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Israel. Many people tend to forget that these are members of the extremist Hamas organization which is covered with the blood of totally innocent people. Incidentally, in Algeria these same Islamic extremists are simply shot instead of being deported. For some reason, nobody protests against this.

As national-socialism and communism have ceased to exist, the main threat to mankind comes from fundamentalism. All its variations have but one root—a violation of human rights. This is where the great danger of fundamentalism lies.

[Kovrigin] As far as I know, you are now taking part in organizing an international tribunal which should deal with crimes committed in Bosnia and Hercegovina.

[Wiesenthal] Various sides have addressed me with a proposal to get involved in this project. My experience in restoring the truth and hunting criminals may come in handy here. I founded the International Institute for Genocide Studies in New York. It is this institute that is preparing the hearings on the Bosnia events. I have managed to attract the attention of people in both Europe and America to it. At the end of last year I contacted President Bush, who is also a personal friend, and he supported my position: The crimes committed in Bosnia and Herzegovina should not go unpunished.

New Reports on Wallenberg Fate Explored

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*Raoul Wallenberg 201-0005925*

[Article by Ella Maksimova and Valeriy Reshetnikov, IZVESTIYA correspondents: "Right to the Version; Was Wallenberg Shot at the KGB Proving Ground Outside Moscow?"]

[Text] In publishing the correspondence of V. Filipov, "Mysterious Witness Affirms: Raul Wallenberg Died in Pinezhskiy Woods" (No. 281 for 1992), the editors understood the improbability of such a supposition, but felt that it was incumbent upon them to verify it, since we are speaking here of a fate which to this day remains one of the most tragic post-war secrets which concerns not only the Swedish community, but also the entire world community. And, as the correspondence correctly states, the ways of the GULAG are inscrutable. Nevertheless, we expected that the appeal to those who knew anything at all about the fate of the famous Swedish diplomat or had happened to encounter him would be heard.

The responses of the first "eyewitnesses" were clearly mythical in nature, and a simple telephone conversation was enough to determine this. But then there was a call from Podmoskovye, from around Podolsk, promising something more probable. Even though the caller expressed himself rather cautiously. It seems, he might be able to help by suggesting where to look.

At first the man did not want to identify himself, and asked that we come to him. After an hour, we had exchanged phone calls and come to an agreement: He would come to the editorial office, on the condition that he remain anonymous. He did not want the people in his village to know about his labor camp past. So, we will call him Sergey Petrovich. He is an engineer who was arrested at the start of the war. In the last years of his imprisonment, while serving his sentence in one of the minimum security colonies, he was in charge of the radio station. During his stay, three commanders had come and gone. The last one, A., was the most terrible.

Once, this happened in 1950, late at night the lieutenant on duty came to get Sergey Petrovich: "The commander is urgently summoning you." Why at this time of night? But, of course, he ran to the office...

And nevertheless, before we start, let us mention one more time about the right to the version.

During those days, Raul's step-brother, Gi von Dardel, and his aide, a professor at the University of Chicago, M. Makinen, came to Moscow for the regular meeting of the Russian-Swedish working group engaged in seeking any trace of Wallenberg. (This group included representatives from the Swedish embassy, our MFA [Ministry of Foreign Affairs], MVD [Ministry of Internal Affairs], MB [Ministry of Security] and others).

Mr. Dardel confidently continued to proceed from one single premise: As long as there is no absolutely precise documented confirmation of death, we must assume that Raul is alive. In response to our question about what the specific circumstances might be in which he could exist in such a case, he answered: "This is difficult to comprehend. Ultimately, Raul could have been placed in a hospital. Hypothetically, he could have married a beautiful woman and may not even want to return to his former life." Mr. Makinen supported him in this: "The experience of our normal life, our reality, is inapplicable to this situation. We cannot imagine what you are asking... However, I can allude to a recent incident from your reality—about an American found in a Moscow psychiatric clinic, a former associate of the U.S. secret services who had gone over to the Soviet side."

Our interviewees continually warned against publication of different versions. The overwhelming majority of them, as the American professor said, "evoke anger." He referred to the film, "Wallenberg's Mission." "There is a man who maintains that he is Raul's son, and as proof they show his profile on the screen. Yet this is devoid of any documented substantiation, and generally leads nowhere."

Are we not assuming this very same thankless task? Are we not showing yet another example of "unreliable, inaccurate journalism?" Yet on the other hand, do we have the right to keep quiet about Sergey Petrovich's testimony? Will it not place in the hands of competent people the beginning of the string, which may lead to the truth?

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Yes, the commander of the penal colony was "in one word—a wolf." Approaching his office, Sergey Petrovich saw that the door of the radio station, which was located across the hall, had been chopped to splinters, and there was an axe on the floor.

"I come into the commander's office. He is sitting behind the desk, drunk, yelling: 'Where the hell have you been! My radio at home does not work. I broke down your door, and my nerves are the same way!' He stretched out his hands, and they were trembling. He said: 'Do you think they hand these out for nothing?' And he pointed to the right side of his cap at a diamond-shaped insignia, the symbol of an honored chekist [secret police]. 'I executed over 2,000 in Crimea. I shot with both hands, until I had callouses. The children were crying, they all soiled themselves out of fear, they stunk, but I just kept shooting and shooting... My wife, Ellya, had stuffed all my pockets with cartridges in the morning. I laid down about 400 Poles, and about 20 from Kirov.' I asked him, and how is everything now, what do you want? He said: 'About three years ago, they arranged a visit to the "Kommunarka" [a fur-raising sovkhov] for that Jewish hanger-on from Sweden. That is where I laid him down, that Swede. As if our own were not enough...' We went to his house. He had a sabre hanging on the wall, a personal present from Dzerzhinskiy. On the table was an unfinished bottle. He said to me: 'You want me to pour you some?'"

"No, citizen commander." Early in the morning he sobered up. He came to me and said: "Forget what I told you yesterday... Otherwise you will tumble out of here, to the stopover place for convicts..." In a week they took him away from us. The civilian volunteers had reported to the proper authorities about the door. He held the rank of major, and was around 50 years old.

"But, Sergey Petrovich, 40 years have passed, and this is still clearly retained in your memory?"

"It was so terrible, that it etched itself word for word into my brain."

"And you never told anyone?"

"I told my wife as soon as I was freed. But not another living soul. After all, I did not know anything about this Wallenberg before! Quite by accident I read your notice, and suddenly remembered—this was probably about him. I wanted to clarify the matter, a terrible matter."

"And did you hear anything about the 'Kommunarka'?"

"I passed by it on the bus. I saw an asphalt path leading to the woods, a barrier and brick."

And so, we knew the last name, but did not know the first name and patronymic. For Sergey Petrovich, A. was merely "citizen commander."

The MVD archives show that they had 57 majors with A.'s last name. Additional information was needed. We did not have it.

Nevertheless, in a week we were issued a card on A. We will call him Antony Gavrilovich, born in 1897, a native of Saratov Oblast, and a member of the VKP(b) [All-Union Communist Party (of Bolsheviks)] since 1927. The service list confirmed that this was the man about whom Sergey Petrovich had told us.

His biography was curious and had no connection to Wallenberg's name. Here was the obtuse, fierce principle the lives of thousands of prisoners were given over to. His education consisted of two years of parish school and two courses in the raykomvuz [rayon committee higher educational institution]. In 1916-1917, he served as a private in the 632nd Infantry Division on the Austrian front. During the civil war he was in the Red Army, and then—commander of mounted intelligence in a partisan detachment. In 1923 he was in a special purpose unit. His chekist tenure dates back to 1927. In the early 30's, he was commandant of a special settlement, inspector for special settlements in the Aldanskiy operational sector of the OGPU [Unified State Political Administration under the USSR Soviet of People's Commissars], and chief of the special settlements department in Dal-lag. In 1936 he was assigned to the NKVD [People's Commissariat for Internal Affairs] cadres section. The geography of his subsequent work relocations, about which the prisoner Sergey Petrovich could not possibly have been informed, was as follows: Orenburg region, Crimea, Tambov and Kirov Oblasts. Could it not be from here that the 20 "laid down Kirov residents" came?

In the 40's he again changed camps, camp stations and colonies in Tula and Moscow Oblasts.

His last official duty was as the chief of that very same ITK [correctional-labor colony] No 8 in Podmoskovye, after which he was "retired because of illness."

Two years ago, one of us wrote about the course of the investigation into executions of Polish officers taken prisoner by the Red Army in 1939 during the division of Poland. The participants in the "firing squads," made up of NKVD workers, after fulfilling the actions in exterminating 15,000 Poles, were given awards and monetary premiums. That is why we were particularly interested in the awards and honors bestowed upon A., perhaps not so much even the formulations with which they were necessarily accompanied, as in the dates. However, the concise information did not indicate the time, but only the character of the merits: "For devotion to work and achievements, in recognition of the anniversary of the Great October Socialist Revolution," etc.

In December of 1933, he was awarded the badge of the honored chekist "for his merciless struggle against counterrevolution."

In the Main Military Procurator's Office they told us that A. was not entered in the lists of "firing squads" which had exterminated the Poles. And in the MVD they told us that there was no personal file on him. It had been destroyed because so many years had passed.

In the Ministry of Security we were met by the head of the archive service, General Anatoliy Afanasyevich Krayushkin, and his assistant, Colonel Vladimir Konstantinovich Vinogradov. According to them, all the primary archive materials have already been dug up, as they say, over and over. Does anyone have any doubt? However, those members and independent experts of the parliamentary commission on transfer of KGB archives who have direct access to these archives and work there, said the same thing. And what purpose is there in deceiving the community today? Judging by all, the Ministry of Security workers even have a direct career interest in exposing the whole truth.

General Krayushkin said: "Although the authenticity of Colonel Smoltsov's report on Wallenberg's sudden death in his cell in 1947 has been established and accepted by the Swedes themselves, I certainly cannot discount another finale—execution without sentencing. Otherwise, they would not have scratched his name out of the prison records, there would have been a medical certificate, an autopsy report, and a record of cremation."

Colonel Vinogradov is a member of the Russian-Swedish commission. Its task is the same as it was before: To get as close as possible to an explanation of the circumstances in the drama. However, for the present day the commission has no new materials for study at its disposal. To be honest, our side is engaged in "covering up" all the new questions and arguments arising on the Swedish side.

As we know, Wallenberg's personal file was never found. Nevertheless, individual documents have been preserved, and there are not all that few of them.

Recently, the dossier was slow in being filled. Last year, several coded messages from January of 1945 were found in the Ministry of Defense. Among them was report No 937 by the chief of staff of the Second Ukrainian Front, addressed to the chief of the general staff in Moscow, regarding the detainment of Wallenberg.

We might add that recently, at the end of January, our Swedish correspondent, using Swedish sources, wrote the following in IZVESTIYA: "When the report is found, we will finally learn what specifically Wallenberg was accused of." Yet this report has been at the Ministry of Security since the summer and is of no value in clarifying the matter. The documents were handed over to the Swedes half a year ago, but for some reason they were publicized there only now.

In the Ministry of Security they suggested: The press rarely comes to us for a serious consultation. Is this not why conjectures arise, one more fantastic than the next, and hopes, one more improbable than the next?

How did the Ministry of Security react to our report? Is there, in the opinion of specialists, a grain for analysis to be found here? Yes. Although there is a strong counter-argument: Why invite the commander of a colony from

another department for the execution, if the management administration of the MGB [Ministry of State Security] and its commandant section had enough of its own executioners?

We presented our ideas. We have no doubt that Sergey Petrovich heard the drunken confession of the citizen commander. It was said: "The Jewish hanger-on from Sweden." But Sergey Petrovich did not know the Wallenberg story, and consequently could not make this up. "They set up a visit to the 'Kommunarka'..." Once again, this is from the professional dictionary of the executioners. It is quite probable that the commander lied, ascribing to himself the deeds of some other killer—perhaps a friend or drinking buddy. After all, the old chekist A. had more than enough friends in this friendly department.

Aside from us, the members of the Russian-Swedish group from the Ministry of Security—Vinogradov, Andrey Yevgeniyevich Zibrov and Aleksandr Andreyevich Kozlov—also spoke with Sergey Petrovich. Together and separately, they had already conducted many of the most incredible interviews, and could approach the questioning more professionally than journalists. As a result, they too finally came to the conclusion that Sergey Petrovich had related to them that which he actually heard from A. That the version has some basis in fact, and that it cannot be refuted.

On the 25th kilometer of the old Kaluga Road, there are two bus stops across from each other. There are always people standing around there. Workers of the "Kommunarka" fur-raising sovkhoz wait for the regularly scheduled bus. Here we stopped the car at random. For half an hour we had searched for the road leading to the holdings of the KGB—the forest, which in Stalin's time had become the place of mass executions and burials.

Why did we go there? Of course, we did not intend to continue our search here. We simply wanted to see the ominous land with our own eyes.

"Excuse me, there should be a road here somewhere... to the forest?" It was difficult to say precisely what it was that we were interested in.

"Turn right in 100 meters."

"What are they looking for?", we heard as we walked away from the bus stop.

"An execution place... A firing squad execution place..."

The "brick" was no longer there. The barrier was open and buried in a snowdrift. The narrow road was covered with snow, which a man in an apron was shoveling. He answered our question with a question: "What do you want, who are you?" "Journalists." "Well, you have no business here." He turned his back to us and quickly walked away.

We wandered after him, and soon came to a solid fence, strung at the top with rows of barbed wire. It fenced off a huge section of forest. The man was already jingling the keys in the door on the other side of the fence which separated the land of the living from the land of the dead.

Our search stopped in "Kommunarka". It has stopped for now.

The declaration recently signed by the president of Russia and the prime minister of Sweden states that for purposes of achieving full clarity in the Wallenberg case, "the parties intend to continue and intensify their close cooperation, specifically by means of studying the materials which have a relation to these questions."

And we too are not putting an end to it. We too are a party which wants clarity in this matter.

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