations, a "border strip," and a water tank. Those are the miserable stage scenery against which the handful of pitiful renegades act after hiring themselves out to gather intelligence about our country and to recruit agents for the CIA.

As for the information, it was obtained any which way by means of ordinary scissors. Every morning in Sossenheim begins with the Solidarists arming themselves with the tailor's tools and cutting fresh Soviet newspapers to shreds. The semifinished material, in the form of newspaper clippings, is sent to the "secret sector," where the experts in anti-Soviet slop preparation work in the sweat of their brow around the NTS hot plate. They chop up the facts, season them with a lavish amount of libel, sprinkle in some insinuation, add some unmitigated lies, pepper the concoction with their own malice -- and the slop is ready.

"Shuba-1" takes a pot with that "specialty of the house" and hurries to the "Association of American Friends of Russian Freedom" in order to exchange it in kind for canned meat, processed cheese, and checkered jackets. Meanwhile, other "Shuba's" are carrying the same commodity to other intelligence addresses.

The stingy Yankees, before loosening their purse-strings, want to be convinced of the reliability of the information obtained. A clerk calls his colleague at a local intelligence service on the telephone. But Poremskiy or Okolovich is already sitting there, treating the "Herr Neighbor" with the same slop out of exactly the same pot. Thus, the "facts" delivered by "Shuba" find their complete confirmation.

"Okay!" the American exclaims in a satisfied tone.

"Auf Wiedersehen!" his associate says.

But, with regard to the recruitment of agents, the situation is much worse. As the expression goes, things are really tough!

True, once they succeeded in contacting a Soviet tourist. The guest was attentively studying one of the three gunpowder towers in Frankfurt.

"Pest! Want some illegal leaflets?" the Solidarist who was assigned to the operation whispered to him.

"Sure, I'll take 'em!" the tourist answer.

"I got more!" the delighted "Shuba" agent said.

"Hand 'em over!" the tourist said.

When the guest repeated the request the third time, the Solidarist, in order to convince him, turned his secret pockets inside out.

"That's all I had! I don't have any more!"

"Pity!" the tourist said and, after tearing the Solidarist creations into tiny pieces, tossed them into the trash can.

But if the recruitment of agents is not successful, it is necessary to create the appearance that the NTS has an infinite number of supporters. After using any tricks to obtain an address, the heads of NTS enter into correspondence with Soviet citizens by posing as stamp collectors, collectors of picture post cards, or lovers of literature.

Concomitantly with the attraction for postal miniatures, they attempt to enrich themselves with a thorough knowledge about our country, extending their insatiable curiosity to state and military secrets. In the final analysis that exchange of courtesies ends in a transparent hint, English sentence, and hot iron.

Usually the contact breaks off with the iron. But "Shuba" continues to report to its bosses about the successful implementation of Operation Deacon or Operation Layman.

If a stamp collector from Ryazan' or Kurgan senses rather quickly the Solidarist provocation, some gullible foreigner getting ready to make a tourist trip to the USSR, you can be sure, will take the bait. He'll look at the pitiful figure in the checkered jacket, be deeply touched, and agree to drop into a certain mail box a brief message to his "ocusin."

But there also are those people who, for a sizeable amount of money, travel to a foreign country with obviously hostile intentions. It is precisely with this intention that two not exactly unknown people came to our country -- a teacher from a British college, Gerald Brooke, and a student from the University of Heidelberg, Schaffhauser. Almost immediately after setting foot on our land, they began to sow the poisonous seeds of anti-Sovietism. However, they immediately became convinced that they couldn't count on having those seeds sprout. Strongly convinced!

Almost nobody knows anything about the people who are based in Sossenheim, in Frankfurt itself. Everything that occurs there is reliably concealed from the outsider's view by a high solid fence. At night one can hear the barking of the sentry dogs, horrible screams, and curt commands emanating from there.

But all the activities going on behind the fence are far from a secret to everybody. The Bonn government is completely aware of whom it has given shelter to, under its hospitable roof.

At one time the NTS did quite a bit of work in the Hitler army's intelligence service, the Abwehr, and the Bonn secret service also sometimes shows no aversion to its services.

Business-like Americans love good advertising. They never lose an opportunity to place their trade mark on any article in order to emphasize that it was made in America. We came in contact with the carbon paper for secret writing, received unambiguous instructions, and saw anti-Soviet publications. All those things were intended for subversive activity and for espionage purposes. But not a single article bore a trade mark, although it would have been very fitting to place on them the three words that American businessmen love so dearly: "Made in USA."

Three telephone calls to the West

Every time that the Solidarists enter a game, they attempt to secure the advantage for themselves. That advantage lies in the fact that they know the true name of their addressee, while the addressee, thinking that he is corresponding with somebody named Levin or Lippert, is actually being duped.

In this instance everything was just the reverse. "Shuba" assumed that it was conducting successful work with its "molecule," but actually it was furnishing excellent material to a satirical magazine.

When we had accumulated a completely sufficient amount of material for this documentary report, we decided to arrange a little surprise for our "bosses" in Sossenheim. First, to sow confusion among them with regard to the Moscow "molecule." And, secondly, to offer them the opportunity

to express their views openly, without resorting to secret writing.

We called Frankfurt-am-Main by international telephone and got through to the apartment of Romanov, the head of "Shuba." From the other end of the line we could hear a frightened voice that, with equal success, could have belonged either to a man or a woman.

"Who did you want to talk to?"

"We'd like to talk to. . ."

"He's not at home. . ."

"Excuse me, but who are you?"

"Me? . . . That's unimportant. . . What's the matter?"

"We're calling from the editorial office. We're two correspondents."

"Call tomorrow. . . at 10 o'clock in the morning. . . But I'm not promising anything. . ."

"Excuse me, but who have we been talking to?"

There was a pause on the other end of the line. Then someone coughed in a mannish style and suddenly a baritone voice said, "You can call me Ol'ga Ivanovna."

But the next day, at the stipulated time, Matilda's apartment did not answer. That meant either that "Shuba-1" did not pick up the telephone, or that he had immediately moved, bag and baggage, to Sossenheim. We had nothing left to do but to call the headquarters.

The person who happened to answer the telephone was an active member of the organization, Irina Perekreanova. Hearing that Moscow was calling, she hastened to identify herself as an ordinary telephone operator and stated that she was not authorized to answer any questions.

After a repeated call, one of the habitués of Matilda's boudoir, Artemov (Zaytsev) came to the telephone.

"Is this Indochina?" he exclaimed joyously.

"No, Moscow!"

We could hear a strained puffing at the other end. Judging by individual muffled voices that we could make out, a feverish meeting was being held around the telephone.

"What do you mean, it's not Indochina?" Artemov asked again in a disappointed voice.

After the memorable Christmas party in the Masurka Restaurant, at which Solidarist Chikarleyev gave his stay in Indochina as an alibi, all the members of that organization dreamed about that promised land.

"No, it's not! It's Moscow! Could you call Romanov to the phone?"

"Oh!"

"Well, can you or can't you?"

"Romanov's not here. . . I can talk for him!"

"Okay, then. Would you please tell us how your office is financed?"

"What!"

"Well, what are your means of existence?"

"We're just not inclined to carry on discussions by telephone. Especially with Krokodil. . ."

It seemed to us that, as members of one of the "molecules," we had the right to be informed about the financial affairs of the organization. But Artemov apparently did not know anything about our contacts with the NTS. Therefore we decided to introduce ourselves.

"You wouldn't happen to know Lippert, would you?" we asked.
"Alex Lippert? He's our boss. And we're Jaguar-101 and Jaguar-102!"

"Know who?"

"Alex Lippert! . . . Lip-pert!"

It was at that point that the person on the other end finally got the meaning of our telephone call.

"Lippert? That's the first time I've heard the name!" Matilda's friend said, hurrying to disassociate himself from from his traveling salesman.
"Why are you calling? . . ."

Then Artemov's nerves suddenly gave way. He began hysterically rhyming the name Lippert with the names of venereal diseases which, as a rule, are not spoken aloud. We had to hang up.

Having talked to the servant, we were also obliged to talk to his master.

"Hello, CIA?"

"Yes!"

The voice on the other end was Washington. The voice of the United States Central Intelligence Agency.

Moscow: "We're calling from Krokodil magazine. We'd like to talk to talk to someone in the personnel department or in the Russian emigre division.x

Washington: "One moment, please. . ." (Pause).

Washington: "Hello! Halby speaking." ✓

Moscow: "Who are we talking to?"

Washington: "This is the security duty officer."

Moscow: "We'd like some information about the NTS organization and the people connected with it."

Washington: "NTS? How do you spell that?"

Moscow: "N as in Nancy, T as in Thomas, S as in Sara."

Washington: "Oh! Well, at this minute none of those people are here. . . Maybe I can answer your question. Would you please repeat it."

Moscow: (We repeat the question.)

Washington: "Would you please wait a minute? . ." (Pause) "Wait just a moment. . ."

Moscow: "all right!"

Washington: "Exactly who are we talking to?"

Moscow: "We're correspondents with Krokodil magazine."

Washington: "How do you spell that?"

Moscow: (We spell it.)

Washington: "Okay! Wait a moment, please." (pause) "I have just talked to a few people at one of our divisions and their security service feels that if you want any information about this matter you will have to get in touch directly with the American Embassy in Moscow."

Moscow: "Is that what they told you there?"

Washington: "Yes."

Moscow: "Then you do not want to tell us anything about this matter? Is that right?"

Washington: "That's right. You'll have to get in touch with the American Embassy back there in Moscow."

Moscow: "Thank you."

We never did understand exactly what the CIA security officer was hinting at. Either that they were better informed at the American Embassy about the activities of the NTS, or that he simply trying to get rid of us. . .

Be that as it may, both the bosses and the servants avoided giving any direct information. And that is understandable. What could you expect from people whose activities cannot withstand the light of day?

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