W. G. KRIVITSKY

IN STALIN'S SECRET SERVICE

AN EXPOSÉ OF RUSSIA'S SECRET POLICIES BY THE FORMER CHIEF OF THE SOVIET INTELLIGENCE IN WESTERN EUROPE

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Introduction

THE evening of May 22, 1937, I boarded a train in Moscow to return to my post in The Hague as Chief of the Soviet Military Intelligence in Western Europe. I little realized then that I was seeing my last of Russia so long as Stalin is her master. For nearly twenty years I had served the Soviet government. For nearly twenty years I had been a Bolshevik. As the train sped toward the Finnish border I sat alone in my compartment, thinking of the fate of my colleagues, my comrades, my friends—arrested, shot or in concentration camps, almost all of them. They had given their entire lives to build a better world, and had died at their posts, not under the bullets of an enemy but because Stalin willed it.

Who is there left to respect or admire? What hero or heroine of our revolution has not been broken and destroyed? I could think of but few. All those whose personal integrity was absolutely above question had gone down as "traitors," "spies," or common criminals. Pictures flashed through my mind—pictures of the Civil War when these same "traitors" and "spies" faced death a thousand times without flinching; of the arduous days that followed, of industrialization and the superhuman demands it made upon all of us, of collectivization and famine when we barely had the rations to keep us alive. And then the great purge—sweeping all before it, destroying those who had labored hardest to build a state in which man should no longer exploit his fellow man.

Through the long years of struggle we had learned to repeat to ourselves that a victory over injustices of the old society can only be attained with moral as well as physical sacrifice, that a new world can not come into being until the last vestige of the habits of the old has been destroyed. But could it be necessary for a Bolshevik Revolution to destroy all Bolsheviks? *Was it* the Bolshevik Revolution that was destroying them, or had that revolution itself long since perished? I did not answer these questions then, but I asked them . . .

At the age of thirteen I had entered the working-class movement. It was a half-mature, half-childish act. I heard the plaintive melodies of my suffering race mingled with new songs of freedom. But in 1917 I was a youngster of eighteen, and the Bolshevik Revolution came to me as an absolute solution of all problems of poverty, inequality and injustice. I joined the Bolshevik Party with my whole soul. I seized the Marxist and Leninist faith as a weapon with which to assault the wrongs against which I had instinctively rebelled.

During all the years that I served the Soviet government I never expected anything more than the right to continue my work. I never received anything more. Long after the Soviet power had been stabilized, I was sent abroad on assignments that exposed me to the danger of death, and that twice landed me in prison. I worked from sixteen to eighteen hours a day, and never earned enough to cover the most ordinary living expenses. I myself, when traveling abroad, would live in moderate comfort, but I did not earn enough, even as late as 1935, to keep my apartment in Moscow heated properly or pay the price of milk for my two-year-old son. I was not in a strategic position, and I had no desire—I was too much absorbed in my work—to become one of the new privileged bureaucrats with a material stake

in defending the Soviet order. I defended it because I believed it was leading the way to a new and better society.

The very fact that my work was concerned with the defense of the country against foreign enemies prevented me from thinking much of what was happening within its borders and especially in the small inner world of power politics. As an Intelligence officer I saw the external enemies of the Soviet Union much more closely than its internal conspirators. I knew of separatist and Fascist plots that were being hatched on foreign soil, but I was out of contact with the intrigues inside the Kremlin. I saw Stalin rise to undivided power while Lenin's closer comrades perished at the hands of the state they had created. But like many others, I reassured myself with the thought that whatever might be the mistakes of the leadership, the Soviet Union was still sound and was the hope of mankind.

There were occasions when even this faith was badly shaken, occasions when, if I could have seen any hope elsewhere, I might have chosen a new course. But always events in some other part of the world would conspire to keep me in the service of Stalin. In 1933, when the Russian people were dying by the millions of starvation, and I knew that Stalin's ruthless policies had caused it, and that Stalin was deliberately withholding the state's help, I saw Hitler take power in Germany and there destroy everything that meant life for the human spirit. Stalin was an enemy of Hitler and I remained in the service of Stalin.

In February, 1934, a similar dilemma confronted me and I made the same choice. I was then taking my annual month's rest at the Marino Sanatorium in the province of Kursk, Central Russia. Marino was once the palace of Prince Buryatin, the conqueror of the Caucasus. The palace was in the resplendent style of Versailles, surrounded by beautiful

English parks and artificial lakes. The sanatorium had an excellent staff of physicians, athletic instructors, nurses and servants. Within walking distance of its enclosed grounds was the state farm where peasants labored to provide its guests with food. A sentry at the gate kept the peasants from trespassing on the enclosure.

One morning soon after my arrival I walked with a companion to the village where these peasants lived. The spectacle I beheld was appalling. Half-naked little brats ran out of dilapidated huts to beg us for a piece of bread. In the peasants' cooperative store was neither food nor fuel—nothing to be had. Everywhere the most abject poverty dismayed my eyes and depressed my spirits.

That evening seated in the brilliantly lighted dining hall of Marino, everyone was chatting gaily after an excellent supper. Outside, it was bitterly cold, but within, a roaring fireplace gave us cosy warmth. By some chance I turned suddenly and looked toward the window. I saw the feverish eyes of hungry peasant children—the *bezprizornii*—their little faces glued like pictures to the cold panes. Soon others followed my glance, and gave orders to a servant that the intruders be driven off. Almost every night a few of these children would succeed in eluding the sentry and sneak up to the palace in search of something to eat. I sometimes slipped out of the dining hall with bread for them, but I did this secretly because the practice was frowned upon among us. Soviet officials have developed a stereotyped defense against human suffering:

"We are on the hard road to socialism. Many must fall by the wayside. We must be well fed and must recuperate from our labors, enjoying, for a few weeks each year, comforts still denied to others, because we are the builders of a Joyous Life in the future. We are the builders of socialism. We must keep

in shape to continue on the hard road. Any unfortunates who cross our path will be taken care of in due time. In the meanwhile, out of our way! Don't pester us with your suffering! If we stop to drop you a crumb, the goal itself may never be reached."

So it runs. And it is obvious that people protecting their peace of mind in that way are not going to be too squeamish about the turns in the road, or inquire too critically whether it is really leading to the Joyous Life or not.

It was an icy morning when I reached Kursk on my way home from Marino. I entered the railway station to await the arrival of the Moscow express. After eating a hearty breakfast in the lunchroom, I still had time to spare, and I wandered into the third-class waiting room. I shall never be able to obliterate from my mind what I saw. The waiting room was jammed full of men, women and children, peasants—about six hundred of them—on their way like a herd of cattle from one prison camp to another. The scene was so frightful that for a fleeting instant I thought I saw bats flying over these tortured beings. Many of them lay almost naked in the cold room. Others were manifestly dying of typhus fever. Hunger, pain, desolation, or just dumb half-dead submissive suffering, were on every face. While I stood there, hard-faced militiamen of the Ogpu undertook to rouse and herd them out like a drove of cattle, pushing and kicking the stragglers and those almost too weak to walk. One old man, I saw as I turned away, would never rise from the floor. This was but one mournful detachment, I knew, of the horde of millions of honest peasant families whom Stalin, calling them "kulaks," a name which no longer means much more than *victim*, had rooted up and transported and destroyed.

I also knew, however, that at that very moment—it was

February, 1934—Fascist field pieces in the streets of Vienna were shelling the model workers' apartment houses which the Socialists had built. Fascist machine guns were mowing down the Austrian workers in their last desperate stand for socialism. Everywhere Fascism was on the march. Everywhere the forces of reaction were gaining ground. The Soviet Union still seemed the sole hope of mankind. I remained in the service of the Soviet Union—that is, of Stalin, its master.

Two years later came the Spanish tragedy, and I saw Mussolini and Hitler pour their men and munitions to the aid of Franco, while Premier Léon Blum of France, a Socialist, was drawn in on the hypocritical game of "non-intervention" which doomed the Spanish republic. I saw Stalin—belatedly to be sure, and timidly, and not enough—come to the aid of the beleaguered republic. I still felt that, as a choice between evils, I was fighting on the right side.

But then came the turning point. I watched Stalin, while collecting hard cash for his belated help, drive a knife into the back of the Loyalist government. I saw the purge assume insane proportions in Moscow, sweeping away the entire Bolshevik Party. I saw it transported to Spain. And at the same time, from my vantage point in the Intelligence Service, I saw Stalin extend the hand of secret friendship to Hitler. I saw him, while thus paying court to the Nazi leader, execute the great generals of the Red Army, Tukhachevsky, and the other chiefs with whom and under whom I had worked for years in the defense of the Soviet Union and of socialism.

And then Stalin made his final demand upon me—the demand he made upon all responsible officials who wished to escape the firing squads of the Ogpu. I must prove my loyalty by delivering a close comrade into its clutches. I declined the offer. I broke with Stalin. I forced my eyes

to remain open to what I had seen. I forced my mind to know that, whether there was any other hope in the world or not, I was serving a totalitarian despot who differed from Hitler only in the Socialist phrases, the relic of his Marxist training—Socialist phrases to which he hypocritically clung.

I broke with Stalin, and began to tell the truth about him, in the fall of 1937, when he was successfully deceiving public opinion and the statesmen of both Europe and America with his insincere denunciations of Hitler. Although advised by many well-meaning people to remain silent, I spoke out. I spoke for the millions who had perished in Stalin's compulsory collectivization and compulsory famine; the millions still living at forced labor and in concentration camps; the hundreds of thousands of my former Bolshevik comrades in prison, the thousands and thousands who had been shot. It took the final overt act of Stalin's treachery, his pact with Hitler, to convince a large public of the madness of humoring him, of closing eyes to his monstrous crimes in the hope that he might carry a gun in the armies of democracy.

Now that Stalin has shown his hand, it is time for others who remained silent for shortsighted or strategic reasons, to speak out. A few have already done so. Luis De Araquistain, former ambassador to France of the Loyalist government, has helped to disabuse world opinion as to the character of Stalin's "help" to the Spanish Republic. Largo Caballero, the former Spanish Premier, has also spoken.

There are others upon whom rests an obligation to speak. One of them is Romain Rolland. The help that this renowned author gave to totalitarianism by covering the horrors of Stalin's dictatorship with the mantle of his great prestige, is incalculable. For many years Rolland conducted a correspondence with Maxim Gorky, the noted Russian novelist.

Gorky, who was at one time comradely with Stalin, and even exercised a restraining hand upon him, no doubt played a part in bringing Rolland into the camp of the fellow travelers. During the last months of his life, however, Gorky was a virtual prisoner. Stalin refused him permission to go abroad for his health. His mail was censored, and by special order the letters from Romain Rolland were intercepted by Stetsky, then Stalin's head secretary, and filed in Stalin's cabinet. Rolland, disquieted at his friend's failure to answer his letters, wrote to another friend, the assistant director of the Moscow Art Theater, asking what was the matter. During the last Moscow treason trial the world was told that Gorky, supposedly still Stalin's friend, was poisoned by Yagoda. At the time of this trial, in an interview with the eminent writer Boris Souvarine published in *La Flêche*, I explained to Romain Rolland why his letters had not been delivered. I asked him to make a statement on the fact that his letters to Maxim Gorky were intercepted by Stalin. He remained silent. Will he speak now that Stalin has openly joined hands with Hitler?

Eduard Beneš, the former president of Czechoslovakia, has also an account to settle. When Tukhachevsky and the Red Army chiefs were executed in June, 1937, the shock to Europe was so great, the disbelief in their guilt so stubborn, that Stalin was forced to seek a channel to convince Western democratic governments that the conqueror of Kolchak and Denikine was a Nazi spy. At Stalin's direction the Ogpu, in collaboration with the Intelligence Service of the Red Army, prepared a dossier of the alleged evidence against the Red generals for transmission to the Czech government. Eduard Beneš was then so certain that Stalin would fight for Czechoslovakia that he apparently took this evidence at its face value.

Let Beneš now recall and re-examine, in the light of present events, the character of the evidence prepared by the experts of the Ogpu and decide whether he is free to remain silent.

Now that it has become painfully clear that the worst way of fighting Hitler is to mitigate the crimes of Stalin, all those who were maneuvered into that folly ought to speak. If these last tragic years have taught us anything, it is that the march of totalitarian barbarism cannot be halted by strategic retreats to positions of half-truth and falsehood. While no one can dictate the method by which civilized Europe will restore to man his dignity and worth, I think that all those not destined for the camp of Hitler and Stalin, will agree that truth must be the first weapon, and murder must be called by its real name.

New York, October, 1939 W. G. KRIVITSKY

In Stalin's Secret Service

I. Stalin Appeases Hitler

DURING the night of June 30, 1934, when Hitler's first blood purge broke out and while it was still going on, Stalin called an extraordinary session of the Politbureau in the Kremlin. Even before the news of the Hitler purge reached the wide world, Stalin had decided upon his next move in relation to the Nazi regime.

I was then at my post in the Intelligence Department of the General Staff of the Red Army in Moscow. We knew that a crisis was impending in Germany. All our confidential dispatches had prepared us for an outbreak. As soon as Hitler launched his purge, we began to receive constant bulletins from Germany.

That night I was working feverishly with a staff of assistants, summarizing our information for War Commissar Voroshilov. Among the non-members summoned to that meeting of the Politbureau were my chief, General Berzin; Maxim Litvinov, Commissar for Foreign Affairs; Karl Radek, then director of the information bureau of the Central Committee of the Communist Party; and A. C. Artusov, chief of the Foreign Division of the Ogpu.

The emergency meeting of the Politbureau had been called to consider the probable consequences of the Hitler purge, and its effects upon Soviet foreign policy. Confidential information in our possession showed that two extreme wings of Hitler's opponents were involved. There was the group

led by Captain Roehm, consisting of Nazi radicals dissatisfied with Hitler's moderate policies. They were dreaming of a "second revolution." The other group was composed of officers of the German army, under the leadership of Generals Schleicher and Bredow. This circle had looked forward to a restoration of the monarchy. It joined hands with the Roehm wing for the purpose of unseating Hitler, each side hoping to emerge triumphant in the end. Our special bulletins from Germany brought the news, however, that the garrisons in the metropolitan centers remained loyal to Hitler and that the main body of army officers was true to the government.

In Western Europe and America, Hitler's purge was widely interpreted as a weakening of the Nazi power. In Soviet circles, too, there were those who wished to believe it foreshadowed the collapse of Hitler's rule. Stalin had no such illusions. He summed up the discussion at the Politbureau as follows:

"The events in Germany do not at all indicate the collapse of the Nazi regime. On the contrary, they are bound to lead to the consolidation of that regime, and to the strengthening of Hitler himself."

General Berzin came back from the Kremlin session with this dictum of Stalin.

In my anxiety to learn the decision of the Politbureau I had stayed up all night awaiting Berzin's return. We had a strict rule that no one, not even the Commissar of War himself, could take confidential state papers home with him, and I knew that Berzin would have to come back to the department.

The course of Soviet policy toward Nazi Germany followed from Stalin's dictum. The Politbureau decided at all costs to induce Hitler to make a deal with the Soviet government. Stalin had always believed in coming to terms early

with a strong enemy. The night of June thirtieth convinced him of Hitler's strength. It was no new course for Stalin, however. It marked no revolutionary departure in his policy toward Germany. He only decided to redouble his past efforts to appease Hitler. His whole policy toward the Nazi regime during the six years of its existence had lain in that direction. He recognized in Hitler a real dictator.

The idea prevailing up to the recent Russian-German pact that Hitler and Stalin were mortal enemies, was pure myth. It was a distorted picture, created by clever camouflage and the vapors of propaganda. The true picture of their relations was that of a persistent suitor who would not be discouraged by rebuffs. Stalin was the suitor. There was enmity on Hitler's side. On Stalin's there was fear.

If one can speak of a pro-German in the Kremlin, Stalin has been that figure all along. He favored cooperation with Germany right after Lenin's death, and he did not alter this basic attitude when Hitler rose to power. On the contrary, the triumph of the Nazis strengthened him in his quest for closer bonds with Berlin. In this he was spurred on by the Japanese menace in the Far East. He had a profound contempt for the "weakling" democratic nations, and an equally profound respect for the "mighty" totalitarian states. And he was guided throughout by the rule that one must come to terms with a superior power.

Stalin's whole international policy during the last six years has been a series of maneuvers designed to place him in a favorable position for a deal with Hitler. When he joined the League of Nations, when he proposed the system of collective security, when he sought the hand of France, flirted with Poland, courted Great Britain, intervened in Spain, he was calculating every move with an eye upon Berlin. His

hope was to get into such a position that Hitler would find it advantageous to meet his advances.

A high point in this Stalin policy was reached late in 1936 upon the conclusion of a secret German-Japanese agreement, negotiated behind the smoke screen of the anti-Comintern pact. The terms of that secret agreement, which came into Stalin's possession in the main through my efforts and those of my staff, incited him to a desperate attempt to drive a bargain with Hitler. Early in 1937 such a deal was actually pending between them. Nobody knows to what extent the recent treaty of August, 1939, was anticipated at that time.

It was two years before Stalin began to disclose to the world his friendly attitude toward Germany. On March 10, 1939, he made his first pronouncement following Hitler's annexation of Austria and occupation of the Sudeten areas, giving his answer to these world-shaking Nazi conquests. The world was astounded by Stalin's friendly overtures to Hitler. It was dumbfounded when, three days later, Hitler marched into Czechoslovakia.

The record of Stalin's policy of appeasement toward Hitler—both the open and the secret record—reveal that the more aggressive Hitler's policies became, the more Stalin pressed his courtship. And the more strenuously Stalin wooed him, the bolder were Hitler's aggressions.

Long before the rise of Hitler, or even of Stalin, Soviet-German cooperation had been dictated by the pressure of events. A Moscow-Berlin tie had been formed more than ten years before Hitler in the Rapallo pact of 1922. Both the Soviet Union and the German republic were then being treated as outcasts; both were in disfavor with the Allies; both opposed the Versailles system. They had traditional business bonds and mutual interests.

It is now common knowledge that during those ten years

there was a secret arrangement between the *Reichswehr*—the German army—and the Red Army. Soviet Russia permitted the German republic to evade the Versailles prohibitions against training artillery and tank officers, and developing aviation and chemical warfare. These things were done on Soviet soil. The Red Army, on the other hand, got the benefit of expert German military knowledge. The two armies exchanged information. It is also common knowledge that trade between Soviet Russia and Germany flourished during that decade. The Germans invested capital and operated concessions in the Soviet Union. The Soviet government imported machinery and engineering personnel from Germany.

Such was the situation when Hitler's menacing figure arose. Some seven or eight months before his ascent to power, in the early summer of 1932, I met in Danzig one of the high officers of the German general staff, a confirmed monarchist who came from Berlin expressly to meet me. He was an old-school military man and believed in the restoration of the German Empire in cooperation with Russia.

I asked this officer for his opinion on Germany's policy in the event Hitler became the head of the government. We discussed Hitler's views as outlined in his book, *Mein Kampf*. The German officer gave me his analysis of coming developments, and concluded: "Let Hitler come and do his job. And then we, the army, will make short work of him."

I asked the officer if he would be good enough to submit his views in writing for me to forward to Moscow, and he agreed to do so. His report created a stir in Kremlin circles. The prevailing view there was that military and economic ties between Germany and Russia were so deep-rooted that Hitler could not possibly disregard them. Moscow understood Hitler's fulminations against Bolshevism as a maneuver on the road to power. They had their function. But they could

not change the basic interests of the two countries, which were bound to make for cooperation.

Stalin himself derived much comfort from the report of the German officer. Although fully alive to the Nazi doctrine of "pressure toward the east," he was habituated to the tradition of collaboration between the Red Army and the Reichswehr, and had a wholesome respect for the German army and its leadership under General Von Seeckt. The report of the German staff officer dove-tailed with his own views. Stalin looked upon the Nazi movement primarily as a reaction to the Versailles peace. It seemed to him that all Germany would do under Hitler was to throw off the shackles of Versailles. The Soviet government had been the first to hammer at them. Indeed, Moscow and Berlin had originally been drawn together by their common opposition to the rapacity of the allied victors.

For these reasons, Stalin made no effort after the rise of Hitler to break the secret Berlin-Moscow tie. On the contrary he tried his best to keep it in force. It was Hitler who, during his first three years, gradually dissolved the intimate link between the Red and the German armies. But this did not deter Stalin. He only became more assiduous in the pursuit of Hitler's friendship.

On December 28, 1933, eleven months after Hitler became chancellor, Premier Molotov, speaking before the Congress of Soviets, asserted Stalin's adherence to the former German policy:

"Our relations with Germany have always occupied a distinct place in our international relations . . . The Soviet Union has no cause on its part for any change of policy toward Germany."

The following day, before the same Congress, Foreign Commissar Litvinov went even further than Molotov in

pleading for an understanding with Hitler. Litvinov described the program outlined in *Mein Kampf* for the reconquest of all German territories. He spoke of the Nazi determination, "by fire and sword, to pave the way for expansion in the east, without stopping at the borders of the Soviet Union, and to enslave the peoples of this Union." And he went on to say:

"We have been connected with Germany by close economic and political relations for ten years. We were the only great country which would have nothing to do with the Versailles Treaty and its consequences. We renounced the rights and advantages which this treaty reserved for us. Germany assumed first place in our foreign trade. Both Germany and ourselves have derived extraordinary advantages from the political and economic relation established between us. (President Kalinin, of the Executive Committee: "Especially Germany!") On the basis of these relations, Germany was able to speak more boldly and confidently to her victors of yesterday."

This hint, emphasized by President Kalinin's exclamation, was designed to remind Hitler of Soviet Russia's help in enabling him to challenge the Versailles victors. Litvinov then made the following formal declaration:

"With Germany, as with other states, we want to have the best relations. The Soviet Union and Germany will gain nothing but benefit from such relations. We, on our side, have no desire for expansion, either in the west or the east or in any other direction. We would like to hear Germany say the same thing to us."

Hitler did not say it. But that did not deter Stalin. It encouraged him to a more strenuous courtship of the Nazi regime.

On January 26, 1934, Stalin himself, addressing the Seven-

teenth Communist Party Congress continued the drive for an appeasement of Hitler. Hitler had then been in power exactly one year. He had rebuffed all of Moscow's political advances, although he had entered into a trade deal on favorable credit terms with Soviet Russia. Stalin interpreted this as a sign of political good will. He referred to those Nazi elements which favored a return to "the policy of the ex-Kaiser of Germany, who at one time occupied the Ukraine, undertook a march against Leningrad, and transformed the Baltic countries into an encampment for this march." There had been a change, he said, in German policy, which he attributed not to the theories of National Socialism, but to a desire to avenge Versailles. He denied that Soviet Russia had changed its policy toward Berlin because of "the establishment of a Fascist regime in Germany," and stretched out his hand to Hitler with these words:

"Of course we are far from enthusiastic about the Fascist regime in Germany. But Fascism is not the issue here, if only for the reason that Fascism, in Italy for example, did not prevent the Soviet Union from establishing good relations with that country."

Stalin's outstretched hand was ignored in Berlin. Hitler had other ideas on the subject. But Stalin would not be discouraged. He only decided upon a change of method. Viewing the Nazi agitation for an anti-Soviet bloc as a maneuver on the part of Hitler, he resolved to respond to it with a counter-maneuver. Henceforth, the Soviet government would appear as an upholder of the Versailles system, would join the League of Nations, would even associate with the anti-German bloc. The threat involved in such a course, Stalin thought, would bring Hitler to his senses.

Stalin picked a brilliant journalist to pave the way for this somersault. It must be remembered that an entire Soviet

generation had been brought up in the belief that the Versailles Treaty was the most pernicious instrument ever drawn up, and that its authors were a band of pirates. It was no simple task to dress up the Soviet government in the costume of a defender of Versailles. There was only one man in the Soviet Union who could do this publicity stunt adequately both for domestic and foreign consumption. That was Karl Radek, the man who subsequently played such a tragic role in the great trial of January, 1937. Stalin picked Radek to prepare Russian and world opinion for his change of tactics.

I saw a great deal of Radek in those days—the early spring of 1934—at the headquarters of the Central Committee of the Communist Party. The Inner Circle in Moscow was then buzzing with talk about Radek's assignment to prepare a series of articles forming a build-up toward the coming turnabout in Kremlin policy.

The articles were to appear in both *Pravda* and *Izvestia*, the leading Communist and Soviet organs. They would be reprinted throughout the world and carefully studied in all European chancelleries. Radek's task was to whitewash the Versailles peace, to herald a new era of friendship with Paris, to persuade Soviet sympathizers abroad that such a stand was harmonious with communism, and at the same time to leave the door open for an agreement with Germany.

I knew, because of my frequent calls at Radek's office, that he was in daily consultation with Stalin. Sometimes he would dash over to Stalin's office several times a day. Every phrase he wrote was subject to Stalin's personal supervision. The articles were in every sense a joint labor of Radek and Stalin.

While these articles were in preparation, Commissar Litvinov was keeping on with efforts toward an agreement with Hitler. In April, he proposed to Germany a joint undertaking

to preserve and guarantee the independence and inviolability of the Baltic states. Berlin rejected the proposal.

The Radek article was hailed widely as foreshadowing a Soviet turn toward France and the Little Entente, and away from Germany. "German Fascism and Japanese imperialism," wrote Radek, "are in a struggle for a redivision of the world—a struggle directed against the Soviet Union, against France, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Rumania and the Baltic states; against China and the United States of America. And British imperialism would like to direct this struggle exclusively against the Soviet Union."

At this time I had quite a conversation with Radek. He knew that I was familiar with his assignment. I made some remark about our "new policy" and spoke of the impression it was creating in uninformed circles.

Radek let loose a flood of talk: "Only fools can imagine we would ever break with Germany. What I am writing here is one thing—the realities are something else. No one can give us what Germany has given us. For us to break with Germany is simply impossible."

Radek continued to discourse along lines only too familiar to me. He spoke of our relations with the German army, which was very much in the saddle even under Hitler, of our relations with big business in Germany—and was not Hitler under the thumb of the industrialists? Surely Hitler would not go against the general staff, which favored cooperation with Russia. Surely Hitler would not cross swords with German business circles, who were doing a large trade with us. These two forces were the pillars of German-Soviet relations.

He denounced as idiots those who thought that Soviet Russia should turn against Germany because of the Nazi persecution of Communists and Socialists. True, the Com-

munist Party of Germany was smashed. Its leader, Thaelmann, was in prison. Thousands of its members were in concentration camps. But that was one thing. It was something else when one considered the vital interests of Soviet Russia. Those interests demanded a continuation of the policy of collaboration with the German Reich.

As for the articles he was writing, what did they have to do with the facts? It was all a matter of big politics. It was a necessary maneuver. Stalin had no idea of breaking with Germany. On the contrary, he was seeking to draw Berlin closer to Moscow.

All of this was elementary to those of us who were on the inside of the Kremlin policy. None of us dreamed, in the spring of 1934, that a rupture with Germany was possible. We all regarded the Radek articles as Stalinist strategy.

Litvinov went off on a tour of the European capitals, ostensibly in the interests of the so-called Eastern Locarno pact which was to insure, by mutual agreement of all the governments concerned, the existing boundaries of the nations in Eastern Europe. He visited Geneva. His visit filled the world with rumors of a coming Franco-Russian *rapprochement*, crowning the work begun by Radek's articles. At the same time, Stalin continued doggedly to assert at the Politbureau: "And nevertheless, we must get together with the Germans."

On June 13, 1934, Litvinov stopped in Berlin to confer with Baron Konstantin von Neurath, then Hitler's Foreign Minister. Litvinov invited Germany to join in his proposed Eastern European pact. Von Neurath firmly declined the invitation, and bluntly pointed out that such an arrangement would perpetuate the Versailles system. When Litvinov intimated that Moscow might strengthen its treaties with other

nations by military alliances, Von Neurath replied that Germany was willing to risk such an encirclement.

The following day, on June fourteenth, Hitler met Mussolini in Venice for luncheon.

Stalin was not discouraged by this latest rebuff from Berlin. Through the Soviet trade envoys, he had all along endeavored to persuade the leading German circles of his sincerity in seeking an understanding with Hitler, allowing them to intimate that Moscow would go a long way in making concessions to Germany.

At the same time, Stalin tried to induce Poland to define her policy to the disadvantage of Germany. Nobody knew at that time which way Poland was going, and a special session of the Politbureau was called to consider this problem. Litvinov and Radek, as well as the representative of the Commissariat of War, took the view that Poland could be influenced to join hands with Soviet Russia. The only one who disagreed with this view was Artusov, the chief of the Foreign Division of the Ogpu. He considered the prospects of a Polish-Soviet accord illusory. Artusov, a bit rash in thus opposing the majority of the Politbureau, was cut short by Stalin himself: "You are misinforming the Politbureau."

This remark of Stalin traveled fast in the inner circle. The "dare devil" Artusov was regarded as already a finished man. Subsequent events proved Artusov right. Poland joined the German fold, and that may have saved Artusov for a while. He was a Swiss who had taken up residence in Czarist Russia as a French teacher. He had joined the revolutionary movement before the World War and the Bolshevik Party in 1917. Of small stature, gray-haired, wearing a goatee, a lover of music, Artusov had married a Russian woman and raised a family in Moscow. In 1937 he was arrested and executed in the great purge.

The fiasco with Poland increased Stalin's conviction of the need of appeasing Hitler. He used every avenue to convey to Berlin his readiness for an amicable arrangement. Hitler's blood purge of June thirtieth immensely raised him in Stalin's estimation. Hitler had demonstrated for the first time to the men in the Kremlin that he knew how to wield power, that he was a dictator, not only in name but in deed. If Stalin had doubts before as to Hitler's ability to rule with an iron hand, to crush opposition, to assert his authority even over potent political and military forces, those doubts were now dispelled. From now on, Stalin recognized in Hitler a master, a man able to back up his challenge to the world. This, more than anything else, was responsible for Stalin's decision on the night of June thirtieth to secure at whatever cost an understanding with the Nazi regime.

Two weeks later, on July fifteenth, Radek, writing in the official Soviet organ *Izvestia*, attempted to raise before Berlin the bugaboo of Moscow's alignment with the Versailles powers. He ended, however, with this contrary note:

"There is no reason why Fascist Germany and Soviet Russia should not get on together, inasmuch as the Soviet Union and Fascist Italy are good friends."

Hitler's warning, conveyed through Von Neurath, that Germany was willing to risk encirclement was what sent Stalin off on a move for counter-encirclement. At this time, the close relations between the Red Army and the German army were still in existence. The trade relations between the two countries were very much alive. Stalin therefore looked upon Hitler's political course toward Moscow as a maneuver for a favorable diplomatic position. Not to be outflanked, he decided to respond to it by a wide maneuver of his own.

Litvinov was sent back to Geneva. There in late November, 1934, he negotiated with Pierre Laval a preliminary

joint agreement envisaging a mutual-assistance pact between France and Russia, purposively left open for other powers to join. This protocol was signed in Geneva on December fifth.

Four days later, Litvinov issued the following statement: "The Soviet Union never ceases especially to desire the best all-around relations with Germany. Such, I am confident, is also the attitude of France towards Germany. The Eastern European pact would make possible the creation and further development of such relations between these three countries, as well as between the other signatories to the pact."

To this maneuver Hitler did at last respond. Large credits were opened to the Soviet government. Stalin was tremendously encouraged. The financial interests of Germany were, in his judgment, forcing Hitler's hand.

In the spring of 1935, while Anthony Eden, Pierre Laval and Eduard Beneš were visiting Moscow, Stalin scored what he considered his greatest triumph. The Reichbank granted a long-term loan of 200,000,000 gold marks to the Soviet government.

On the evening of August 2, 1935, I was with Artusov and the other members of his staff at the Lubianka offices of the Foreign Division of the Ogpu. It was on the eve of Levanevsky's take-off on his famous first flight across the North Pole from Moscow to San Francisco. We were all waiting for a car to take us to see Levanevsky and his two companions start for America. While we were waiting and locking up papers in the safes, the subject of our relations with the Nazi regime came up. Artusov produced a highly confidential report just received from one of our leading agents in Berlin. It was prepared in answer to the question worrying Stalin: What and how strong are the forces in Germany favoring an accord with the Soviet Union?

After an exceptionally interesting review of the internal economic and political conditions in Germany, of the elements of possible discontent, of Berlin's relations with France and other powers, and of the dominant influences surrounding Hitler, our correspondent arrived at this conclusion:

"All of the Soviet attempts to appease and conciliate Hitler are doomed. The main obstacle to an understanding with Moscow is Hitler himself."

The report made a profound impression upon all of us. Its logic and facts seemed unanswerable. We wondered how the "big boss" took it. Artusov remarked that Stalin's optimism concerning Germany remained unshaken.

"Do you know what the boss said at the last meeting of the Politbureau?" Artusov observed with a wave of the hand. And he quoted Stalin:

"Well, now, how can Hitler make war on us when he has granted us such loans? It's impossible. The business circles in Germany are too powerful, and they are in the saddle."

In September, 1935, I left for Western Europe to take up my new post as Chief of the Military Intelligence there. Within a month I flew back to Moscow. My hurried return trip was caused by an extraordinary development.

I discovered, in taking over our Intelligence network, that one of our agents in Germany had come upon the trail of secret negotiations between the Japanese military attaché in Berlin, Lieutenant General Hiroshi Oshima, and Baron Joachim von Ribbentrop, then Hitler's unofficial minister for special foreign relations.

I decided that these negotiations were a matter of such paramount concern to the Soviet government that they required exceptional attention on my part. To watch their progress would be no routine affair. I needed for the task the boldest and best men at our disposal. For this purpose I

returned to Moscow to consult headquarters. I came back to Holland armed with all the necessary authority and means to pursue to the bitter end the quest for information on the Oshima-Ribbentrop conversations.

These conversations were carried on outside ordinary diplomatic channels. The Japanese ambassador in Berlin and the German Foreign Office were not involved. Von Ribbentrop, Hitler's envoy extraordinary, was handling the matter privately with the Japanese general. By the end of 1935, the information in my possession showed beyond a shadow of doubt that the negotiations were progressing toward a definite objective. We knew, of course, that that objective was to checkmate the Soviet Union.

We also knew that the Japanese army had for years been anxious to secure the plans and models of Germany's special anti-aircraft guns. The Tokyo militarists had shown themselves willing to go to any lengths to obtain from Berlin all the latest technical patents in weapons of warfare. This was the starting point for the German-Japanese negotiations.

Stalin kept in close touch with developments. Apparently Moscow decided to try to spike the negotiations by publicity. Early in January, 1936, reports began to appear in the Western European press that some kind of secret agreement had been concluded between Germany and Japan. On January tenth, Soviet Premier Molotov referred publicly to these reports. Two days later, Berlin and Tokyo denied that there was any substance in the rumors.

The only effect of the publicity was to increase the secrecy of the negotiations and to force the German and Japanese governments to devise some mask for their real treaty.

Throughout 1936, all the world capitals were astir with public and private reports of the German-Japanese deal. Diplomatic circles everywhere buzzed with exciting specula-

tion. Moscow pressed hard for documentary proof of the agreement. My men in Germany were risking their lives, in the face of almost insuperable difficulties. They knew that no expense was too high, no hazard too great.

It was known to us that the Nazi secret service was intercepting, and had in its possession, copies of the coded messages exchanged during the negotiations between General Oshima and Tokyo. Late in July, 1936, I received word that the complete file of this confidential correspondence had at last been secured in photostatic form by our men in Berlin. The channel thus opened would provide us with all future messages from Oshima to his government and back.

The strain of the following days, when I knew that this priceless material was in our hands, but had to await its safe arrival from Germany, was nearly unbearable. No chances could be taken and I had to wait patiently.

On August eighth, word came through that the carrier of the correspondence had crossed the German frontier and was due in Amsterdam. I was in Rotterdam when the message arrived. I got into my automobile, accompanied by an aide, and made a dash for Amsterdam. On the way we met our agent, who was speeding to deliver the material to me. We stopped on the highway.

"Here it is. We've got it," he said, and handed me some rolls of film—the form in which we usually put all our mail.

I went straight to Haarlem, where we had a secret photographic developing room. The Oshima correspondence was in code, but we had in our possession the Japanese code book. I also had, awaiting us in Haarlem, a first-class Japanese-language expert, whom we had scoured Moscow to find. I could not keep Moscow waiting for the arrival of the documents by courier, and I could not send coded messages from

Holland. I had one of our men get ready to fly to Paris at a moment's notice, to send off a long message to Moscow.

I saw, as it was being decoded, that I had before me the entire sheaf of Oshima's correspondence with Tokyo, reporting step by step all his negotiations with Von Ribbentrop, and also the suggestions conveyed to him by his government. General Oshima reported that his negotiations were being conducted under the personal supervision of Hitler, who frequently conferred with Von Ribbentrop and gave him instructions. His correspondence revealed that the purpose of the negotiations was the conclusion of a secret pact to coordinate all the moves made by Berlin and Tokyo in Western Europe as well as in the Pacific. No reference to the Communist International, and no suggestion of any move against communism, was contained in this correspondence covering more than a year of negotiations.

Under the terms of the secret agreement, Japan and Germany undertook to regulate between themselves all matters relating to the Soviet Union and to China, and to take no action either in Europe or in the Pacific without consulting each other. Berlin also agreed to place its improvements in weapons of war at the disposal of Tokyo and to exchange military missions with Japan.

At five o'clock one afternoon, my courier took off for Paris with my coded message. I returned home and took a rest for several days. From then on, all correspondence between General Oshima and Tokyo flowed regularly through our hands. It revealed finally that a secret pact had been drawn up and initialed by General Oshima and Von Ribbentrop. The pact was so worded as to extend the field of cooperation between Japan and Germany to include interests beyond China and Soviet Russia.

There was but one problem to settle: How to camouflage

the secret agreement; Hitler decided to draft the anti-Comintern pact as a device for misleading world opinion.

On November twenty-fifth, in the presence of all the envoys of the foreign powers in Berlin, with the exception of the Soviet Union, the anti-Comintern pact was signed by the official representatives of the governments of Germany and Japan. The pact is a public document consisting of a couple of brief clauses. Behind it lies concealed a secret agreement, the existence of which has never been acknowledged.

Stalin was, of course, in possession of all the proofs of this which I had uncovered. He decided to show Hitler that the Soviet government knew all about it. Foreign Commissar Litvinov was assigned to spring the surprise upon Berlin. On November twenty-eighth addressing an extraordinary session of the Congress of Soviets, Litvinov said:

> Well-informed people refuse to believe that in order to draw up the two meager articles which have been published of the German-Japanese agreement, it was necessary to conduct negotiations for fifteen months; that these negotiations should have been entrusted to a Japanese general and a German super-diplomat, and that they should have been conducted in extraordinary secrecy and kept secret even from German and Japanese official diplomacy . . .
>
> As for the German-Japanese agreement which has been published, I would recommend to you not to seek for any meaning in it, since it really has no meaning. It is only a cover for another agreement which was simultaneously discussed and initiated, probably also signed, and which was not published and is not intended for publication.
>
> I assert, realizing the full weight of my words, that it was to the working out of this secret document, in which the word communism is not even mentioned, that fifteen months of negotiations between the Japanese military attaché and the German super-diplomat were devoted . . .

> This agreement with Japan will tend to extend any war which breaks out on one continent to at least two, if not more than two, continents.

Needless to say, there was consternation in Berlin.

As for my own share in this affair, Moscow hailed it as a triumph. I was recommended for the Order of Lenin. The recommendation was approved all along the line, but got lost sight of at the time of the Red Army purge. I never received it.

An American sequel to the German-Japanese secret pact came to my attention when I was already in the United States. In January, 1939, Hitler appointed his personal aide, Capt. Fritz Wiedemann, consul general at San Francisco. Fritz Wiedemann had been Private Hitler's commanding officer in the World War and is one of the Fuehrer's most intimate and trusted collaborators. The appointment of such a figure to a seemingly minor post on the Pacific suggests the significance of the German-Japanese secret agreement. Hitler included in his plans even the possibility of joint maneuvers with Japan in the Pacific.

Lieutenant General Oshima was elevated from military attaché to Japanese ambassador to Germany in October, 1938, and presented his credentials to Hitler on November twenty-second, last.

Now, what was the effect of the Berlin-Tokyo pact upon the Kremlin's foreign policy? How did Stalin react to Hitler's enveloping operation against the Soviet Union?

Stalin continued his two simultaneous courses of action. The series of maneuvers he executed on the surface is a matter of open record. He strengthened his association with France by a special treaty and pressed for an alliance. He entered into a mutual-assistance pact with Czechoslovakia. He launched the united-front campaign throughout the anti-

Fascist world. He had Litvinov inaugurate the crusade for collective security, designed to align all the great and small powers in the defense of the Soviet Union from German-Japanese aggression. He intervened in Spain in order to forge a closer link with Paris and London.

But all these surface moves were designed only to impress Hitler, and bring success to his undercover maneuvers which had but one aim: a close accord with Germany. No sooner was the German-Japanese pact signed than Stalin directed the Soviet trade envoy in Berlin, his personal emissary, David Kandelaki, to go outside the ordinary diplomatic channels and at whatever cost arrive at a deal with Hitler. At a meeting of the Politbureau held at this time, Stalin definitely informed his lieutenants: "In the very near future we shall consummate an agreement with Germany."

In December, 1936, I received orders to throttle down our work in Germany. The first months of 1937 were passed in expectancy of a favorable outcome of Kandelaki's secret negotiations. I was in Moscow when he arrived from Berlin, in April, accompanied by the Ogpu representative in Germany. Kandelaki brought with him the draft of an agreement with the Nazi government. He was received in private audiences by Stalin, who believed that he had at last achieved the goal of all his maneuvers.

At this time I had occasion for a long conference with Yezhov, then head of the Ogpu. Yezhov had just reported to Stalin on certain operations of mine. Yezhov had been a metal worker in his youth, raised in the Stalin school. This dreaded marshal of the great purge had a simple mind. Any question of policy he took up with Stalin at once, and whatever the big boss said, he repeated word for word, and then translated into action.

Yezhov and I discussed various reports in our possession

as to discontent in Germany, and possible opposition to Hitler from the old monarchist groups. Yezhov had discussed the same subject that very day in his conference with Stalin. His words were practically a phonographic record of the boss himself:

"What's all this drivel about discontent with Hitler in the German army?" he exclaimed. "What does it take to content an army? Ample rations? Hitler furnishes them. Good arms and equipment? Hitler supplies them. Prestige and honor? Hitler provides it. A sense of power and victory? Hitler gives that, too. The talk about army unrest in Germany is all nonsense.

"As for the capitalists, what do they need a Kaiser for? They wanted to put the workers back in the factories. Hitler has done it for them. They wanted to get rid of the Communists. Hitler has them in jails and concentration camps. They were fed up with labor unions and strikes. Hitler has put labor under state control and outlawed strikes. Why should the industrialists be discontented?"

Yezhov continued in the same vein: Germany is strong. She is now the strongest power in the world. Hitler has made her so. Who can doubt it? How can anyone in his senses fail to reckon with it? For Soviet Russia there is but one course. And here he quoted Stalin: "We must come to terms with a superior power like Nazi Germany."

Hitler, however, again rebuffed Stalin's advances. By the end of 1937, with the collapse of the Stalin plans in Spain and the Japanese successes in China, the international isolation of the Soviet Union became extreme. Stalin then took, on the surface, a position of neutrality between the two major groups of powers. On November 27, 1937, speaking in Leningrad, Foreign Commissar Litvinov poked fun at the demo-

cratic nations for their handling of the Fascist nations. But Stalin's underlying purpose remained the same.

In March, 1938, Stalin staged his ten-day super-trial of the Rykov-Bukharin-Krestinsky group of Bolsheviks, who had been Lenin's closest associates and who were among the fathers of the Soviet Revolution. These Bolshevik leaders—hateful to Hitler—were shot by Stalin on March third. On March twelfth, with no protest from Russia, Hitler annexed Austria. Moscow's only reply was a proposal to call a parley of the democratic nations. Again, when Hitler annexed the Sudeten areas in September, 1938 Litvinov proposed concerted aid to Prague, but made it conditional upon action by the League of Nations. Stalin himself remained silent during the whole eventful year of 1938. But signs have not been wanting since Munich of his continued wooing of Hitler.

On January 12, 1939, there took place before the entire diplomatic corps in Berlin the cordial and demonstrative chat of Hitler with the new Soviet ambassador. A week later an item appeared in the London *News Chronicle* reporting a coming *rapprochement* between Nazi Germany and Soviet Russia. And this item was immediately and prominently reprinted, without comment and without refutation, in Stalin's mouthpiece, the Moscow *Pravda.*

On January twenty-fifth, W. N. Ewer, foreign editor of the London *Daily Herald,* leading British Labor paper, reported that the Nazi government was "now almost convinced that in the event of a European war the Soviet Union would adopt a policy of neutrality and non-intervention" and that a German trade delegation whose "objects are political rather than commercial" was on the way to Moscow.

Early in February it was disclosed that Moscow had made a deal to sell its oil only to Italy and Germany and nations

friendly to the Rome-Berlin axis. For the first time in its history the Soviet government had stopped the sale of oil to private foreign corporations. This new policy would provide supplies vital to Italy and Germany in case of war with Great Britain and France.

Then, on Friday, March 10, 1939, Stalin at last spoke up. It was his first word since the annexation of Austria and the Sudeten lands by Germany, and he displayed such remarkable good humor toward Hitler that it came as a shock to world opinion. He excoriated the democracies for plotting to "poison the atmosphere and provoke a conflict" between Germany and Soviet Russia, for which, he said, there were "no visible grounds."

Three days after Stalin's speech, Hitler dismembered Czechoslovakia. Two days later, he extinguished Czechoslovakia altogether. Of course, this was the result of Chamberlain's policy of appeasement. The world did not then realize that it was also the result of Stalin's policy of appeasement. Secretly Stalin had been playing the Rome-Berlin axis against the London-Paris axis all along. He does not believe in the strength of the democratic states.

To Stalin it was clear that Hitler had undertaken to solve the entire problem of Central and Southeastern Europe, to bring the peoples and resources in those areas under his political and economic domination, and to extend there his military base for future operations.

Stalin has seen Hitler in recent years reach out and get a foothold for a leap in almost every direction. He has dropped an anchor in the Pacific, and put his hand in South America. He is coming within striking distance of the British Empire in the Near East. And he has, with the aid of Mussolini, driven a stake in colonial Africa.

Stalin wants to avoid war at any cost. He fears war most.

If Hitler will assure him peace, even at the price of important economic concessions, he will give Hitler a free hand in all these directions. . . .

The above account of Stalin's hidden policies toward Hitler's Germany was written and published in the *Saturday Evening Post* several months before August 23, 1939, when the world was astounded by the signing of the Stalin-Hitler pact. It is needless to say that the pact was no surprise to the author. Both Molotov and Von Ribbentrop assert that the Nazi-Soviet pact inaugurates a new epoch in German-Russian relations, which will have profound consequences for the future history of Europe and the world. That is absolutely true.

II. The End of the Communist International

THE Communist International was born in Moscow on March 2nd, 1919. It received its death blow in Moscow on August 23, 1939, with the signing of the Nazi-Soviet pact by Premier Molotov and German Foreign Minister von Ribbentrop. But its decay was apparent in many things that happened years before.

On a May morning in 1934, I was with Volynski, the chief of the counter-espionage section of the Ogpu, in his office on the tenth floor of the Lubianka building in Moscow. Suddenly, from the street below, we heard the sound of music and of singing men. Looking down we saw a parade going by. The marchers were three hundred members of the Austrian Socialist Army, the *Schutzbünd*, who had fought heroically on the barricades in Vienna against the Fascist Heimwehr. Soviet Russia had given refuge to this small battalion of Socialist fighters.

I shall always remember that May morning: the happy faces of the *Schutzbündler* as they marched, singing their revolutionary song, *Brueder Zur Sonne, Zur Freiheit*, the spontaneous fellowship of the Russian crowds as they joined the march. For a moment I forgot where I was, but Volynski brought me down to earth.

"How many spies do you suppose there are among them, Krivitsky?" he asked in the most natural tone of voice.

"Not one," I replied angrily.

"You're making a big mistake," he said. "In six or seven months seventy per cent of them will be sitting in the Lubianka prison."

Volynski was a good judge of the way the Stalin machine functioned. Of those three hundred Austrians not a single one remains today on Soviet territory. Many of them were arrested soon after their arrival. Others, although they knew what awaited them at home, came flocking to the Austrian embassy for their passports and returned home to serve long prison sentences.

"Better behind bars in Austria," they said, "than at liberty in the Soviet Union."

The last of these refugees were shipped by the Soviet government to the International Brigade in Spain during the Spanish Civil War. Stalin was moving swiftly on the road to totalitarian despotism, and the Comintern had long since outworn its original purpose.

The Communist International was founded by the Russian Bolshevik Party* twenty years ago in the belief that Europe was on the eve of world revolution. Lenin, its moving spirit, was convinced that the Socialist and labor parties of Western Europe by supporting the "imperialist war" waged by their governments from 1914 to 1918, had forfeited the support of the working masses. He believed that the traditional labor parties and Trade Union Federations of Germany, France, Great Britain and the United States with their faith in representative government and peaceful evolution to a more equitable social order, were completely outmoded; that it was the task of the victorious Russian Bolsheviks to pro-

* A few socialists or converts to Bolshevism accidentally in Moscow functioned as "delegates" from their respective countries. But aside from the representatives of the Left Wing of the Scandinavian Socialist Parties, the only genuine delegate from a foreign revolutionary organization, Eberlein, representing the Spartacusbund in Germany, came with instructions from Rosa Luxembourg to vote *against* the formation of a new international.

vide revolutionary leadership to the workers of all nations. The vision which guided Lenin was a Communist United States of Europe and ultimately a world Communist order.

Lenin was certain that the Bolsheviks, despite their enthusiasm in the first flush of victory, could not build a Communist society in Russia unless the working classes of advanced countries came to their aid. He saw his bold experiment doomed to failure unless backward agricultural Russia was joined by at least one of the great industrial states. He put his biggest hopes in a speedy revolution in Germany.

The last twenty years indicate that Lenin underestimated the significance of existing labor organizations, trade-union as well as political, and over-estimated the adaptability to Western Europe of Russian Bolshevism, with its battle cry of the immediate overthrow of all governments, democratic as well as autocratic, and the establishment of an International Communist Dictatorship.

For two decades the Communist International—the Comintern—founded, inspired and directed by the Russian Bolsheviks, sought to implant their methods and their program beyond the boundaries of the Soviet Union. It established its Communist parties everywhere, patterned them closely after the highly centralized and disciplined Bolshevik model and made them responsible and obedient to the general staff in Moscow.

It sent its agents to every corner of the earth. It planned mass insurrections and military uprisings in Europe, in the Far East, and in the Western Hemisphere. And finally, when all these efforts failed, it embarked in 1935, upon its last course of political action, the Popular Front. In this final period, with the new weapons of camouflage and compromise, it made its greatest drive, penetrating into the

organs of public opinion and even the governmental institutions of the leading democratic nations.

I was in a position from the very beginning until 1937 to observe closely the workings of the Comintern. I took a direct political and military part in its revolutionary actions abroad for eighteen years. I was one of the executive arms of Stalin's intervention in Spain, during which the Comintern sent its forces into battle for the last time.

My work with the Comintern began in 1920 during the Russo-Polish war. I was then attached to the Soviet Military Intelligence for the Western Front which had its headquarters in Smolensk. As the Red Armies of Tukhachevsky moved toward Warsaw it was the function of our department to operate secretly behind the Polish lines, to create diversions, to sabotage the shipment of munitions, to shatter the morale of the Polish army by propaganda, and to furnish the general staff of the Red Army with military and political information.

As there was no clear line separating our work from that of the Comintern agents in Poland, we cooperated in every possible way with the recently formed Polish Communist Party, and we published a revolutionary newspaper *Svit* (Dawn) which we distributed among the soldiers of the Polish army.

On the day that Tukhachevsky stood before the gates of Warsaw, Dombal, a peasant deputy, declared in the Polish parliament: "I do not see in the Red Army an enemy. On the contrary, I greet the Red Army as the friend of the Polish people."

To us this was an event of great importance. We printed Dombal's speech in *Svit*, and distributed hundreds of thousands of copies throughout Poland, especially among the Polish soldiers.

Dombal was immediately arrested and confined in the

Warsaw Citadel, the dreaded Polish political prison. After three years the Soviet government finally obtained his release by exchanging him for a number of Polish aristocrats and priests held as hostages. He then came to Moscow where he was acclaimed as one of the heroes of the Comintern. Lavish honors were heaped upon him and he was raised to a high position. For more than a decade, Dombal was one of the most important non-Russian officials of the Communist International.

In 1936 he was arrested on a charge of having been a Polish spy for seventeen years—ever since his speech in the Polish parliament. The Ogpu decided that Dombal's greeting to the Red Army, as well as his three-year prison term, had been part of a prearranged plot of the Polish Military Intelligence. Dombal was executed.

During the Russo-Polish war the Polish Communist Party worked hand in hand with our department, and we prepared that party for action in cooperation with the Red Army. The Polish Communist Party obeyed all the commands of the advancing army of Tukhachevsky.

Members of the Polish Communist Party aided us in organizing sabotage, in creating diversions, and in impeding the arrival of munitions from France. We organized a strike in Danzig to prevent the landing of French munitions for the Polish army. I traveled to Warsaw, Cracow, Lemberg, German and Czech Silesia and to Vienna, organizing strikes to stop arms shipments. I organized a successful railroad strike in the Czech railroad junction of Oderberg, persuading the Czech trainmen to walk out, rather than handle Skoda munitions for the Poland of Pilsudski.

"Railroad workers!" I wrote in a leaflet. "You are transporting on your line guns to slaughter your Russian working-class brothers."

At the same time, a Polish Soviet government, organized in anticipation of the capture of Warsaw, was moving with Tukhachevsky's staff toward the Polish capital. Felix Djershinski, veteran Polish revolutionist and head of the Russian Cheka (the earlier name for the Ogpu) had been appointed by Moscow to head this government.

The Russo-Polish war was the one serious attempt made by Moscow to carry Bolshevism into Western Europe on the points of bayonets. It failed, despite all our efforts, military and political, despite the victories of the Red Army, and although we had a Polish section of the Comintern working with our political agitators and intelligence men behind the Polish front. In the end the exhausted Red Army was forced to fall back. Pilsudski remained master of Poland. Lenin's hope of joining hands through Poland, with the revolutionary workers of Germany and helping them extend the revolution to the Rhine was lost.

The idea of hastening Bolshevist Revolution through military invasion had been entertained earlier, in 1919, during the existence of the short-lived Hungarian and Bavarian Soviet republics. Detachments of Red Guards were then only about a hundred miles from Hungarian territory. But the Bolsheviks were then too weak, and were moreover fighting against the Whites for their very existence.

By the beginning of 1921, when the treaty of Riga was signed between Russia and Poland, the Bolsheviks, and especially Lenin himself, realized that to bring successful revolutions to Western Europe was a serious and long-time task. There was no such hope of quick triumph on an international scale as had existed at the first and second Congresses of the Comintern when Zinoviev, its President, proclaimed that within one year all Europe would be Communist. Even

after 1921, however, and as late as 1927, Moscow launched a series of revolutionary adventures and putsches.

In this series of irresponsible attempts, thousands of workers in Germany, in the Baltic and Balkan countries, and in China, were needlessly sacrificed. They were sent to slaughter by the Comintern on a gamble, with cooked-up schemes of military *coups d'état*, general strikes and rebellions none of which had any substantial chance of success.

Early in 1921 the situation in Russia was particularly threatening to the Soviet regime. Hunger, peasant uprisings, the revolt of the sailors in Kronstadt, and a general strike of the Petrograd workers, brought the government to the brink of disaster. All the victories of the Civil War seemed to have been in vain, as the Bolsheviks groped blindly in the face of opposition from those workers, peasants and sailors who had been their chief support. The Comintern, caught in this desperate situation, decided that the only way of saving Bolshevism was through a revolution in Germany. Zinoviev sent his trusted lieutenant Bela Kun, former head of the Hungarian Soviet republic, to Berlin.

Bela Kun appears in Berlin in March, 1921, with an order to the Central Committee of the German Communist Party from Zinoviev and the executive committee of the Comintern: *There is a revolutionary situation in Germany. The Communist Party must seize power.* The Central Committee of the German Communist Party is incredulous. The members can scarcely believe their ears. They know that they cannot hope to overthrow the Berlin government. But Bela Kun's orders are clear: an immediate uprising, the abolition of the Weimar republic, and the establishment of a Communist dictatorship in Germany. The Central Committee of the German Communist Party obeys the instructions from Moscow. As a loyal subordinate of the Executive Com-

mittee of the Communist International headed by Zinoviev and directed by Lenin, Trotsky, Bukharin, Radek and Stalin, the German Communist Party it can not disobey.

On March twenty-second, a general strike was declared in the industrial districts of Mansfeld and Merseburg, central Germany. On March twenty-fourth, the Communists seized the city administration buildings at Hamburg. In Leipzig, Dresden, Chemnitz, and other cities of central Germany the Communists directed their attack upon court houses, city halls, public banks and police headquarters. The official German Communist newspaper, *Die Rote Fahne,* openly called for a revolution.

In the Mansfeld copper mining district, Max Hoelz, the Communist Robin Hood who had a year before single-handedly waged guerrilla warfare against the Berlin government throughout the Vogtland area of Saxony, arrived to announce that he was in charge of operations. About the same time a series of bombing outrages took place throughout Germany, including attempts to blow up public buildings and monuments in Berlin. In this the government recognized Hoelz's expert hand.

On March twenty-fourth, the Communist workers in the huge nitrogen plant at Leuna, armed with rifles and hand grenades, barricaded themselves within the factory.

But the Communist effort to co-ordinate these localized actions broke down completely. Their loyal, trained party regulars responded to the call, and were sent to their death by the party, battalion after battalion, more ruthlessly than Ludendorff had sent his troops into battle. The great mass of workers neither responded to the call for a general strike, nor joined in the scattered outbreaks. By early April, the uprising had been put down everywhere.

The leader of the German Communist Party, Dr. Paul

Levi, who had opposed the adventure as madness from the very start was expelled from the party for putting the blame in no uncertain language where it belonged.

He informed Moscow that it understood nothing of the conditions in Western Europe, that it had sacrificed the lives of thousands of workers upon an insane gamble. He referred to the Bolshevik leaders, and the emissaries of the Comintern as "scoundrels" and "cheap politicians."

Within a short time after this March uprising, the Communist Party of Germany had lost half of its members. As for Max Hoelz, the Communist firebrand who expected to seize power by dynamite, he was tried on charges of "murder, arson, highway-robbery and fifty other counts" and sentenced to life imprisonment.

I was interested in Hoelz's fate, because for all his wild notions, he was undoubtedly an honest and bold revolutionist. To the workers of his native Vogtland he has become a legendary figure. When I was stationed several years later in Breslau, where Hoelz was imprisoned, I established contact with one of his jailers who had become deeply attached to him. Through him I sent Hoelz books, chocolates and food. Together we plotted to liberate Hoelz. But it was necessary for me to obtain assistance as well as authorization from the Communist Party. I communicated with Hamann, the leader of the party in Breslau, and he promised to have several reliable men for me. I then went to Berlin and conferred with the Central Committee of the party. They debated the issue. Some wanted Hoelz released through a legal maneuver, such as electing him to the Reichstag. Others believed that his escape would be the very thing to galvanize the masses, who were then very apathetic to the Communist Party. I was granted permission to attempt the jail delivery. Upon my

return to Breslau, however, the first thing Hoelz's jailor told me was: "We have been ordered to chain up his door."

The authorities had learned of our plot, through none other than Hamann himself, the leader of the Breslau Communists, member of the Reichstag—and police stool pigeon.

Hoelz was later released by legal means. Although I had been working to effect his escape and was in constant communication with him while in Breslau, I met him for the first time in Moscow in 1932, at the apartment of Kisch, the German Communist writer. When he learned who I was, he laughed:

"Oh, you are the rich American uncle who sent me good books and food."

In Moscow Hoelz was a hero for a time. He was awarded the Order of the Red Banner, a factory in Leningrad was named after him, and he was furnished with a good apartment at the Hotel Metropole. But when the Communists capitulated to Hitler in 1933 without firing a shot, and it became clear that this was the official policy of Stalin and the Comintern, Hoelz asked for his passport. He was put off day after day, and spies were set on his trail. He became furious. He demanded immediate permission to leave. His friends in Moscow now avoided him. The Ogpu refused to return his passport. A little later an insignificant notice appeared in the *Pravda* announcing that Hoelz had been found drowned in a stream outside Moscow. In the Ogpu I was told that after the rise of Hitler, Hoelz had been seen coming out of the German Embassy in Moscow. The fact is that Hoelz was killed by the Ogpu because his glorious revolutionary past made him a potential leader of the revolutionary opposition to the Comintern.

The defeat of the March uprising in Germany sobered Moscow considerably. Even Zinoviev toned down his proc-

lamations and manifestoes. Europe was quite evidently not done with capitalism. Nor was Russia itself—for after the suppression of the peasant rebellions and the Kronstadt revolt, Lenin made important economic concessions to peasants and business men. Russia settled down to a period of internal reconstruction, and the world revolution went decidedly into the background. The Comintern was busy finding scapegoats for its defeats, cleaning out Communist Central Committees in various countries and appointing new leaders in their places. Factional fights in the Communist Parties abroad kept the machinery of the Comintern busy drawing up resolutions, counter-resolutions and expulsion orders.

In January, 1923 I was working in Moscow in the third section of the Intelligence Department of the Red Army. Word reached us that the French were about to occupy the Ruhr in order to collect reparations. I was living at this time in the Hotel Lux, which was also the chief residence of the officials of the Comintern and of visiting foreign Communists. . . .

I want to explain that the Hotel Lux was, and still is in fact, the headquarters of Western Europe in Moscow. Through its lobbies pass Communist leaders from every country, as well as trade union delegates, and individual workers who have in some fashion earned a trip to the proletarian Mecca.

Consequently, it is important for the Soviet government to keep a close watch upon the Hotel Lux, in order to discover exactly what the comrades in every country are saying and doing, to know their attitude toward the Soviet government and toward the warring factions within the Bolshevik Party. For this purpose the Hotel Lux is honeycombed with Ogpu agents registered as guests and residents. Among the agents

who lived at the Hotel Lux and kept the Ogpu informed about the doings of foreign Communists and workers, was Constantine Oumansky, at present Soviet ambassador to the United States.

I met Oumansky in 1922 for the first time. Oumansky, born in Bessarabia, had lived in Rumania and Austria until 1922 when he came to Moscow. Because of his knowledge of foreign languages, he received a position with Tass, the official Soviet News Agency. His wife was a typist in the Comintern office.

When Oumansky's turn came to serve in the Red Army he told me that he did not wish to "waste" two years in common army barracks. Soviet life then had not assumed the caste character it now bears, and his remark shocked me. Most Communists still look upon service in the Red Army as a privilege. Not so Oumansky. He presented himself at the offices of the Intelligence Department with a recommendation from Foreign Commissar Chicherin and from Doletsky, Chief of the Tass, requesting that he be permitted to "serve" his two years in the Army as a translator for the Fourth Department.

That very evening while I was in the company of Firin, at that time assistant to General Berzin, Chief of the Military Intelligence Department, I saw Oumansky in a Moscow restaurant. I went over to his table and asked him why he was dropping his job with Tass. He replied that he was going to kill two birds with one stone—keep his Tass job, and serve his military term in the Fourth Department offices.

When I told this to Firin, he replied angrily:

"You may rest assured that he will not work in the Fourth Department."

In those years soft berths were not easily arranged, and Oumansky did not get the translator's job with the Red Army.

But he succeeded in staying out of those uncomfortable barracks by serving as a diplomatic courier of the foreign office. This was considered a substitute for military service, because all diplomatic couriers are on the staff of the Ogpu. Without giving up his Tass job, Oumansky traveled to Paris, Rome, Vienna, Tokyo and Shanghai.

Oumansky served the Ogpu in the Tass News Agency too, for here were Soviet journalists and correspondents having a dangerously close contact with the outside world. Oumansky was able to spy upon Tass reporters from every vantage point, from the Moscow office and from abroad. And at the Hotel Lux he kept his ear tuned sharply to bits of stray conversation exchanged by foreign Communists. All of Oumansky's superiors, in every department in which he has worked, have either been removed and broken or fallen before the bullets of the purge. These include his former chief in the Tass, Doletsky, as well as nearly all his colleagues there; his former chief in the foreign office, Maxim Litvinov; Alexander Troyanovsky, first Soviet ambassador to the United States, and Vladimir Romm, Tass correspondent in Washington, his personal friend. Troyanovsky and Romm were recalled to Moscow from Washington while Oumansky was working side by side with them in the United States.

Oumansky is one of the few Communists who succeeded in crossing the barbed-wire frontier that separates the old Bolshevik Party from the new. During the purge there was only one passport across this frontier. You had to present Stalin and his Ogpu with the required quota of victims. Constantine Oumansky made good. . . .

When news reached our department of the French occupation of the Ruhr, a group of five or six officers, including myself, were ordered to leave at once for Germany. Within

twenty-four hours all arrangements were made. Moscow hoped that the repercussions of the French occupation would open the way for a renewed Comintern drive in Germany.

Within a week I was in Berlin. My first impression was that Germany stood on the eve of cataclysmic events. Inflation had carried the reichsmark to astronomical heights; unemployment was wide-spread; there were daily street fights between workers and police, as well as between workers and nationalist fighting brigades. The French occupation added fuel to the flames. For a moment it even looked as if exhausted and impoverished Germany might take up arms in a suicidal war against France.

The Comintern leaders followed German events cautiously. They had come off badly in 1921, and they wanted to be certain that no blow was struck until internal chaos was complete. Our Intelligence Department, however, had given us very definite instructions. We were sent to Germany to reconnoiter, to mobilize elements of unrest in the Ruhr area, and to forge the weapons for an uprising when the proper moment arrived.

We at once created three types of organizations in the German Communist Party; the Party Intelligence Service working under the guidance of the Fourth Department of the Red Army; military formations as the nucleus of the future German Red Army, and *Zersetzungsdienst*, small units of men whose function was to shatter the morale of the Reichswehr and the police.

At the head of the Party Intelligence Service we named Hans Kiepenberger, the son of a Hamburg publisher. He worked tirelessly, weaving an elaborate spy net in the ranks of the army and police, the governmental apparatus, and every political party and hostile fighting organization. His agents penetrated the monarchist Stahlhelm, the Wehrwolf

and the Nazi units. Working hand in hand with the *Zersetzungsdienst*, they secretly sounded out certain officers of the Reichswehr concerning the stand they would take in the event of a Communist uprising.

Kiepenberger served the Comintern with great loyalty and courage. During the events of 1923, his life was in danger every day. In the end he suffered the fate that befell all loyal Communists. Elected to the Reichstag in 1927, he became a member of the Committee on Military Affairs. Regarding himself as the Comintern's representative on that body, he supplied the Soviet Military Intelligence with valuable information for many years. He remained in Germany for some months after Hitler came to power, continuing to do dangerous underground work for the Communist Party. In the fall of 1933 he fled to Russia. In 1936 he was arrested as a Nazi spy.

The Ogpu examiner pressed him for an admission that he was in the service of the German Intelligence. Kiepenberger refused to "confess." "Ask Krivitsky whether I could become a Nazi agent," he pleaded. "He knows what I did in Germany."

"Didn't you know General Bredow, head of the Reichswehr Military Intelligence?" asked the Ogpu examiner.

"Of course I knew him," replied Kiepenberger, "I was a member of the Communist fraction of the Reichstag and on the Military Affairs Committee." (General Bredow had frequently appeared before the Reichstag Committee.)

The Ogpu had no further "incriminating" evidence against Kiepenberger. Nevertheless, after six months of "questioning" the dauntless fighter "confessed" that he was in the service of the German Military Intelligence. "There is a nail in my head," he kept repeating. "Give me something that will put me to sleep."

We Soviet officers organized German Communist Military formations, the foundation of the German Red Army that was never to be, in a very systematic fashion, dividing them into units of one hundred men, *Hundertschaft.* We prepared lists of Communists who had served in the war, cataloging them according to their military rank. Out of this list we expected to create the officers corps of the German Red Army. We also organized a technical staff of experienced specialists: machine-gunners, artillery officers, the nucleus of an aviation corps, and a liaison personnel chosen from trained wireless and telephone operators. We set up an organization of women and trained them for hospital duty.

In the Ruhr, however, as a result of the French occupation, we were faced with an entirely different problem. The Ruhr was the scene of one of the strangest spectacles in history. Unable to oppose French arms by force, the Germans were waging a war of passive resistance. Mines and factories shut down, leaving only skeleton staffs at their places to prevent the mines from flooding and to keep factory equipment in working order. Railroads were almost at a standstill. Unemployment was universal. The Berlin government, already faced with a fantastic inflation, supported virtually the entire population of the Ruhr.

Meanwhile the French began to encourage the Separatist movement which aimed to detach the entire Rhineland from Germany and form an independent state. Casual observers thought that the Separatist movement was nothing but French propaganda. In fact, however, it was native and very serious, and if the British had not opposed it, the Rhineland would have severed itself from Germany in 1923. In many Rhenish homes I saw busts of Napoleon, the creator of the Confederation of the Rhine. Often enough I heard the in-

habitants complain that their rich country was exploited by Prussia.

The Communist Party opposed the Separatist movement by every means at its disposal. The slogan of the Comintern was "War Against Stresemann and Poincaré!" The slogan of the Nazis and their nationalist allies was: "War Against Poincaré and Stresemann!" It was during these days that Schlageter, a Nazi terrorist, was executed by the French military authorities. Schlageter's death would have passed unnoticed outside the narrow circle of his comrades had not Karl Radek, the Comintern's cleverest propagandist, brought it home to the German people. "Join the Communists," cried Radek, "and you will liberate the Fatherland nationally and socially!"

For a time negotiations went on between Radek and a number of Nazi and Nationalist leaders, notably Count Reventlow. The basis for collaboration was that German nationalism's sole chance of success was in joining hands with Bolshevik Russia against imperialist France and Great Britain. But this union was not consummated. It was not until 1939 that it finally took place under conditions vastly different from those contemplated by Moscow when Germany was the underdog.

Meanwhile everything was prepared for a Separatist *coup d'état*. The leaders of the Separatist Party—Mathes, Dorten, Smith—marshaled their forces. A great demonstration in Dusseldorf late in September was to be the signal for the proclamation of the Rhenish republic.

The Nationalists were combatting the Separatists by individual acts of terror. The Communist Party called a counter-demonstration "against the Separatist traitors." When the two conflicting forces met at a cross section in the city, I saw, for the first time in my life, Communists fighting side by

side with Nationalist terrorists and the German police. The Separatists were defeated, mainly because of the interference of the pro-German British cabinet.

Even while we were supporting German Nationalists against the French in the Rhineland and the Ruhr with every weapon at our disposal, we decided that in the event of a Communist uprising in Germany, we would not allow ourselves to be drawn into conflict with French military forces. Our plan of strategy, as formulated by our staff officers in the Rhineland, called for the withdrawal of our party military formations into central Germany, into Saxony, and Thuringia, where the Communists were particularly strong at that time. We trained our units with that in mind.

In preparing for the Communist revolution, the German Communists created small terrorist groups, so-called "T" units, to demoralize the Reichswehr and the police by assassinations. The "T" units were composed of fiercely courageous zealots.

I recall a meeting of one of these groups on a September evening in the city of Essen, shortly before the Communist uprising. I recall how they came together, quietly, almost solemnly, to receive their orders. Their commander announced tersely:

"Tonight we act."

Calmly they took out their revolvers, checked them for the last time, and filed out one by one. The very next day the Essen press reported the discovery of the body of a murdered police officer, assassin unknown. For weeks these groups struck swiftly and effectively in various parts of Germany, picking off police officers and other enemies of the Communist cause.

When peace came these fanatics could find no place in the orderly life of the country. Many of them took part in

armed holdups for revolutionary purposes at first, and then simply in acts of brigandage. The few who found their way to Russia usually wound up in Siberia in exile.

In the meantime the German Communist Party was awaiting instructions from the Comintern which seemed incredibly slow in coming. In September Brandler, the leader of the party, and several of his colleagues were summoned to Moscow for instructions. Interminable discussions took place in the Political Bureau, the supreme body of the Russian Communist Party, where the Bolshevik leaders were debating the proper hour to launch a German revolution. For many anxious hours the leaders of the German Communist Party cooled their heels in Moscow while the Bolshevik brain trust was formulating its final plan of action.

Moscow decided to do the thing thoroughly this time. It secretly dispatched its best people into Germany: Bukharin; Max Levine, who had been one of the leaders of the four weeks' Bavarian Soviet dictatorship; Piatakov, Hungarian and Bulgarian Comintern agents, and Karl Radek himself. We Red Army men in Germany continued training our military forces. We held secret night maneuvers in the woods near Solingen in the Rhineland in which several thousand workers would take part.

At last the word went around: "Zinoviev has set the date for the uprising."

Communist Party units throughout Germany awaited their final instructions. A telegram arrived from Zinoviev to the German Central Committee fixing the exact hour. Comintern couriers hastened to the various party centers with the command from Moscow. Guns were removed from their hiding places. With mounting tension we awaited the zero hour. And then. . . .

"A new telegram from 'Grisha,'" said the Communist leaders. "The insurrection is postponed!"

Again the Comintern couriers sped through Germany with new orders and a new date for the revolution. This state of alarm continued for several weeks. Almost every day a new telegram would arrive from 'Grisha' (Zinoviev)—new orders, new plans, new agents from Moscow with new instructions and new revolutionary blueprints. At the beginning of October, orders came through for the Communists to join the governments of Saxony and Thuringia in coalition with the Left Socialists. Moscow thought that these governments would become effective rallying centers for the Communists, and that the police could be disarmed in advance of the uprising.

At last the stage was set. A categorical telegram came through from Zinoviev. Again the couriers of the Comintern sped to every party district in Germany passing along the word. Again the Communist battalions mobilized for the attack. The hour drew near. There could be no turning back now, we thought, and awaited with relief the end of those nerve-wracking weeks of delay. At the last moment the Central Committee of the German Party was again hurriedly convened.

"A new telegram from 'Grisha'! The insurrection is postponed again!"

Again messengers were dispatched with urgent last minute cancellation orders to the party centers. But the courier to Hamburg arrived too late. The Hamburg Communists, with true German discipline, went into battle at the appointed hour. Hundreds of workers armed with rifles attacked the police station. Others occupied strategic points in the city.

Communist workers in other parts of Germany were thrown into a state of panic.

"Why are we doing nothing while the workers of Hamburg are fighting?" they asked the district leaders of their party. "Why don't we come to their aid?"

The party lieutenants had no answer to give them. Only those on top knew that the workers of Hamburg were perishing because of 'Grisha's' latest telegram. The Hamburg Communists held out for about three days. The great working-class masses of the city remained indifferent, and Saxony and Thuringia did not come to the aid of the Communists. The Reichswehr under General Von Seckt entered Dresden and threw the Communist-Left Socialist cabinet of Saxony out of office. The Thuringia cabinet suffered the same fate. The Communist revolution had fizzled out.

Those of us in Germany all knew that headquarters in Moscow were responsible for the fiasco. The entire strategy of the proposed revolution had been worked out by the Bolshevik leaders of the Comintern. This made it necessary to find a scapegoat. The factional rivals of Brandler in the German Party were familiar with the Comintern technique of covering up the mistakes of the high command, and they at once swung into action.

"Brandler and the Central Committee are responsible for our failure to capture power," shouted the new "opposition" headed by Ruth Fischer, Thaelmann and Maslow.

"Entirely correct," echoed Moscow. "Brandler is an opportunist, a social democrat. He must go! All hail to the new revolutionary leadership of Ruth Fischer, Thaelmann and Maslow!"

At the next World Congress of the Comintern this was all dressed up in ritualistic resolutions and decrees, and with Moscow's blessings the German Communist Party was turned over to its new general staff.

Brandler received an order to come to Moscow, where

he was deprived of his German passport and given a Soviet office job. German matters, he was informed by Zinoviev, were no longer to concern him. All of his efforts to return to Germany were unsuccessful until his friends threatened to create an international scandal by bringing the matter to the attention of the Berlin government. Only then was he released from Soviet Russia and expelled from the Communist Party.

Souvarine, the eminent French writer and author of the most comprehensive biography of Stalin, had the same experience. Ousted in 1924 from the leadership of the French Communist Party by order of the Comintern, he was detained by the Soviet government until his friends in Paris threatened to appeal to the French authorities.

Upon one branch of the Soviet government the costly experiment of 1923 was not entirely wasted. That was the Military Intelligence Service. When we saw the collapse of the Comintern's efforts, we said: "Let's save what we can of the German revolution." We took the best men developed by our Party Intelligence and the *Zersetzungsdienst*, and incorporated them into the Soviet Military Intelligence. Out of the ruins of the Communist revolution we built in Germany for Soviet Russia a brilliant intelligence service, the envy of every other nation.

Shaken by the defeat in Germany, Moscow began looking for other fields of conquest. By the late fall of 1924, Germany had become stabilized. The Communist International after nearly six years had not a single victory with which to justify its enormous squandering of money and lives. Thousands of Comintern parasites were on the Soviet payrolls. Zinoviev's position within the Bolshevik Party was beginning to wobble. A victory, somehow, somewhere, was necessary at any cost.

On Soviet Russia's western border was Estonia, a tiny

nation, then apparently in the throes of a crisis. Zinoviev and the executive committee of the Comintern decided to throw all Marxian theory to the wind. Summoning the chief of the Intelligence Department of the Red Army, General Berzin, Zinoviev spoke to him along these lines: Estonia is in a revolutionary crisis. We will not act there as we did in Germany. We will use new methods—no strikes, no agitation. All we need is a few courageous groups under the command of a handful of Red Army officers, and in two or three days we will be masters of Estonia.

General Berzin was a man who obeyed orders. In a few days a group of about sixty reliable Red Army officers, mainly Baltic Russians, was organized under Zhibur, one of the heroes of the civil war. They were directed to enter Estonia through different routes, some through Finland and Latvia, others by slipping across the Soviet border. Awaiting them in Estonia were scattered special Communist units totaling about two hundred men. By late November all preparations were ready.

On the morning of December 1, 1924, a "revolution" struck at specified focal points in Reval, the capital. The country remained completely calm. The workers proceeded to their factories as usual. Business moved at a normal pace, and in about four hours the "revolution" was completely crushed. About one hundred and fifty Communists were shot on the spot. Hundreds of others not connected with the affair in any way, were jailed. The Red Army officers returned quickly to Russia along pre-arranged routes. Zhibur reappeared at his desk in the offices of the General Staff, and the Estonian "revolution" was hushed up as quickly as possible.

In Bulgaria, the Comintern enjoyed a period of prosperity while Stambouliski, the leader of the Peasant Party, was in

power. Stambouliski was friendly to Moscow. The remnants of General Wrangel's White Army, which the Bolsheviks had driven out of the Crimea, were on Bulgarian territory, and the Soviet government was anxious to break up this force. With Stambouliski's consent Russia sent a group of secret agents into Bulgaria for this purpose. These agents used every method of propaganda, including the publication of a newspaper, and every means of terror, including assassination. To a considerable extent they were successful in demoralizing this potential anti-Soviet army.

Despite these friendly relations between Stambouliski and Moscow, when in 1923 Tsankoff executed a military revolt against Stambouliski's government Moscow directed the Bulgarian Communist Party to remain neutral. The Communist leaders hoped that as a result of the death struggle between the army reactionaries and Stambouliski, they would gain full power for themselves.

Stambouliski was overthrown and slain. Tsankoff established a military dictatorship. Thousands of innocent people went to the gallows, and the Communist Party was driven underground.

Two years passed and the Comintern decided that the time had come for a Communist putsch against the Tsankoff government. A conspiracy was organized in Moscow by the leaders of the Bulgarian Communist Party with the assistance of Red Army officers. One of these Bulgarian leaders was George Dimitrov. The Communists learned that on April 16, 1925, all the ranking members of the Bulgarian government would attend services in the Sveti Cathedral in Sofia. They decided to use the occasion for their uprising. By order of the Central Committee of the Bulgarian Party, a bomb was exploded in the cathedral during the religious services. About one hundred and fifty persons were killed. But Pre-

mier Tsankoff and the important members of his government survived. All the direct participants in the bombing were executed.

Dimitrov himself continued to work for the Comintern in Moscow. He became its representative in Germany. Late in 1932 he was ordered back to Moscow, and people on the inside said that his career was at an end. Before he could obey the order he was arrested in connection with the historic Reichstag fire. His bold and clever behavior before the Nazi court, where he succeeded in fixing the guilt on the Nazis themselves, made him the Communist hero of the day.

It is one of the inimitable ironies of Comintern history that Dimitrov, one of those responsible for the Sofia bombing, later became, as president of the Comintern, the official spokesman of "democracy," "peace," and the popular front.

Moscow had elaborate theoretical explanations for its failures in Hungary, Poland, Germany, Estonia and Bulgaria. These filled volumes of theses, resolutions and reports. In no case, however, was it suggested that Bolshevism and its Russian leaders were responsible. The myth of the infallibility of the Comintern leaderhip was preserved with ecclesiastical stubbornness. The clearer became the fact of failure, the more grandiose became the plans for the future, and the more complicated the international structure of the Comintern.

Although the Communist International never accomplished its primary aim, the establishment of a Communist dictatorship, in a single country, it became—especially after it turned to the stratagem of the popular front—one of the most important political agencies in the world.

The general framework of the Comintern is no secret. It is widely known that there are Communist Parties, legal or illegal, in every country of the world. The world knows that

the headquarters are in Moscow. But it knows almost nothing of the real apparatus, and its intimate connection with the Ogpu and Soviet Military Intelligence.

The general staff of the Comintern is located in a building facing the Kremlin and heavily guarded by Ogpu agents in civilian attire. It is no spot for curious Muscovites to congregate. Persons who have business within the building, whatever their rank, are subjected to the very closest scrutiny from the moment they enter until they depart. To the left of the main entrance is the office of the commandant, staffed by Ogpu agents.

If Earl Browder, general secretary of the American Communist Party, desires an audience with Dimitrov, he must obtain a pass in the commandant's office, where his papers will be thoroughly examined. Before he is permitted to leave the Comintern building his pass will again be examined. It must bear, in Dimitrov's hand, the exact moment when their interview ended. If any time has elapsed since the end of the interview, an investigation is conducted on the spot. Every minute spent in the Comintern building must be accounted for and recorded. Informal chats in the corridors are severely discouraged and it is not unusual for an Ogpu agent to reprimand a ranking official of the Comintern for violation of these rules. This system provides the Ogpu with a comprehensive file regarding the associations of Russian and foreign Communists, which can be put to use at the proper time.

The heart of the Comintern is the little known and never publicized International Liaison Section, known by its Russian initials as the O.M.S.* Until the purge got under way, the O.M.S. was headed by Piatnitsky, a veteran Bolshevik, trained during the Czarist regime in the practical business of

* Otdyel Mezhdunarodnoi Svyazi.

distributing illegal revolutionary propaganda. Piatnitsky had been in charge of the transport of Lenin's paper, *Iskra*, from Switzerland to Russia in the early part of the century. When the Communist International was organized Lenin's choice for head of the all-important Foreign Liaison Section naturally fell upon Piatnitsky. As the chief of the O.M.S. he became, in effect, the Finance Minister and Director of Personnel of the Comintern.

He created a world-wide network of permanently stationed agents responsible to him, to act as the liaison officers between Moscow and the nominally autonomous Communist Parties of Europe, Asia, Latin America and the United States. As resident agents of the Comintern, these O.M.S. representatives hold the whip over the leaders of the Communist Party in the country in which they are stationed. Neither the rank and file, nor even the majority of the leaders of the Communist Parties, know the identity of the O.M.S. representative, who is responsible to Moscow, and who does not participate directly in party discussions.

In recent years the Ogpu has gradually taken over many of the O.M.S. functions, especially the hunting down and reporting to Moscow of cases of heresy against Stalin. However, in the immensely complicated work of subsidizing and co-ordinating the activities of the Communist Parties, the O.M.S. is still the chief instrument.

The most delicate job entrusted to the O.M.S. resident agents is the distribution of money to finance the Communist Parties, their expensive propaganda and their false fronts—such, for instance, as the League for Peace and Democracy, the International Labor Defense, the International Workers' Aid, the Friends of the Soviet Union, and a host of ostensibly non-partisan organizations, which became especially

important cogs when Moscow embarked upon the popular front.

For many years, while revolutionary prospects there seemed promising, the Comintern poured the greater part of its money into Germany and Central Europe. But when it became more decisively an appendage of the Soviet government, and revolutionary objectives were sidetracked in favor of Stalinizing public opinion and capturing key positions in the democratic governments, Moscow's budgets for France, Great Britain and the United States were enormously increased.

At no time has any single Communist Party in the world managed to cover more than a very small percentage of its expenses. Moscow's own estimate is that it must bear on an average from ninety to ninety-five per cent of the expenditures of foreign Communist Parties. This money is paid from the Soviet treasury through the O.M.S. in sums decided upon by Stalin's Political Bureau.

The O.M.S. resident agent is the judge, in the first instance, of the wisdom of any new expenditure which a Communist Party wishes to make. In the United States, for example, if the Political Bureau of the American Communist Party contemplates the publication of a new newspaper, the O.M.S. agent is consulted. He considers the suggestion, and if it merits attention he communicates with the O.M.S. headquarters in Moscow. From there, in important cases, it is referred to the Political Bureau of the Russian Bolshevik Party for decision. In minor matters, of course, the O.M.S. representative has wide discretion.

One of the favorite methods of transmitting money and instructions from Moscow to a foreign country for the use of the local Communist Party is through the diplomatic pouches, which are immune from search. For this reason the

O.M.S. representative is usually employed in a nominal capacity in the Soviet Embassy. From Moscow he receives, in packages bearing the seal of the Soviet government, rolls of bank notes together with sealed instructions for their distribution. He personally delivers the roll of bills to the Communist leader, with whom he maintains direct contact. Through carelessness, American, British and French bank notes have several times been sent abroad for Comintern use bearing the telltale stamp of the Soviet State Bank.

In the first years of the Comintern the financing was done even more crudely. I recall a time when the procedure was for the Political Bureau to order the Cheka (Ogpu) to deliver sacks of confiscated diamonds and gold to the Comintern for shipment abroad. Still other methods have since been developed. Convenient blinds are the Soviet Trading Corporations, such as the Arcos in London and the Amtorg in the United States, and connected private business firms. The constant displacement of leaders in the foreign Communist Parties presents its own special problem to the O.M.S. in its monetary operations. When Moscow supplanted the leadership of the German Communist Party, after the failure of the 1923 uprising, Mirov-Abramov, the O.M.S. agent in Germany, as well as Piatnitsky in Moscow, spent many anxious hours wondering whom they could now trust with Comintern money. It was a relief to them when Wilhelm Pieck was retained in the new Central Committee, for both Piatnitsky and Mirov-Abramov trusted this veteran labor leader.

Mirov-Abramov, whom I knew for many years, was the O.M.S. representative in Germany from 1921 to 1930. Officially he worked in the press department of the Soviet Embassy in Berlin. Actually he directed the distribution of money and the transmission of Comintern instructions

throughout Germany and the greater part of Central Europe. At the height of the Comintern's German drive, Mirov-Abramov employed a staff of more than twenty-five assistants and couriers. Later he was recalled to Moscow to work as Piatnitsky's assistant. When the old Bolshevik general staff of the Comintern was liquidated by Stalin, Mirov-Abramov together with Piatnitsky were removed. Because of his exceptional underground contacts in Germany, Mirov-Abramov was then transferred to the Soviet Military Intelligence where he served until 1937, when he was shot in the great purge. Absurdly enough, when Yagoda, the fallen chief of the Ogpu, was tried the following year, he declared on the witness stand that he had sent large sums of money through Mirov-Abramov to Trotsky.

Managing the finances of the Comintern and its foreign section is only a small part of the tasks of the O.M.S. It functions also as the nervous system of the Comintern. Envoys dispatched by Moscow as political commissars to the Communist Parties of foreign countries establish all their contacts through the O.M.S., which furnishes them with passports, directs them to "reliable" addresses, and generally acts as the permanent liaison staff between the home offices in Moscow and these political agents abroad.

A notable Comintern Commissar for the United States some years ago was the Hungarian Communist, Pogany, known in this country as John Pepper. His primary mission here was to remove Lovestone and Gitlow, the leaders of the American Communist Party, after they had won a vote of confidence from the vast majority of the party members. Pogany-Pepper carried out his orders, and installed a new high command for the American Communist Party. Pepper himself was arrested in Moscow in 1936 and shot.

The passport division of the O.M.S., unlike the Ogpu and

Military Intelligence, does not actually manufacture passports. It gets genuine documents whenever possible and doctors them according to requirements. In obtaining passports it draws upon the fanatical zeal of Communist members and sympathizers. If the O.M.S. representative in the United States requires two American passports for Comintern agents in China, he communicates with his man in the American Communist Party. This latter obtains genuine United States passports from party members or sympathizers. The O.M.S. staff then removes the photographs, substitutes others and skillfully makes the other necessary changes.

Moscow has always been fond of American passports. In another connection I have described the part they played in the Spanish Civil War. It is not unusual for the O.M.S. representative or Ogpu agents to send batches of American passports to Moscow, where the central O.M.S. office has a staff of about ten people engaged in fixing such documents according to the Comintern's needs.

In 1924 the Berlin police raided the O.M.S. headquarters there, and seized a batch of German passports, together with files listing the names of their original owners, the true names of the Comintern agents then using them, and the fictitious names with which they were traveling. For such reasons of course a genuine passport is much preferred.

In 1927 the Comintern and the Ogpu sent Earl Browder to China. I do not know why Browder was chosen for the mission, but I believe the main reason was his American passport. I am reminded in this connection of a conversation I had with Piatnitsky. He had a man working for him named Lobonovsky, whose incompetence was always the subject of anecdotes in our circle. I would often run into Lobonovsky in one of the capitals of Europe as he scurried about on

seemingly important missions. Later I had occasion to discuss him with Piatnitsky.

"Tell me frankly, Comrade Piatnitsky," I said, "why do you keep that idiot on your staff?"

The veteran Bolshevik leader smiled tolerantly and replied:

"My dear young Walter, the question here is not Lobonovsky's capability. What is important is that he has a Canadian passport and I need a Canadian for the missions on which I send him. No one else will do."

"Canadian!" I exclaimed. "Lobonovsky isn't a Canadian. He's a Ukranian born in Shepetovka."

Piatnitsky bellowed.

"What do you mean, a Ukranian born in Shepetovka! He has a Canadian passport. That's good enough for me. Do you think it's so easy to find a real Canadian? We've got to make the best of a Canadian born in Shepetovka!"

I believe that when the Comintern debated the question of sending Browder to China they were fully aware that he was not an expert on Chinese affairs. But Browder is a real American—from Kansas City, not Shepetovka.

Practically all matters regarding the manufacture and doctoring of passports and other documents are entrusted to native Russians. Pre-war conditions in Czarist Russia gave them exceptional training in this art. The elaborate passport regulations which have become prevalent in most European countries since 1918 found the Bolsheviks well prepared. In the offices of the Ogpu and the Fourth Department of the Red Army there are experts who can forge consular signatures and government seals wholly indistinguishable from the genuine article.

The Foreign Liaison Section has still another function of great importance. It co-ordinates all the educational and

propaganda functions of the Comintern on an international scale. It conducts training schools in and about Moscow for carefully selected Communists from every country, teaching them all the angles of civil warfare, from propaganda to the operation of machine guns.

These schools had their beginning during the first months of the Bolshevik revolution when brief training courses were given to German and Austrian war prisoners in the hope that these "cadres" would use their knowledge on the barricades of Berlin and Vienna. Later these courses became organized institutions. The most promising students would receive military instruction under the immediate tutelage of the Intelligence Department of the General Staff of the Red Army.

In 1926, a university was established in Moscow to instruct Western European and American Communists in the technique of Bolshevism. This university, the so-called Lenin School, is subsidized by the O.M.S. which also provides living quarters for the students. Its dean is the wife of Yaroslavsky, Chief of the Soviet "League of the Godless." The students now largely British, French and American Communists, live an entirely secluded life, and have little contact with either Russians or foreigners in the Soviet Union. Graduates of this Bolshevik academy are expected to return to their native countries to work for the Comintern in labor unions, government offices and other non-Communist positions. Secrecy is maintained because their value to Moscow in the United States, France and Great Britain is destroyed if it becomes known that they have studied methods of civil warfare under the Intelligence Officers of the Red Army.

Another training course, for very small groups of carefully sifted foreign Communists, is conducted in complete secrecy outside Moscow in the suburb of Kuntsevo. Here European and American Communists are taught intelligence work, in-

cluding wire-tapping, the operation of secret radio stations, passport forgery, etc.

When the Comintern began to turn its attention to China, it created a university of the east, the so-called Sun-Yat-Sen University, with Karl Radek at the head. Moscow was then in a frenzy of optimism over the prospects of a Soviet revolution in China. Sons of generals and of high Chinese officials were invited to attend this special training school. Among them was the son of Chiang Kai-shek. The Kuomintang, the Chinese Nationalist Party, and the Comintern were then working hand in hand, and Moscow felt that at last a big victory was at hand.

The Kuomintang received a Russian political tutor, Borodin, and a Russian military advisor, General Galen-Bluecher, later commander of the Soviet Far Eastern District until his liquidation in 1938. Communists flocked into the Kuomintang and many entered its central committee and its military academy at Whampoa. When Chiang had received the full benefit of Moscow's support he made a sharp about face and on May 20, 1926 eliminated Communists from all important positions. Stalin, however, avoided a clean break with Chiang, hoping to outwit him later.

I was staying, at this time, at the hotel known before the revolution as the Kniazi Dvor. Living on the same floor with me was General Feng, the Christian General. Despite the about-face in May, the Comintern leaders were still confident of their approaching victory in China. Feng was in Moscow maneuvering to arrange an alliance against Chiang Kai-shek. Great importance was attached to his visit by the Soviet leaders, who dragged him to meetings and parties and boosted him as a leader of the Chinese masses. Feng played his part admirably, promising everywhere in ringing speeches to fight for the victory of Leninism in China.

Almost every day I saw a new crate of books and pamphlets delivered to the door of his suite, where Ogpu soldiers stood guard. I spoke to Feng several times, partly in English, partly in Russian. He was a typical Chinese war lord, to whom nothing in the world was more foreign than the Leninism with which he was being bombarded. Like so many others, he proved a disappointment. He returned to China without opening the crates of books, and never gave another moment's thought to the "Leninist" promises he had made in Moscow.

In December 1927, after Chiang had completed his job by shooting and decapitating thousands of Communists in Shanghai, the Comintern sent Heinz Neumann, a former leader of the German Communist Party, to lead an uprising in Canton. The uprising lasted two and a half days and cost nearly six thousand lives. All the Chinese Communist leaders in Canton were executed and Heinz Neumann fled to Moscow.

Wholly independent of the vast propaganda machinery of the individual Communist Parties, with their newspapers, magazines, books and pamphlets running into millions of dollars annually, is the centralized propaganda apparatus of the Comintern itself. It is in the charge of the Bureau of Agitation and Propaganda, but financed and actually directed by the Foreign Liaison Section. Its most important publication is the International Press Correspondence, released in English, French and German. It is intended primarily to benefit the hundreds of Communist editors in various countries. The Nazis have attempted to imitate this type of propaganda with their *World Service* published in Erfurt and distributed to pro-Fascist and anti-semitic editors throughout the world.

Nothing is more embarrassing to Moscow than those rare occasions when the official newspapers of the Communist

Parties get their signals mixed, and take contradictory stands on the same question. When the Berlin-Moscow pact was signed, ten days before the outbreak of the present European War, the synchronization of the Communist official organs was perfect. The London *Daily Worker*, the Paris *L'Humanité*, and the *Daily Worker* in the United States simultaneously and in identical language hailed this signal for general war as a great contribution toward peace.

The Comintern also publishes in every leading country including the United States, a magazine called the *Communist International*, which contains the decisions of the Comintern as well as articles by leading Russian and foreign Communists.

These key publications serve a double function. Not only do they insure unity of opinion throughout the Communist Parties of Europe and America, but what in recent years has become even more important, they constitute the mechanism whereby Stalin is guaranteed a well-organized echo to everything which he decrees in Moscow. During the great purge it was very important for the Kremlin to be able to show the Russian people that all the pro-Communist writers of Western Europe and the United States backed him to the hilt in his liquidation of the old Bolshevik heroes.

Foreigners little realize how vital it was for Stalin in 1936, 1937, and 1938 to be able to declare that the American, British, French, German, Polish, Bulgarian and Chinese Communists unanimously supported the liquidation of the "Trotskyite, Fascist, mad-dogs, and wreckers,"—among them even Zinoviev and Bukharin, the first two chiefs of the Comintern.

Not a single Communist leader in the United States writing during the period of the great purge, failed to furnish Stalin

with these prescribed epithets directed against the former leaders of the Bolshevik Party and of the Comintern.

Even before the Comintern officially began its Popular Front tactics, the O.M.S. had started to subsidize a new and subtler form of propaganda. Moscow decided that it was no longer adequate for its purposes to reach only those groups whom it could attract by outright Communist slogans. In the person of Willi Muenzenberg, once a leading German Communist and member of the Reichstag, it found a means of branching out into the field of what are called "front publications." Muenzenberg was set up with O.M.S. funds, as a big publisher and entrepreneur. He turned out attractive illustrated newspapers and magazines, all apparently non-partisan but nevertheless "sympathetic" to the Soviet Union. He later went into the motion picture business also and founded a concern known as *Prometheus*. The Muenzenberg enterprises were cleverly managed and soon extended their operations into the Scandinavian countries. When Hitler came to power, Muenzenberg transferred them to Paris and Prague.

When the great purge reached out for Muenzenberg it found him an elusive target. He declined an invitation to "visit" Moscow. Dimitrov, the President of the Comintern, wrote reassuring letters insisting that Moscow needed him for important new assignments. Muenzenberg refused to bite. The Ogpu then dispatched one of its agents, Byeletsky, to convince him that he had nothing to fear.

"Who decides your fate?" argued Byeletsky. "Dimitrov or the Ogpu? And I know that Yezhov is on your side."

Muenzenberg avoided the trap, and during the entire summer and fall of 1937 remained in hiding, fearing a more violent type of persuasion. He turned his establishments over to Smeral, a Czech Communist. The German Communist Party expelled him and indexed him as an

"enemy of the people." Muenzenberg is alive in Paris today. He has never come out openly against Stalin.

After the Seventh Congress of the Comintern in 1935 the Muenzenberg front publications became a model for all Europe and the United States. In Paris, the Comintern even founded an evening newspaper, *Ce Soir*. But for the past three or four years the Comintern has spent more money for "non-partisan" publications and front organizations in the United States than in any other country. So long as Moscow adhered to the pretense of collective security and anti-Hitlerism, the American public became a veritable campaign ground for its propagandists. Instead of building revolutionary "cadres" among American workers, the job was now to convince New Deal officials, respectable business executives, trade-union leaders and journalists that Soviet Russia was in the forefront of the forces of "peace and democracy."

At the height of this popular front campaign, when the dictatorship within the Soviet Union was becoming more and more totalitarian and the purge was the dominant fact in Soviet life, the Comintern became more than ever, and indeed essentially, an Ogpu subsidiary.

The Comintern has a "Control Commission" on the model of that of the Russian Bolshevik Party, which is supposed to watch over the political morals of its members. During the years that Stalin climbed to sole power, as the factional war in the Bolshevik party grew more acute, internal espionage became the sole function of this body. The Control Commission threw all wavering Stalinists out of the Russian Communist Party. The Comintern Control Commission followed this example on an international scale.

The Control Commission, however, is one of the milder inquisitorial instruments at the disposal of the Stalin regime. Another instrument, created to aid it, is a body bearing the

innocent title of "Cadres Section." This is now the arm of the Ogpu in the Comintern. For many years it was headed by Krajewski, a Polish Communist, an old friend of Djerzhinsky, the first Chief of the Soviet Secret Police, and for many years a Comintern agent in the United States and Latin America. Krajewski planted his agents in every Communist Party, and developed intra-party espionage to its present level of supreme efficiency.

Every ten days the chief of this Cadres Section meets the chief of a corresponding section of the Ogpu and turns over to him the material gathered by his agents. The Ogpu then uses this data as its sees fit. Today this police office in the Comintern tracks down to its source every ripple of foreign opposition to Stalin. It follows with special vigilance all threads running from foreign Communists to potential oppositionists inside the Russian Communist Party.

One of the most unsavory jobs assigned to this department is the luring to Moscow of foreign Communists suspected of disloyalty to Stalin. A Communist who believes himself in good standing with the Comintern will receive word from the executive committee that he is needed in Moscow. Flattered at this recognition of his importance, he hastens to the Comintern capital. Upon his arrival he is turned over to the Ogpu and disappears. Many such catches are credited to the Cadres Section, which through its network of spies frequently receives "information" not only false, but malicious, tending to show that the individual in question has not been toeing the Stalinist line. The number of foreign Communists who have been thus lured to their destruction will probably never be ascertained.

Moscow has also more refined methods of handling foreign Communist leaders who are in disfavor. An important political figure who still enjoys a certain amount of prestige among

his own followers has to be whittled down before he is ready for the discard. He must be compromised in the eyes of Communists in his own country. When that is done, he can be dealt with summarily.

The whittling down process follows a well designed pattern. The first step is to remove him from work in his own country. Ordered to Moscow, he must choose between obedience and immediate expulsion. He cannot refuse and remain in the Communist Party. But if he has high standing, he cannot be turned right off into a Soviet office boy. Summoned to the offices of the Comintern he is informed that he has been chosen for an important mission in China, in the Near East, or in Latin America. This is the beginning of his decline. Detached from his own party, thrown into a remote sphere where he can accomplish little, he returns to Moscow to face a very dour Comintern chief.

"Well, comrade," the chief says, "what results have you to show for the six months you were in Brazil, and the five thousand dollars you spent?"

Excuses are of no avail. The familiar argument—and obvious fact—that the working class of Brazil has not yet reached a sufficient level of political consciousness to embrace Communist teachings, falls on deaf ears. Informed of all this, his comrades at home, if they have not forgotten him entirely, see him now in a new light. The Comintern sent him to Brazil and he didn't deliver.

The next step follows logically. He is now given a job in one of the thousands of Soviet Bureaus. He becomes a wage employee of the Soviet government, and his political career is at an end. From this moment, if he has any backbone, his chief ambition is to get out of the Soviet Union and back to his country and to sever all ties with Soviet Russia and the Comintern. In this he does not often succeed.

One of the most tragic cases of this kind was that of my friend Stanislaw Hubermann, brother of the world-renowned violinist. Hubermann, who was known in our circle as Stach Huber, entered the Polish revolutionary movement during the World War. Together with Muenzenberg he was one of the founders of the Young Communist League. He worked valiantly in the underground Communist Party and soon became one of its leaders. He served many prison sentences in Poland and was often severely beaten by the police.

When the Comintern decided to change the central committee of the Polish Party, Huber was summoned to Moscow. He was soon transferred to a newly created bureau connected with the railroads. Huber was completely out of his element in railroad work. He vainly exerted pressure to be sent back to work in his party in Poland. He was pushed from one bureau to another, given an opportunity to sample every aspect of Soviet bureaucracy, but he was not allowed to go back to his Polish comrades.

He was still in Moscow, working as an obscure secretary in a Soviet office, when the fifteenth anniversary of the founding of the Young Communist League was celebrated in the House of the Soviets. On the platform were the new dignitaries of the Soviet regime, parading in their splendor. Stirring speeches were delivered emphasizing the great role of the Young Communist League in Soviet Russia and in the world. In the back of the hall was Stach Huber, one of the founders of the Young Communist League. Wandering about aimlessly, he met an old comrade who had also long since lost caste. They were happy to run into each other and the old friend invited Huber to his apartment. They spent the better part of the night reminiscing and exchanging anecdotes over a bottle. Several days later, Stach Huber was sum-

moned to appear before the Control Commission of the Comintern.

"Were you at the home of Comrade N last Wednesday night?"

Huber admitted the "charge." He was at once expelled from the party which made it impossible for him to get any job. He was directed to vacate his apartment immediately, and was left without a roof over his head. He came to live with me in my apartment.

I was almost certain during those days that Stach Huber would commit suicide. But Manuilsky, one of the leaders of the Comintern, came to his rescue. The Control Commission was persuaded to reverse its decision. Huber was readmitted into the Party, with the remark, "strong and final warning" recorded in his Party dossier. He was given a job at the railroad depot of Velikie Luki. Huber knew how precarious his position now was, and he labored assiduously in the hope that eventually the black mark would be erased from his party record.

He worked so well that in 1936 he was awarded an air trip from Velikie Luki to Moscow for the November anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution. En route the plane crashed and Stach Huber was killed. Several months later one of his friends said to me:

"How fortunate Stach was to die in an aeroplane crash!"

And indeed he was fortunate. In the province of Velikie Luki the local Communist official had rewarded him for his good work, but in the Ogpu office he was merely an old Bolshevik who had been expelled from the Party and reinstated on parole. When the purge attained its height, the Ogpu was searching for Stach Huber.

The end was not always so tragic. When Tomann, a leader of the Austrian Communist Party was appointed educational

director of a seaman's home in Leningrad, he arranged to receive a telegram from Vienna informing him that his mother was dying. This time it was Moscow that was fooled. Upon reaching Vienna, Tomann announced his break with the Comintern.

The coterie of foreign Communists residing in Moscow chiefly at the Hotel Lux, as permanent representatives of their respective parties, have always constituted a glaring anomaly in Soviet life. The Communist Parties do not of course send their first rank leaders to reside in Moscow. Men like Browder, Pollitt and Thorez come only when summoned to an important conference or congress. But each party has its resident consuls in Moscow too, differing from a regular diplomatic corps in that their salaries are not paid by those who sent them. Regarded with contempt by the members of the Bolshevik Bureau, and especially by Stalin himself, they nevertheless shine—or did shine until recently —as social lights in Moscow.

During the famine that accompanied forcible collectivization in 1932-33, when the average Soviet employee had to get along on bread and dried fish, a cooperative was created for the exclusive use of these foreigners, where they could purchase, at moderate prices, products that no money could buy elsewhere. The Hotel Lux became a symbol of social injustice, and the average Muscovite, if asked who lives in comfort in Moscow, would invariably reply:

"The diplomatic corps and the foreigners in the Hotel Lux."

The handful of Russian writers, actors and actresses, who occasionally mixed socially with the Comintern people were forced to lick the plates of this foreign aristocracy. The Russians would come to them and beg for such small con-

veniences as razor blades, needles, lipstick, fountain pens or a pound of coffee.

To the Ogpu the international collection living at the Hotel Lux at the government's expense was, and is always, subject to suspicion. This papier-mâché world of the "proletarian revolution" is always buzzing with intrigue, and mutual recriminations, each foreign Communist accusing the other of insufficient loyalty to Stalin. The Ogpu, through its planted "guests" in the hotel, hears all these charges and counter-charges and records them in its voluminous files.

When the great purge began there was a general round-up and liquidation of foreign Communists living in the Soviet Union. The Comintern consuls living at the Lux at last received important work. They became agents of the Ogpu and denounced their own countrymen in batches. Being personally responsible for all foreign Communists then in the Soviet Union, they could save their own positions and often their own necks only by delivering their countrymen to the Ogpu.

Ironically enough it was during these years when the Comintern became the creature of Stalin and the Ogpu, that Soviet Russia attained the peak of its prestige in the democratic countries. The Popular Front heralded by Dimitrov's famous Trojan Horse speech at the Seventh Congress of the Communist International in 1935, ushered in a new day. Abandoning the unpopular Bolshevik slogans, which after nearly two decades had failed to take hold in a single foreign country, Moscow now entered the citadels of capitalism as the champion of peace, democracy and anti-Hitlerism. Even while the great purge was terrorizing all of us in every walk of life, Stalin granted to his subjects "the most democratic constitution in the world," a constitution which, although it exists only on paper, and there openly guarantees

the permanent sovereignty of his new party built on the Fascist system, is regarded by many foreign liberals as, if not a great achievement, at least a "significant aspiration."

As a practical matter the Popular Front was important in five countries: the United States, Great Britain, France, Spain and Czechoslovakia. In all Fascist and semi-Fascist countries the Comintern abdicated without even the pretense of a fight. The so-called underground Communist Parties of Germany and Italy, as I had good occasion to observe, in my post as Chief of Military Intelligence in Western Europe, amounted to nothing. Shot through with Fascist stool pigeons, the only function they serve is to send men to their death. Communism has long since become bankrupt in these countries, and if a new revolutionary wave is to sweep Germany as a result of Hitler's war, it most certainly will not be under the leadership of Moscow.

In the stable and progressive democracies of Scandinavia, the Popular Front's slogans fell flat, just as had revolutionary slogans of earlier years.

In Great Britain, on the other hand, although Moscow's new face won few converts among the laboring masses, its anti-Fascist slogans captured a substantial number of students, writers and trade-union leaders. During the Spanish tragedy and the Munich days, many scions of the British aristocracy enlisted both in the International Brigade (the Army of the Comintern in Spain) and in our Intelligence Service. The Moscow show trials shocked many of these new recruits. At the height of the Purge one of the members of the Central Committee of the British Communist Party said to a colleague of mine:

"Why does Stalin shoot you people? I know how loyally you serve the Soviet Union, but I am sure that if you return to Moscow, you too will be shot."

Such moods arose, but they subsided.

The executions continued. The Spanish picture unfolded in all its totalitarian horror. But Stalin kept his international following as the great ally of the democracies against Hitler.

In France the *Front Populaire* was so intimately tied up with the Franco-Soviet alliance that it all but captured the governmental structure. True, there were those like Leon Blum who tried to keep the military situation from affecting internal politics, but to a large extent such efforts failed. Most of France, from General Gamelin and conservative Deputy De Kerillis to trade-union leader Jouhaux, were so obsessed with the idea that France's security was linked with Moscow, that the *Front Populaire* became the dominant fact in French life. On the surface the Comintern operated through its sugar-coated organizations. Newspapers like *Ce Soir*, book clubs, publishing houses, theaters, motion picture companies—all became instruments of Stalin's "anti-Hitler" front. Behind the scenes the Ogpu and Soviet Military Intelligence were working feverishly for a stranglehold on the state institutions of France.

The country was not entirely blind to the danger. There were frequent interpellations on the floor of the Chamber of Deputies in which the charge was hurled that the Soviet government was too well informed regarding the secrets of French military aviation. Whatever basis there may have been for these insinuations, it is at least a fact that we of the Soviet Intelligence referred to a number of ranking French officials as "our people."

Moscow's influence over Czechoslovakia was even more pronounced. Soviet Russia was looked upon by the most responsible ministers of the Prague government as the vigilant protector of its independence. Here an element of pan-slavism entered to make the Kremlin's authority even greater.

The Czechs became so enamoured of the notion of their great Slav brother protecting them against Nazi Germany that they allowed themselves to be drawn into one of the most tragic intrigues in modern history. The story of how Moscow used the Czech government for a purpose of Stalin, has been told in my introduction.

In the United States the Communist Party as such never played any serious role, and was always regarded by Moscow with supreme contempt. For all its long years of activity up to 1935, the American Communist Party had almost nothing to show. Organized labor did not respond to its slogans, and the mass of American people were barely aware of its existence. Even in those years, however, the party was important to us, because it was more closely connected than any other Communist Party with our Ogpu and Intelligence Service. During the mechanization and motorization of the Red Army, we had members of the American Communist Party as our agents in aircraft and automobile factories and in munitions plants.

In Moscow several years ago, I told the Chief of our Military Intelligence in the United States that I thought he was going too far in mobilizing such a large percentage of American Party functionaries for espionage. His reply was typical:

"Why not? They receive good Soviet money. They'll never make a revolution, so they might as well earn their pay."

With the thousands of recruits enlisted under the banner of democracy, the Communist Party Ogpu espionage ring in the United States grew much larger and penetrated previously untouched territory. By carefully concealing their identity, Communists found their way into hundreds of key positions. It became possible for Moscow to influence the conduct of officials who would not knowingly approach a Comintern or Ogpu agent with a ten-foot pole.

More challenging perhaps than this success in espionage and pressure politics, is the Comintern's penetration into labor unions, publishing houses, magazines and newspapers—a maneuver accomplished by simply erasing the Comintern's label and stamping anti-Hitlerism in its place.

The members of the Comintern have always regarded their world party and its Moscow leadership as the first and paramount object of loyalty. Whether it was Kiepenberger as a member of the Military Affairs Committee of the German Reichstag, Gallacher in the British House of Commons, or Gabriel Peri, in the Foreign Affairs Committee of the French Chamber, the only allegiance they recognized as binding was to the Comintern. When the Comintern became a personal instrument of Stalin they transferred their allegiance to him.

The era of the Popular Front came to an end with a resounding crash on August 23, 1939. The curtain came down on the Popular Front farce at the moment when Soviet Premier Molotov affixed his signature under that of Nazi Foreign Minister Von Ribbentrop, in Stalin's beaming presence, to the Berlin-Moscow pact. There Stalin gave Hitler carte blanche, and in ten days the world was at war. A Soviet military mission was dispatched to Berlin to work out the details of complete collaboration between the two most autocratic, all-embracing tyrannies the world has ever known.

To Stalin the fusion of these two dictatorships is the climax of all he has striven toward for years. Hopelessly enmeshed in the contradictory results of his own economic and political blunders, he can only hope to remain in power by working hand in hand with Hitler.

Stalin has always maintained a completely cynical attitude toward the Communist International and its non-Rus-

sian functionaries. As far back as 1927 he said, during a meeting of the Bolshevik Political Bureau:

"Who are these Comintern people? They are nothing but hirelings on our Soviet payroll. In ninety years they will never make a revolution anywhere."

Stalin's favorite name for the Comintern is the "lavotchka"—or gyp joint. But he has been careful to preserve this gyp joint because it has served him well both for the purposes of internal politics and in his international maneuvers. Next to the Ogpu, it has been his most useful personal weapon.

Although Stalin dealt a deathblow to the Comintern in concluding his pact with Hitler, he will seek to preserve—in the democratic countries exclusively—skeleton party machines. These will continue, to the extent of their dwindled power, to be the creatures of his totalitarian despotism.

The big difference is that since August 23, 1939 the world knows that those who serve Stalin serve Hitler.

III. Stalin's Hand in Spain

THE story of Soviet intervention in Spain still remains the major mystery of the Spanish Civil War. The world knows that there was Soviet intervention in Spain, and that is about all it does know. It does not know why Stalin intervened in Spain, how he conducted his operations there, who were the undercover men in charge of his campaign, what he thought to get out of it, nor how the venture ended.

I happen to be the sole survivor abroad of the group of Soviet officials who had a direct hand in organizing Soviet intervention in Spain, and am the only one now free to expose this dramatic chapter of current history. As Chief of the Soviet Military Intelligence in Western Europe, I was on the inside of every major step taken in the Spanish matter by the Kremlin. For many years before that I had occupied a post which kept me in intimate contact with Stalin's foreign policy, of which this Spanish venture was an organic part.

Ever since the rise of Hitler in 1933, Stalin's foreign policy had been an anxious one. He was driven by the fear of isolation. His efforts to come to terms with Hitler were now encouraged and now rebuffed. At hopeless moments, when success here seemed impossible, he would try to revive the old Czarist pact with France. But here too he had not the complete success he wanted. His attempts to join hands with Great Britain were even less successful. In 1935, Anthony

Eden and Premier Laval paid their state visits to Moscow. Foreign Commissar Litvinov went to Washington, secured American recognition, and then played a star role in Geneva. He got world-wide publicity, but publicity was all he got. London would make no definite commitment. The treaty with France was a feeble reed to lean on.

In this state of things, after the outbreak of the Franco rebellion, Stalin turned his eyes toward Spain. He made haste slowly, as he always does. There was a period of watchful waiting, of furtive exploration. Stalin wanted to be sure first that there would be no quick and easy Franco victory. Then he intervened in Spain.

His idea was—and this was common knowledge among us who served him—to include Spain in the sphere of the Kremlin's influence. Such domination would secure his ties with Paris and London, and thus strengthen, on the other hand, his bargaining position with Berlin. Once he was master of the Spanish government—of vital strategic importance to France and Great Britain—he would find what he was seeking. He would be a force to be reckoned with, an ally to be coveted. The world believes that Stalin's actions in Spain were in some way connected with world revolution. But this is not true. The problem of world revolution had long before that ceased to be real to Stalin. It was solely a question of Russia's foreign policy.

Three countries participated directly in the Spanish Civil War: Germany, Italy and the Soviet Union. The participation of Germany and Italy was open. Both countries officially acknowledged the action of their expeditionary forces in Spain, exaggerating their military exploits rather than hiding them. But Stalin, unlike Mussolini, played it safe in Spain. Far from boasting of his intervention, he played it down timidly, and indeed at the beginning concealed it altogether.

The Soviet intervention might have been decisive at certain moments had Stalin taken the risks on the Loyalist side that Mussolini took on the Franco side. But Stalin risked nothing. He even made sure before moving that there was enough gold in the Bank of Spain to more than cover the costs of his material aid. He took no chances of involving the Soviet Union in a great war. He launched his intervention under the slogan: "Stay out of range of the artillery fire!"

This was and remained our guiding slogan throughout the Spanish intervention.

On July 19, 1936, the day General Franco raised the banner of revolt, I was at my headquarters in The Hague, Holland. I was living there, with my wife and child, as an Austrian antiquarian. This disguise accounted plausibly for my residence, for the funds with which I was supplied, and for my frequent journeys to other parts of Europe.

I had up to then been devoting nearly all my energies to my secret service network in Nazi Germany. Stalin's efforts to reach an understanding with Hitler were still unsuccessful, and the Kremlin was deeply concerned over the German-Japanese pact then being negotiated in Berlin. I was following the secret negotiations closely, as I have related in another chapter.

At the first thunder of guns beyond the Pyrenees, I dispatched an agent to Hendaye on the French-Spanish border, and another to Lisbon, to organize a secret information service in the Franco territory.

These were merely routine measures. I had received no instructions from Moscow in regard to Spain, and at that time there was no contact between my agents and the Madrid government. As the responsible head of its European Intelligence Service, I was simply securing general information for relaying to the Kremlin.

Our agents in Berlin and Rome, Hamburg and Genoa, Bremen and Naples, duly reported to us the powerful aid that Franco was receiving from Italy and Germany. This information I dispatched to Moscow, where it was received in silence. I still got no secret instructions regarding Spain. Publicly also the Soviet government had nothing to say.

The Comintern, of course, made a great deal of noise, but none of us practical men took that seriously. This organization, then already nicknamed the "gyp joint," had been relegated to a quiet suburb of Moscow and from being the intended torch of international revolution, had become a mere adjunct of Stalin's foreign policy—sometimes useful in indirect ways, other times a considerable nuisance.

Its one great service had been to launch the international policy known as the Popular Front. This meant that in every democratic country the obedient members of the Communist Party should drop their opposition to the ruling powers and, in the name of "democracy," join forces with other political parties. The technique was to elect, with the aid of "fellow travelers" and dupes, governments friendly to the Soviet Union. This had been of some real help to the Kremlin in several countries. In France, indeed, the Front Populaire had elevated the moderate Socialist Léon Blum to power. But now in the Spanish crisis, with the Comintern shouting for the Republic and issuing battle cries against Franco, Premier Blum launched, with the backing of London, the policy of non-intervention in Spain.

In Spain itself the shouts of the Comintern were still more futile, for the number of its adherents there was almost infinitesimal—only 3,000 men in the Communist Party all told. Spanish trade unions and all the strong revolutionary groupings, syndicalist, anarchist, Party of Marxist Unity, and So-

cialist, remained obstinately anti-Communist. The Spanish Republic, after five years of existence, still refused to recognize the Soviet government and had no diplomatic relations with Moscow.

Notwithstanding this, the Comintern organized mass meetings and collected funds all over the world for the Spanish Republic. From the Soviet Union it dispatched as soldiers to Spain scores of foreign Communists who, outlawed in their own countries, had been living as refugees in Russia. Stalin was glad to get rid of them.

To a few veteran leaders of the Comintern, still inwardly devoted to the ideal of world revolution, the fighting in Spain brought new hope. These old revolutionists really thought the Spanish civil war might once more kindle the world. But all their enthusiasm produced no munitions, no tanks, no planes, none of the war supplies for which Madrid was pleading, and with which the Fascist powers were supplying Franco. The real function of the Comintern at this time was to make enough commotion to drown the louder noise made by the silence of Stalin.

The revelations of German and Italian aid to Franco, and the desperate appeals of the Spanish revolutionary leaders for help, seemed not to penetrate the Kremlin walls. The civil war in Spain developed into a huge conflagration and still Stalin made no move. A constant stream of devastating reports came in to me at The Hague, and I steadily relayed them to Moscow. Although the Spanish government in Madrid was in possession of the $700,000,000 gold reserve of the Bank of Spain, its efforts to buy arms from Vickers in England, from Skoda in Czechoslovakia, from Schneider in France, and from Germany's powerful munition makers, were frustrated by the non-interventionists. Still I got no word from my government.

It was late in August, and the Franco forces were firmly organized and marching successfully on Madrid, when three high officials of the Spanish Republic were finally received in Russia. They came to buy war supplies, and they offered in exchange huge sums of Spanish gold. Even now, however, they were not conveyed to Moscow but kept incognito in a hotel in Odessa. And to conceal the operation, Stalin issued, on Friday, August 28, 1936, through the Commissar of Foreign Trade, a decree forbidding "the export, re-export or transit to Spain of all kinds of arms, munitions, war materials, airplanes and warships." The decree was published and broadcast to the world on the following Monday. The fellow travelers of the Comintern, and the public, roused by them, already privately dismayed at Stalin's failure to rush to the support of the Spanish Republic, now understood that he was joining Léon Blum's policy of non-intervention. Stalin was in reality sneaking to the support of the Spanish Republic. While its high officials waited in Odessa, Stalin called an extraordinary session of the Politbureau, and presented his plan for cautious intervention in the Spanish Civil War—all this under cover of his proclamation of neutrality.

Stalin argued that the old Spain was gone and that the new Spain could not stand alone. It must join either the camp of Italy and Germany, or the camp of their opponents. Stalin said that neither France nor Great Britain would willingly allow Spain, which commands the entrance to the Mediterranean, to be controlled by Rome and Berlin. A friendly Spain was vital to Paris and London. Without public intervention, but by an adroit use of his position as the source of military supplies, Stalin believed it possible to create in Spain a regime controlled by him. That done he could command the respect of France and England, win from them the offer of a real alliance, and either accept it or, with that as a bar-

gaining point, arrive at his underlying steady aim and purpose, a compact with Germany.

That was Stalin's central thought on Spanish intervention. He was also moved, however, by the need for some answer to the foreign friends of the Soviet Union who would be disaffected by the great purge and the shooting of his old Bolshevik colleagues. The Western world does not realize how tenuous at that time was Stalin's hold on power, and how essential it was to his survival as dictator that he should be defended in these bloody acts by foreign Communists and eminent fellow travelers like Romain Rolland. It is not too much to say that their support was essential to him. And his failure to defend the Spanish Republic, combined with the shock of the great purge and the treason trials, might have cost him their support.

There was also that hoard of gold in Spain, $700,000,000 which the government was willing to spend for war materials. How much of this gold could be transported to Russia in payment for munitions delivered in Spain, while the Soviet Union officially adhered to its announced policy of strict non-intervention, was no doubt an urgent question.

The Politbureau of course adopted Stalin's policy. He doubly cautioned his commissars that Soviet aid to Spain must be unofficial and handled covertly, in order to eliminate any possibility of involving his government in war. His last phrase, passed down by those at that Politbureau meeting as a command to all high officers of the service was: *Podalshe ot artillereiskovo ognia!*—"Stay out of range of the artillery fire!"

Two days later a special courier, who came by plane to Holland, brought me instructions from Moscow: "Extend your operations immediately to cover Spanish Civil War. Mobilize all available agents and facilities for prompt crea-

tion of a system to purchase and transport arms to Spain. A special agent is being dispatched to Paris to aid you in this work. He will report to you there and work under your supervision."

I was glad that Stalin had at last decided to move earnestly in Spain. The Kamenev-Zinoviev trial had created a dreadful impression in pro-Soviet circles, and the strict neutrality adopted by Moscow in the Spanish struggle was giving rise to embarrassing questions even in the friendliest quarters.

At this same time Stalin instructed Yagoda, then chief of the Ogpu, to set up in Spain a branch of the Soviet secret police. Little did the omnipotent Yagoda dream that five days after Stalin honored him with this momentous commission he would be removed from his post, and a few months later lodged in one of the Lubianka cells over which he had presided so long. His career came to an end before one of his own firing squads on March 14, 1938, after he had "confessed" to a plot to poison his successor, Yezhov, and also his old friend, Maxim Gorki, the famous writer.

On September fourteenth, obedient to Stalin's order, Yagoda called an emergency conference at his headquarters, the Lubianka, in Moscow. Frinovsky, then commander of the military forces of the Ogpu, later commissar of the navy, was present. (His career also came to an abrupt end in 1939 when he "disappeared.") Sloutski, chief of the Foreign Division of the Ogpu, and General Uritsky of the General Staff of the Red Army were also present.

From Sloutski, whom I met frequently in Paris and elsewhere, I learned that at this conference a veteran officer of his department was detailed to establish the Ogpu in Loyalist Spain. He was Nikolsky, alias Schwed, alias Lyova, alias Orlov.

This Lubianka conference also placed the Soviet secret police in charge of Comintern operations in Spain. It decided to "coordinate" the activities of the Spanish Communist Party with those of the Ogpu.

Another decision of this conference was to have the movement of volunteers to Spain from every country secretly policed by the Ogpu. There is in the central committee of every Communist Party in the world one member who holds a secret commission from the Ogpu and it was through him that this would be accomplished.

In many countries, including the United States, enlistment under the Spanish republic seemed a noble international crusade to rescue democracy and to preserve socialism from destruction. Young men from all over the world volunteered to fight in Spain for these ideals. But the republican Spain that was fighting Franco was by no means united in political beliefs or policies. It was made up of many factions—democrats, anarchists, syndicalists and socialists. Communists were a very small minority. Stalin's success in seizing control and using Spain as a weapon with which to determine the relation of France and England toward the Soviet government, depended upon his breaking the powerful anti-Communist opposition in the republican camp. It was therefore necessary to control the movement of these idealistic foreign volunteers, to prevent them from joining up with elements opposed to Stalin's policies and ambitions.

The major question of organizing the arms shipments to Spain was solved by the Lubianka conference with a decision to push the task simultaneously from Russia and from abroad. The foreign end was assigned to me.

The domestic phase of the undertaking was handled by Yagoda himself. It presented even greater difficulties than

mine, because it was absolutely necessary that no sign appear of any official government participation in the traffic.

Yagoda called in Captain Oulansky of the Ogpu and commissioned him to organize a "private syndicate" of munitions dealers. Captain Oulansky was an exceptionally skilled man in secret service work. He had previously been entrusted by the Ogpu with the delicate task of escorting Anthony Eden and Premier Laval during their visits to the Soviet Union.

"You will find three Spaniards in Odessa who have been cooling their heels there for some time," Yagoda said to Captain Oulansky. "They came to buy arms from us unofficially. Create a neutral private firm for them to deal with."

Since no one in Soviet Russia can buy so much as a revolver from the government and the government is the sole manufacturer of arms, the idea of a private firm trading in munitions on Soviet soil would be to Soviet citizens preposterous. But the farce was needed for foreign consumption. In plain terms, it was Captain Oulansky's job to organize and operate a ring of arms smugglers, and to do this so cleverly that no trace could be discovered by the spies of foreign governments.

"If you succeed," Yagoda told him, "come back with a hole in your lapel for the Order of the Red Banner."

Captain Oulansky was instructed to trade for cash only and informed that the Spaniards would provide their own ships to transport the munitions as fast as they were delivered to the "private syndicate" from the arsenals of the Red Army. He left for Odessa armed with governmental orders placing under his control all the authorities in the city, from the local chief of the secret police to the president of the regional soviet.

General Uritsky represented the Intelligence Service of the Red Army at the Lubianka conference. It was the function of

his department to handle the technical military side of the enterprise, to determine the quantities and kinds of equipment to be provided from the arsenals, to fix the number and personnel of the military experts, pilots, artillery and tank officers to be sent to Spain. In military matters, these men remained under the orders of the General Staff of the Red Army; otherwise, they were supervised by the secret police.

Stalin's intervention in Spain was now launched. I went into action as if I were at the front. Indeed my assignment was to active war duty. I recalled an important agent from London, another from Stockholm, a third from Switzerland, and arranged to meet them in Paris for a conference with the special agent assigned to me from Moscow. This agent, Zimin, was an expert in munitions and a member of the military section of the Ogpu.

We all met in Paris in perfect secrecy on September twenty-first. Zimin brought explicit and emphatic instructions that we must not permit the slightest possibility of the Soviet government's becoming in any way associated with our traffic in arms. All cargoes were to be handled "privately" through business firms created for the purpose.

Our first problem, therefore, was to create a new European chain of ostensibly independent concerns, in addition to our existing "business" outposts, for the purpose of importing and exporting war materials. It was new to us, but it is an ancient profession in Europe.

Success depended upon our selecting the right men. We had such men at our disposal. Numbers of them were in the societies allied with the various Communist Party centers abroad, such as the Friends of the Soviet Union and the many "Leagues for Peace and Democracy." Both the Ogpu and the Military Intelligence of the Red Army looked upon cer-

tain members of these societies as war reserves of civilian auxiliaries of the Soviet defense system. We were then able to choose among men long tested in unofficial work for the Soviet Union. A few of course were profiteers or careerists, but more of them were sincere idealists.

Many were discreet, reliable, having the right contacts and capable of playing a role without betraying themselves. We supplied the capital. We furnished the offices. We guaranteed the profits. The men were not hard to find.

Within ten days we had a chain of brand-new import and export firms established in Paris, London, Copenhagen, Amsterdam, Zürich, Warsaw, Prague, Brussels, and some other European cities. In every firm an agent of the Ogpu was a silent partner. He furnished the funds and controlled all transactions. In case of a mistake, he paid with his life.

While these firms were scouring the markets of Europe and America for available war supplies, the problem of transportation urgently claimed my attention. Suitable merchantmen were to be obtained in Scandinavia for a sufficient price. The difficulty was to secure licenses for such shipments to Spain. We at first counted on consigning them to France, and trans-shipping to the Loyalist Spanish ports. But the French Foreign Office refused to grant clearance papers.

There was but one other way—to secure consular papers from overseas governments, certifying that the arms were purchased for import into their countries. From certain Latin-American consulates I was able to secure unlimited numbers of certificates. Occasionally we succeeded in obtaining them from Eastern European and Asiatic countries.

With such certificates we would obtain clearance papers and the ships would proceed, not to South America or China, but to the ports of Loyalist Spain.

We made large purchases from the Skoda works in

Czechoslovakia, from several firms in France, from others in Poland and Holland. Such is the nature of the munitions trade that we even bought arms in Nazi Germany. I sent an agent representing a Dutch firm of ours to Hamburg, where we had ascertained that quantities of somewhat obsolete rifles and machine guns were for sale. The director of the German firm was interested in nothing but the price, the bank references and the legal papers of consignment.

Not all the material we bought was first class. Arms grow obsolete very rapidly these days. But we made it our object to furnish Caballero's government with rifles that would shoot, and furnish them without delay. The situation in Madrid was becoming grave.

By the middle of October, shiploads of arms began to reach republican Spain. The Soviet aid came in two streams. My organization used foreign vessels exclusively, most of them of Scandinavian registry. Captain Oulansky's "private syndicate" in Odessa began by using Spanish boats but found their number limited. Moscow, held by Stalin's insistence on absolute secrecy lest he become involved in a war, would not permit the use of ships sailing under Soviet papers. Stalin was especially obdurate after submarines and trawlers in the Mediterranean began to attack and seize freighters bound for the Spanish coast.

Captain Oulansky, however, was resourceful. He called on Mueller, chief of the Ogpu Passport Section, to supply him with counterfeit foreign clearance papers. Mueller's department, with the inexhaustible resources of the government, had developed the art of forgery to unexampled perfection.

Some months later in Moscow I was teasing Mueller about his receiving the decoration of the Red Star.

"Why, that's an altogether new field of operation—forging

shipping papers!" he cried. "You think it was easy? We worked day and night!"

With these false papers, Soviet boats loaded with munitions would sail from Odessa under new names, flying foreign colors, and they would clear the Bosporus, where German and Italian counter-espionage agents were keeping a sharp lookout. When they had entered Loyalist ports and delivered their cargo, their names would be changed back to Russian ones and they would return to Odessa under their own colors.

Madrid was desperately calling for airplanes. Moscow echoed the call in orders to me. Franco was advancing on the capital; his Italian and German flying squadrons were masters of the air. Our aviators and mechanics were arriving in Madrid, but the republican planes were few and inferior. I had to find somewhere in Europe a supply of bombing and pursuit planes that could be bought quickly. No private firm, naturally, can furnish at a moment's notice any considerable number of war planes. Only a government can do that.

With the rapid advances in aviation, however, it was reasonable to suppose that a friendly government might consent to the sale of a part of its equipment, thus being enabled to modernize its air force. I decided to approach such a government in Eastern Europe. It owned about fifty combat planes of obsolescent design, made in France.

For this purpose an exceptional agent was obviously required, but I had the right man. He was a blue blood, the son of an old aristocratic family, with the best of connections and unimpeachable bank references. Both he and his wife were staunch friends of the Soviet Union, and ardent supporters of the Loyalist cause in Spain. He had already done a few services for us. I knew that I could count on him.

I asked him to come to Holland, and outlined the situation

to him. The next day he flew to the Eastern European capital. That night he put through a long-distance call to my agent in Paris, who in turned called me at The Hague and arranged for me to await, the following morning, at a certain place and time, a direct call from him. When this call came through my aristocrat gave me, in carefully coded language, the report of a deplorable experience.

He had secured an introduction to the Minister of War. Presenting to the minister his card, bearing the name of one of the largest banks in the world, he had gone directly to the heart of his mission.

"I have come here to buy a quantity of war planes from your government. I would like to know if your Excellency would consent to sell them. We are in the market for at least fifty machines, at your Excellency's price."

The Minister of War rose from his desk. He grew pale. He looked again at the visitor's card. He examined the letter of introduction. Then he turned upon my agent and said quietly: "I request you to leave my office at once."

My agent got up to leave. But he could not accept failure without making one more effort.

"Pardon me, your Excellency," he said. "Permit me to add one word. This is all in the open. There is nothing questionable in my mission. It is a matter of helping the Spanish government. I have come here as a representative of groups in my country who believe that we should protect the Spanish republic in the name of humanity. We believe that your country has a stake in keeping the Fascist powers out of the Mediterranean—in preventing Italy from dominating it."

"I am the Minister of War; I am not a merchant," was the cold reply. "Good day, sir."

"It looks hopeless—quite hopeless," my agent mourned over the phone.

"Give it up as a bad job and clear out," I told him. "I will meet you at the airport."

"Not yet," he said. "I am not ready to give up yet."

Three days later I received a report that he was returning by plane to The Hague. When he emerged from the cabin, I saw that his head was bound in a bandage. He looked exhausted. I took him quickly to my waiting car.

As soon as we were inside, he told me that he had bought the fifty planes.

"The day after I called you," he said, "the card of a gentleman representing the largest bank in the country was brought to me in my hotel room. I invited him to come up. He made no reference to my call on the War Minister but merely said he understood that I wanted to buy war planes. If I was prepared to do business, he suggested that we discuss the matter at his office."

My agent had bought the fifty government planes for $20,000 each, subject to inspection. When the question of the consignee came up, he offered a choice of a Latin-American country or China. The dealer preferred China.

"I assured him on behalf of the Chinese government that the papers would be in perfect order."

"But how did you get this?" I inquired, indicating the bandage around his forehead.

"Oh, just a jolly good bump when I climbed into that bloody plane," he laughed.

Arrangements had to be made immediately to inspect and appraise the planes. I went to Paris and employed for this purpose a French aircraft expert, with two engineers as aides. They flew to the Eastern European capital and returned with a favorable report. I ordered the planes dismantled and crated with all possible speed.

Throughout the world there was a cry of anguished fury

at the merciless bombing of almost defenseless Madrid. My organization performed miracles to hasten the transport of the fifty pursuit planes and bombers. In mid-October a Norwegian boat was loaded with them.

At that point I received strict instructions from Moscow not to permit the boat to deliver its cargo in Barcelona. Under no circumstances were those planes to pass through Catalonia, which had its own government, very much like that of a sovereign state. This Catalonian government was dominated by revolutionists of anti-Stalinist persuasion. They were not trusted by Moscow, although they were then desperately holding one of the most vital sectors of the Loyalist front against fierce attacks from Franco's army.

I was ordered to send the planes to Alicante. But that port was blockaded by Franco's vessels. The master of the ship made for Alicante, but had to turn back to save his ship and cargo. He attempted to head for Barcelona, but was prevented by my agent on board. My shipload of aircraft plied back and forth in the Mediterranean. Franco kept it from Alicante. Stalin kept it from Barcelona. In the meantime Loyalist Spain was fighting desperately and was woefully short of planes. At last my agent on board directed the ship to proceed to Marseilles.

This fantastic development was part of Stalin's fierce but silent battle to gain complete control of the Loyalist government, a battle which went on behind the open theater of war. If Stalin was to make Spain a pawn in his power game, he must subdue all opposition in the Spanish republic. The spearhead of that opposition was in Catalonia. Stalin was determined to support with arms and man power only those groups in Spain which were ready to accept without reservation his leadership. He was resolved not to let the Catalonians lay hands on our planes, with which they might win

a military victory that would increase their prestige and thus their political weight in the republican ranks.

During these days, while with one hand Stalin was keeping military aid from Barcelona, with the other he addressed his first public message to José Diaz, leader of the Spanish Communist Party. On October sixteenth, Stalin wired to Diaz: "The toilers of the Soviet Union only do their duty when they give all the aid within their power to the revolutionary masses of Spain." "The Spanish struggle," Stalin continued, "is not a private affair of Spaniards. It is the common cause of all advanced and progressive mankind." This message was, of course, intended for the Comintern and for Soviet adherents throughout the world.

The Norwegian ship finally slipped through Franco's blockade and discharged its planes at Alicante. At the same time, other war supplies, including tanks and artillery, arrived from the Soviet Union. All Loyalist Spain saw that tangible aid was actually coming from Russia. The republicans, Socialists, anarchists and syndicalists had only theories and ideals to offer. The Communists were producing guns and planes to use against Franco. Soviet prestige soared. The jubilant Communists made the most of it.

On October twenty-eighth, Caballero, as Minister of War, issued a proclamation to the Spanish republic. It was a call to victory, and it said: "At this moment we have at last in our hands formidable armaments—we have tanks and powerful aviation."

Caballero, who had opened wide the doors to Stalin's messengers, did not know the nature of the force that was coming to the rescue of the Spanish republic. He did not realize that this aid would cause his own fall.

The movement of war supplies to Spain went hand in hand with a world-wide movement of man power to Madrid.

Volunteers from the British Isles, the United States, Canada, Latin America and South Africa, Scandinavia, the Balkans and all Europe, even from Nazi Germany and Italy, from Australia and the Philippines, were eager to fight for the Loyalist cause. The famous International Brigade was being formed.

Now, if Stalin was to control the Spain that he was beginning to support with arms, it was imperative to organize and direct this far-flung tide of crusaders, and to weld it into a Stalinist force. Caballero's popular-front government was a precarious coalition of antagonistic political parties. The small, hard, disciplined group of Communists, now commanded by the Ogpu, supported Caballero's government but did not control it. It was the more important for Moscow to seize control of the International Brigade.

The nucleus of this Brigade was the 500 to 600 foreign refugee Communists sent from Russia. Not a single Russian was among them. Later, when the brigade swelled to nearly 15,000 fighters, no Russian was permitted to join its ranks. An impenetrable wall was deliberately erected between this force and the units of the Red Army detailed for service in Spain.

In every foreign country, including the United States, the recruiting agencies of the International Brigade were the local Communist Parties and their auxiliaries. Some independent groups of Socialists and other radicals attempted to organize columns. But the overwhelming majority of recruits were enlisted by Communists and drawn from the spreading networks of "fellow travelers," who are often entirely unaware of the remote control exercised over them by communists.

When a volunteer offered himself he was directed to a secret enlistment bureau. Here he filled out a questionnaire

and was told to await notification. Behind the scenes the Ogpu investigated his political record; if it seemed acceptable, he was called back and questioned by an Ogpu agent, who was rarely a Russian and sometimes not even officially a member of the Communist Party, but was always reliable and absolutely devoted to his Communist and Ogpu chiefs. After this political investigation, which—especially in the Anglo-Saxon countries—appeared to be quite casual and informal, the recruit was directed for physical examination to an equally reliable physician with solid sympathy for the Communist cause. Passing this examination satisfactorily, he was supplied with transportation and instructed to report at a given address in Europe.

In Europe we improvised a number of secret control points where each applicant would be thoroughly reinvestigated by devoted and trustworthy foreign Communists, or secretaries and agents of Communist-controlled organizations like the S.R.I. (Secours Rouge Internationale), the Friends of Republican Spain, or officials of such Spanish administrations as were entirely in the hands of the Communists. As Luis De Araquistain, former Loyalist Ambassador to France, conclusively shows, 90 per cent of all important posts in the Spanish War Department were at a later stage firmly occupied by Stalin's henchmen. The Ogpu's control of those volunteers who were found worthy to sacrifice their lives in what they believed to be the cause of the republic, was continued in Spain, where informers were planted among them to weed out suspected spies, to eliminate men whose political opinions were not strictly orthodox, and to supervise their reading matter and conversation. Practically all the political commissars with the International Brigade, and later even with the greater part of the Republican Army, were stalwart Communists.

All the volunteers' passports were taken up when they arrived in Spain, and very rarely was a passport returned. Even when a man was discharged, he was told that his passport had been lost. From the United States alone about 2000 volunteers came over, and genuine American passports are highly prized at Ogpu headquarters in Moscow. Nearly every diplomatic pouch from Spain that arrived at the Lubianka contained a batch of passports from members of the International Brigade.

Several times while I was in Moscow in the spring of 1937, I saw this mail in the offices of the Foreign Division of the Ogpu. One day a batch of about a hundred passports arrived; half of them were American. They had belonged to dead soldiers. That was a great haul, a cause for celebration. The passports of the dead, after some weeks of inquiry into the family histories of their original owners, are easily adapted to their new bearers, the Ogpu agents.

While this International Brigade—the army of the Comintern—was taking shape in the foreground, purely Russian units of the Red Army were quietly arriving and taking up their posts behind the Spanish front. This Soviet military personnel in Spain never reached more than 2000 men, and only pilots and tank officers saw active duty. Most of the Russians were technicians—general staff men, military instructors, engineers, specialists in setting up war industries, experts in chemical warfare, aviation mechanics, radio operators and gunnery experts. These Red Army men were segregated from the Spanish civilians as much as possible, housed apart and never permitted to associate in any way with Spanish political groups or figures. They were ceaselessly watched by the Ogpu, both to keep their presence in Spain a secret and to prevent any political heresy from corrupting the Red Army.

This special expeditionary force was under the direct control of Gen. Ian Berzin, one of the two leading Soviet figures assigned by Stalin to captain his intervention in Spain. The other was Arthur Stashevsky, officially the Soviet trade envoy stationed in Barcelona. They were the real mystery men of Moscow behind the scenes of the Spanish theater of war, and while they gathered all the controls of the Spanish republican government into their hands, their missions remained completely unknown.

General Berzin had served for fifteen years as chief of the Military Intelligence of the Red Army. A native of Latvia, he had led, at the age of sixteen, a guerrilla band in the revolutionary struggle against the Czar. He was wounded, captured, and sentenced to death in 1906. Because of his youth, however, the Czar's government commuted his sentence to penal servitude in Siberia. He escaped and was leading the life of an underground revolutionist when the Czar was overthrown. Berzin joined the Red Army under Trotsky, and rose to a powerful position in the high command. Large-framed, already gray-haired, given to few words, crafty, Berzin was selected by Stalin to organize and direct the Loyalist army.

Stalin's chief political commissar in Spain was Arthur Stashevsky. He was of Polish extraction. Short and stocky, he looked like a business man, and nominally, he was the Soviet trade envoy in Barcelona. But Stashevsky, too, had served in the Red Army. He resigned from the military service to take up the task of reorganizing the Russian fur industry at a time when this important industry was prostrate. His success was brilliant; he revived the Russian fur trade in all the world's markets, making incidentally a trip to the United States. Stalin now assigned him the job of

manipulating the political and financial reins of Loyalist Spain.

While Berzin and Stashevsky were operating backstage, the International Brigade was holding the spotlight of the spectacular Loyalist campaign. To foreign war correspondents on the Spanish front, the mystery man seemed to be Emil Kleber, leader of the International Brigade. Millions of readers will remember Kleber as the most dramatized figure of the heroic defense of Madrid.

Kleber was presented to the world, in interviews and sketches, as the strong man of the hour, fated to play a momentous role in the history of Spain and the world. His physical appearance lent color to the legends. He was big in stature, the features of his face were heavy, and his shock of gray hair belied his forty-one years. Kleber was introduced to the world as a soldier of fortune, a naturalized Canadian, a native of Austria, who, as an Austrian war prisoner in Russia had joined the White Guards in their fight against the Bolsheviks, only to become converted finally to communism.

This picture was compounded at the Ogpu headquarters in Moscow, which supplied Kleber with his false Canadian passport. Kleber played his part under Ogpu dictation. His interviews were outlined for him by the agents of the Kremlin.

I had known Kleber and his wife and children and brother for many years. His real name was Stern. He was a native of Bukovina, then in Austria and now in Rumania. During the World War, he served as an officer, was taken prisoner by the Czar's troops, and sent to a camp at Krasnoyarsk, Siberia. After the Soviet revolution he joined the Bolshevik Party and the Red Army, and fought throughout the Russian civil war on the Soviet side. Then he attended the Frunze

Military Academy, from which he was graduated in 1924. For a while we worked together in the Intelligence Department of the General Staff. In 1927, Kleber was assigned to the military section of the Comintern, and acted as an instructor in its military schools. He went to China for the Comintern on confidential missions.

Kleber had never been to Canada and never associated with the White Guards. This bit of fiction was used to cover up the fact of his being a staff officer of the Red Army. It made his role as leader of the International Brigade more plausible. In reality, despite the dramatic part assigned to him, he was without power in the Soviet machine. In November, 1936, this Russian general was named supreme commander of the Spanish government forces in the northern sector of the Madrid front.

On one of the first days of November I took off from Marseilles by plane for Barcelona. A waiting car whisked me to a downtown hotel which served in Barcelona as Soviet headquarters. No outside guests were permitted to stay there. Here I met Stashevsky, our trade envoy, and the members of his staff. Here lived and worked our military intelligence staff in Catalonia, under the supervision of General Akulov.

I had come to Barcelona to put my agents in Franco's territory under the orders of staff officers in charge of the military operations which General Berzin was secretly directing. I thought that the information I was receiving from the rebel zones would be more useful in Madrid and Barcelona than in Moscow.

General Akulov had organized our secret intelligence service in the enemy's camp most efficiently. Our radio operatives there were working without interruption, and

daily transmitted vital information by means of portable radio sets.

Naturally, my first questions were about the prospect of military victory. The reply was, in effect: "Things are in a frightful mess here. Our only comfort is that they are in a worse mess over there."

General Berzin was working indefatigably to shape an army out of undisciplined and uncoordinated armed detachments. He was pressing Caballero for conscription.

Berzin had assembled a group of Russian staff officers, and was making them the backbone of the Loyalist command. He took a leading part in organizing the defense of Madrid during the desperate weeks of November and December. Yet so thoroughly was Berzin masked that even his presence in Spain, let alone his identity, was known to only half a dozen of the highest Loyalists.

Berzin insisted on the appointment of a commander-in-chief. This authority the republican government, supported by jealous parties and factions, was reluctant to establish. Berzin found a suitable candidate in Gen. José Miaja, a good soldier without political ambitions. Within a few weeks—in November, 1936—he obtained the appointment for Miaja, who retained supreme command until the end of the Civil War.

Meanwhile, Arthur Stashevsky was exerting all his efforts to gather into Soviet hands the control of the finances of the republic. He liked Spain and the Spaniards. He was entranced with his assignment, feeling that he was living over again his experiences in the Russian Revolution of twenty years before.

He discovered in Juan Negrin, Finance Minister in the Madrid cabinet, a willing collaborator in his financial schemes. Madrid found it almost impossible to buy arms

openly anywhere in the world market. The Spanish republic had deposited a considerable quantity of the Spanish gold reserve in Paris banks hoping to import war materials from France. But an insuperable difficulty developed: the French banks refused to release the gold because Franco threatened to file claims against them in the event of his victory. Such claims would little disturb the distant Kremlin, once the gold was in its possession. Stashevsky offered to take the Spanish gold to Soviet Russia, and to supply Madrid with arms and munitions in exchange. Through Negrin, he made the deal with Caballero's government.

Somehow a rumor of this deal traveled abroad. Charges were made in the foreign press that Caballero had mortgaged part of the national gold reserve for Soviet aid. On December third, while transport of the gold was being arranged, Moscow officially denied that such a deal had been consummated —just as it has consistently denied the existence of Soviet intervention in Spain. In our inner circle, Stashevsky was then jestingly called "the richest man in the world," because of his control of the Spanish treasury.

In my conversations with Stashevsky in Barcelona in November, Stalin's next moves in Spain were already cropping out. Stashevsky made no secret to me of the fact that Juan Negrin would be the next head of the Madrid government. At that time, Caballero was universally regarded as the favorite of the Kremlin, but Stashevsky had already picked Negrin as his successor.

Caballero was a genuine radical, a revolutionary idealist. Moreover, he did not favor the work of the Ogpu, which, under Orlov, was beginning to develop in Spain as in Russia a sweeping purge of all those dissidents, independents and anti-Stalinists, whom the party lumps together under the label of "Trotskyists."

Dr. Juan Negrin, on the other hand, had all the makings of a bureaucratic politician. Though a professor, he was a man of affairs with the outlook of a businessman. He was just the type to suit Stalin's needs. Like General Miaja, he would make a good façade to show to Paris and London and Geneva. He would impress the outside world with the "sanity" and "propriety" of the Spanish republican cause; he would frighten nobody by revolutionary remarks. He had a Russian wife, and moreover as a practical man, Doctor Negrin welcomed the purging of the "uncontrollables" and "troublemakers" in his country by any hand, even the foreign hand of Stalin.

Doctor Negrin, of course, saw the only salvation of his country in close cooperation with the Soviet Union. It had become obvious that active support could come only from that source. He was ready to go along with Stalin in everything, sacrificing all other considerations to secure this aid.

These things were discussed while I was in Barcelona, six months before the fall of the Caballero government. It took that long to effect the change. It was accomplished at the last with the aid of an Ogpu plot in Barcelona. Here the official Soviet ambassador, Marcel Rosenberg, was making speeches and keeping in the public eye, but the Kremlin never considered him important. Silently and effectively, Stashevsky did the work of Stalin.

Sloutski, chief of the Foreign Division of the Ogpu, had been ordered from Moscow to inspect the secret police which was modeled on that of Russia. He arrived a day or two after my departure. The Ogpu was then blossoming out all over Loyalist territory, but concentrating on Catalonia, where the independent groups were strongest and where also the real Trotskyists had their party headquarters.

"They have good material over there," Sloutski told me,

when he returned to Paris some weeks later, "but they lack experience. We cannot allow Spain to become a free camping ground for all the anti-Soviet elements that have been flocking there from all over the world. After all, it is our Spain now, part of the Soviet front. We must make it solid for us. Who knows how many spies there are among those volunteers? And as for the anarchists and Trotskyists, even though they *are* anti-Fascist soldiers, they are our enemies. They are counter-revolutionists, and we have to root them out."

The Ogpu had done a brilliant bit of work. Already in December, 1936, the terror was sweeping Madrid, Barcelona and Valencia. The Ogpu had its own special prisons. Its units carried out assassinations and kidnapings. It filled hidden dungeons and made flying raids. It functioned, of course, independently of the Loyalist government. The Ministry of Justice had no authority over the Ogpu, which was an empire within an empire. It was a power before which even some of the highest officers in the Caballero government trembled. The Soviet Union seemed to have a grip on Loyalist Spain, as if it were already a Soviet possession.

On December sixteenth, Largo Caballero issued his proclamation of defiance to Franco: "Madrid will not fall! Now the war will begin, because now we have the necessary war materials."

Next day in Moscow, Stalin's official mouthpiece, the newspaper *Pravda*, openly proclaimed that the purge in Catalonia, already begun, "will be conducted with the same energy with which it was conducted in the Soviet Union."

The heroic and desperate defense of Madrid was reaching its climax. Franco's air squadrons had been wrecking the capital, his troops were almost in the suburbs. But the Loyalists now had bombers and pilots, tanks and artillery. Our

military aid came just in time to save Madrid. General Berzin and his staff silently guided the fighting that General Miaja publicly commanded, and Kleber, the Comintern general, dramatized before the world.

The splendid feats of the International Brigade, and the material help received from the Soviet Union, so promoted the growth of the Communist Party of Spain that by January, 1937, its membership was more than 200,000. The saving of Madrid enormously enhanced Soviet prestige.

At the same time it marked the end of the first stage of Stalin's intervention in the civil war. The business of *Stalinizing* Spain now began in grim earnest. The Ogpu was in charge. The Comintern was relegated to the rear. On February 4, 1937, General Kleber was removed from the command of the International Brigade. It was announced that this Comintern general was to be transferred to Malaga to organize the Loyalist defense. He was never heard of again.

Some weeks later, while in Moscow, I learned that Kleber's disappearance was connected with the purge in the Red Army, and the numerous arrests of staff officers. Many of his close comrades were being executed as conspirators by Stalin's firing squads. I ran into Kleber's brother, who had been recalled from abroad in April. Several days later he, too, was arrested by the Ogpu.

The vanishing of the general of the Comintern in the great purge simply meant that he was one of those who were no longer useful to Stalin, and that he knew too much. Stalin decided that the Comintern had done its job in Spain. Berzin and Stashevsky now had a firm grip on the government.

The vanishing of General Kleber evoked no comment from those who had sung his praises all over the world. His manufactured glory died with him. General Lukacz was perhaps more favored by the gods. He was a Hungarian Communist

writer, his real name Mata Zalka, and he perished on the Spanish front.

The successful defense of Madrid with Soviet arms gave the Ogpu new opportunities to extend its powers. Thousands were arrested, including many foreign volunteers who had come to fight Franco. Any criticism of methods, any unflattering opinion of the Stalin dictatorship in Russia, any association with men of heretical political beliefs, became treason. The Ogpu employed all the methods familiar in Moscow of extorting confessions and of summary executions.

I do not know the number of anti-Stalinists executed in Loyalist Spain. I could describe scores of individual cases, but I shall confine myself to one probable victim who may still be alive. The few facts which I shall relate may help his family to save him. A young Englishman, a radio engineer named Friend, had a brother in Leningrad, married to a Russian girl. He was an enthusiastic anti-Fascist, and Soviet Russia was the land of his dreams. He succeeded, after long efforts, in gaining admission to the Soviet Union, and took up his residence there.

When Soviet intervention began, he was dispatched to Spain as a radio technician. Early in 1937, a report arrived at the Moscow headquarters of the Ogpu to the effect that Friend was showing "Trotskyist sympathies." I knew the boy, and there is no question in my mind that he was wholeheartedly devoted to the Loyalist cause and to the Soviet Union. True, he had associated with Socialists and other radicals, which was only natural for a young Englishman unaware of the invisible Chinese Wall segregating the Soviet personnel from the Spaniards.

Later I asked one of the Ogpu officials in Moscow about him, and was answered evasively. On further inquiry I learned that Friend had been brought home as a prisoner to

Odessa. I was told of the trick by which he had been taken. The Ogpu in Spain had lured him onto a Soviet vessel, pretending that he was needed to repair the ship's radio transmitter. Friend had no suspicion that the Ogpu was after him. Once on board, he was seized. On April twelfth, he was put in the dungeons of the Ogpu in Moscow. To this day, his brother in Leningrad and his family in England do not know what happened to him. Nor have I been able to learn whether he was executed as a "spy" or lives now in a remote concentration camp.

There were countless such disappearances. Some men were kidnaped and taken to Soviet Russia. Others were assassinated in Spain. One of the most celebrated cases is that of Andrés Nin, the leader of the revolutionary party of Marxist Unity (POUM). Nin had once been a Trotskyist, and years before one of the leaders of the Comintern. With a group of his associates, Nin vanished from the prison where they had been confined by the Ogpu. Their bodies were found only after a commission of British members of Parliament had come to Spain to investigate their disappearance. Another outstanding case is that of young Smillie, son of the famous British Labor leader, Robert Smillie, murdered in an Ogpu prison in Spain. Still another is that of Mark Rein, son of the *émigré* Russian Socialist leader, Raphael Abramovitch (see Chapter IV).

The work of the Ogpu on Spanish soil created a rift in the anti-Fascist ranks of the republic. It began to dawn upon Caballero and his associates that they had not known what they were doing when they joined hands with the Communist Party in the united front. Premier Caballero had no stomach for the Soviet terror, which was decimating his own party and striking down his political allies. The autonomous government of Catalonia which was resisting the Ogpu

purge, tooth and nail, had the blessings of Caballero. An internal crisis was ripening in Spain.

From the inside in Moscow, where the internal affairs of Spain were being decided, I watched the crisis develop and reach its climax.

In March, 1937, I read a confidential report from General Berzin to the Commissar of War, Voroshilov. It was also read by Yezhov, Yagoda's successor as chief of the Ogpu (also since "liquidated"). Such reports were, of course, intended for Stalin himself, although addressed to the immediate superior of the writer.

After giving an optimistic estimate of the military situation, and commending Generalissimo Miaja, Berzin reported resentment and protests against the Ogpu in high Spanish circles. He stated that our Ogpu agents were compromising the Soviet authority in Spain by their unwarranted interference and espionage in government quarters. He concluded with a demand that Orlov be recalled from Spain at once.

"Berzin is absolutely right," was Sloutski's comment to me, after I had read the report. Sloutski, chief of the Foreign Division of the Ogpu, went on to say that our men were behaving in Spain as if they were in a colony, treating even Spanish leaders as colonists handle natives. When I asked him if anything would be done about Orlov, Sloutski said it was up to Yezhov.

Yezhov, grand marshal of the great purge then under way, himself looked upon Spain as a Russian province. Moreover, Berzin's associates in the Red Army were already being seized all over the Soviet Union, and Berzin's own life was no safer than any. With so many of his comrades in the nets of the Ogpu, any report from him would be viewed with suspicion at the Kremlin.

In April, Stashevsky arrived in Moscow to report to Stalin

personally on the Spanish situation. Though a rockribbed Stalinist, a rigidly orthodox party man, Stashevsky also felt that the conduct of the Ogpu in the Loyalist areas was an error. Like General Berzin he opposed the high-handed colonial methods used by Russians on Spanish soil.

Stashevsky had no use for dissenters or "Trotskyists" in Russia, and approved the Ogpu method of dealing with them, but he thought that the Ogpu should respect the regular Spanish political parties. Cautiously he intimated that Stalin might perhaps change the Spanish policy of the Ogpu. The "Big Boss" pretended to agree with him, and Stashevsky left the Kremlin quite elated.

Later he had a conference with Marshal Tukhachevsky, in the course of which he called attention to the disgraceful behavior of the Soviet officials in Spain. This conference caused quite a lot of talk in the inner circle, partly because of Tukhachevsky's already shaken position. The Marshal was fully alive to the need of curbing those who behaved in Spain as though it were a conquered country, but he was already without the authority to discipline them.

Stashevsky and I had several talks. He was awaiting the early fall of Caballero and the rise of Negrin, the man whom he had groomed for the premiership.

"Big fights are ahead of us in Spain," he remarked more than once.

This was plain to those of us who understood Stalin's policy. Stalin had consolidated his successes in the plan to make Spain a dependency of the Kremlin, and was already for another push forward. The Comintern was fading out of the picture altogether. Berzin now held the reins of the Spanish army in his hands. Stashevsky had transferred most of the gold reserve from the Bank of Spain to Moscow. The Ogpu machine was going full steam ahead. The whole enter-

prise had proceeded in accordance with Stalin's instructions: "Stay out of the range of the artillery fire!" We had avoided the risks of an international war, and yet Stalin's goal seemed within grasp.

The one big obstacle in the way was Catalonia. The Catalonians were anti-Stalinist, and they were one of the main props of the Caballero government. To seize full control, Stalin had still to bring Catalonia under his rule and oust Caballero.

This was emphasized to me in a report by one of the leaders of the Russian anarchist group in Paris, who was a secret agent of the Ogpu. He had been despatched to Barcelona, where as a prominent anarchist he enjoyed the confidence of the anarcho-syndicalists in the local government. His mission was to act as an agent provocateur, to incite the Catalonians to rash acts that would justify calling in the army as if to suppress a revolt behind the front.

His report covered at least thirty pages. Like all our secret reports, it was conveyed in tiny rolls of photographic film. A special department at the Moscow headquarters is equipped with the finest American photographic apparatus for handling these films. Each page of the report was an enlarged print.

The agent gave a detailed report of his conferences with the various party leaders whose confidence he shared, and of the measures he had taken to inspire them to acts which would give the Ogpu an excuse for destroying them. He was sure that there would soon be an outbreak in Barcelona.

Another report I read came from José Diaz, the leader of the Spanish Communist Party, and was addressed to Dimitrov, the president of the Comintern. Dimitrov sent it immediately to the headquarters of the Ogpu, since he had long since learned who his master was. Diaz berated Caballero as a dreamer and a phrase monger who would never

become a trusted ally of the Stalinists. He praised Negrin. He described the work the Communists were doing among Socialists and anarcho-syndicalists to sap their strength from within.

These reports made it clear that the Ogpu was plotting to crush the "uncontrollable" elements in Barcelona and seize control for Stalin.

On May second, Sloutski telephoned me at the Hotel Savoy, and asked me to call on an important Spanish Communist named Garcia. He was the chief of the secret service of the Loyalist government, which now had its capital at Valencia. He had been sent to Russia to attend the May Day celebration. Because of preoccupation with the purge, a telegram announcing his arrival had been neglected. No one had met him, and he was all alone at the New Moscow Hotel. Sloutski asked me to repair the oversight as best I could.

I went with a comrade to visit Garcia, and found a neat and vigorous man in his early thirties. He told me that his good friend, Orlov, chief of the Ogpu in Spain, had kindly arranged this little vacation for him in the Soviet capital.

"I was happy to come," he said, "but no one greeted me, and I could not get a pass to enter the Red Square on May Day. All I was able to see of the parade were glimpses of it across the river from my window here."

We extended apologies to Comrade Garcia and took him to dinner at the Savoy. He remarked that the Soviet workers in the streets were obviously much worse off than the Spanish workers, even during civil war. He had observed that supplies were scarce, and asked me why the Soviet government was not successful in raising the standard of living of the masses.

When I saw Sloutski I asked him: "What's the idea of bringing that Spaniard over here?"

"Orlov wants him out of the way," Sloutski said. "We have to keep him amused here until the end of May."

Having read the reports, I did not need to ask what Orlov expected to do in May.

The news from Barcelona burst sensationally upon the world. The headlines screamed: Anarchist Revolt in Barcelona! The correspondents reported an anti-Stalinist conspiracy in the capital of Catalonia, a fight for the Telephone Exchange, street riots, barricades, executions. To this day, the Barcelona May Days appear in the history of our times as a fratricidal war among the anti-Fascists while Franco was attacking them. According to the official statements, the Catalonian revolutionists treacherously attempted to seize power at a moment when every energy was needed to resist Fascism. Another version of the Barcelona tragedy, given to the press and echoed throughout the world, is that it was a rebellion "by some uncontrollable elements who managed to get into the extreme wing of the anarchist movement, in order to provoke disturbances in favor of the enemies of the republic."

The fact is that in Catalonia the great majority of the workers were fiercely anti-Stalinist. Stalin knew that a showdown was inevitable, but he also knew that the opposition forces were badly divided and could be crushed by swift bold action. The Ogpu fanned the flames and provoked syndicalists, anarchists and Socialists against one another. After five days of bloodshed, in which five hundred persons were killed and more than a thousand wounded, Catalonia was made the issue on which the Caballero government must stand or fall. The Spanish Communists, led by Diaz, demanded the suppression of all anti-Stalinist parties and trade unions in Catalonia; the placing of newspapers, radio stations and meeting halls under Ogpu control, and the immediate

and complete extinction of all anti-Stalinist movements throughout Loyalist territory. Largo Caballero would not yield to these demands, and he was forced to resign on May fifteenth. Dr. Juan Negrin became the premier of the new government, as Stashevsky had long ago decided. His government was hailed as the Government of Victory. Negrin remained premier until the collapse of the Loyalist defense in March, 1939.

Garcia, on hearing the news from Barcelona, came running to me in a state of high excitement. He had been to the Spanish Embassy. He wanted to return to Spain at once. He could not understand why he could not get away. But Sloutski would not let him go; Orlov in Barcelona did not want Garcia around. True, he was an important Communist, but he might make trouble. In Barcelona the Ogpu was taking prisoners en masse. Sloutski offered Garcia a trip to the Caucasus and the Crimea, insisting that the Soviet government wanted him to see everything. But Garcia wanted to go home. Of course he did not go.

In the Spanish Embassy, Garcia made the acquaintance of four other Spaniards who also wanted to go home. These four had been provided with two spacious rooms at the Hotel Metropole. They had been escorted to every museum in Moscow, to every sight in and around the capital. They had been to the Crimea, to the Caucasus, to Leningrad, even to the Dnieprostroy Dam. For five months they had been seeing sights in the Soviet Union.

Daily they went to the Spanish Embassy for news from home. Daily they tried to get their passports back. From talking with them, I suspected that they knew they were prisoners. Their government could not help them; Stalin ruled their government.

I asked Sloutski who they were.

"Those four?" he said. "They are cashiers from the Bank of Spain. They came over with the gold shipment. They spent three months counting it, day and night, and then checking the figures. Now they want to go home!"

When I asked Sloutski how it would end, he said:

"They'll be lucky to get out of here when the war ends. For the present they will have to remain in our hands."

A few days before Sloutski told me the story of the cashiers of the Bank of Spain, I had noticed in the Moscow press a list of high Ogpu officials who had received the Order of the Red Banner. Among them were several familiar names. It occurred to me to ask Sloutski what distinguished service had brought them this coveted decoration. He said that the honored men had been the leaders of a special squad of about thirty trusted officers who had been sent to Odessa in December to work as longshoremen.

An enormous quantity of gold had arrived at that time from Spain. Stalin would entrust only the highest officials of his secret police with the job of unloading the treasure, fearing that word of it might get out. He made Yezhov personally pick the men for the task. The operation had been surrounded with such extraordinary secrecy that this was the first I myself had heard of it.

One of my associates, who had gone on this unusual expedition, described to me the scene in Odessa. The entire vicinity of the pier was cleared and surrounded by cordons of special troops. Across this cleared and empty space from dock to railroad track, the highest Ogpu officials carried the boxes of gold on their backs. For days and days they carried this burden of gold, loading it on freight cars, which were then taken to Moscow under armed convoys.

He attempted to give me an estimate of the amount of gold they had unloaded in Odessa. We were walking across

the huge Red Square. He pointed to the several open acres surrounding us, and said: "If all the boxes of gold that we piled up in the Odessa yards were laid side by side here in the Red Square, they would cover it from end to end." That was his way of picturing the size of the haul.

The treasure secured by Stalin from Spain certainly ran into hundreds of millions of dollars, and may have reached half a billion.

Shortly after the Caballero government fell, I was sitting one day in Sloutski's office when the telephone rang. It was a call from the Special Section. They wanted to know if Miss Stashevsky had left the Soviet Union.

Sloutski, who was a friend of Stashevsky and his family, was troubled. On another telephone he called the Passport Division. When he put down the receiver he sighed with relief. Miss Stashevsky had crossed the frontier. He gave this information to the Special Section.

We both knew that the call meant no good to Stashevsky. He had then returned to his post in Barcelona. His wife, Regina, was in Paris, working in the Soviet Pavilion at the exposition. Stashevsky had made arrangements for their daughter of nineteen to join her mother and work with her there. The girl reached Paris, but a month later, in June, she was instructed to take back to Moscow certain exhibits from the Soviet Pavilion. Without suspecting anything, she returned to the Soviet Union.

In the meantime, her father had been recalled from Spain. In July, 1937, I was back in Paris. I kept telephoning Madame Stashevsky to find out when her husband would arrive there. One day she told me that he and General Berzin had come through, but had stopped only between trains, proceeding to Moscow in great haste. She could not disguise her anxiety. In June, Stalin had wiped out nearly the entire high com-

mand of the Red Army, with Marshal Tukhachevsky at the head.

I saw Madame Stashevsky repeatedly. She heard nothing from her daughter or her husband. She began to telephone to their apartment in Moscow, knowing that if they were not there, a friend would be living in the apartment. For several days and nights she kept the long-distance operators ringing her number. The report was always the same: "No answer."

She could not understand what was happening, and kept on trying. Finally the connection was made. A housemaid answered. Stashevsky had not arrived. No one in the apartment even knew that he was in Moscow. Nor was there any information as to the girl, who had been lured as a hostage a month earlier.

Two weeks passed without news. Early in August, Madame Stashevsky received a brief note from her husband, asking her to wind up everything and return to Moscow. She knew, after her telephone calls, that the letter came from prison. She packed and went back to the Soviet Union—to all she had left in the world.

General Berzin also vanished. The execution of the leading commanders of the Red Army portended ill for Berzin. Like Stashevsky, he had been intimately associated with the purged commissars and generals since the beginning of the Soviet revolution, nearly twenty years before. Against that fact his achievements in Spain and his strict and obedient loyalty would count for nothing. To this day he belongs to that great number of vanished Soviet leaders whose fate can only be surmised and may never become known.

At this time, in the summer of 1937, just when Stalin appeared to have achieved his goal in faraway Spain, Japan struck at China. The menace to the Soviet Union in the Far

East became alarming. Japanese forces took Peiping, bombarded Shanghai, advanced on Nanking. The government of Chiang Kai-shek made peace with Moscow and solicited Soviet aid.

Simultaneously the Fascist powers became more and more aggressive in the West. Italy and Germany intervened openly on Franco's side. The military situation of the Spanish republic grew increasingly difficult. If Stalin were to capitalize on his achievement in Spain, he would have to give her now the full measure of help needed to defeat Franco and his allies. But more than ever, he was loath to risk a major war. His slogan "Stay out of range of the artillery fire!" became more insistent after Japan's invasion of China and threat to the Siberian frontier.

The role of Stalin in Spain was drawing to an ignominious close. Stalin had intervened there in the hope that he might, with the stepping-stone of a Spanish dependency, build a road from Moscow to London and Paris, and so ultimately to Germany. His maneuver was unsuccessful. He lacked real audacity. He played his game boldly against the independence of the Spanish people, but feebly against Franco. He succeeded in murderous intrigue, but failed in waging war.

Leon Blum and Anthony Eden resigned. Paris and London adopted a more friendly attitude toward Franco. Gradually, during 1938, Stalin withdrew his hand from Spain. All he got out of the adventure was a pile of Spanish gold.

IV. When Stalin Counterfeited Dollars

THE first Five-Year Plan extended from 1928 to 1932. Those were the years of our heavy purchases of foreign machinery and materials for the gigantic drive to industrialize Russia. One of the major consequences of that drive was an acute shortage of foreign exchange in Moscow.

In the course of those same years the globe was circled by a trail of spurious $100 Federal Reserve banknotes of the United States. They first trickled and later flowed into the United States Treasury from Shanghai and San Francisco, from Houston and New York, from Montreal and Havana, from Warsaw, Geneva, Bucharest, Berlin, Vienna, Sofia, and Belgrade.

It was Stalin who thus put into circulation throughout the world about ten million dollars in bogus American currency.

The fact is interesting, not only intrinsically, but because it reveals the primitiveness of this Georgian's mind—his ignorance of modern world conditions, and the readiness with which in a crisis he turns to the expedients of common crime. Stalin first rose to prominence in the Bolshevik party as an organizer of "expropriations"—that is, bank robberies designed to replenish the party treasury. Boris Souvarine in his recent *Life of Stalin* describes such an expropriation at Tiflis, organized and directed, although not participated in, by Stalin, in which eight bombs were exploded in the street, fifty people injured, three killed, and 341,000 roubles—that

is $170,000—added to the Party's funds. It is not surprising that in another crisis in which he felt the need of ready cash, Stalin should conceive the all too simple idea of taking it out of the United States Treasury.

The need, however, was extreme. The fund of foreign exchange in the Soviet Treasury was woefully inadequate for the first-line industrial departments. The foreign divisions of the Ogpu and the Soviet Military Intelligence were in a critical budgetary condition at a time when they, too, were expanding their services. The quest for "valuta"—gold or its equivalents—was a main preoccupation of the Soviet government. A special Valuta Bureau was organized by the Ogpu, and every conceivable method, from trickery to terror, employed to pump foreign currency and other treasures out of the population. It reached its climax in the so-called Dollar Inquisition, the systematic extortion from Soviet citizens of relief remittances sent to them by relatives in America. Many of the victims were imprisoned and tortured by the Ogpu until ransom money arrived from abroad.

All this became known to a fairly wide public, but Stalin kept his still more primitive grab for easy money a pretty deep secret. To this day, the source of those forged $100 notes remains an unsolved mystery even for American and European secret services. Suspicions were indeed entertained, and even voiced, that there was a counterfeiting ring in Soviet Russia. But no one in authority dared to suggest that the Soviet government was the criminal.

The facts are that Stalin himself established and directed this counterfeiting ring, that its presses were in Moscow in the deepest recesses of the Ogpu, and that the distributors of the bogus currency were Soviet agents.

The notes were printed on special stock imported from

the United States, and were of such superb workmanship that bank tellers in America accepted them as authentic for years after their first appearance. So sure were the counterfeiters that their product would defy detection, that they offered the bogus notes in quantity for exchange to leading American financial institutions.

Stalin's agents worked in alliance with the criminal underworld—in Berlin, for instance, with a gang of American racketeers operating in Eastern Europe, and in Chicago with known gangsters. These facts have been established by police probes. But the agents themselves, so far as is known, took no profits, and acted from purely political motives. They wanted to help the Soviet Union.

In the Federal Penitentiary of Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, there is a prisoner now serving a fifteen-year sentence for victimizing Chicago banks to the extent of $25,500 in counterfeit $100 notes. The prisoner is Dr. Valentine Gregory Burtan, a New York physician, identified as a prominent Communist. Dr. Burtan took his punishment stoically, giving no hint of the higher-ups in Moscow whose devoted agent he was. Therefore, his trial in 1934, although preceded by an intensive investigation on the part of the United States Secret Service, failed to solve the mystery of the bogus notes.

In Berlin, several years before Dr. Burtan's arrest, the private banking firm of Sass & Martini was bought up, in a devious manner, by the Soviet government for the express purpose of exchanging bogus bills in bulk. The collapse of the venture and the flight of its promoter caused an international sensation, and again a police probe brought out connections with the underworld. But the agent involved, a man well known to me, entered this hazardous undertaking in a mood of consecration to the service of the Soviet Union.

Although he was not captured by the police, his life was as good as ruined in the cause.

My own first intimation of Stalin's counterfeiting operations came on January 23, 1930, while I was on a train from Vienna to Rome. Getting off at a way station to buy a paper, I noticed in the *Berliner Tageblatt*, a sensational headline displayed over a story running across the top of the entire page, which read:

"Who Counterfeits the Dollars?"

The story began as follows:

> The news of the circulation of counterfeit $100 banknotes formed the topic of conversation today in banking circles and on the stock exchange. So far neither the counterfeiters nor their plant has been discovered. But recent investigations have established that Franz Fischer, of the Neue Winterfeldstrasse 3, who undertook to pass the counterfeit notes in Berlin, had returned from Russia in March, 1929.

The name of Franz Fischer leaped at me from the page. "What the devil!" I said to myself. "This must be *our* affair." The rest of the account, in that paper and others I bought along the way, confirmed my worst fears. It appeared that a group of American promoters, dealing in Canadian mining shares, had acquired in the fall of 1929 the private banking house of Sass & Martini, a firm founded in 1846. The promoters soon stepped out and turned the ownership over to a certain Herr Simons, and he in turn sold it to none other than Paul Roth, formerly Communist member of the Berlin Municipal Council. I knew Roth to be a confidential employee of the Soviet Embassy in Germany.

Franz Fischer was described as the chief customer of the

bank. I had known Fischer since 1920, and had worked with him in 1923 when I helped organize a military staff for the German Communist Party. I knew that he had been for years in the service of the Soviet Military Intelligence, and that he worked under the supervision of "Alfred," one of our leading officers abroad. I also knew that since 1927, Alfred had been spending most of his time in the United States.

There was a personal bond, too, between me and Fischer. I knew and respected his mother, a veteran revolutionist and an outstanding figure of the Communist movement in Germany.* It was in her home in the World War days, that the Spartacus Bund, led by Karl Liebknecht, was cradled. Franz had grown up in an atmosphere of social revolt. Although I had lost contact with him of late, I was sure that he was still a thoroughgoing idealist. Counterfeiting for lucrative reasons would be impossible to him. His role in the Sass & Martini adventure must have been played under political orders. In brief, I had no doubt that, if Fischer was involved, Moscow was involved.

Moreover, I recognized in the press reports a familiar Soviet pattern. The acquisition of the old banking firm by an elusive group of "Canadian American" promoters, who in turn immediately disposed of it to a Mr. Simons, who turned out to be acting for interests represented by Paul Roth—all this was just the kind of window dressing our secret services were in the habit of hanging out. The old Berlin bank had obviously been purchased in order to inspire confidence in the bogus currency to be handled.

I learned from the *Tageblatt* that on December 10, 1929, Franz Fischer had exchanged at the Sass & Martini Bank the sum of $19,000 in $100 bills. Sass & Martini had them de-

* Not to be confused with Ruth Fischer.

posited with the Deutsche Bank, which shipped a quantity to the National City Bank of New York. As the notes were of an old-fashioned large-size type, then no longer issued in America, they aroused some interest upon their arrival at the Federal Reserve Bank in New York. A microscopic investigation by experts discovered them to be counterfeits of a pattern already familiar to the Treasury. On December 23, New York cabled Berlin that the notes were spurious. The cable warned the German banks and authorities that the counterfeit bills were the best imitation ever discovered.

The Berlin police, under Commissioner von Liebermann, promptly swooped down on Sass & Martini, and soon exposed its artificial character. All its transactions in bogus bills, however, led to Franz Fischer, and Fischer had vanished.

Fischer's connections with Moscow were known. It was no secret to the authorities that he had been employed during 1925-1927 in the automobile section of the Soviet Trade Mission in Berlin. He had at one time made a hobby of automobile racing. The police concluded that he served only as a "fence" in the affair. A high German official declared:

"The gang must have a big printing shop somewhere, with a large staff of experts, or they could never produce such perfect results in quantity. They have turned out so much that they must have relations with a big paper mill, probably through bribery of employees. Their profits must be enormous."

The theory of the Berlin police, according to the papers, was that the counterfeiting ring was operating either in Poland or the Balkans. I wondered how long it would be before they turned their eyes to Moscow. I feared grave consequences to all of us. I bought all sorts of papers and studied every item on the counterfeiting case. My primary

interest was in protecting our military intelligence network. The fact that some of our agents were entangled in this crazy enterprise appalled me.

Besides that, I was disturbed for Franz Fischer. Although his superior, "Alfred" occupied the important post of chief of our military intelligence operations in the United States, I had no confidence at all in his judgment.

As I read about the police raid on Sass & Martini, to me the main aspect of the crime seemed to be its sheer stupidity. The United States government, I thought, would surely trace this back to its source in Moscow. And the more I pondered, the more fantastic it appeared that in this modern age of international exchange a great state should engage in such shenanigan. I felt that I ought to do or say something calculated to put a stop to it.

Fortunately, I was to meet in Rome Stalin's personal and confidential emissary, General "Ter" Tairov, then abroad on a tour of inspection of our secret services. A native of the Caucasus, like Stalin, Tairov was later the Soviet Envoy in Outer Mongolia—which is to say that he was Stalin's viceroy there.*

Tairov first appeared on my horizon in 1928 in Paris, where he came ostensibly as the representative of the Soviet Oil Syndicate. In reality his mission was to look into things all and sundry for Stalin. It was in this meeting with Tairov that I first got acquainted with the highly personal character of Stalin's dictatorship.

As an officer of Military Intelligence, I had been trained to serve my superiors, and as a member of the party, to obey the central committee. Tairov went at things in a novel way. Although working in a department remote from mine, he

* In a recent New York *Times* dispatch his name was among officers listed as under arrest.

would suggest in an offhand manner that he was in a position to offer me any help I might require.

"If you need anything, aid from the Embassy or from anywhere else, just let me know, and I'll drop a line to the Boss." His conversation was punctuated with such personal references. "I got this straight from Stalin," or "Stalin told me that." I was inclined to take the man for a braggart and inquired of my chief in Moscow, General Berzin, whether he was reliable. Berzin sent word that Tairov's claims to intimacy with Stalin were not inventions. He had been one of the group that served under Stalin during the Civil War. Later, in 1932, he had been planted by Stalin in the War Department to open the mail of War Commissar Voroshilov and other generals.

I now met Tairov at the Tivoli in Rome, and I jumped right into the question of the counterfeit dollars.

"That is some messy affair over in Berlin," I said. "I'm very much afraid of its developing into an international scandal that will wreck our intelligence organization and compromise the Soviet government."

"Nitchevo!" said Tairov, with a shrug of the shoulders, dismissing the whole thing with that inimitable Russian word which means, literally, "Nothing!"—or "Aw, it doesn't matter!"

"Don't be surprised if you all pay with your heads for it," I said. "This won't blow over. Whoever started this will get all of us into hot water."

"Don't you worry about it," Tairov reassured me. "The Boss is in on it. You dont' think the boys in the Fourth Department would go in for this kind of thing without the word from Stalin!"

I was taken aback for a minute. It is true that General Berzin would never have ventured into such an enterprise

without the authorization of Stalin. I returned to the argument, however.

"Aside from political considerations," I said, "the enterprise is financially preposterous. Just stop and consider. How much false currency can one exchange in the world markets? Then estimate the cost of the plant, and the expense of getting the money into circulation. Exchange in modern times is largely a matter of bank credit. Cash doesn't go far. Whoever conceived the idea is, in my opinion, a barbarian."

"Well, that's just why we bought a bank in Berlin," Tairov said.

"And what did you get out of it? You bought the bank with good money. And how much currency could the bank have floated even if it had survived? Don't our people in Moscow understand the kind of a world we live in? Didn't they estimate the costs and possible profits, and also weigh the hazards, in advance? And what are they going to do now? Here we've built up an intelligence network, at great cost and danger, and this infantile scheme is going to wreck it!"

Tairov admitted that he did not know what to do about the Sass & Martini affair, but he still tried to defend the counterfeiting plan on grounds of the acute shortage of *valuta* in connection with the Five-Year Plan.

I pointed out the difficulties we secret service agents had, owing to the inefficiency of our financial bureaucrats in exchanging real money sent to us from Moscow. At times the courier would bring a whole bundle of $500 bank notes, at other times, ten thousand dollars in one-dollar bills. Occasionally these notes would carry the stamp of the Soviet State Bank. The risk of exposure in exchanging this genuine currency was bad enough. And now, Moscow proposed to furnish us with counterfeit money! It was as good as a death

sentence to all our work. Tairov was shaken by my arguments, and gave ground.

"Perhaps you're right," he conceded, "as far as Europe is concerned. But you must understand, this business was organized primarily with an eye on China. Over there we're floating millions of these dollars, and we need them there."

This stumped me, for I knew nothing about conditions in China, and we dropped the matter until our next meeting, which took place at Ostia, the new seaport near Rome. There I again, and more successfully, tried to convince him that we should end the whole business. The Sass & Martini case was then beginning to re-echo from every corner of the globe.

The Bankers' Association of Berlin had issued a public warning against spurious United States bank notes of $100 denomination bearing an oval portrait of Benjamin Franklin. It described several minute discrepancies in the counterfeit money to facilitate its detection.

The Berlin police announced that "these ($100) bills are so cleverly forged that no foreign bank has ever detected them," and broadcast its belief that "millions of dollars of this false money are in circulation in America and Europe."

On January 23, a bulletin from Geneva announced: "American Treasury Officials have warned the Federal Police Department at Berne that $100 false notes are circulating in Switzerland. These notes are very clever forgeries."

The next day word came from Berlin: "About $40,000 in forged $100 bills have been discovered to date. A reward for the capture of Fischer has been offered by the police."

On January 26, the Associated Press carried a dispatch from Havana, Cuba:

> Police revealed the existence of an international counterfeiting ring in Havana, said to have circulated in the last

week between $75,000 and $100,000 in bogus United States Federal Reserve $100 bills of the New York bank.

A survey of the American banks here showed all held a number of these bills. The Havana branch of the National City Bank has fourteen, and has refused to accept approximately $16,000 more. All banks have installed special tellers to scrutinize large denomination currency. The Casino National, an expensive gambling place, is said to have received many of the fraudulent notes.

On January 29, the well-known German attorney, Dr. Alphonse Sack (who some years later appeared for the defense in the famous Reichstag Fire Trial) declared in a Berlin courtroom, his readiness to prove that the forged $100 notes had been made in the Soviet State Printing Establishment at Moscow. Dr. Sack alleged, according to the New York *Times* of January 30, that "during the recent trouble with China, $2,500,000 in counterfeit pound and dollar notes from the same source, was circulated in China by Soviet agents."

On February 6, news came from Warsaw of the arrest of a Communist leader found in possession of American currency. Ten days later from the same city: "Large quantities of forged United States $100 notes were found, upon analysis, in a bank in Lwow," and these notes were found to be similar to those discovered in the German banks.

At about the same time the Berlin police made public a report of the discovery in Antwerp, Belgium, of a counterfeiting ring, flooding Europe with fictitious American $100 and $500 banknotes, and of the arrest of three men, a Rumanian, a Hungarian, and a Czech.

The Federal Reserve Bank of New York issued a circular on February 22, 1930, calling attention to a number of minute discrepancies in the fake bills, among them the fact that, the

black spacing between the 1 and the first 0 of the 100 in the corner numerals on the face of the note was slightly wider than in the genuine.

On March 3, large quantities of this counterfeit currency were encountered in Mexico City. Here, too, the workmanship was pronounced very skillful.

On March 7, seven smugglers of the false bills were seized at Teschen, on the Polish-Czech frontier.

While these echoes were resounding through the world, Tairov had been in communication with Moscow, and he finally received orders to assign me to liquidate the affair. I had in the meantime returned to Vienna, where I met Alexandrovsky, then head of our Military Intelligence in Austria. I found Alexandrovsky in a state of nerves over the whole thing. He was particularly incensed at Alfred, who had shipped Fischer to Vienna, and now expected Alexandrovsky to provide the fugitive with a hide-out and the necessary papers for clandestine passage from Austria to the Soviet Union. Circulars carrying the picture and description of Franz Fischer were by this time posted throughout Western Europe.

"I told Tairov when he was here that I didn't want to have anything to do with the case," Alexandrovsky complained bitterly. "It's that imbecile Alfred who is responsible for the whole mess. Let him clean it up."

"What did Tairov say?" I asked.

"He told me the Boss was behind it," replied Alexandrovsky, which meant, of course, that he had no choice but to obey instructions.

He supplied Fischer with passports, enabling him to go by way of Rumania and Turkey to Odessa, and thence to Moscow. I saw Fischer in Vienna just before his departure. About six feet tall, slender but strongly built, always smartly

dressed, Fischer was well known for his dashing appearance. He now wore a false mustache, and dressed carelessly. Besides that, he was effectively disguised by his disheartened mood—a sorry figure indeed.

"I am a finished man," he said to me.

He knew that once he got to Soviet Russia, he would never be allowed to leave. He also knew that Stalin could not afford to let him survive if he remained abroad. I was deeply moved by his fate. After all, he had done the job in his line of duty, acting under orders of the Soviet Government.

I met Alfred in March at the Café Kuenstler, in Vienna, and opened our conversation in no flattering terms.

"You blockhead!" I said. "You have lived in the United States and Western Europe for years, and learned absolutely nothing."

He tried to defend himself.

"But you don't understand," he said. "This is real money. It isn't like ordinary counterfeit currency. It's the real stuff. I got the same paper they use in the United States. The only difference is that it's printed on our presses instead of in Washington."

More than once in our conversation Alfred referred to "Nick," an American apparently of Latvian origin, who had been his main aide in circulating the false money in the United States.

He was full of their success and it took some time to make him realize the gravity of the situation. The collapse of the Sass & Martini venture, I explained, had put a different complexion on the problem. Point by point I analyzed for him the dangerous position into which he had maneuvered us. He sat there like a man hearing a death sentence, and finally asked imploringly:

"What can I do?"

I told him that all the bills had to be called in, and his agents instructed to lay off, and that he himself would have to go back to Moscow. I was not sure that Alfred would obey my orders, and I therefore arranged for Tairov to meet us together, and confirm my full authority in the matter.

It was from Alfred that I learned some of the details of the counterfeiting scheme. Although it was carried out in Moscow under Stalin's supervision, he claimed to have originated the idea. It was he, at any rate, who secured in the United States a shipment of the special paper used in printing money.

Alfred, whose last name was Tilden, belonged to the Latvian circle in our department, of which General Ian Berzin was the head. Alfred was tall, blue-eyed, lanky, of strong but homely features. I had known him and his wife Maria for several years. Maria was statuesque, was known as a crack shot, and was considered by everybody in Moscow the brains of the family.

In the spring of 1928, Alfred had come to Paris to detach one of our best agents, Lydia Stahl, and transfer her to America. I had tried hard to keep Alfred from taking Lydia with him. A striking and clever woman, then in her thirties, once the wife of a Czarist officer and later married to Baron Stahl, a Baltic nobleman, Lydia had joined our secret service while a refugee in Finland in 1921. She was one of the best we had.

Alfred won his point, and took Lydia with him to the United States. She remained about three years, but when the Gordon Switz espionage case broke in Paris at the end of 1932, Lydia was arrested there, tried, and given a five-year prison sentence. Alfred's wife Maria, then stationed in Finland as our military intelligence agent, was also caught,

and is now serving a ten-year sentence as a Soviet spy in a Finnish prison.

Despite all his ineptness, Alfred himself never got into trouble with the police. However, the collapse of the counterfeiting enterprise was a setback to his career. The fact that he had employed well-known Communists, like Franz Fischer and Paul Roth, was one of the gravest aspects of his failure, as it was bound to compromise the Communist parties of Western Europe.

It took me several weeks to liquidate the affair and have the outstanding counterfeit currency shipped back to Moscow. In May, 1930, Alfred too, went back home, and Fischer had by that time arrived safely in Soviet Russia. By mid-June the storm seemed to have blown over, although $100 notes continued to appear now and then in the Balkans. About June 20, I returned to Moscow to report to General Berzin.

Tairov was also in Moscow, and was present at our conference. General Berzin expressed in an embrace his gratitude to me for jumping into the breach caused by the collapse of the Sass & Martini Bank. In the course of our conversation, I offered some frank criticisms of the whole enterprise.

"Counterfeiting is no business for a powerful state to go into," I said. "It puts us on a par with some small underground sect without resources."

Berzin explained again that the plan had been worked out with a view to China, where large-scale operations were possible, and admitted that it was not suitable for the West. I argued that it was ridiculous anywhere.

"Didn't Napoleon print British banknotes?" Berzin countered. I recognized in that the voice of Stalin himself.

"The comparison won't stand up," I said. "Modern fiscal conditions are wholly different. A few million dollars' worth

of currency can accomplish nothing substantial today—except to damage the prestige of the state that prints them."

I went away feeling that the counterfeiting venture had been killed for good, and that the bank notes on hand would be destroyed. I was mistaken, as subsequent events in New York and Chicago proved.

Alfred was later transferred to Minsk, near the Polish border, where he was put in charge of all the motorized forces of the White Russian Military District. Franz Fischer assumed a new name as soon as he arrived in the Soviet Union. Although a veteran Communist in Germany, he was not admitted into the Russian Communist Party—a severe handicap. He was assigned after a while to the Ogpu Construction Division, which shipped him off as a foreman to Kolyma, in Northeastern Siberia—much nearer the North Pole and Alaska than the nearest Russian railroad. Some of us sent Franz parcels of warm clothing, for a time, but he never acknowledged our communications.

In the late fall of 1931, General Berzin suddenly dispatched me to Vienna to act once more as a trouble-shooter in a mess. Here, once more, I came on the trail of the counterfeiting enterprise. I was introduced to an impressive American couple, then stopping at the Hotel Regina, with whom I passed many sociable hours in Vienna. They were Nick Dozenberg and his attractive young wife. This was the same Nick who had worked with Alfred in the United States. Originally from Boston, he had been one of the founders of the Communist Party in the United States. In 1927, after the arrival of Alfred, Dozenberg "went underground," i.e., he became inactive in the public Communist movement and began to operate secretly as one of our agents.

Tall, heavily built, with a massive head, and well dressed, Nick Dozenberg looked the part of a very successful Amer-

ican businessman. He was operating for us now in Rumania, where he maintained the American-Rumanian Export Film Company. He had come on to us in Vienna to try to secure funds for a trip to America to purchase an expensive filming machine. But the *valuta* situation in Moscow was now more critical than ever. So acute was the shortage of foreign currency that even our pivotal men were handicapped by budgetary limitations. Moreover, Dozenberg was accustomed to a much higher standard of living than we, Soviet citizens.

Two years had then passed since the Sass & Martini venture. The counterfeit banknotes had ceased appearing. The press had forgotten them. Franz Fischer was on the Arctic seashore, and his pictures in European railway stations and post offices were gathering dust. I had good reason to think that both the American and European police had dropped their quest for the source of those bogus banknotes. Moscow, I thought, had come out unscathed from a foolish and fantastic venture.

Early in 1932 Nick Dozenberg and his wife left for Berlin, and from there went on to the United States. Toward the beginning of April, a new warning was suddenly sounded from Geneva to all European banks to be on the lookout for the same old $100 notes. On April 29, the *Berlin Boersenzeitung* reported that counterfeit $100 bills had appeared once more in Vienna and Budapest. I attributed no special importance to this, thinking that some former "fence" of Alfred's had retained a few of the bills, and waited until he thought he could exchange them safely. I did not then connect Dozenberg's return to the United States with the reappearance of the counterfeit money. I learned a little later, however, that Dozenberg's stay in the United States during 1932 produced an American sequel to Stalin's counterfeiting venture. The news burst like a bombshell in New York and

Chicago in January, 1933, and its reverberations were heard in Moscow, where I happened to be at the time, and caused some uneasiness in the Kremlin. The following events took place in the United States in consequence of Dozenberg's expedition.

On Tuesday afternoon, January 3, 1933, at the Newark Airport, the United States Secret Service arrested, just as he alighted from a plane from Montreal, a certain "Count" von Buelow. Upon investigation, this man was identified as one Hans Dechow, who had a police record in Chicago. He was charged with being an agent of a counterfeiting ring in Canada and Mexico.

On January 4, the Federal agents made another arrest in New York, reported by the New York *Times* as follows:

> Agents of United States Secret Service arrested last night Dr. Valentine Gregory Burtan, young physician of 133 East 58th Street, on a charge of counterfeiting. His arrest came within 24 hours after that of "Count" von Buelow. The arrest followed disclosure from Chicago that agents of the ring had passed $25,500 in a Loop Bank of that city. Dr. Burtan, according to the police, returned from Montreal yesterday by train. Dr. Burtan is a heart specialist connected with the Midtown Hospital. He is 34 years old and a Russian by birth.

The United States authorities, in arresting the two men, came face to face with what they found to be one of the most baffling cases in the history of counterfeiting. Dechow made a full confession to the Federal agents, and the case against him was suspended from the docket in view of his testimony for the government. Dechow's confession was that he had been meddling in the munitions business, particularly in the chemical warfare equipment, and had met Dr. Burtan in New York in the summer of 1932. Dechow had

connections with the Chicago underworld. In November, 1932, Dr. Burtan told him that he had $100,000 in $100 bills which had been given to him by a patient, a member of Arnold Rothstein's gang, and that he did not wish to have them exchanged in New York. Dechow undertook to effect the exchange in Chicago. He went there with a sample of the money and offered the business to some Chicago pals.

The Chicago racketeers, eight of whom were involved in the case, had the fake bills examined by various bank tellers who pronounced them authentic. Dr. Burtan then arrived on the scene, and an agreement was consummated under the terms of which thirty per cent of the receipts was to go to the underworld group passing the money. The sum of $100,000 was turned over to the gangsters for exchange.

This was just before Christmas, and the business of exchanging the bills got off to a good start. The Continental Illinois National Bank and Trust Company, the Northern Trust Company, the Harris Trust and Savings Bank, exchanged the bills and forwarded several parcels of them to the Federal Reserve Bank of Chicago. That was on December 23, 1932. Again the arrival of several packages of $100 notes of an old issue aroused suspicion. Mr. Thomas J. Callaghan, of the United States Secret Service, was called in to examine the banknotes. He declared them counterfeit, and identified them as similar to those found in Berlin in 1930, and at various other points since 1928.

All the Chicago banks were warned, and just before Christmas a man was arrested at the First National Bank of Chicago while trying to change one hundred $100 notes for ten $1000 notes. This arrest led the police to the underworld syndicate, whose members were outraged to discover that they had been swindled. They had been sure that the money was genuine. They relinquished the $40,000 of bogus money

still in their possession, offered to cooperate to the limit with the Federal authorities, and according to a report in the New York *Times*, "promised to take Burtan for a ride."

Dechow tried to convince his underworld friends that he too had been taken in by the New York physician. He returned to New York to clear up the misunderstanding with Dr. Burtan, confident that he could redeem himself with his Chicago cronies. But Dr. Burtan changed his attitude when Dechow told him of the developments in Chicago. He advised Dechow to get away to Europe at once. But Dechow did not like that at all. He insisted that the Chicago crowd wanted good money for the bogus currency. At a corner of 90th Street and Central Park West, after leaving Dr. Burtan, Dechow was accosted by a man who told him that if he did not leave for Europe at once, he would be taken for a ride. The stranger was about five feet eight inches tall, and in his late thirties. After this experience, Dechow compromised, and agreed to meet Dr. Burtan in Canada.

On January 1, Dechow arrived in Montreal, registered at the Mount Royal Hotel, and there met Dr. Burtan. To Dechow it was a most unsatisfactory conference. Indeed, he now found himself menaced from three sides. The Chicago racketeers wanted their losses made good. The Federal agents were on the trail of all those involved in the case. And in addition, the stranger who had accosted him in New York now appeared in Montreal, and warned Dechow to take passage for Europe at once. Dechow did not know that the mysterious stranger deployed against him by Dr. Burtan was an agent of the Russian Ogpu. But he knew that something was the matter. He promised to take the next boat for Europe. Instead he decided to throw himself upon the mercy of the Federal authorities, and took the next plane for Newark

where he was arrested. He then led the United States agents to Dr. Burtan's office.

The investigation which followed established that Dr. Burtan had been prominently identified with the Communist Party. On February 24, 1933, this account of the matter appeared in the New York *Times*:

> FLOOD OF FAKE BILLS IS TRACED TO RUSSIA
>
> The origin of $100,000 in counterfeit $100 notes, many of which were successfully passed last month in Chicago, has been traced by Federal agents to Soviet Russia, it was disclosed yesterday at the Federal Building.
>
> The notes, which have turned up as far away as China, have been pronounced by experts of the Treasury Department to be the most genuine-appearing counterfeits ever uncovered. They are said to have been made six years ago.
>
> The government, it was disclosed, is investigating the report that Dr. V. Gregory Burtan, New York physician, who was arrested on January 4 as the American principal in the alleged international counterfeiting plot, is, or was, an agent of the Soviet government.

From this point on, the investigation seems to have run into a blank wall. Throughout the examination and the subsequent trial, Dr. Burtan guarded his secret well. He did not betray Nick Dozenberg. He did not reveal his status in the Soviet Military Intelligence. He kept his accomplices in the high councils of the American Communist Party out of the case. The Federal agents, however, traced some of Dr. Burtan's aliases. They found that in Mexico and elsewhere he had at various times passed as Bourstin, Kuhn, George Smith, E. Bail, Frank Brill, and Edward Kean.

Shortly after Dr. Burtan's arrest, Nick Dozenberg returned from the United States to Soviet Russia. It was toward the end of February, 1933, that he made his appearance in Mos-

cow. About this time, too, Alfred suddenly showed up in Moscow, and complained to me about the difficulties he had in providing food for his American pal. Nick Dozenberg was now being given the treatment that Franz Fischer had received three years earlier. Instead of getting accommodations at one of our leading hotels and the privileged ration card usually granted to our foreign agents, Nick had a trying time finding any quarters at all. And he had to stand in line for food.

Nick was held in Moscow pending the arrival of Valentine Markin from the United States with a report on the possible consequences of the Burtan case. Markin, who was interested in his own career, exploited the case in order to get himself put at the head of all Soviet secret agencies in the United States. Armed with full information as to the mess created by Nick Dozenberg and Dr. Burtan at a time when Moscow was courting United States recognition, Markin arrived back home ready to wage war against General Berzin and all his lieutenants in the Military Intelligence. He went over the heads of his superiors and presented the matter directly to Premier Molotov.

In his report on the American situation, Markin attacked Berzin's management of our activities in the United States. This was an unheard-of act on the part of a young Communist, and his interview with Molotov caused a lot of talk in the inner circles. But Markin was successful. He won the battle. He got authority to transfer our military intelligence organization in America to the espionage machine of the Ogpu, to put it under Yagoda.

On May 4, 1934, Dr. Burtan was convicted by a Federal jury in Chicago of possessing and passing counterfeit money. The principal witness against him was Dechow. No evidence was produced at the trial connecting Dr. Burtan with Mos-

cow. No mention was made of Nick Dozenberg. No reference to Alfred Tilden is to be found in the court record. Although the prosecuting attorneys expressed their belief that Dr. Burtan had been acting for Moscow, they offered no proof of it. Stalin came out of his counterfeiting venture with colors flying.

Dr. Burtan proved a staunch Communist. He knew how not to talk. He was given a sentence of fifteen years, and a fine of $5,000. He still keeps his secret.

From Alfred I learned that the Soviet government allocated a substantial fund for the defense of Dr. Burtan, and for other expenses in connection with his case. As for Nick Dozenberg, he soon disappeared from my horizon, but I heard later that he had been swept away in the great purge.

I ran into Franz Fischer in Moscow in 1935, and barely recognized him. After four years at his remote post in Siberia, he had been permitted a trip to the capital to consult a physician and buy drugs and other needed goods. He had turned native in the polar region, and married an exiled girl there who bore him a child. His personality had undergone a profound and almost ghastly change.

"Why didn't you look me up?" I asked him.

He mumbled an incoherent answer. I tried to pick up the threads of our past association. His memory seemed to have evaporated. All the fire had gone out of him. His uncouth and listless figure hardly resembled the spruce and zealous rebel of a few years before. The disguise he adopted in Vienna seemed to have grown into him. I never saw him again. A year later I learned of the death of his aged mother, the heroic German revolutionist.

V. The Ogpu

I MADE my acquaintance with the Soviet Secret Police—as a "suspect"—in January 1926. I was then Chief for Central Europe of the Third Section of the Soviet Military Intelligence. The Third Section compiles material gathered by Intelligence agents throughout the world and publishes secret reports and special bulletins for about twenty ranking leaders of the Soviet Union.

I was called in one morning by Nikonov, head of the Third Section, who told me I was wanted immediately at the Special Section of the Moscow district Ogpu.

"Go through the entrance at Number 14 Djerzhinski Street," he said. "Here is your pass."

He handed me a green card which the Ogpu had sent down. When I asked him what it was about, he replied:

"Frankly, I don't know. But when they call you, you've got to get down there at once."

A few minutes later I was face to face with an Ogpu investigator. He coldly asked me to sit down, seated himself at his desk and began fingering over a large pile of papers. After about ten minutes of these silent preliminaries, he looked up and asked:

"When did you serve last as officer-in-charge at the Third Section?"

"Six days ago," I replied.

"I suppose you can tell me what's happened to the Third

Section's missing seal!" he exclaimed, with as much dramatic emphasis as he could muster.

"How does that concern me?" I asked. "The officer who relieved me would not have signed in unless I handed him the seal."

In the Third Section, which employed forty to fifty people, the practice was for the dozen or so heads of departments to take twenty-four hour turns at guard duty. During those twenty-four hours, which we called *dejourstvo*, we were responsible for every letter, document, scrap of paper, secret telephone call. We were also responsible for every individual entering and leaving the offices of the Third Section. Every permit issued during my *dejourstvo* had to bear my signature and the seal of the Third Section. This important seal was missing.

The Ogpu investigator was forced to admit that, according to our record book, I had surrendered the seal together with the other badges of authority to my successor. He wasn't satisfied to let it go at that, however, and began to question me along general lines.

"How long have you been in the Party, Comrade Krivitsky?" he asked.

I didn't like the tone he was taking and had no intention of giving him free rein.

"You have no authority to ask me such questions," I said. "You know what position I occupy. I have no right to submit to further interrogation until I have consulted my chief, Comrade Berzin. With your permission, I'll phone him at once."

I called General Berzin, the Chief of our Military Intelligence, explained the situation, and asked him whether I was to submit to general cross-examination.

"Not a word until you hear from me," Berzin replied. "I'll call you back in about fifteen or twenty minutes."

The Ogpu investigator waited impatiently, pacing up and down in his office. Twenty minutes later Berzin called back.

"Reply only to questions dealing with the matter in hand," he instructed me.

I handed the receiver to my investigator and Berzin repeated his instruction.

"Very well," the investigator said bitterly. "You may go."

I returned to my office. In less than a half hour later a bespectacled, scholarly-looking young man who worked in our Near East division came in to see me. He was not a member of the Party, and had been assigned to our section only because he knew Persian.

"You know, Krivitsky," he said with obvious fright, "I've been summoned to the Ogpu."

"Why?" I asked him. "You don't perform guard duty, do you?"

"Of course not," he replied. "I wouldn't be trusted with it. I'm not a member of the Party."

The scholarly young man went to keep his appointment with the Ogpu, and never returned.

Several days later, the missing seal was "found." I am certain that it had been stolen by the Ogpu in an attempt to frame the Intelligence Service and convince the Politbureau that the Ogpu ought to extend its spying operations into our department. The Intelligence Service jealously guarded its independence, and was one of the last instruments of the Soviet apparatus to fall into the hands of the Secret Police—approximately ten years after that provocative attempt in January 1926.

It was a specialty of the Ogpu to manufacture incidents of this kind. By convincing first the Bolshevik dictatorship

and then Stalin personally, that their survival depended upon its eternal vigilance, the Ogpu extended its sovereignty until it became a state within the state. One of its most cruel features is that, having started an "investigation" of this kind, for purposes having nothing to do with the detection of crime, it is compelled for the sake of the record to find a victim. That undoubtedly explains the fate of our Persian scholar.

In a country in which the supreme ruler regards every expression of dissenting opinion as a direct threat, it is but natural that the Secret Police very nearly becomes master of the master himself.

The story of the Ogpu goes back to December 1917, one month after the Bolshevik Revolution, when Lenin sent a memorandum to Djerzhinski, the veteran Polish revolutionist, containing the draft of a decree to combat "counter-revolution, speculation, and sabotage." This memorandum signalized the creation of an Extraordinary Commission with summary powers to combat the enemies of the Bolshevik government. The Extraordinary Commission became known by the combination of its Russian initials as the Cheka. It developed into an instrument of terror and mass execution in the summer of 1918 following the attempt on Lenin's life and the assassination of the Bolshevik leader, Uritsky.

The first chief of the Cheka, Felix Djerzhinski, was a ruthless yet utterly incorruptible revolutionist. He sent countless numbers to their death during the civil war, in the burning conviction that there was no other way to safeguard the Soviet regime against its "class enemies." Notwithstanding all the horrors associated with the name Cheka during the first years of the Bolshevik Revolution, neither Djerzhinski himself nor the majority of his trusted assistants were motivated by anything except fanatical zeal to serve as the sword of the

Revolution. Feared by the people, the Secret Police were not then feared by those who worked loyally for the Soviet State.

As the Soviet State became progressively more totalitarian, as the Bolshevik Party itself became the victim of what it had created in 1917, the Secret Police gained greater and greater power, terror became an end in itself, and fearless revolutionists were slowly replaced by hardened, dissolute and demoralized executioners.

In 1923 the name of the Secret Police was changed from Cheka to Ogpu, from the Russian initials of "United Governmental Political Administration." The change in name was intended to get rid of unpleasant associations, but the new name soon inspired a far more dreadful terror than the old.

The Ogpu remained in the same home the Cheka had occupied, a building called the Lubianka, which had housed an insurance company before the revolution. The original green structure facing the Lubianka Square was about five stories high. But beginning in 1930 additions were made, including three new stories of yellow brick, and a luxurious new eleven-story building with a black marble base.

The main approach to the Lubianka is still through the old building, at the entrance to which there is a large bas-relief of Karl Marx. There are other entrances from the side streets, and virtually all the buildings in the immediate neighborhood belong to the Ogpu and house its people.

Standing on an elevation, the group of old and new Ogpu buildings on Lubianka Square are one of the most prominent and beautiful features of the city. Through the main entrance from the Square pass only the highest officials of the Ogpu. Ordinary citizens must obtain passes in the Ogpu's Bureau of Permits on the street called Kouznetski Most, facing the Commissariat of Foreign Affairs. Long lines of relatives,

wives, and friends begging for permission to visit prisoners, to send letters or packages of food and clothing, always crowd the Bureau of Permits. From the character of these waiting lines one may read at a glance the Soviet policy of the period. In the first years of Bolshevik rule they were filled with the wives of officers and merchants. Later the relatives of arrested engineers, professors and technicians predominated. In 1937, I saw long queues composed of the next of kin of our own Soviet people, the wives and relatives of my friends, comrades and colleagues.

In the long dark corridors of the Lubianka guards are stationed at every twenty paces. Permits are verified at least three times before an outsider is permitted to enter any office of the Ogpu.

In what had been the courtyard of the old building, the Cheka erected a special prison for important political prisoners. Most of them are kept in solitary confinement, and the prison itself is now called the "Isolator." The cell windows are so obstructed, not only by iron bars but by a slatted iron blind, that they permit only a small ray of light to enter. The prisoner is cut off entirely from any view of the courtyard or the sky.

When an Ogpu investigating prosecutor wishes to cross-examine a prisoner in his office, he calls up the commandant of the prison, who sends the man under guard across the courtyard, up a narrow dark stairway, and into the office building. There is an elevator to take prisoners to the upper stories.

In the autumn of 1935 I saw one of the most notable of the Lubianka prisoners, Lenin's close colleague and collaborator, the first president of the Communist International and one time boss of the Leningrad Party and Soviet. Once he had been stout. Now, as he shuffled through the corridor

clad in white and blue pyjamas, he was haggard and wasted. That was the last I saw of the man who had been Gregory Zinoviev. He was being led to his inquisitors. Several months later he was taken to the cellars of the Lubianka and shot. . . .

In the office of every prosecuting investigator the most important article of furniture is his couch. For the character of his work is such that it often keeps him going at consecutive stretches of twenty to forty hours. He is himself almost as much a captive as the prisoner. His duties know no limits. They may extend from grilling prisoners to shooting them.

For it is one of the peculiarities of the Soviet judicial process that despite the tremendous numbers of executions, there are no regular executioners. Sometimes the men who go down cellar to carry out the death decrees of the collegium of the Ogpu are officers and sentries of the building. Sometimes they are the investigators and prosecutors themselves. For an analogy to this, one must try to imagine a New York District Attorney obtaining a first degree murder conviction and then rushing up to Sing Sing to throw the switch in the death chamber.

The Ogpu executioners took their greatest toll during 1937 and 1938, when the great purge engulfed everything. Earlier, in 1934, Stalin loosed the Ogpu upon the rank and file of the Bolshevik Party. The periodical "cleansing" of party ranks, properly a function of the Party Control Commission, was then turned over to the Secret Police. Then for the first time every member of the Bolshevik Party was subjected to an individual police investigation. In March, 1937, however, Stalin decided that all these cleansings and purges had not gone deep enough. He had retained power from 1933 to 1936

largely because Yagoda and his secret agents worked hand in hand with him in fervent loyalty to smash the old Bolshevik Party and the leadership of the Red Army. But because Yagoda had become too intimate with Stalin's purge methods, and too close to the reins of power, Stalin decided to change executioners in mid-stream. The man chosen as Yagoda's successor was Nikolai Yezhov, whom Stalin had "planted" several years before as secretary of the Central Committee of the Communist Party, and head of the bureau of appointments, chief dispenser of patronage. In these positions Yezhov had been silently building a parallel Ogpu, responsible only to Stalin personally. When he stepped into Yagoda's shoes, he imported into the State Secret Police, about two hundred of his own reliable "boys" from this personal Ogpu of Stalin. Stalin's slogan in March 1937 was: Intensify the purge! Yezhov translated that slogan into bloody action. His first job was to inform the old Ogpu officials that they had been lax, that they had been corruptly led, that the new intensified purge must begin at home in the Ogpu itself.

On March 18, 1937, Yezhov addressed a meeting of the leaders of the Ogpu in the club room of the annex to the Lubianka Building. All of Yagoda's immediate assistants and, with one exception, all the chiefs of the Ogpu divisions were already under arrest. The blow was now about to fall upon the high command. The spacious quarters of the club were crowded with veteran Chekists, some of whom had served in the Secret Police for nearly twenty years. Yezhov was about to make his first declaration as the new chief of the Ogpu, as "People's Commissar for Internal Affairs"—for again in an attempt to get rid of ghastly associations the title had been changed. The new supreme commander took his job seriously. This was a big day for him. He was going to prove that he was indispensable to Stalin. He was going to

expose the grand chief Yagoda himself to the surviving Ogpu officials.

Yezhov began by declaring that it was not his task to prove Yagoda's mistakes. If Yagoda had been a firm and honest Bolshevik he could not have lost Stalin's trust. The root of Yagoda's mistakes lay buried deep. Yezhov paused, and all those present held their breath, sensing that a decisive moment was approaching. Yezhov then declared dramatically that Yagoda had served the Czarist Secret Police, the Okhrana, since 1907. The assembled police dignitaries took this information without batting an eye. In 1907 Yagoda had been ten years old! But that is not all, Yezhov shouted. The Germans at once ferreted out Yagoda's true character and planted him in the Cheka under Djerzhinski in the very first days of the revolution. "Throughout the entire life of the Soviet State," cried Yezhov, "Yagoda has served as a spy for the Germans." Yezhov proceeded to tell his terror-stricken audience that Yagoda had his spies in every key position. Yes, even the chiefs of the Ogpu divisions, Molchanov, Gorb, Gai, Pauker, Volovitch—all are spies!

Yezhov would prove this, he shouted—prove that Yagoda and his appointees were common thieves and prove it beyond any doubt. "Did not Yagoda appoint Lurye superintendent of the construction division of the Ogpu? And who is Lurye, if not the connecting link between Yagoda and the foreign espionage service?" That was his proof.

For many years, he said, these two thieves, Yagoda and Lurye, have been deceiving the country and the party. They built canals, laid out roads and constructed buildings at extravagant cost, but kept the recorded expenditures very low.

"But how, I ask you, comrades, how did these scoundrels manage to do this? How, I ask you?"

Yezhov looked hard into the faces of his petrified audience, and said:

"Very simply. The budget of the Commissariat for Internal Affairs is not subject to control. It was from this budget, the budget of his own institution, that Yagoda took the sums enabling him to construct expensive buildings at extremely 'low' prices.

"And why did Yagoda and Lurye construct buildings? Why did they build roads? They did this in a race for popularity, for notoriety, for decorations! But how can a traitor be satisfied with these things? Why did Yagoda yearn for popularity? He needed it because in reality he was pursuing the policy of Fouché."

Yezhov's rapid fire of contradictory accusations were stupefying to his audience. Yagoda had served the Okhrana at the age of ten. Yagoda was a thief. Yagoda was a thief who sought notoriety. Now it appeared that common spy, stool pigeon and thief that he was, he also wished to emulate Napoleon's rivalrous Minister of Police!

"This is a very serious question, comrades," continued Yezhov. "The Party has been compelled throughout all these years to guard carefully against the rise of Fouchéism among us. That has not been simple. Yes, comrades, I must say to you, and every one of you must keep it firmly in mind—even Felix Edmundovich Djerzhinski weakened in his defense of the revolution."

Yezhov came to his peroration, which was in effect: We need purges, purges and more purges. I, Yezhov, will have no doubts, no vacillations, no weakness. If it is possible to question the late Felix Djerzhinski, why should we respect the reputation of even the oldest, most tried of Chekists?

The older members of the Ogpu command, veterans of the Bolshevik Revolution, slated as the next victims, sat pale and

impassive. They applauded Yezhov. They applauded as if the matter did not concern them at all. They applauded to demonstrate their devotion. Who knows? A timely confession might yet save them from a bullet through the base of the brain. Perhaps they might once more buy the right to live by betraying their closest friends.

As the meeting continued, Artusov took the floor—the Russified Swiss I have spoken of before—a Bolshevik since 1914. Artusov knew what was at stake. An old Chekist with a flair for acting, his little gray beard trembled as he rose to speak. "Comrades," he began, "in the most difficult days of the revolution Lenin placed the very best of Bolsheviks, Felix Edmundovich Djerzhinski at the head of the Cheka. In an even more difficult time our great Stalin has appointed as chief of the Commissariat for Internal Affairs, Nikolai Ivanovitch Yezhov, his best disciple. Comrades! We Bolsheviks have learned to be merciless not only toward our enemies, but toward ourselves. Yes, Yagoda did want to play the role of Fouché. He did try to set the Ogpu against the party. And because of our blindness we unwittingly participated in this scheme."

Artusov's voice grew firmer, more confident. He continued.

"In 1930, comrades, when the party first perceived this tendency, and to put a stop to it, appointed the old Bolshevik Akulov to the Ogpu, what did we do to help Akulov? We met Akulov with violent hostility! Yagoda did everything he could to make Akulov's work more difficult. And we, comrades, not only supported Yagoda's sabotage, but went further. I must say frankly the entire party organization in the Ogpu was devoted to sabotaging Akulov."

Artusov's nervous gaze sought some token of approval in Yezhov's angular little face. He felt that the moment had

come to take the offensive in his maneuver to deflect suspicion from himself.

"I ask you who was the head of the party organization in the Ogpu at that time?" He paused for a moment, and then shouted: "Sloutski!"

Having thrown his comrade to the lions, Artusov descended triumphantly from the platform.

Sloutski, then Chief of the Foreign Division of the Ogpu, rose to defend himself. He too was an old experienced Bolshevik. He too knew what was at stake. Sloutski began rather poorly, sensing that the cards were stacked against him.

"Artusov has sought to picture me as Yagoda's closest associate. I reply, comrades: Of course, I was the secretary of the party organization in the Ogpu. But was it Artusov or I, who was a member of the collegium of the Ogpu? I ask you, could anyone at that time have been a member of the collegium, the highest organ of the Ogpu, without having the full confidence and approval of Yagoda? Artusov asserts that by my 'good work' in the service of Yagoda as secretary of the party organization, I obtained an assignment abroad, that I received this in recognition of my sabotage of Akulov. I utilized this assignment, according to Artusov, for the purpose of establishing contact between Yagoda's espionage organization and his masters abroad. But I assert that my assignment abroad was given upon Artusov's own determined insistence. For many years Artusov has maintained the friendliest relations with Yagoda."

And now Sloutski struck his main blow.

"I ask you, Artusov, where did you live? Who lived opposite you?—Bulanov. And is he not now among the first batch arrested? And who lived just above you, Artusov?—Ostrovsky. He too is arrested. And who lived just beneath you, Artusov?—Yagoda! And now I ask you, comrades, who, under

prevailing conditions, could have lived in the same house with Yagoda without enjoying his absolute confidence?"

Stalin and Yezhov chose to believe both Artusov and Sloutski, and in due course destroyed them both.

Such was the character of the intensified, or great purge, that began in March 1937. The Soviet government became one gigantic madhouse. Discussions like that I have described took place in every department of the Ogpu, in every unit of the Bolshevik Party, in every factory, in every army regiment, on every collective farm. Everyone was a traitor, until he proved the contrary by exposing someone else as a traitor. Men of prudence sought obscurity, demotion to a clerical position if possible—anything to avoid importance and get out of the limelight.

Long years of devotion to the party meant nothing. Even protestations of loyalty to Stalin were of little avail. Stalin himself had given the slogan: "A whole generation must be sacrificed."

We had grown reconciled to that—to the idea that the old must go. But now the purge was attacking the new. I was with Sloutski one night that spring, and we talked of the number of arrests since March—350,000, we thought, possibly 400,000. Sloutski spoke bitterly.

"We are really old, you know. They will take me. They will take you, as they took the others. We belong to the generation which must perish. Stalin has said that the entire pre-revolutionary and war generation must be destroyed as a millstone around the neck of the revolution. But now they're shooting the young ones—seventeen and eighteen years of age—girls and boys who were born in the Soviet State and never knew anything else . . . And lots of them go to their deaths crying, 'Long live Trotsky!' "

One of the most tragic examples of this kind was that of

my young friend Volodya Fisher. Volodya was a native of Saratov, who entered the Young Communist League during the civil war and later attended Sverdlov University. During the collectivization drive he was appointed to one of the political departments, the "Politodels," created by the Ogpu for that emergency. Fisher accepted the appointment and worked hard in the belief that he was helping to destroy the greedy rich peasants who withheld food from the underfed city population. When his work in the villages was completed, he returned to the Ogpu. In his party dossier it was recorded that he had done "brilliant work" in the villages. He began to rise rapidly and was finally sent by the Ogpu as Soviet consul to Copenhagen. All consular officials of the Soviet government belong to the Ogpu. This was Volodya's first trip beyond Russia. He found in Copenhagen an entirely different atmosphere from any in which he had ever breathed. In the countless shop windows of the city he saw articles of clothing for sale at what seemed to him laughably low prices. There was food, plenty of it—and so cheap that Volodya thought he was in fairyland.

"You know," he told me, "until I went to Copenhagen I never saw an orange. The first thing I did was to buy myself an orange squeezer, and every morning I would drink a quart of orange juice. Look at the muscles I've developed!"

There was very little work for Volodya in Copenhagen—really his sole job as consul was to keep an eye on the Soviet Embassy—and he was blissfully content in that astoundingly delightful world.

Suddenly in the first days of April, 1937, he received a telegram ordering his return to Moscow. Upon his arrival, he went straight from the railroad depot to the Ogpu to see his chief, Sloutski. Sloutski took him to dinner and told him that he was soon to be sent to Rumania or Austria. After

dinner he set out in high spirits for Bogorodsk, a village near Moscow, to visit his brother Lyovka, then foreman on a construction job. His brother's wife greeted him with the tearful news that Lyovka had been arrested the previous November. Between her sobs she told him the story:

Lyovka was working on construction. His fellow workers were very fond of him and elected him president of their club. When preparations were being made for the November 7th celebration of the anniversary of the revolution, Lyovka was in charge of decorating the interior of the club house. He got out the finest picture of the Soviet leaders he could find and hung it prominently on the wall. On the evening of the celebration, when all the workers were assembled, someone noticed among the faces in the picture that of Karl Radek. Lyovka had not noticed it because half of Radek's face was covered by a newspaper. The secretary of the party nucleus in the club decided that Lyovka was a "wrecker," because he had displayed the half-covered face of a recently declared "enemy of the people," and that very night Lyovka was arrested.

Volodya rushed back to Moscow to see his good friend Alexandrovsky, assistant chief of the Moscow district Ogpu.

"What's the reason for all this nonsense?" asked Volodya. "Lyovka is my brother, a good comrade and worker. How can anyone call him a wrecker?"

"It isn't as simple as all that, Volodya," Alexandrovsky replied quietly. "The question of Radek's picture, although serious enough, is not the only charge against him. There are other grave matters. Your brother had a room in the country home of Frydland, the arrested historian."

For an instant Volodya was stunned. Lyovka never spoke to Frydland in all his life. This apartment had been assigned

to him by the Soviet authorities *after* Frydland's arrest. Volodya flew into a rage.

"You scoundrel!" he shouted. "What in hell are you trying to do? You can't get away with that. I'll see that bigger men than you hear of it!"

Volodya was sure that his own position was strong. He stormed out of Alexandrovsky's office, determined to obtain justice, not only for his brother, but for others who might have been framed by this seemingly insane official.

Volodya went first to the Central Committee of the Communist Party. He was not received. He tried to obtain an audience with Yezhov, but could not see him. Still he did not lose his youthful confidence. He thought the delays were simply due to red tape, and somehow became convinced that by the First of May celebration his brother Lyovka would be free.

On the evening of April 30, we had dinner together, and for the first time Volodya was gloomy. But three or four days later he burst in upon me, grinning from ear to ear.

"Well," he said, "I'm getting Lyovka out at last. Shapiro of the Ogpu has sent for me!"

Shapiro was then head of a special Ogpu department created under Yezhov and called the "Section for Extraordinary Matters."

"What else would Shapiro want to see me about?" he cried, and rushed away to keep his appointment.

As soon as Volodya was in Shapiro's presence he recited the facts of his brother's case, speaking quickly and full of assurance. Shapiro waited until Volodya had finished, then rose slowly from behind his desk.

"You, a member of the party and an officer of the Ogpu, dare to insult a brother Chekist? The Ogpu does not arrest innocent people!"

Before Volodya could catch his breath, Shapiro opened a new subject.

"By the way, did you receive a letter in Copenhagen last year from Mandelstamm, then attaché of the Commissariat of Foreign Affairs?"

Mandelstamm was now under arrest on some unspecified charge. Volodya was puzzled and confused.

"Mandelstamm? He's the husband of my former wife. I know him, of course, but I didn't receive mail from him while I was in Denmark."

"You are certain?"

"Yes, I'm certain."

"Very well," said Shapiro dryly, "if we need you, we'll send for you."

When Volodya walked out of Shapiro's office his hopes for his brother were pretty well shattered. He could not sleep that night. Suddenly, in the early hours of the morning, he jumped clear out of bed.

"I did receive a letter from Mandelstamm!" flashed through his brain. Then the entire picture came back to him. The diplomatic courier arriving as usual with the large sealed package containing his regular mail, and that day—it was several months ago—reaching into his pocket and remarking casually: "Here's a letter Mandelstamm handed me for you just as I was leaving the Narkomindel."

Volodya came to my apartment as soon as it was light, and told me what had happened.

"What was in the letter?" I asked fearfully.

"Oh, the contents were harmless enough. Something about a new job and some evening courses he was taking at the University. Nothing else, I swear."

"Volodya," I said, "go directly to Shapiro and tell him what you've told me."

He did as I suggested.

"Comrade Shapiro," he began apologetically, "I made a mistake yesterday. I did receive a letter from Mandelstamm, but I had forgotten all about it."

Instead of answering, Shapiro opened the drawer of his desk and confronted Volodya with a photostatic copy of Mandelstamm's letter.

"I'm sorry," stammered Volodya. "I forgot all about it yesterday."

"You lied about it yesterday," Shapiro replied. "You may go now."

On May 25, 1937, Volodya Fisher was arrested by the Ogpu. I never heard of him again. He was destroyed because of the two unspeakable crimes with which he was linked: he had received a letter from his former wife's husband, and his brother had displayed a half of Radek's face on the wall of a worker's club house in Bogorodsk.

There were thousands and thousands of such cases in Soviet Russia during the great purge.

In the chambers of the Ogpu the very word guilt lost all meaning. The reason for a man's arrest no longer bore any relation to the charges entered against him.

There is no better example of this than the case of Yagoda himself. Among the many fantastic charges made against this chief of the Ogpu at his trial in March, 1938, none was more intrinsically nonsensical than that he had plotted to poison Stalin, Yezhov, and the members of the Politbureau. For many years Yagoda had been in direct charge of feeding the rulers in the Kremlin, including Stalin himself and all the highest dignitaries of the Soviet government. A special Ogpu department, under Yagoda's immediate control, supervised every step of the provisioning of the Kremlin, from the spe-

cial Kremlin collective farms, where the products were raised under the eyes of Yagoda's staff to the tables of the Soviet leaders where Yagoda's agents served them. Planting, harvesting, transport, cooking and catering were done by special Ogpu agents immediately responsible to no other but Yagoda. Each member of this special section answered to Yagoda with his head, and Yagoda bore the whole nerve-wracking responsibility alone for years. Stalin, who owed his life in more ways than one to Yagoda's loyal vigilance, ate no food but that which Yagoda's staff served him.

At the trial it was "proven" that Yagoda had been at the head of a gigantic poisoning conspiracy into which he forced as accomplices even the veteran physicians of the Kremlin. But that was not all. It was "proven" that Yagoda, superchef, so to speak, of the Kremlin, not satisfied with the obvious methods of poisoning, had plotted to kill Yezhov slowly by spraying his study with deadly vapors. All of these startling "facts" came out in open court, and all of them were "confessed to" by Yagoda himself. They are matters of public record. No one in Russia dared mention the fact that throughout the entire duration of the alleged conspiracy Yagoda was master of the Kremlin kitchen.

Of course other charges were made against him. It appeared that in addition to embezzling money from Ogpu construction enterprises, he withheld the very bread from the mouths of the Soviet rulers, selling Kremlin provisions to outsiders and pocketing the profit. He used these funds, according to court testimony, to stage extravagant orgies.

Like so many other "facts" exhibited at the Moscow show trials, this story of Yagoda's stealing bread and meat from Stalin's table had a tiny grain of truth at its foundation. During the period of acute food shortage, Yagoda did make

a practice of ordering more provisions than the Kremlin rulers required. The surplus he distributed among his underfed colleagues of the Ogpu. For several years the upper officials of the Ogpu received secret food packages from Yagoda in addition to their regular rations. Some members of our Military Intelligence grumbled about this, and Yagoda for a time extended his almsgiving to us, so that I myself participated in these crumbs from the Kremlin's table. When Yagoda's accounts were examined, it was discovered that Molotov—to take a random example—had been charged with about ten times as much sugar as he could possibly have consumed.

Besides charging Yagoda with an elaborate conspiracy to poison people whom he could have poisoned with a turn of his hand, and with selling Kremlin provisions for his personal profit, Stalin's tribunal also took note of the fact that he had given away these same stolen provisions, and on that ground accused him of buying popularity for the purpose of his intrigues à la Fouché.

I am not relating these fantastic facts, or rather nightmares, in order to entertain the reader. I want to prove to him my assertion that in the Ogpu, when Stalin's purge got under way, the very concept of guilt was lost sight of. The reasons for a man's arrest had *no relation* to the charges lodged against him. Nobody expected them to have. Nobody demanded it. Truth became entirely irrelevant. When I say that the Soviet government became a gigantic madhouse, I mean it literally. Americans laugh when I recount to them some of these preposterous things that happened—and I could fill a volume with them—but it was not a laughing matter to us. It is not funny when your lifelong friends and comrades are disappearing in the night and dying all around you.

Please remember that I was an inmate of that gigantic madhouse . . .

The value of a "confession" obtained by the Ogpu is well illustrated by the case of an Austrian Socialist who, outlawed in his own country by the Dollfuss regime, had found asylum in the land of the Soviets. He was arrested in Leningrad in 1935. The head of the Leningrad Ogpu, Zakovsky, got him to confess that he had been a member of the Vienna police force, and on that ground he was imprisoned as an Austrian spy. Through some devious means the prisoner managed to send a letter to Kalinin, the figurehead president of the Soviet Union. The case was turned over to Sloutski, who phoned me about it one morning.

"Walter, there's an Austrian Schutzbund matter here of which I can't make head or tail. You might be able to help me. It's right down your alley."

"Send the dossier down to me," I replied, "and I'll see what I can do."

The papers were soon handed to me by one of Sloutski's messengers. The first pages were Zakovsky's report to his superiors in Moscow stating how he had obtained the confession. It was not unusual. The prisoner had offered little resistance; but it left me unconvinced. Running further through the papers, I came across the questionnaire which the prisoner, as was required of every foreigner, had filled out when he entered the Soviet Union. It contained his complete biography, recounting how he had joined the Austrian Socialist Party before the war and had then served at the front. After the war, acting upon instructions from his party which controlled Vienna, he had joined the municipal police force. The force was then ninety per cent Socialist, and was affiliated with the Amsterdam Trade Union International.

All of this appeared in his questionnaire, which also revealed that when the Socialists lost control of Vienna, he, together with the other Socialist officers, was discharged from the police force. It also appeared that he had been the commander of a battalion of the Schutzbund, the Socialist defense league, during the February, 1934, fight against the Fascist Heimwehr. I called up Sloutski and explained this to him.

"This Austrian Socialist served in the police force by order of his party, just as you do here. I'll send you a report to that effect at once."

Sloutski replied hurriedly: "No, no, don't send me any report. Come over to my office."

When I reached his office I again explained that a Socialist could not be proven a spy of present-day Austria because he had been a policeman under the Socialist regime.

Sloutski nodded. "Yes, I know, Zakovsky got him to 'confess' that he had been a Socialist policeman in Vienna! That's some confession! But don't think of writing a report. These days one doesn't write."

Notwithstanding his offhand manner, Sloutski interceded with President Kalinin for the arrested Austrian Socialist.

Zakovsky's conduct was quite in the regular line of Ogpu duty. "Confessions" such as he had obtained were the principal meat upon which the Ogpu fed. My Austrian Socialist was no more and no less guilty than hundreds of thousands who lacked his good luck.

A conversation I had about this time with Kedrov, one of the most skillful of Ogpu investigators, is revealing. I met him in the Ogpu restaurant in Moscow, and we got to talking of General Primakov, one of his important cases. In 1934 General Primakov, a member of the high command of the Red Army, was arrested and turned over to Kedrov for grill-

ing. Kedrov went to work on his distinguished victim with all the tricks at his command. He sighed as he told me about it.

"You know what happened?" he said. "Just as he was beginning to break down and we knew it would be only a matter of days or a week or two before we would have a full confession, he was suddenly released at the demand of Voroshilov!"

Again you see the irrelevance of the charges against the prisoner—even though he is on the point of "confessing all"—to the reasons for his imprisonment. In foreign countries people discuss whether the confessions obtained by the Ogpu are true or not. In the inner circles of the Ogpu the question hardly ever arose. That is not what the investigations were about.

General Primakov, snatched from the hands of the Ogpu on the verge of a "confession," served his country three years, and on June 12, 1937, along with Marshal Tukhachevsky, and seven other ranking generals was shot for new and different reasons.

Only once in my life, in August, 1935, did I interrogate a political prisoner. He was Vladimir Dedushok, sentenced in 1932 to ten years in a concentration camp on Solovietsky Island. He had been arrested in connection with a scandal connecting our Chief of Intelligence in Vienna with the German Military Intelligence. Dedushok himself, whom I knew, was completely innocent, but our Chief was too important to be shelved at the moment, and Dedushok had been the scapegoat. Dedushok, a Ukranian, had joined the Bolsheviks during the Civil War and had served in the Intelligence Department more than ten years. In the course of my work for the Deuxieme Bureau of Soviet Intelligence in 1935, I ran into several aspects of that affair in Vienna

which were not clear. I decided that Dedushok might be able to help me clear them up. I asked Sloutski whether I could have an opportunity to question Dedushok. Sloutski said the case was in the hands of the Ogpu section then headed by Michael Gorb, and I got in touch with Gorb.

"To your good luck, Krivitsky," Gorb told me, "Dedushok is right now on his way from Solovietsky. We're bringing him to Moscow for questioning in connection with the conspiracy of the officers of the Kremlin garrison."

Some days later Gorb called me up.

"Dedushok is in the Lubianka prison," he said. "His investigator is Kedrov."

I called Kedrov and arranged to have Dedushok brought to his office at eleven o'clock that same night.

My position did not give me the right to examine prisoners. That was exclusively an Ogpu function. In exceptional cases, however, it is possible to interview a prisoner provided an Ogpu man is present. At ten o'clock that night I was in Kedrov's office, Room 994, of the Lubianka, and I explained to him what I had in mind. It might be better if I knew the circumstances surrounding Dedushok's conviction. Pointing to a dossier on his desk, Kedrov said:

"Read this and you'll know what it's all about."

The dossier was several hundred pages long, and consisted of various questionnaires, affidavits, etc., also letters of recommendation which Dedushok had received at various times. Finally I came to his cross-examination—which had not been conducted by Kedrov. After about twenty typed questions and answers of a more or less formal nature, the regular questioning broke off and the paper continued with a long story in Dedushok's own hand. I think I know what happened. The Ogpu investigator was either impatient, or, as was often the case, very tired. He told Dedushok to write

his whole story in his own words, in the presence of a guard. I read Dedushok's story and saw that, although he had signed a formal confession, he was completely innocent. Closing the dossier, I said to Kedrov:

"What kind of a case is this anyhow? A book of nearly six hundred pages which says nothing at all, and then at the end:

" 'Dedushok admits his guilt, and the investigator recommends to the Ogpu collegium that he be sent to Solovietsky Island for ten years.' The collegium, with the signature of Agranov, approves."

"Well, I looked it over too," Kedrov said, "and I can't make it out."

It was nearly midnight when Kedrov phoned the commandant in the Isolator and asked that Dedushok be sent to his office. Ten minutes later Dedushok was brought in by a guard. Tall, sharp-featured, handsome, dressed in a clean white shirt, and carefully shaven, he was surprisingly the same. The only startling change after three years was that his hair had turned completely white. He stared at Kedrov who sat behind the desk. It was a moment before he saw me sitting on the couch, but when he did, he turned frightfully pale. I said simply:

"Hello, Dedushok."

With studied calm he sat down in the chair facing Kedrov, asked for a cigarette, and said:

"What do you want of me? Why did you have me brought from Solovietsky?"

Kedrov was silent and Dedushok turned to me.

"Did the Fourth Department demand that I be brought here?"

Kedrov then spoke up. "No, not the Fourth Department. We had you brought here for an entirely different reason. But Krivitsky has several questions he wants to put to you."

The atmosphere was very tense. Dedushok kept shifting his gaze from Kedrov to me. He sat rigid, prepared to use his wits against both of us. For some reason no one of us spoke for as long as a minute. The green lamp shade gave the room an eerie half-light. Finally I broke the silence.

"Dedushok, I don't know your affair and I have no authority to interfere in it. But in looking into the case of X—— in our Intelligence Service, I came to the conclusion that you could clear up some important points. If you can recall certain details of the affair, it will be very useful. If not, we'll try to get the information elsewhere.

"Yes, I remember," he replied, relaxing a little. "I'll try to answer your questions."

"How have you been getting along, Dedushok?" I asked him.

His reply was stoical. "At first it was very hard but it's better now. I've been put in charge of a flour mill on the island. I get *Pravda* regularly, and from time to time a few books. That's how I'm getting along."

He asked me how my own affairs were progressing.

"Not badly," I replied. "We work hard and live in the Soviet manner."

For more than an hour we chatted about general matters, and when I finally came to what had brought me to the Lubianka, Kedrov said:

"You know, I'm awfully tired. I see you will be here a long time. Can't we arrange it so I can get some sleep?"

Strict rules required that Kedrov be present throughout the interview. He alone had the authority to summon the prisoner, and deliver him back to the jailer.

"Ring up Gorb," he said, "and let's see if we can fix it up."

Gorb was no stickler for form.

"All right, Krivitsky," he said. "We'll make an exception.

I'll phone the prison commandant's office and tell him that you'll sign for Dedushok's return to his cell."

When Kedrov had left, Dedushok became less guarded. Pointing to his dossier he said, very impersonally, as though the document didn't concern him at all:

"Did you read that stuff?"

I replied that I had.

"Well, what do you think of it?" he asked.

I was in a position to give him only one reply.

"You confessed, didn't you?" I said.

"Yes, I confessed."

Dedushok then asked me to send for tea and sandwiches, which I did gladly. Both of us soon forgot the purpose of my mission. He told me that he had been expecting a three or four day visit from his wife, the Ogpu's reward for good behavior, but now, in view of his recall to Moscow, he did not think he would see her. He did not linger on that subject, but turned enviously to Kedrov's bookshelves, filled with interesting English, German, French and Russian works. He picked out several books and glanced through them eagerly. I told him that I would ask Kedrov to lend him a few. At four in the morning we had still not touched the subject of the interview. Dedushok understood his own position and mine perfectly. He knew very well that I might land in his shoes any moment, and did not therefore play the martyr. The few hours with someone from the outside world were too precious to waste on complaints against fate. I promised to tell the Ogpu authorities I had not completed my questioning, and would return the following night. Just before dawn, I called the commandant's office for a guard to lead Dedushok back to his cell. As usual there was a muddle. A new commandant was in charge. He made a big fuss and we finally had to wake up Gorb.

The following night I returned, and again Kedrov left us alone. I gave Dedushok a pen and paper and asked him to write out everything he knew about the case in which I was interested. Dedushok did that in about twenty minutes. Tea and sandwiches were brought in, and again we talked until morning.

"Why did you confess?" I finally asked him, letting the question slip with studied indifference while examining a book. For a time Dedushok said nothing, pacing the room as though he were preoccupied with other thoughts. When he did speak, it was in half-finished phrases which would have meant little to an outsider, but were clear in their implications to anyone who spent twenty-four hours a day in the Soviet apparatus. Dedushok dared not speak openly on the subject any more than I did. The mere fact that I asked him the question exposed me to a risk which he might easily have exploited.

Careful as he was, I pieced together what had happened. Dedushok had not been tortured with the Third Degree. He had been told at once by his investigator that if he confessed he could expect to get off with a ten-year sentence, and knowing the ways of the Ogpu, he had judged well and accepted the offer. Although not even remotely connected with the Kremlin conspiracy about which he was summoned to Moscow, Dedushok never got back to his flour mill. He was shot. . . .

One of the boasted achievements of the Ogpu has been its "regeneration" of peasants, engineers, professors and industrial workers who, failing of enthusiasm for the Soviet system, were rounded up in millions and shipped to labor camps to learn the blessings of collectivism. These hardened enemies of Stalin's dictatorship, peasants who clung greedily to their three cows, professors who clung as avidly to non-

Marxian scientific concepts, engineers who lacked the vision to see eye-to-eye with the Five-Year Plan, workers criminal enough to grumble about low pay—all of these desperate groups, and others like them, totaling about seven million, were transported by the Ogpu into a new collective world where they did forced labor under Ogpu guards, and emerged obedient Soviet citizens.

On April 18, 1931, the Soviet Council of Labor and Defense decreed that in twenty months a canal should be in operation between the White Sea and the Baltic, a distance of about 140 miles. The Ogpu was put in complete charge of the work. It conscripted nearly half a million prisoners, and cutting down forests, blasting away rock, leveling off rapids and waterfalls, it opened the great waterway on schedule. From the deck of the steamer *Anokhin*, Stalin himself with Yagoda at his side viewed the great opening celebration.

When the canal was completed an amnesty decree liberated 12,484 of the half million "criminals" who had built the canal and shortened the sentences of 59,516 others. But the Ogpu soon discovered that the majority of those "liberated" had become so fond of working collectively on the canal, that it shipped them to another great engineering project, the Moscow-Volga Canal.

On April 30, 1937, I saw an immense photograph of Firin, the chief Ogpu canal builder, prominently displayed in the Red Square. Well, I thought to myself, there's one big man who hasn't been arrested! Two days later I ran into a colleague who had just been recalled from abroad. One of the first things he said, after recovering from the shock of finding me still at large, was: "You know, Firin is finished."

I told him that was impossible, since Firin's photograph was still on display on the most important square in Moscow.

"I tell you Firin is finished," he said. "I was at the opening of the Moscow-Volga Canal today and he wasn't there."

Late that night I received a phone call from a friend working on *Izvestia.* He told me that his office had been notified to remove from its files all photographs and biographical references to Firin, the great canal builder of the Ogpu. . . .

The Ogpu was not satisfied to limit its operations to Russia alone. Despite all the efforts of skilled propagandists, the world looked with skepticism upon the "confessions" of old Bolsheviks in the Moscow trials. Stalin and the Ogpu decided to convince the world that the Moscow spectacle was on the level by arranging similar dramas in Spain, in Czechoslovakia, and in the United States.

The trial of the leaders of the Spanish Marxist Party, POUM, in Barcelona in October, 1938, on charges of treason, espionage and attempting to murder the leaders of the Loyalist government, was prepared by the Russian Ogpu. Moscow hoped to demonstrate through this POUM trial that in Spain all radicals who oppose Stalin are "Trotskyite-Fascist plotters." But Barcelona is not Moscow. The Ogpu did its best under the circumstances, but despite all pressure the prisoners refused to say that they were spies in the service of General Franco.

I got wind of these proposed foreign trials one day in May, 1937, while in the office of Sloutski. He received a telephone call and after a long conversation with a person whose identity he did not reveal, he hung up and said:

"Yezhov and Stalin seem to think that I can arrest people in Prague as easily as in Moscow."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Krivitsky, here's the way things stand," he said. "Stalin wants a trial of Trotskyist spies in Europe. It will create a

big effect if we can put it across. The Prague police are going to arrest Grylewicz. They are friendly, but we can't manage the Czechs as we do our own people. Here in Moscow all I have to do is open the doors of the Lubianka and pull in as many as I want. But in Prague there are still some of those Czech legionnaires who fought us in 1918, and they sabotage our work."

Anton Grylewicz, a former German Communist leader and member of the Prussian Diet who later became a Trotskyist, took refuge in Czechoslovakia when Hitler came to power. His arrest in Prague, which Sloutski predicted, occurred immediately after the execution of the Red Army Generals on June 12, 1937. I learned from other sources the further evolution of this Moscow plot.

The morning of his arrest, a Czech detective confronted him with a suitcase which he had left at a friend's house many months before, and which he had not opened since October, 1936. The suitcase contained a number of radical pamphlets, some business correspondence and some other innocuous material. Nothing in it could conceivably have been regarded as in violation of Czech law—let alone as evidence of military or other espionage—nor was anything of the kind intimated by the detective that morning. But in the evening a new investigator appeared, who immediately engaged Grylewicz in conversation about the Moscow trials. After thus intimating what was on the boards, he confronted Grylewicz with three forged passports, a film negative containing a German plan dated Feb. 17, 1937, for occupation of Sudetenland, and a note in an unfamiliar handwriting. Before Grylewicz had an opportunity to examine the note, the investigator snatched it from his hand and exclaimed:

"I suppose you didn't write that?"

The note contained directions for the use of invisible ink.

All of these incriminating bits of evidence, Grylewicz was informed, had been found in his suitcase. Upon Grylewicz's insistence, regular Czech police officers were called in, and in their presence he certified which of the articles were his and which were planted. At midnight he was locked up.

On July 15, he was transferred to another prison. On July 22, he was politely examined by a Czech investigator, who intimated that the Moscow Ogpu men had it in for him, and seemed to have "solicitous friends" among the Czech police.

Grylewicz was finally released in the middle of November, after he had refuted, point by point, all the accusations against him, and proven that every scrap of incriminating evidence against him had been planted. The Ogpu failed in this attempt, whose beginnings I had stumbled upon in Moscow, to prove that the Czech Trotskyists were working with Hitler against the Prague government. Had the effort succeeded, it would have gone a long way to convince European skeptics that the "evidence" in the Moscow trials was genuine.

The Ogpu even laid plans for a "Trotskyist-Fascist" trial in New York, but until the full story of the disappearance of Juliette Stuart Poyntz, as well as the details of the Robinson-Rubens affair, have been unearthed, it will be impossible to know exactly how far the preparations went.

All that has been established indisputably is that some time between late May and early June, 1937, the period of that Grylewicz case in Prague, Juliette Stuart Poyntz, once a prominent leader of the American Communist Party, left her room in the Women's Association club house at 353 West 57th Street, New York City. Her wardrobe, books and other possessions were found in the room in a state to indicate that she expected to return the same day. She has never been heard from since.

"Donald Robinson" alias Rubens, was arrested in Moscow on December 2, 1937. His wife, an American citizen, was arrested shortly thereafter for entering Russia on a false passport. Robinson, who served many years as an officer in the Soviet Military Intelligence, both in the United States and abroad, has not been heard from since his arrest. His wife, after her recent release by the Soviet authorities, wrote a letter to her daughter in the United States in which she intimated strongly that she never expected to see her husband alive again. Mrs. Rubens, although an American citizen, has not been permitted to leave the Soviet Union.

But the clearest intimation to me that Moscow was working seriously for a spy trial of American enemies of Stalin came in a remark dropped by Sloutski a few days after his reference to Grylewicz.

He spoke to me about my one-time assistant in the Third Section, Valentine Markin, who later became chief of the Ogpu in the United States. In 1934 reports reached Markin's wife in Moscow that he had been slain in a New York night club by gangsters and that story had been passed along to me. But in May, 1937, Sloutski told me:

"You know, it turned out that your friend Valentine Markin, who was killed in New York three years ago was a Trotskyist, and filled the Ogpu service in the United States with Trotskyists."

In our circle such remarks are never dropped as bits of idle gossip, certainly not by the Chief of the Foreign Division of the Ogpu. Connected with the other preparations by Moscow of which he had spoken, the reference to "Trotskyists" in the American division of the Ogpu implied that something was being cooked up in the United States, even before the Poyntz and Robinson affairs developed. The word

"Trotskyists" is used by Soviet officials as an epithet for all opponents to Stalin.

It must be remembered that real American agents of the Ogpu are in fact engaged in espionage in the United States. Besides military espionage, they keep tabs on anti-Stalinists, especially radicals and ex-Communists, in this country. Most of the elements of a colossal frame-up in the style of the Moscow show trials were present. What Moscow apparently hoped to do was to enmesh some of its genuine American agents, together with wholly innocent anti-Stalinists who had been lured into a compromising position.

Nonetheless it seems that the Ogpu's elaborate scheme to prove that American radicals who oppose Stalin are agents of Hitler's Gestapo, by arranging a trial of "Trotskyists" in America fell flat. Nothing developed in this country, and despite the probable kidnaping of Miss Poyntz and the mysterious arrest of "Robinson," nothing has developed in the Soviet Union.

No more successful was the Ogpu's attempt to connect Rykov and Bukharin, two of the outstanding Bolshevik leaders, with the Russian Menshevik Socialist émigrés in Paris. With this end in view, the Ogpu in Spain kidnaped Mark Rein, son of Raphael Abramovitch, the exiled Menshevik leader. Rein, who left Russia as a small child, had grown up in Berlin and Paris. Unlike his father he was sympathetic to the Communists and to the Soviet Union. He went to Spain to fight in the Loyalist ranks and to work for the unification of the Socialist and Communist Parties.

When Moscow learned that Abramovitch's son was on territory which it regarded as its own, it decided that he might be useful in a show trial connecting Bukharin and Rykov with the émigré enemies of the Soviet regime. On April 9, 1937, the Ogpu spirited Mark Rein away from the

Hotel Continental in Barcelona, and he was never seen alive again. His father rushed immediately to Spain, where he spent nearly a month in a vain search for him. Not a single member of the Loyalist government was able to furnish him with a clue. Whatever the Ogpu may have done with Rein, it did not succeed in obtaining from him a confession linking his father with the Bolshevik opponents of Stalin.

That was the Ogpu's second disappointment in connection with Abramovitch. During an earlier show trial, in 1931, it was testified that Abramovitch made a secret trip to Russia to plot the overthrow of the Soviet government. No sooner had this bombshell exploded, however, than it was established beyond question that at the very moment Abramovitch was allegedly in Russia, he was in fact in Amsterdam, as one of the chief speakers at the Congress of the Labor and Socialist International. To make the fiasco complete, the European press published a photograph taken of Abramovitch in the company of numerous internationally known socialist and labor leaders during the Amsterdam Congress.

Before the embarrassing exposé of the Abramovitch affair, I chanced to talk with an assistant chief of the Ogpu. In 1931 we still spoke quite openly and called things by their proper name.

"What kind of a mess are you people getting yourself into?" I asked him. "Who will believe that Abramovitch was in Moscow?"

"I know that as well as you," he replied, "but what are we to do? The government needs a trial. It's up to us to prepare material."

At the height of the great purge, while Stalin was terrorizing all Russia, he made a speech about the loving bond that unites the Bolshevik leaders with the Russian people.

He had learned about the Greek myth of Anteos and used that for illustration. Anteos was the son of Poseidon, god of the sea, and Gaea, goddess of the earth. He felt closely attached to the mother who bore, nourished and reared him. There was no hero whom Anteos could not vanquish. "What was the secret of his strength?" asked Stalin.

"The reason was that every time in battle with an enemy he found himself in danger, he clung to the earth, his mother who bore and nourished him, and thus he gained new strength. But still he had his vulnerable spot, the danger of being somehow torn away from the earth.

"His enemies learned this weakness and surrounded him. Then there appeared a foe who took advantage of his weakness and conquered him. This was Hercules. But how did Hercules conquer him? He tore him away from the earth, lifted him into the air, deprived him of the chance to cling to the earth, and by this means he strangled him in mid-air.

"I believe that the Bolsheviks remind us of Anteos, the hero of Greek mythology. They, just like Anteos are strong in that they are attached to their mother, to the masses who bore, nurtured and reared them. And so long as they maintain the bond with their mother, with the people, they have every chance to remain invincible.

"This is the secret of the invincibility of the Bolshevik leadership."

In his solicitude to keep in touch with the people, Stalin employed a special staff of about one hundred persons, picked from the highest Soviet officials and their wives. One day they would ride in the Moscow street cars catching bits of conversation. Another day they would stand in the long queues and note whether the housewives were satisfied or were grumbling. Then they would ride in the trains to Kiev, Odessa, to the Urals. Everywhere these aristocratic onlookers

tried to maintain their bond with their mother, the masses. Stalin, as he put it, wanted them to "look into the eyes of the Russian people."

Stalin's bond with the masses was also kept fresh by a veritable army of Ogpu spies and stool pigeons, specializing in the arrest of ordinary citizens for chance remarks against the regime. This type of police rule, perfected in Russia, has been adopted by Nazi Germany also. Hitler, in his speech to the Reichstag on September 1, 1939, told his party lieutenants that during the war he would hold them responsible for the mood of the people in every province, on every block, in every house in Germany. The difference is that Stalin by 1937 had lost confidence even in his army of spies. As we have seen, he established an organization of spies to spy on spies. And he even at one point decided, according to a story that was told to all high officials, that he did not trust anybody and became his own Chekist. Growing suspicious of the actions of one of his clerks, he began to shadow him. He observed that this person was carrying on some strange operations inside the walls of his library. According to the story we received, it was found that this clerk was connected with a number of officers of the Kremlin guard leagued to assassinate not only Stalin, but the entire Political Bureau.

A high official of the Ogpu in relating this to me remarked how embarrassing it was to his organization to have been ignorant of the plot. The word went about that the "best Chekist is Stalin himself."

This alleged plot was the pretext for a wave of arrests not only within the Kremlin, but throughout the country. But this attempt on Stalin's life was, of course, never mentioned in any of the "confessions" which figured so dramatically in the Moscow show trials. Hundreds of fantastic tales were told there of plots to assassinate Stalin, but this attempt which

Stalin himself "discovered" has never been publicly mentioned.

In 1935 I had a special occasion to observe how Stalin maintains his loving bond with the masses. I was looking for a summer cottage, and my rather naïve friend Valya suggested that I go to Metishchie.

"The head of the Metishchie Ogpu is a close friend of mine. He'll help you find the right place."

We drove to Metishchie, about an hour out of Moscow, and found that the Ogpu chief had a beautiful house of about twelve rooms with spacious offices in which a large Ogpu staff was very busy. Our host was most cordial, and found me just the place I wanted.

In the evening we returned to his house for dinner. At the table he explained his importance, bragged of the excellent Ogpu machine which he had set up in Metishchie, and generally let it be understood that he was something of a minor Yagoda himself. I could not understand why this quiet summer resort required an Ogpu machine so totally out of proportion to its size.

"But why all this tremendous apparatus?" I asked. "What's it for?"

"Don't you know, Comrade Krivitsky, there is a locomotive factory in this country employing several thousand workers?"

Our host evidently expected me to say, "Oh, well, that clears it all up. Where there are workers, there's of course a job for the Ogpu." But I remained silent.

Valya, however, kept up our end of the conversation. "Of course," she said, "nowadays the workers are grumbling more than anyone else."

That was the Ogpu in 1935. But two years later with Yezhov at the helm we looked back almost wistfully at 1935.

No man in history ever did for his master what Yezhov did for Stalin.

A partial list of Yezhov's victims includes almost all the eighty members of the Soviet Council of War created in 1934; the majority of the members of Stalin's own Central Committee and his Control Commission; most of the members of the Executive Committee of the Soviets, of the Council of People's Commissars, of the Council of Labor and Defense, of the leaders of the Communist International; all the chiefs and deputy chiefs of the Ogpu; a host of ambassadors and other diplomats; the heads of all the regional and autonomous republics of the Soviet Union; 35,000 members of the officers' corps; almost the entire staff of *Pravda* and *Izvestia*; a great number of writers, musicians, and theater directors; and finally a majority of the leaders of the Young Communist League, the cream of the generation from whom the greatest loyalty to Stalin was expected.

The cumulative effect of what Yezhov accomplished during the twenty-six months that he headed the Ogpu was so ghastly, that he had to pay for his loyalty with his head. The frightfulness reached such a point that Stalin, to save himself, had to execute his executioner. For all his fawning and his real devotion to him, Yezhov had to pay the price of all eminence in Stalin's Russia. On December 8, 1938, an abrupt communiqué announced that Yezhov had been relieved of his duties as Commissar for Internal Affairs and succeeded by Lorenti Beria, Stalin's Caucasian countryman. Following the usual custom, Yezhov was nominally retained as Commissar of Water Transport, but he disappeared completely and finally.

Of all the purges initiated by Stalin the most frightful, the one that, even if it were possible for history to forget all else,

could never be erased from the horrified memory of mankind, is his purge of the children.

Early in 1935 the Ogpu presented the Political Bureau with a report on juvenile delinquency. The shootings and deportations and famines of 1932-33 had produced a fresh wave of *bezprizornii*, homeless waifs roaming the countryside. The Ogpu analyzed this vast children's tragedy and pointed out to Stalin the shocking conditions that prevailed. There was a tremendous crime wave among young children. Disease among them was widespread. Sexual depravity was almost universal. Even more shocking to Stalin, the report disclosed that many thousands of children, as an escape from their hard life, were entering religious sects.

Stalin decided to act. The Ogpu, strangely enough, had always taken a measure of pride in reforming children, and had actually succeeded in regenerating quite a handful from among the millions cast loose by the Bolshevik Revolution and the Civil War. But with this fresh crops of waifs, Stalin decided upon a new course.

On April 8, 1935, *Izvestia* published an official decree of the Soviet government, signed by President Kalinin and Premier Molotov, entitled: "Measures to Combat Crime among Minors." This decree extended the death penalty to children above the age of twelve for offenses ranging from petty larcency to treason. Armed with this terrible weapon, the Ogpu rounded up hundreds of thousands of young children and condemned them to concentration camps, to labor gangs and in many cases to execution.

It was just when these horrors were taking place that Stalin emerged from his semi-monastical isolation and began to pose before cameras as the godfather of Russia's little children. We began for the first time to see photographs of him mingling with them in their playgrounds. He was shown

escorting a twelve-year-old girl to the parade in Red Square, borrowing carfare for her from War Commissar Voroshilov. Again, he was receiving gifts from a pretty child who came from distant Turkestan, the champion cotton picker of her district, to receive the Order of Lenin and a gold watch and a kiss from the "Father of Nations." I am not speaking ironically, but stating dreadful facts.

This camouflage was employed deliberately during these most terrible months when the Ogpu was blotting out the lives of twelve-, thirteen- and fourteen-year-old children on official charges of being "traitors, spies, Trotskyists, Fascists, agents of Hitler and the Mikado."

Not until February, 1939 did the world get an inkling of this, the most frightful purge of all. By then the time had come, as it always does, to find a few scapegoats—minor Ogpu functionaries whose only crime was that they obeyed orders. The local Ogpu prosecutor in Leninsk-Kuznetsk and several of his assistants were chosen for this function. From the provincial courtroom in this village in the Urals the outside world learned that ten-year-old boys had been tortured into confessing "counter-revolutionary, Fascist, terrorist" activities. It learned that one hundred and sixty school children had been crowded into cells with common criminals, where they slept without bedding and were subjected to eight months of incessant night-time cross-examination. The torturers of these children received prison sentences of from five to ten years. But the decree of April 8, 1935 has never been repealed, and the number of its victims similarly tortured, or even more summarily disposed of, all over the country since 1935 has never been, and never can be estimated. All that is officially known from the admission of the Soviet government, is that in the town of Leninsk-Kuznetsk, which is but a pin point on the map of the Union of Soviet Socialist

Republics, one hundred and sixty school children were subjected by the Ogpu to medieval tortures under a law formulated by Stalin, while Stalin was being photographed smiling benignly among his godchildren.

Thus it is that Stalin, through his Ogpu, remains attached to his mother, the people, who bore and nurtured him.

VI. Why Did They Confess?

LENIN, the founder of the Soviet government, had warned his followers against applying the death penalty to members of the ruling Bolshevik Party. He invoked the fatal example of the French Revolution, which had devoured its own children, the Jacobins. For fifteen years the Soviet power maintained inviolate this exhortation of Lenin. Bolshevist heretics were subject to expulsion from the party, to imprisonment, to exile, to loss of job or livelihood. But the unwritten law was that no party member could be put to death for political offenses.

In the spring of 1931 at a special meeting of the supreme Political Bureau, Stalin came out in favor of capital punishment for Bolshevik party members. The meeting had been called to consider the case of a new opposition group formed by one of the leaders of the Moscow party machine, Riutin.

By this time the consequences of Stalin's drive to collectivize the peasants had begun to assume the aspects of a national catastrophe. Hunger was stalking the most productive areas of the land. There were peasant uprisings. There was disaffection in the army. Economic disaster stared the nation in the face. Stalin's party machine was beginning to crack. More and more, new Bolshevik opposition groups raised their heads and voices, reflecting the unrest. They clamored for a change of policy and of the leadership in the Kremlin.

The Riutin group was arrested by the Ogpu and the inner circle in Moscow was buzzing with the case. The secretary of the party unit in the Military Intelligence Department, to which I belonged, asked me to attend a secret meeting at which our chief, General Berzin, was to report on the Riutin affair. The secretary informed me that not all the members of the unit were invited to this meeting, as the matter was exceptionally confidential.

Berzin read to us excerpts from Riutin's clandestine program, in which Stalin was described as the "great agent provocateur, the destroyer of the party," and as "the gravedigger of the revolution and of Russia." The Riutin group undertook to fight for the overthrow of Stalin as the leader of the party and the government.

This was the occasion for Stalin's attempt to reverse Lenin's policy of exempting Bolsheviks from the death penalty. Stalin wanted to deal summarily with Riutin and his adherents. Only one member of the Politbureau mustered enough courage to oppose Stalin on this crucial question. Everybody on the inside understood that that one man was Sergei Kirov, the secretary of the Leningrad party machine. As boss of the former capital, Kirov held a commanding position. He was supported, of course, by Bukharin and other oppositionists who still had influence. And Stalin yielded this time. Riutin and his associates were jailed and exiled, but not shot.

For the next five years Stalin managed by such means to maintain his power. But during those years discontent and rebellion in the country were spreading like wildfire. Bewildered and enraged by his campaign for "complete collectivization," the peasants were fighting the Ogpu troops with arms in their hands. In this struggle whole provinces were laid waste, millions of peasants were deported, hundreds of thousands were conscripted to forced labor. Only the noise

of party propaganda drowned the shots of the firing squads. The misery and hunger of the masses were so great that their resentment against Stalin infected the rank and file of the party. By the end of 1933, Stalin was compelled to institute a "cleansing" of the party. During the next two years, approximately a million Bolshevik oppositionists were expelled. But that did not solve the problem, for these oppositionists were still at large, and they had the sympathy of the masses of the population. Given leaders and a program, they could, at this time, have overthrown Stalin. There were no such leaders except among the Bolshevik Old Guard, the colleagues of Lenin, whom Stalin had been breaking down for years by compelling them to capitulate, "confess their mistakes," and acknowledge him as the "infallible leader." Notwithstanding these capitulations, which had been repeated until nobody believed in them, and notwithstanding their own reluctance, these old Bolsheviks became, almost against their will, the spokesmen and figureheads, even if not the leaders, of this inchoate opposition from outside the party. Stalin could not be certain that these forces, former party members who knew the workings of the machine, might not coalesce in the near future. Capitulations were no good any longer. Stalin realized that other means must be found. He must find a way not only to destroy the authority of the Old Guard, but to stop the activities of all the key men in this menacing opposition.

Just in the nick of time occurred Hitler's blood purge of the night of June 30, 1934. Stalin was profoundly impressed by the manner in which Hitler exterminated his opposition, and studied minutely every secret report from our agents in Germany relating to the events of that night.

On December 1, 1934, Sergei Kirov was assassinated in Leningrad under mysterious circumstances. That very day

Stalin promulgated an extraordinary decree which modified the penal law, making all cases of political assassination subject to trial within ten days by military tribunals, in secret, without counsel, to be followed by immediate execution, and denying to the President of the Soviet Union the power of pardon.

Hitler had shown the way, and the death of Kirov, the man who had stood in the way of Stalin's introducing the death penalty for Bolsheviks, opened the door for Stalin's great purge. The murder of Kirov was a turning point in Stalin's career. It ushered in the era of public and secret trials of the Bolshevist Old Guard, the era of the confessions. There is hardly another instance in the history of the world where the assassination of one high functionary led to such a massacre as followed Kirov's death.

The mystery surrounding that assassination dated from the previous October when a young Communist by the name of Leonid Nikolaiev had been arrested in Leningrad by Kirov's guards on account of his suspicious behavior. They found a revolver and a diary in the prisoner's brief case. When he was brought before the deputy chief of the Leningrad Ogpu, Zaporozhets, the prisoner was set free. Zaporozhets made a special trip to Moscow to report this unusual procedure to Yagoda, then head of the Ogpu.

Two months later, on December first, the same Nikolaiev shot and killed Kirov. That night Stalin himself left for Leningrad to take personal charge of the investigation. He examined Nikolaiev and several of the assassin's associates, Communist youths who had been arrested also. Nothing like this had ever happened in the history of the Soviet Union.

That same evening the chief of the Ogpu, Yagoda, also left Moscow for Leningrad to take over the investigation in his line of duty. There had already been rumors of a cool-

ness between Stalin and Yagoda, but that night marked the beginning of the open break between them. Stalin endeavored in every way to keep Yagoda from questioning the assassin and his associates.

A mysterious accident befell Yagoda while Stalin was still in Leningrad. While being driven in his automobile at night, bound for a suburb where he expected to interrogate some suspects connected with the Kirov affair, a truck crashed in a suspicious manner into Yagoda's car. The chief of the Ogpu had the narrowest of escapes, but came out alive from the wreck. In the Ogpu circles in Moscow there was a lot of talk about the "accident."

Very early in the investigation a suspicion arose that Nikolaiev had committed the crime with the direct complicity of the Leningrad Ogpu. The investigation, however, made no effort to clarify this question. Stalin did not give orders for a ruthless examination of the Leningrad Ogpu, who two months before had released this man when arrested with a revolver. Twelve of the higher Ogpu officials, including the chief Medved, were arrested for negligence and given prison sentences varying from two to ten years, but this was not serious. Medved received a sentence of three years. That was in the spring of 1935. A little over two years later I saw Medved in Moscow enjoying full freedom. Both he and his aide, Zaporozhets, had been released by Stalin before the expiration of their terms.

Still, there has never been any explanation of the mystery of Nikolaiev. At the last of the great "treason trials," staged in March, 1938, in which Yagoda figured as one of the main "confessors," the matter of Nikolaiev's first arrest and inexplicable release was brought out in open court. But Prosecutor Vyshinsky cut Yagoda short every time the latter tried to discuss it. "It was not like that," Yagoda observed

several times when Vyshinsky purported to quote from the secret confession of Yagoda himself. No reference was made to Stalin's part in the investigation. No explanation has ever been given why Stalin was satisfied with the strange action of Medved and Zaporozhets in releasing Nikolaiev when seized with a revolver and a political diary.

Nikolaiev's diary was obviously a central factor in the Kirov affair. It was referred to again and again in the Soviet press when Nikolaiev and sixteen of his comrades, all members of the Communist Youth, were executed after a secret trial. It was alluded to on numerous other occasions. But no word of it has ever reached the public.

In the inner circle of the Ogpu, the atmosphere surrounding the Kirov affair was one of special mystery and gloom. Even the most intimate comrades at the Lubianka headquarters avoided discussing the subject. One day I put the matter up directly to Sloutski, chief of the Foreign Division of the Ogpu, and asked him whether in his opinion the Leningrad secret police were implicated in the assassination of Kirov. He replied:

"This case is so shady, you understand, that in general it is best not to pry into it. Just keep as far away from it as you can."

The Kirov case proved as useful to Stalin as the Reichstag fire had to Hitler. Both marked the onset of tidal waves of terror. It is not so easy to solve the riddle, "Who killed Kirov?" as to answer the question, "Who set the Reichstag on fire?" Besides Stalin, there are probably no more than three or four people alive who could solve the Kirov murder mystery. One of them is Yezhov, the successor of Yagoda and organizer of the great purge, who himself disappeared from the scene early in 1939. Stalin eventually may become the sole guardian of all the facts in the Kirov affair.

One fact is indisputable: the Kirov assassination gave Stalin his wished-for opportunity to introduce the death penalty for Bolsheviks. Instead of investigating the real mystery in the shooting of Kirov, Stalin made Kirov's death a pretext for arresting the most eminent leaders of the Bolshevik Old Guard, beginning with Kamenev and Zinoviev, and for introducing the death penalty for Bolsheviks. He could now begin on the systematic extermination of all who, sharing with him the mantle of Lenin and the traditions of the October revolution, provided a standard around which the discontented and rebellious masses might rally.

I should say that, at this time, not only the immense mass of the peasants but the majority of the army, including its best generals, a majority of the commissars, 90 per cent of the directors of factories, 90 per cent of the party machine, were in more or less extreme degree opposed to Stalin's dictatorship. It was not a matter of coughing up a little poison. The entire Soviet structure had to be overhauled. How to do it? Discredit, besmirch, brand with treason and shoot the Bolshevik Old Guard, and make wholesale arrests of their followers. Call them "Trotskyists, Bukharinists, Zinovievists, saboteurs, wreckers, diversionists, German agents, Japanese agents, British agents." Call them what you will, but arrest as participants in a gigantic treason plot every key man in the opposition to Stalin's one-man rule—described by its defenders as the "party line." That was what had to be done, and Stalin had now an established method for doing it—the method of show trials with their well-rehearsed confessions. He had staged many such trials before, and the world had wondered at them—but never before with Bolshevik leaders as the actors and victims.

The Western world never quite realized that Soviet show trials were no trials at all, and were nothing but weapons of

political warfare. No one in the inner Soviet circle, since the advent of Stalin, has regarded a show trial with its dramatic confessions as anything but a political device, or thought of it as having any relation whatsoever to the administration of justice. Whenever the Bolshevik political machine faced a crisis, it offered the people a batch of scapegoats at a show trial. These trials had no more to do with justice than with mercy.

True enough, there were those in the Soviet government who cautioned Stalin against staging show trials of the Bolshevik Old Guard—not only because of the effect on the country, but because they might alienate the pro-Soviet forces abroad. Stalin insisted that the country would stand for it, and contemptuously dismissed the latter objection with the remark: "Europe will swallow it all!"

But Stalin did not go about his purge the way Hitler had. Hitler faced an organized and challenging opposition, and struck with lightning speed. Stalin had no such opposition; he was facing a profound and general mood of rebellion. His task was to cut down all potential leaders of any possible movement to unseat him. For that reason Stalin took his time. He moved toward his goal inch by inch, making sure at each step that he had armed forces to rely upon.

Stalin did not trust the old Ogpu, nor did he trust the old leadership of the Red Army. With the aid of Yezhov, who as head of the party's Bureau of Appointments, dispensed all patronage from the Central Committee, Stalin built another Ogpu machine, especially for himself, a kind of super-terrorist legion. When Yezhov was finally ordered by Stalin to take command of the regular police forces of the country, he shot all except one of the veteran chiefs in the Ogpu, and installed this new legion.

The exception was Mikhail Frinovsky, long a special pet

of Stalin's, and commander-in-chief of the army of the Ogpu. This independent army, not directly under the control of the Red Army, together with the secret police itself, were the two armed forces upon which Stalin relied in his action against the Old Guard. He did not act until he had completed, through Yezhov and Frinovsky, the preparation of these two indispensable weapons.

When these preparations were made, with the Kirov assassination and the new treason law behind him, Stalin entered upon his task of exterminating the Bolshevik Old Guard, and therewith crushing the opposition to his rule in every corner of the land. Whole batches of political prisoners had already been executed as implicated in the murder of Kirov. Tens of thousands of Communist Youth had been deported and impressed into penal labor brigades. This wholesale retribution exacted by Stalin for the death of Kirov did not prevent him from using the same crime over and over again in his indictments of the Old Guard. In all, some two hundred people have been shot for the murder of Kirov. This crime figured most prominently in the three spectacular show trials for "treason" which opened in August, 1936. That these trials had nothing to do with the normal processes of justice, appears from the fact that none of the evidence from the secret trial of the Kirov assassins was produced in court. For the same reason the Bolshevik leaders in all the three "treason trials" renounced the right of counsel. And that is also the reason why it did not matter to Stalin that the "confessions" made by the victims were often in blatant contradiction to known facts. For instance, some of those who confessed to the plotting of Kirov's death *had been in solitary confinement for several years before his assassination.*

How were the confessions obtained? Nothing has so tantalized the Western mind as this question. A bewildered

world watched the builders of the Soviet government flagellate themselves for crimes which they never could have committed, and which have been proved to be fantastic lies. Ever since, the riddle of the confessions has puzzled the Western world. But the confessions never presented a riddle to those of us who had been on the inside of the Stalin machine.

Although several factors contributed to bringing the men to the point of making these confessions, they made them at the last in the sincere conviction that this was their sole remaining service to the party and the revolution. They sacrificed honor as well as life to defend the hated regime of Stalin, because it contained the last faint gleam of hope for that better world to which they had consecrated themselves in early youth. Stalin still used the magic words, *Socialist, proletarian, revolutionary,* and by some hook or crook socialism might still emerge out of his bloody and monstrous tyranny.

If it seems surprising that idealistic men who hated a leader and opposed his policies, could be brought to such a condition, it is because you do not realize what can be done to a man once he falls into the skilled hands of the "examiners" of the Ogpu.

In May, 1937, at the crest of the great purge, I had occasion to talk with one of these examining prosecutors, the young Kedrov, then engaged in the extortion of confessions. The conversation was on Nazi police methods, and it soon turned to the fate of the Nobel prize winner for peace, the renowned German pacifist, Carl von Ossietzky, then a captive of Hitler's, who died in 1938. Kedrov spoke up in a manner which brooked no contradiction:

"Ossietzky may have been a good man before his arrest,

but this Gestapo has him in its vise, and he is now one of their agents."

I attempted to argue with Kedrov, and tried to explain to him the nature and qualities of the man under discussion. Kedrov brushed aside my arguments:

"You don't know what can be made of a human being when you have him completely in your hands. We've had dealings here with all kinds, even with the most dauntless of men, and nevertheless we broke them down and made what we wanted of them!"

The real wonder is that, despite their broken condition and the monstrous forms of pressure exerted by the Ogpu on Stalin's political opponents, so few did confess. For every *one* of the fifty-four prisoners who figured in the three "treason trials," at least *one hundred* were shot without being broken down.

Altogether there were six batches of major Bolshevik leaders executed by Stalin; only three of these batches could be hammered into self-accusing exhibitors at show trials. The three other groups were "tried in secret"—according to the official announcements. But these announcements gave no word of the indictments or of the records of the alleged trials.

The personal factors which reduced these Old Bolsheviks to such a condition of bewilderment and despair that they could be persuaded it was their duty to make false confessions are four in number. And all these four factors probably had their effect on each one of the victims, although in varying proportions.

First in importance was the operation of the Ogpu mill of physical and mental torture, which in their already demoralized condition they were not able to endure. This Third Degree, improved by Stalin on the model of the latest

American methods of mass production, had actually become known among us as the "conveyor system" of examining prisoners. This system put the victim through a chain of questioners ranging from coarse novices to skilled craftsmen in the art of securing confessions.

A second element which entered into the production of the confessions was drawn from Stalin's secret cabinet. Here were gathered reports from his private espionage service covering the public and personal, the political and domestic doings of all the leading figures over a period of many years. This cabinet became an arsenal of compromising and blackmailing evidence, true *and* false, against all possible opponents of Stalin's rule.

A third element in the preparation of the show trials was of the conventional frame-up variety. *Agents provocateurs*, equipped with ready-made confessions of alleged conspiracies, were introduced into the prisons for the sordid role of implicating their more conspicuous fellow-actors. These played the parts of incriminating "witnesses" and "accomplices" against the chief men marked by Stalin, making them realize that any attempt to defend themselves would be hopeless.

The fourth and by no means least important factor in producing the confessions came from deals negotiated between Stalin and certain of his pivotal prisoners. It may seem surprising to the Western mind that there should be barters in human lives between a lord high executioner and his trapped victims. We of the inner Bolshevik circle always took such negotiations as a matter of course. Certain of the family, the friends, even the less conspicuous political followers, of the victims would be spared, if they would through their "confessions" help to implicate the key men, and make a general clean-up possible.

Before describing what we called the "conveyor system" for securing confessions, I want to say something about the second factor mentioned above—Stalin's method of terrorizing his political opponents and reducing them to despair through his network of super-espionage. This network had even infiltrated the headquarters of the Ogpu and the General Staff of the Red Army. The Stalin spies spied upon everybody. Thus, more than five years before the arrests and executions of the top-ranking generals of the Red Army, and long before the rise of Hitler, one of Stalin's "boys" suddenly appeared at the headquarters of the War Department to take charge of the Intelligence Service. His mission was to spy first of all on War Commissar Voroshilov. For several months he opened daily the mail of Voroshilov, a member of the supreme Politbureau, and had a selection of it photostated for Stalin's private files.

The agents of Stalin's secret cabinet spied upon the former opposition leaders, whether these were in jail or still in high office. They were gathering "evidence" for all eventualities. The entire Bolshevik Old Guard was constantly watched by a veritable army of informers and stool pigeons. An indiscreet remark was sufficient to make a case of heresy against the speaker. A spell of silence at the wrong occasion when, for instance, everybody was offering praise to Stalin, was enough to justify suspicions of disloyalty.

The crushing effect of this hounding was brought home to me in the case of Alexei Rykov, one of the leading figures in the third show trial. I saw him under circumstances which left no doubt as to his doom. In November, 1932, I was at the Caucasian watering resort of Kislovodsk, stopping at the sanatorium "Desiatiletie Oktiabria," reserved for high party and government officials. Rykov was in Kislovodsk with his wife, living apart in a bungalow.

Lenin's successor as president of the Council of Commissars, Rykov was one of the founders of the Bolshevik Party and one of the fathers of the Soviet Revolution. He was the first president, under Lenin and Trotsky, of the Supreme Economic Council of the Soviet Union. As an opponent of Stalin's collectivization drive, he had been reduced in rank. When I met him, however, he was still a member of the Cabinet, holding the office of Commissar of Posts and Communications. What is more important, he was still officially listed as a member of our highest legislative body, the Central Committee of the Bolshevik Party.

I often saw Rykov while taking walks. When he was not with his wife, he was alone. None of the party and government officials would be seen in his company. Often there would be a waiting line in front of the baths in our sanatorium. It was customary for the younger men to turn over their places to the senior leaders. This was never done for Rykov. Yet nominally he held the highest rank of any of the guests at Kislovodsk at that time. No one spoke to him while he waited for his bath. Everybody tried to keep as far away from him as possible. In the inner party circles, Rykov was already a political corpse.

Came the Soviet anniversary date of November seventh. A festival was arranged for that evening at the hall of the sanatorium. There were speeches hailing Stalin as the "leader of nations," the "genius of geniuses of the workers of the world." There was plenty of drinking. The atmosphere became quite gay by midnight. Suddenly one of the comrades at my table exclaimed sneeringly:

"Look, there's Rykov!"

Carelessly dressed as usual, Rykov entered shyly, a forced smile on his handsome face. His clothes were baggy, his

necktie awry, his hair disheveled; his large dark eyes looked at the gay crowd as if through a mist. It was as though a ghost had suddenly appeared, a ghost from the heroic period of the revolution which was being commemorated in this hall. But it was a living ghost.

The sneer of my neighbor was soon taken up by others. The festive bureaucrats loudly exchanged mocking remarks at the expense of Rykov. No one invited him to sit down at a table. The master of ceremonies, dashing from one table to another, paid no attention to Rykov. After a while a few of the 100 per cent Stalinists came up to him and began to rib him. One of these was the "boss" of the party machine in the Donetz coal basin. He bragged of the coal production figures in his region, and threw it up to Rykov:

"See, we are doing things. We are building socialism. How long will you and your kind continue to stir up trouble in the party?"

Rykov failed to find the proper answer to this stereotyped line from the Kremlin. He said something noncommittal, and tried to lead the conversation on to another subject. It was clear that he was seeking to find a point of contact, to strike some note of understanding between him and the gathering. I joined the little group around him. There were many in the hall who would have liked to have a good talk with Rykov, but dared not. That would have marked one as an Oppositionist, an enemy of Stalin. The conversation did not catch on. Rykov, who had been leaning against the wall, was offered neither a chair nor a drink. He departed as he came, alone. He continued to hover in the shadows for several years until Stalin needed his blood. Then he came into the limelight with an obviously impossible "confession."

I can speak of the factor of physical torture from a first-hand report. I knew personally one prisoner who was kept

standing during his examinations, with brief interruptions, for a total of fifty-five hours under glaring and blinding lights. This was perhaps the commonest form of the third degree.

I had occasion to discuss with a high official of the Ogpu the rumors current abroad that peculiar forms of torture were being secretly used to extort confessions. He remarked to me, after dismissing the reports as fantastic:

"Wouldn't you confess if you were kept standing on one foot for ten hours at a stretch?"

This method was practiced upon Bela Kun, the head of the short-lived Soviet republic of Hungary, who had sought refuge in Russia and become one of the leaders of the Comintern. This internationally known revolutionary figure was arrested by Stalin in May, 1937, as a "Gestapo spy."

Bela Kun was lodged in the Butirky Prison in Moscow, as there was no available space at the Lubianka headquarters of the Ogpu. He shared a cell with 140 other prisoners, among them such outstanding leaders as Muklevitch, the commander of the naval forces of the Soviet Union. Bela Kun, when taken out for examination, would be kept away from the cell for longer periods than any other prisoner. He was given the "standing" test for periods ranging from ten to twenty hours, until he collapsed. When brought back to the cell, his legs would be so swollen that he could not stand. After every examination, his condition grew worse. His face upon his return to the cell would be so black that the other inmates had difficulty in recognizing him. The keepers treated Bela Kun with special brutality.

The cell in itself was a torture chamber. It had two tiers of boards, one above the other, on which the prisoners lay or slept. The space was so overcrowded that the men could not stretch out; they all had to sleep on their sides with their legs doubled up, one body close to the other. Otherwise all

the prisoners could not be accommodated. The *starosta* or prisoners' monitor of the cell, had to give orders to the entire group on a tier to change positions whenever one of the men had to turn over or get up. There was no room in the cell for walking.

Bela Kun did not confess. Neither did Muklevitch. Nor did Knorin, another of the inmates, formerly a member of the Central Committee of the Bolshevik Party, although the latter was made to stand for twenty hours at a time.

This form of torture was part of the first stage of the "conveyor system" of examination. In charge of this stage were young, rough and ignorant examining prosecutors. These were the Yezhov boys. They would begin their examination with a blunt command to the prisoner, after he was told to stand under the lights:

"Confess that you are a spy!"

"But it's not true."

"We know it's true. We have the evidence. Confess, you so-and-so!" There would follow a shower of curses, obscene vituperation, and threats. When the prisoner held his ground, the examiner would lie down on his couch, and leave the prisoner standing for hours. When the examiner had to leave the office, the prisoner was watched by a guard who saw to it that he should not sit down or lean against a wall or table or chair.

Whenever the "standing" punishment failed to break down the marked victim, the case would be transferred to a senior and more adroit examiner who employed refined methods. Here there was no toying with loaded guns, no insults, no lights, no physical pressure. Quite the opposite, everything would be done to make the prisoner feel that the first stage had all been a mistake, an unfortunate experience. An atmosphere of ease and informality would be introduced. The

examination of Mrachkovsky was characteristic of this stage in the "conveyor system." The record of this examination is perhaps the only document of its kind available outside of the Soviet Union.

Mrachkovsky had been a member of the Bolshevik Party since 1905. He was the son of a revolutionist exiled to Siberia by the Czar. He himself had been arrested many times by the Czarist police. During the civil war, after the Soviet Revolution, Mrachkovsky organized in the Urals a volunteer corps which performed wonderful feats in defeating the counter-revolutionary armies of Admiral Kolchak. He acquired the reputation of an almost legendary hero in the period of Lenin and Trotsky.

By June, 1935, all the preparations for the first show trial had been completed. The confessions of fourteen prisoners had been secured. The leading characters, Zinoviev and Kamenev, had been cast for their roles and had rehearsed their lines. But there were two men in this batch of marked victims who had failed to come across with their confessions. One of these was Mrachkovsky. The other was his colleague Ivan N. Smirnov, a founder of the Bolshevik Party, leader of the Fifth Army during the civil war.

Stalin did not want to proceed to the trial without these two men. They had been grilled for months, they had been subjected to all the physical third degree practices of the Ogpu, but still refused to sign confessions. The chief of the Ogpu suddenly called upon my comrade, Sloutski, to take over the interrogation of Mrachkovsky, and to "break down" this man—for whom Sloutski had, as it chanced, a profound respect. Both of us wept when Sloutski told me of his experience as an inquisitor.

"I began the examination cleanly shaven," he said. "When I had finished it, I had grown a beard. The examination

lasted ninety hours. Every couple of hours there would be a telephone call from Stalin's office. His secretary's voice would inquire pitilessly: 'Well, have you broken him down?' "

"You don't mean to say that you remained in your office without leaving it during all that time?" I asked.

"No, after the first ten hours I went out for a short spell, but my secretary substituted for me. During the ninety hours of our examination Mrachkovsky was not left alone for a single minute. He was accompanied by a guard even when he went to the lavatory.

"When he was first led into my office, I saw that he limped heavily from the effects of a leg wound he had received in the civil war. I offered him a chair. He sat down. I opened the examination with the words: 'You see, Comrade Mrachkovsky, I have received orders to question you.' "

Mrachkovsky replied: "I have nothing to say. In general I do not want to enter into any conversations with you. Your kind are much worse than any gendarmes of the Czar. Suppose you tell me what right you have to question me. Where were you in the revolution? Somehow I do not recall ever hearing of you in the days of the revolutionary war."

Mrachkovsky caught sight of two Orders of the Red Banner which Sloutski was wearing, and continued:

"I never saw your type at the front. As for those decorations, you must have stolen them!"

Sloutski kept silent. He gave his prisoner an opportunity to pour out his bitterness. Mrachkovsky went on:

"You have addressed me as Comrade. Only yesterday I was examined by another one of your stripe. He used different methods. He called me a reptile and a counter-revolutionist. He tried rough stuff on me. Yet I was born in a Czarist prison. My father died in exile in Siberia. My mother

there, too. I joined the revolutionary movement and the Bolshevik Party when I was almost a child."

At this point Mrachkovsky rose, and with one swift motion removed his shirt and exposed the scars of the wounds he had received in battles for the Soviet regime.

"Here are *my* decorations!" he exclaimed.

Sloutski continued his silence. He had tea brought in, and offered the prisoner a glass and some cigarettes. Mrachkovsky seized the glass and the ashtray which was put before him, threw them on the floor, and shouted:

"So you want to bribe me? You can tell Stalin that I loathe him. He is a traitor. They took me to Molotov [the Soviet Premier] who also wanted to bribe me. I spat in his face."

Sloutski finally spoke up:

"No, Comrade Mrachkovsky, I did not steal the Orders of the Red Banner. I received them in the Red Army, on the Tashkent front, where I fought under your command. I never considered you a reptile and do not regard you as one even now. But you have opposed and fought against the party? Of course you have. Well, the party has now commanded me to question you. And as for those wounds, look at this." And Sloutski bared part of his body, exhibiting his own war scars.

"These, too, came from the civil war," he added. Mrachkovsky listened, pondered, and then said:

"I don't believe you. Prove it to me."

Sloutski ordered that his official biographical sketch be brought from the files of the Ogpu. He gave it to Mrachkovsky to read. Then he said:

"I was connected with the revolutionary tribunal after the civil war. Later the party switched me to the Ogpu administration. I am now only doing my assignment, carrying out

orders. If the party orders me to die, I shall go to my death." (Sloutski did exactly that when, eighteen months later, it was announced that he had committed suicide.)

"No, you have degenerated into a police hound, into a regular Okhrana agent," broke in Mrachkovsky. Then he stopped, hesitated, and continued: "And yet, apparently, all of the soul has not yet gone out of you."

For the first time Sloutski felt that some spark of understanding had been generated between him and Mrachkovsky. He began to talk about the internal and international situations of the Soviet government, of the perils from within and without, of the enemies within the party undermining the Soviet power, of the need to save the party at all costs as the only savior of the revolution.

"I told him," Sloutski reported to me, "that I was personally convinced that he, Mrachkovsky, was not a counter-revolutionist. I took from my desk the confessions of his imprisoned comrades, and showed them to him as evidence of how low they had fallen in their opposition to the Soviet system.

"For three full days and nights we talked and argued. During all this time Mrachkovsky did not sleep a wink. Altogether I snatched about three to four hours of sleep during this whole period of my wrestling with him."

Mrachkovsky told Sloutski that he had been taken out of prison twice to see Stalin. The first time he was brought to the Kremlin he ran into Premier Molotov in Stalin's reception room. Molotov offered Mrachkovsky this piece of advice:

"You are going to see *him*. Be frank with him, my dear Sergei. Hide nothing. Otherwise you will end before the firing squad."

Stalin kept Mrachkovsky the greater part of the night,

urging his prisoner to disavow all opposition views. Stalin argued that the country was full of disrupting elements which threatened the life of the Bolshevist dictatorship. It was necessary for all the party leaders to show the country that there was only one course open, the course of Stalin. Mrachkovsky did not yield, and was taken back to his cell.

The second time Mrachkovsky was taken to the Kremlin, Stalin held out inducements to him if he would toe the line.

"If you cooperate to the limit," Stalin promised, "I will send you to the Urals to take charge of our industry there. You will become a director. You will be doing big things, yet."

Mrachkovsky again refused to do Stalin's bidding. It was then that Sloutski was given the task of breaking him down in preparation for a show trial.

There followed days and nights of argument which brought Mrachkovsky to the realization that nobody else but Stalin could guide the Bolshevik Party. Mrachkovsky was a firm believer in the one-party system of government, and he had to admit that there was no Bolshevik group strong enough to reform the party machine from within, or to overthrow Stalin's leadership. True, there was deep discontent in the country, but to deal with it outside of the Bolshevist ranks would mean the end of the proletarian dictatorship to which Mrachkovsky was loyal.

Both the prosecuting examiner and his prisoner agreed that all Bolsheviks must submit their will and their ideas to the will and ideas of the party. They agreed that one had to remain within the party even unto death, or dishonor, or death with dishonor, if it became necessary for the sake of consolidating the Soviet power. It was for the party to show the confessors consideration for their acts of self-sacrifice, if it chose.

"I brought him to the point where he began to weep," Sloutski reported to me. "I wept with him when we arrived at the conclusion that all was lost, that there was nothing left in the way of hope or faith, that the only thing to do was to make a desperate effort to forestall a futile struggle on the part of the discontented masses. For this the government must have public 'confessions' by the opposition leaders."

Mrachkovsky asked that he be allowed to have an audience with Ivan Smirnov, his intimate colleague. Sloutski had Smirnov brought from his cell, and the meeting of the two men took place in his office. Let Sloutski describe it:

"It was a painfully disturbing scene. The two heroes of the revolution fell on each other's necks. They cried. Mrachkovsky said to Smirnov: 'Ivan Nikitich, let us give them what they want. It has to be done.' Smirnov disagreed, and answered: 'I have nothing to confess to. I never fought against the Soviet power. I never fought against the party. I was never a terrorist. And I never tried to murder anyone.' "

Mrachkovsky attempted to persuade Smirnov, but the latter would not yield. All the while the two men kept embracing each other and weeping. Finally Smirnov was led away.

"Mrachkovsky once more became recalcitrant and irritable," said Sloutski. "He began to curse Stalin again as a traitor. But by the end of the fourth day, he signed the whole confession made by him at the public trial.

"I went home. For a whole week I was unfit for any work. I was unfit to live."

It remains to be added here that after Mrachkovsky had turned in his confession to the Ogpu, it broke the resistance of Ivan Smirnov who followed in the footsteps of his comrade. Yet Smirnov in the first public trial did make several

attempts to repudiate his confession. He was cut short each time by the prosecutor.

When these methods failed to break down a prisoner—or "split" him, to use the term commonly employed in the Ogpu—resort would frequently be made to a personal interview with Stalin, in which some bargain would be struck. I know that Kamenev and Zinoviev, Lenin's closest collaborators, had such audiences with Stalin some months before they were put on trial. Zinoviev bowed to Stalin's demand. As a member of his family later put it, two reasons guided Zinoviev in agreeing to the confession: "First, there was no other way out politically; second, he hoped to save his family from persecution." Kamenev, too, feared reprisals on his wife and three children, as his plea in court revealed. It is an established practice of Stalin's to punish the family of a man accused of a political crime. Indeed they are held guilty according to the present Soviet criminal code.

Karl Radek, one of the leading figures in the second show trial, refused to answer the young examiner, Kedrov, assigned to put him through the "conveyor system." When Kedrov failed by his insults to get anywhere with his prisoner, a brilliant publicist, they took him to Stalin. When he returned from the Kremlin, Radek was in an altogether different mood. He and Stalin had reached an understanding. Radek knew what the "big boss" wanted. It was the prisoner who now took over the job of drafting his own confession.

"You can go to sleep, Kedrov. I'll do the rest."

And from then on Radek conducted the investigation against himself.

A light is shed on the "confessions" made by three of Stalin's most eminent victims by the parts they played at a meeting in the Kremlin just one year before. The occasion

was a plenary session of the Central Committee of the Communist Party, numbering seventy members. The purge was then reaching its peak. The country was demoralized. The government was in a state of paralysis. No one knew what the "big boss" was thinking. Not even Stalin's own lieutenants were sure that their heads would still be on their shoulders tomorrow.

The seventy high functionaries, haunted by fear and suspicion, assembled in the great hall of the Kremlin. They were ready, at Stalin's order, to fall upon one another to show their loyalty to the master. The three characters in this historic drama were Yagoda, Bukharin and Rykov. The deposed chief of the Ogpu, Yagoda, hailed so long as the "avenging sword of the revolution," was still a free man then. He was Rykov's successor as Commissar of Posts and Communications. He knew, however—everybody knew—that he was a doomed man.

Stalin spoke. He laid down the policy to be followed. The purge had not gone far enough. Heresy and treason had not been sufficiently rooted out. More trials were needed. More victims had to be found. There would be advancement for those who caught the hint. Fear and cunning was written on the faces of the seventy men. Who amongst them will win in the scramble for the master's favor, the scramble for life?

Yagoda listened silently. Many a hateful eye turned upon him, inspired by Stalin's squinting and malicious look. Soon a stream of questions and accusations was poured upon Yagoda from all over the hall. Why did he coddle the Trotskyite reptiles? Why did he harbor traitors on his staff? One tongue vied with another in lashing out at Yagoda's political corpse. All wanted to be heard by Stalin, so as to convince him of their devotion and perhaps escape his fearful vengeance.

Suddenly, with a sepulchral calm, Yagoda turned his head in the direction of the pack attacking him. He spoke but a few words, quietly, as if saying them to himself:

"What a pity that I didn't arrest all of you before, when I had the power."

That was all Yagoda said. A hurricane of mocking words swept the hall. The seventy howling party chieftains knew that Yagoda might have had their confessions, had he arrested them six months earlier. Yagoda resumed his mask.

Two prisoners were led into the hall by uniformed Ogpu agents. One of them was Nikolai Bukharin, former president of the Communist International. The other was Alexei Rykov, Lenin's successor as Soviet Premier. Shabbily dressed, wan and exhausted, they took their seats among the well-clothed and well-fed Stalinist henchmen, who edged away from them in confusion and astonishment.

Stalin had staged this appearance before the Central Committee to prove his "democratic" treatment of these two great figures in Soviet history, these founders of the Bolshevik Party. But the meeting was now in Stalin's complete control. Bukharin rose to speak. In a broken voice he assured his comrades that he had never taken part in a conspiracy against Stalin or the Soviet government. Resolutely he repudiated the very suspicion of such acts on his part. He wept. He pleaded. It was clear that he and Rykov had hoped to arouse a spark of the old comradeship in the Central Committee of the party which they had helped to create. But the comrades remained prudently silent. They preferred to wait for Stalin's word. And Stalin spoke, interrupting Bukharin:

"That is not the way revolutionists defend themselves!" he exclaimed. "If you are innocent you can prove it in a prison cell!"

The assembly burst into wild shouts: "Shoot the traitor! Back to jail with him!"

Stalin was given an ovation, as Bukharin and Rykov, broken and weeping, were taken back to the prison by the Ogpu agents in trim military uniforms.

The two prisoners had misunderstood the occasion. In Stalin's view, this was their opportunity to demonstrate their loyalty to the party by confessing their past errors and glorifying his leadership. Instead of doing this, they had appealed over his head to the assembly, attempting to justify themselves before their former comrades who were now nothing but puppets of Stalin.

The behavior of the Central Committee proved to the prisoners how absolute was the power of Stalin. It strengthened their conviction that against Stalin there was no "way out." Bukharin and Rykov had failed to deal with the dictator on his own terms, and there were no others. Like Louis XIV, who said, "The state—it is I," Stalin had assumed the position, "The party—it is I." They had consecrated their lives to the service of the party, and they saw that there was no way left to serve it—and so keep up the illusion that they were serving the revolution—except to do the bidding of Stalin.

That is the basic explanation of the confessions. But all the other factors I have mentioned played their parts in bringing fifty-four of these Old Bolsheviks to the point of so humiliating a service. There is one other factor which I have not mentioned, because I think it played only a small role. With most of them it played no role at all. That is the faint hope that not only their families and their political followers, but even they themselves might be spared if they "confessed." On the eve of the first trial, the Kamenev-Zinoviev case, Stalin had a government decree enacted which restored the power of pardon and commutation to the Presi-

dent of the Soviet Union. This decree was no doubt designed to suggest to the sixteen men who were about to confess in public that clemency awaited them. Yet during the trial one prisoner after another made the statement: "It is not for me to beg for mercy," "I do not ask for a mitigation of my punishment," "I do not consider it possible to beg for clemency."

In the early hours of the morning of August twenty-fourth the sixteen men were sentenced to be shot. They immediately appealed for clemency. The evening of that same day the Soviet government announced that it had "rejected the appeal for mercy of those condemned" and that "the verdict has been executed." Had they made a bargain with Stalin which he did not keep? More probably they cherished a faint and wavering hope and that was all.

In the second show trial, that of the Radek-Piatakov-Sokolnikov group, Stalin acted as though he were trying to make sure of more confessions for future trials. He had four of the seventeen men in this group spared by commutation of sentence. Two of these were leading figures, Radek and Sokolnikov; the other two were obscure agents of the Ogpu, planted as "witnesses" for the purpose of framing the others.

A year later in June, 1937, eight ranking generals of the Red Army, led by Tukhachevsky, were executed without any confessions, after an alleged secret trial. On July 9, 1937, in Tiflis, the capital of Stalin's native land, seven outstanding Caucasian Bolsheviks, led by Stalin's former fellow revolutionist, Budu Mdivani, were executed without confessions, after another alleged secret trial. On December 19, 1937, still another batch of eight outstanding Bolshevik leaders, headed by Yenukidze, who had been one of Stalin's mentors in his youth, and who had held high office in the Soviet government for eighteen years, were executed without confessions, after a third alleged secret trial.

The last "treason trial" to date, the Bukharin-Rykov-Yagoda case, was staged in March, 1939, and comprised twenty-one men. It took a year to wrest confessions from them. Three of this batch received commutation of sentence. The charges in this show trial ranged from plotting the assassination of Kirov and the poisoning of Maxim Gorky to being Hitler spies. The self-vilification of the confessors reached depths hitherto unplumbed. The world was dumbfounded by the rivalry between the confessors and the prosecution in asserting the guilt of the accused.

In each trial there was competition among the defendants in self-vilification, in confessing to more sins and crimes. Each successive trial increased this seemingly insane procedure.

A great many people imagine that the victims were trying, by the fantastic extremes to which they went, to get themselves picked for that small group on which Stalin would confer clemency. It may be that, as they outdid the incomparable Prosecutor Vyshinsky in the make-believe, some of them had that faint hope. But I doubt it, because they all knew Stalin. They all knew Stalin's scornful words to his old colleague Bukharin in that fateful meeting at the Kremlin: "That is not the way revolutionists defend themselves."

As an old member of the Bolshevik Party, I believe that, weakened and tortured into confessions though they had been, they nevertheless hoped by the very fantastic vehemence of their confessions to make it obvious that these were, like everything else in the show trials, political acts. They wanted to make known to the world and to history that, up to the hour of their death, they were still engaged in a political struggle, that they were "confessing" to crimes against the party in a last desperate effort to be of service to it.

Persons to whom I have confided this belief say that it

is incomprehensible to the Western mind. Nevertheless, I am firmly certain of its truth. I knew the quality of the Old Bolsheviks, their devotion to the cause, their recognition of the blind alley at which Bolshevism had arrived, their knowledge of Stalin.

VII. Why Stalin Shot His Generals

EARLY in the month of December, 1936, while I was at my headquarters in The Hague, I accidentally came into possession of the key to a master conspiracy, which resulted six months later in the execution by Stalin of Marshal Tukhachevsky and nearly the entire high command of the Red Army.

There are conspiracies plotted by men lusting for power or vengeance, and there are conspiracies plotted by the course of events. Sometimes the paths of two such conspiracies cross and interlace. Then the historian finds himself confronted by tangled skeins which challenge his utmost powers. To this category belongs the mystery of the annihilation by Stalin of the flower of the Red Army as spies in the service of the German government.

It is a mystery which continues to baffle the mind of the world. Everywhere people still ask these questions:

Why did Stalin behead the Red Army at a time when Hitler was generally believed to be feverishly preparing for war? Was there any connection between the Red Army purge and Stalin's efforts to come to an agreement with Germany? Was there really a conspiracy on the part of the Red Army command against Stalin?

It was on June 11, 1937, that the Kremlin announced the sudden discovery of a conspiracy by the great General Tukha-

chevsky and eight of the high commanders of the Red Army acting in concert with an unfriendly foreign power.

The next day the world was staggered by the execution of Marshal Tukhachevsky, Chief of Staff of the Red Army, General Yakir, Commander of the Ukrainian Military District, General Uborevich, Commander of the White Russian Military District, General Kork, Head of the Soviet Military Academy, and Generals Putna, Eidemann, Feldmann and Primakov, after an alleged secret court-martial. Marshal Gamarnik, Assistant Commissar of War and Chief of the Political Department of the Red Army, was reported to have committed suicide. Of these nine commanding generals suddenly exposed as spies of Hitler and the Gestapo, three—Gamarnik, Yakir and Feldmann—were Jews.

Long before Stalin "suddenly" discovered a Red Army plot against his power, I was in possession, without knowing it, of the principal link in a singular chain of events proving Stalin himself the conspirator, proving that he plotted for at least seven months this extermination of the high command of the Red Army.

When all the pieces of the puzzle of the great Red Army purge are fitted together, the finished pattern reveals the following facts:

1. Stalin's scheme to frame Tukhachevsky and the other generals had been set in motion at least six months before the alleged discovery of a Red Army conspiracy.

2. Stalin executed Marshal Tukhachevsky and his associates as German spies at the very moment when he himself, after months of secret negotiation, was on the verge of closing a deal with Hitler.

3. Stalin used fake "evidence" imported from Germany and manufactured by the Nazi Gestapo in his frame-up of the most loyal generals of the Red Army.

4. This "evidence" was fed to the Ogpu through Czarist military organizations abroad.

5. Stalin had the chief of the Federation of Czarist Army Veterans, Gen. Eugene Miller, kidnaped in Paris on September 22, 1937. This bold crime was perpetrated in order to destroy the one uncontrolled source of information, aside from the Gestapo itself, as the source of Stalin's "evidence" against the Red Army chiefs, and the channels through which it traveled.

It was in the first week of December, 1936, that a courier arrived at The Hague, bringing me an urgent message from Sloutski, the chief of the Foreign Division of the Ogpu, who had just reached Paris from Barcelona. I was then in charge of the Soviet Military Intelligence in Western Europe.

As usual, the message brought by our courier was conveyed on a small roll of film taken by a special camera. When the film was developed, it revealed substantially this message:

"Select from your personnel two men who can impersonate German officers. They must be impressive enough in appearance to pass for military attachés, must be accustomed to talk like army men, and must be exceptionally trustworthy and bold. Assign them to me without delay. This is of extraordinary importance. Expect to see you in Paris in a few days."

This call by the Ogpu upon my department annoyed me. My answer to Sloutski, dispatched through the courier by return plane, did not conceal my resentment at having to disrupt my staff within Germany by detaching pivotal men from their posts. I did, however, send to Germany for two suitable agents.

Two days later I left for Paris, where I put up at the Palace Hotel. Through my local secretary, I arranged to meet Sloutski at the Café Viel on the Boulevard des Capucines. We

proceeded to a Persian restaurant near the Place de l'Opera. On the way, I asked him for the latest news about our general policy.

"We have set our course toward an early understanding with Hitler," said Sloutski, "and have started negotiations. They are progressing favorably."

"In spite of everything in Spain!" I exclaimed. For although the persistence of Stalin's idea of an accord with Germany did not surprise me, I thought that Spanish events had pushed it far into the background.

When we sat down at the table, Sloutski opened the conversation by reporting to me an appreciation of my services that had been expressed by Yezhov. As Commissar for Internal Affairs—official title for the head of the Ogpu—Yezhov spoke with the voice of Stalin himself, and I was personally gratified.

"What you have done is fine," Sloutski went on. "But from now on you'll have to throttle down your operations in Germany."

"You don't mean that things have already gone that far!" I exclaimed.

"I certainly do," he said.

"You mean that you have instructions for me to stop all work in Germany?"

I said this regretfully for I foresaw another reversal in policy later on, which would find my organization disrupted just when its help was most needed. Such things had happened before.

Sloutski evidently caught the train of my thought, for he said emphatically: "This time it's the real thing. It will be only a matter of three or four months before we come to terms with Hitler. You don't have to stop everything, but don't push your work. There's nothing for us in this rotting corpse of

France here, with her Front Populaire! Put some of your men in Germany on ice. Save them. Transfer them to other countries. Put them in training. But get ready for a complete change of policy." And to dispel any possible doubts, he added significantly: "This is now the course of the Politbureau."

The Politbureau had by this time become a synonym for Stalin. Everyone in Russia knows that a decision of the Politbureau is as final as a general's order on the battlefield.

"Matters have gone so far," Sloutski continued, "that I can give you Stalin's own view in his own words. He recently said to Yezhov: 'In the immediate future we shall consummate an agreement with Germany.'"

There was no more to be said on that subject. After a moment of silence, I took up Sloutski's unusual request for two of my men from Germany.

"What the devil are you up to?" I asked.

"Don't you people realize what you're doing?"

"Of course we do," he said. "But this is no routine affair. It involves a case of such colossal importance that I have had to drop all my other work and come here to put it through."

My agents, then, were not to be assigned to Spain, as I had assumed. Evidently they were needed for some desperate work in France. Still I continued to protest against turning them over to the Ogpu, and Sloutski finally said:

"If you must have it, the order is from Yezhov himself. We've got to have two men who can play the part of thoroughbred German officers. And we've got to have them at once. This job is so important that nothing else matters!"

I told him that I had already sent for two of my best agents in Germany, and that they would be in Paris any day. We conversed on other matters until the early hours of the morning. Within a few days I returned to my headquarters in

Holland planning to adjust my organization in Germany to the new policy.

In January, 1937, the world rocked with astonishment at a new series of "confessions" in Moscow, where the second great treason trial was in progress. A galaxy of Soviet leaders on the prisoner's bench, designated by the prosecution as "the Trotskyite Center," confessed, one by one, to a huge conspiracy involving espionage in behalf of Germany.

At this time I was engaged in demobilizing large sections of our intelligence service in Germany. The Moscow newspapers were bringing day-by-day reports of the trial proceedings. I was sitting at home, with my wife and child, reading the testimony given on the evening of January twenty-fourth, when my eye was startled by a line quoted in court from Radek's secret confession. Radek had stated that General Putna, lately Soviet military attaché in Great Britain and a prisoner of the Ogpu for several months, had come to him "with a request from Tukhachevsky." After quoting this line from his secret confession, Prosecutor Vyshinsky questioned Radek:

> Vyshinsky: I want to know in what connection you mention Tukhachevsky's name.
>
> Radek: Tukhachevsky had been commissioned by the government with some task for which he could not find the necessary material . . . Tukhachevsky had no idea either of Putna's activities or of my criminal activities . . .
>
> Vyshinsky: So Putna came to you, having been sent by Tukhachevsky on official business having no bearing whatever on your affairs, since he, Tukhachevsky, had no relation with them whatever?
>
> Radek: Tukhachevsky never had any relation whatever with them.
>
> Vyshinsky: Do I understand you correctly, that Putna had dealings with the members of your Trotskyite underground

organization, and that your reference to Tukhachevsky was made in connection with the fact that Putna came on official business on Tukhachevsky's orders?

Radek: I confirm that, and I say that I never had and could not have had any dealings with Tukhachevsky connected with counter-revolutionary activities, because I knew Tukhachevsky's attitude to the party and the government to be that of an absolutely devoted man.

When I read this, I was so profoundly shocked that my wife asked me what had happened. I handed her the paper, saying:

"Tukhachevsky is doomed!"

She read the report, but remained calm.

"But Radek again and again absolved Tukhachevsky from any connection with the conspiracy," she said.

"Exactly," I said. "Does Tukhachevsky need absolution from Radek? Do you think for a moment that Radek would dare of his own accord drag Tukhachevsky's name into that trial? No, Vyshinsky put Tukhachevsky's name in Radek's mouth. And Stalin prompted Vyshinsky. Don't you understand that Radek speaks for Vyshinsky, and Vyshinsky for Stalin? I tell you Tukhachevsky is doomed."

Tukhachevsky's name was mentioned eleven times by Radek and Vyshinsky in that brief passage, and to those versed in the Ogpu technique, this could have but one meaning. To me, Stalin and Yezhov had forged a ring round Tukhachevsky and perhaps other ranking generals of the high command. It was certain to me that all secret preparations had been made, and that the process of closing in upon them in the open had begun.

I turned to the indictment and noted that Radek's secret "confession" had been made during December. That was the month when I had received the call from Sloutski for two

"German officers." These men had by now reported back to me, telling me that they had been kept idle for some weeks in Paris, and then been suddenly dismissed with the laconic explanation that the "job" had been postponed. We concluded that some hitch had developed, or that the plans had been changed.

Radek's "confession" in which he dragged in Tukhachevsky's name, also coincided roughly with Stalin's switch in foreign policy. It came just after Sloutski's warning to me of the imminence of an agreement with Germany, and his order to throttle down my work in the Reich.

But why, I thought, should Stalin wish at such a time to destroy the generalship of the Red Army? Having exterminated the Kamenev-Zinoviev group, having destroyed another bloc of his political opponents in the Radek-Piatakov case, what motive could possibly impel him to proceed against the high command of our system of national defense?

It is one thing to consign batches of politicians to the firing squad, men like Zinoviev or Kamenev, whom Stalin has beaten down and demoralized over a long period of years. To wipe out the helmsmen of a nation's war machine is another matter. Would Stalin dare to shoot a commanding figure like Marshal Tukhachevsky, a leader, say, like Gamarnik, the Vice Commissar of War, at such a critical international moment? Would he dare to leave the country defenseless before its enemies by decapitating the Red Army? . . .

Let me give you the background of my reflections on this question. Marshal Tukhachevsky was the most brilliant military figure of the Soviet Revolution. Early in the Civil War, at the age of twenty-five, he had been appointed commander of the First Red Army. On September 12, 1918, when Soviet

fortunes were at their lowest, he won a decisive victory over the combined Czech and White Forces at Simbirsk. The following spring, when Admiral Kolchak advancing from the east had reached the Volga basin, and only one-sixth of Russian territory remained in Bolshevik hands, Tukhachevsky counter-attacked at Busuluk and broke through the enemy lines. Following this initial success, he launched a sensational drive which forced Kolchak back over the Ural Mountains and deep into Siberia. On January 6, 1920, he crushed Kolchak at Krasnoyarsk, halfway across the Asiatic continent. Lenin in an exultant telegram acclaimed Tukhachevsky and his army.

Having smashed the White armies in Siberia, Tukhachevsky was sent straight to the command of the central Russian front against Denikine. In a little more than three months, Denikine had been driven back to the Black Sea and forced to flee by ship to the Crimea, the last stronghold of the Whites. Tukhachevsky had vanquished the two most dangerous foes of the Soviet government, Kolchak and Denikine.

In the meantime, the Poles began a surprise offensive into the Ukraine, advancing almost unopposed upon Kiev, which they captured on May 7, 1920. The Soviet forces, however, released by the defeat of Denikine, soon drove the Poles out of the Ukraine, and the Red Army began its spectacular advance on Warsaw. Tukhachevsky, in command of the main Russian forces, was within artillery range of Warsaw and ready by early August to throw his entire army against the Polish capital. He awaited the arrival of the Cavalry Army, which under the command of Budyenny and Voroshilov had been moving steadily on the southwest front toward Lwow, and of the Twelfth Army under Yegorov. The political commissar of these armies was Joseph Stalin. The Revolutionary War Council, the supreme political authority over

the Red Army, had decided that from August 1, the commanders of the southwest front were to be subordinate to Tukhachevsky.

Tukhachevsky ordered the commanders on the southwest front to turn north toward Lublin and protect the left flank of the main Russian forces for the decisive battle on the Vistula. On August 11, the order was repeated by Moscow. On Stalin's instructions, Budyenny and Voroshilov, and also the commander of the Twelfth Army, disobeyed these military orders. The Cavalry Army continued its advance toward Lwow. On August 15, the Poles, whose army had been reorganized by General Weygand and equipped with French artillery, struck back at Tukhachevsky from the Lublin area. From August 15 to August 20, while the Poles were driving through the Lublin gap, Budyenny's army hammered vainly at Lwow.

Marshal Pilsudski declares in his memoirs that the failure of Budyenny to join Tukhachevsky was the decisive factor in the war. "Their (the Cavalry's and Twelfth Army's) correct line of march was the one which would have brought them closer to the main Russian armies commanded by Tukhachevsky, and this would have meant the greatest danger to us. Everything seemed black and hopeless to me, the only bright spots on the horizon being the failure of Budyenny's cavalry to attack my rear and the weakness displayed by the 12th Army."

Neither Tukhachevsky nor Stalin ever forgot the Polish campaign. In a series of lectures delivered at the War Academy and published in book form in 1923, Tukhachevsky compared the behavior of Stalin at Lwow with that of Czarist General Rennenkampf in the disastrous Battle of Tannenberg in 1914.

"Our victorious Cavalry Army," declared Tukhachevsky,

"became involved in severe fighting at Lwow in those days, wasting time and frittering away its strength in engagements with the infantry strongly entrenched before the town and supported by cavalry and strong air squadrons."

Stalin never forgave Tukhachevsky for that contribution to his biography. Biding his time, this man has taken revenge sooner or later upon everyone who ever criticized him vitally. Tukhachevsky was not fated to be the sole exception.

Years later, there were grave differences between Stalin and the Red Army on major matters of policy. These differences ended, however, in a compromise, and the old wounds, personal as well as political, seemed on the surface to have healed. None of us doubted the absolute loyalty to the Soviet government of a single one of the Red Army critics of the Stalin policy.

The full detail of these differences between Stalin and the Red Army belongs to another story. (The Trotskyist opposition in the army had, of course, been liquidated years before the great purge.) It is vital, however, to trace here the main features of the major difference. The forcible collectivization of the peasant holdings, with its deportations and other punitive measures resulting in famine and the extermination of millions of peasants, was immediately reflected in the Red Army. For despite the great increase in the number of industrial workers during Soviet rule, the overwhelming majority of the population was still peasant, and the roots of the army were deeply planted in the villages.

The letters received by the soldiers and recruits describing the fate suffered by their relatives back home, filled them with resentment, bitterness and even a spirit of revolt. The villages were being pillaged and destroyed by Ogpu troops with orders to do a quick and thorough job of "liquidating the kulaks." Peasant rebellions broke out in the Ukraine, the

richest agricultural section of the Soviet Union, and in the Northern Caucasus. They were ruthlessly suppressed by special Ogpu detachments, since the Red Army could not be trusted to shoot down Russian peasants.

In these circumstances the morale of the Red Army was, from a military standpoint, rapidly deteriorating. The Political Department of the Army, headed by General Gamarnik, was one of the most valuable auxiliaries of our national defense, a delicate nervous organism which picked up every tremor that passed through the quivering ranks. Through this Political Department, the general staff and the entire officers' corps possessed firsthand knowledge of the explosive condition of both the soldiers in the barracks and the peasants in the villages.

In 1933, Marshal Bluecher, then commander of the Far Eastern Military District, dispatched an ultimatum to Stalin to the effect that unless the peasants of Eastern Siberia were exempted from the existing harsh decrees, he could not be responsible for the defense of the Maritime Provinces and the Amur against Japan. Stalin's power at that time hung so delicately in the balance that he was forced to capitulate. Sweeping concessions were granted to the peasants in Marshal Bluecher's district. Several years later Stalin was forced to modify the general collectivization program to permit all peasants on the collective farms to own and cultivate small individual plots.

The war between the Soviet government and the peasants has yet not ended. It came to a head once more this summer (1939) with the promulgation of decrees compelling the peasants to do a certain quota of work on the collective farm before touching their own plots. To the Red Army commander of today this means that a decade after the drive to "solve" the problem of agricultural production, Ogpu agents

must stand guard over every peasant in order to assure a food supply in the event of war.

Another dissatisfaction arose about the same time in the officers' corps in connection with Stalin's policy of appeasement toward Japanese aggression, beginning with the sale of the strategic Chinese Eastern Railway. War Commissar Voroshilov was at that time completely on the side of the Red Army command, and together with Gamarnik and Tukhachevsky pressed the viewpoint of the military upon Stalin's Politbureau. Stalin contended that collectivization would create a solid economic base for development of future power, that everything must be sacrificed to that policy, and that in order to complete it Russia must have peace at any price.

Tukhachevsky had for years vainly pleaded with Stalin for funds to motorize and mechanize the Red Army, and in this he had the backing of all the young officers from the Soviet military academies. Stalin knew of this yearning of Tukhachevsky's, and decided to appease him with the fulfillment of his dream. A political bargain was struck. Stalin had his way in general policy at home and abroad, and the Red Army command had its way with respect to funds for modernization. The army has succeeded in large measure with its part of the bargain, but how far collective farming has fallen short of creating the anticipated "solid base," is revealed in the decrees of this past summer.

Such was the origin of what became commonly known as the Red Army opposition to Stalin. It was one of many disagreements on policy which have cropped up at various stages in the creation of a Soviet system of national defense. But this time the clash led to wild rumors abroad of a struggle for power between Voroshilov and Stalin. Nothing of the kind occurred. The difference was not unlike those of earlier

years between Stalin and the various political opposition groups. . . .

It was clear to me that Stalin had now determined to settle accounts with the Red Army opposition in the same bloody way that he had settled them with his other opponents. The moment was opportune. The crisis of collectivization had passed from an acute to a numbed chronic stage.

The Red Army generals had escaped the ordeal through which the political opposition had been passing for more than a dozen years. They lived outside that special party world in which people were forever "deviating" from the correct Stalinist course, "recanting," "deviating," again and again "recanting," each time with increasing penalties and with a progressive breakdown of the will. The job of the generals, the building of a powerful army and system of national defense, had preserved their morale.

Stalin knew that Tukhachevsky, Gamarnik, Yakir, Uborevich and the other ranking generals could never be broken into the state of unquestioning obedience which he now required of all those about him. They were men of great personal courage, and he remembered during the days when his own prestige was at its lowest point, these generals, especially Tukhachevsky, had enjoyed enormous popularity not only with the officers' corps and the rank and file of the army, but with the people. He remembered too that at every critical stage of his rule—forcible collectivization, hunger, rebellion—the generals had supported him reluctantly, had put difficulties into his path, had forced deals upon him. He felt no certainty that now—confronted with his abrupt change of international policy—they would continue to recognize his totalitarian authority.

These were my reflections, and I wondered how Stalin would engineer the "liquidation" of his generals.

Reports soon began to reach me from Moscow indicating the progressive isolation, not only of Tukhachevsky but of several other generals. Many of their closest aides were being arrested. The circle of Stalin men around Tukhachevsky was being narrowed inch by inch. It began to be clear that even his unique record and position could not save him.

In March, 1937, I went to Moscow, ostensibly to confer with Yezhov on an exceptionally confidential matter. The effect of the two treason trials of Old Bolsheviks had been to shake the faith of pro-Soviet elements abroad. The sweep of Stalin's purge was increasing daily, and it was working havoc in Western Europe.

When I reached Moscow I found an atmosphere of terror even in the highest offices of the government. The extent of the purge was greater, not less, than had been reported abroad. One by one, men who had been my friends and associates since the Civil War, hardened and trusted and loyal officers of the general staff and other departments of the Red Army, were disappearing. No one knew whether he would be at his desk the next day. There was not a shadow of doubt that Stalin was drawing his nets around the entire high command of the Red Army.

In this growing tension a bombshell burst upon me. It was the strictly secret news conveyed to me by Sloutski, who had returned to his Ogpu headquarters in Moscow, that an agreement between Stalin and Hitler had been drafted, and had been brought home by David Kandelaki.

Kandelaki, a native of the Caucasus and a countryman of Stalin, was officially the Soviet trade envoy to Germany. Actually, he was Stalin's confidential emissary to the Nazi government. Accompanied by "Rudolf," the pseudonym of

the secret Berlin representative of the Ogpu, Kandelaki had just arrived from Germany, and both had been whisked straight to the Kremlin for a conference with Stalin. "Rudolf" was Sloutski's subordinate in the foreign service, but his aid to Kandelaki was evidently regarded as so important that he was permitted to report directly to Stalin over the head of his superior. Kandelaki had succeeded where other envoys had failed. He had not only initiated negotiations with the highest Nazi leaders, but had had a private audience with Hitler himself.

The full nature of the Kandelaki mission was known only to half a dozen men. To Stalin it was a triumph of his personal diplomacy. Only a few of his closest lieutenants knew anything about it. The Commissariat of Foreign Affairs, the Council of People's Commissars—the Soviet Cabinet—and the Central Executive Committee, headed by President Kalinin, had no part in it whatever. Since Stalin was executing his old Bolshevik comrades as Nazi spies at the same time that he was himself conducting these secret negotiations with Hitler, they obviously could not be made widely known.

It was, of course, no secret in any high Soviet circle that Stalin had long striven for an understanding with Hitler. Almost three years had passed since the night of the blood purge in Germany which had convinced him—even while it was going on—that the Nazi regime was firmly established, and that he must come to terms with this powerful dictator.

Now in April, 1937, on receiving Kandelaki's report, Stalin felt sure that the deal with Hitler would go through. He need no longer fear an attack from Germany. The road was clear for the purge of the Red Army.

By the end of April it became an open secret that Marshal Tukhachevsky, Vice-Commissar of War Gamarnik, and a number of other high ranking generals were caught in the

rapidly tightening net woven by Stalin's special agents. These leaders were still at liberty, but they were marked men. They were shunned at social affairs. It was considered dangerous to be seen speaking to them. They walked alone. Silence surrounded them.

The last time I saw my old chief, Marshal Tukhachevsky, was on May 1, 1937, at the celebration on Red Square. This May Day celebration is one of the rare occasions when Stalin appears in public. The precautions taken by the Ogpu for the celebration of 1937 exceeded anything in the history of our secret policy. Shortly before, I happened to be in the Special Section, in the office of Karnieliev, who was in charge of the passes permitting government officials to enter the enclosure around Lenin's Tomb (the reviewing stand).

"I'm having a hell of a time," he said to me. "For fourteen days we have been doing nothing in the Special Section but taking precautions for May Day."

I did not receive my own pass until the evening of April thirtieth, when it was delivered by a courier from the Ogpu.

May Day morning was brilliantly sunny. I started early for the Red Square, and was stopped at least ten times by patrols who examined not only my ticket, but my papers. I reached Lenin's Tomb at fifteen minutes before ten o'clock, the opening hour of the celebration.

Already the reviewing stand was almost packed. The entire personnel of several sections of the Ogpu had been mobilized there in civilian clothes as "observers" of the parade. They had been there occupying every alternate row, since six o'clock in the morning. Behind and in front of each row of officials and guests, there was a row of secret agents! Such were the precautions taken at this time to ensure the safety of Stalin.

A few moments after I arrived, an acquaintance nudged me and whispered: "Here comes Tukhachevsky!"

The marshal was walking across the square. He was alone. His hands were in his pockets. Who could guess the thoughts of this man who took care almost to saunter in the May Day sunshine, knowing he was doomed? He paused for a moment, glanced round the Red Square, massed with humanity and adorned with banners, and then proceeded to the space in front of the Tomb, where the Red Army generals were accustomed to review parades.

Tukhachevsky was the first to arrive there. He took his place and stood motionless, his hands still in his pockets. Some minutes later Marshal Yegorov came up. He did not salute Tukhachevsky nor glance at him, but took the place beside him as if he were alone. A moment passed, and Vice-Commissar of War Gamarnik walked up. He again did not salute either of his comrades, but took the next place as though he did not see them.

Presently the line was complete. I gazed at these men, whom I knew to be loyal and devoted servants of the revolution and of the Soviet government. It was quite apparent that they knew their fate. That was why they refrained from greeting one another. Each knew he was a prisoner, destined for death, enjoying a reprieve by the grace of a despotic master—enjoying a little of the sunshine and the freedom which the crowds and the foreign guests and delegates mistook for real freedom.

The political leaders of the government, Stalin at their head, occupied the platform-like flat roof of the tomb. The military parade flowed by. It is customary for the army generals to remain in their places for the civilian parade which follows. But this time Tukhachevsky did not stay. During the intermission betwen the two parades, he stepped out of

line and walked away. His hands still in his pockets, he passed through the cleared lanes, out of the Red Square, out of sight.

On May fourth, Tukhachevsky's commission to attend the Coronation of George VI, as he had the funeral of George V, was canceled. Admiral Orlov, Commissar of the Navy, was appointed in his stead. But Orlov's appointment was canceled, too, and he was subsequently executed.

By this time I had conferred several times with Commissar Yezhov on the special business which had enabled me to come to Moscow. One of these conferences was called at midnight. Yezhov had wished to see me alone, and I remained closeted with him until early morning. When I left his office, I was surprised to find Sloutski, the chief of the Foreign Division of the Ogpu, and his assistant Spiegelglass, waiting for me. They were visibly mystified by my all-night session with Yezhov.

I had asked for my passport and was making all preparations for departure. My intimate friends laughed at these preparations.

"They won't let you out," I was told again and again.

This was indeed a time when responsible officials were being recalled from all over the world, and not sent back.

On May eleventh, Tukhachevsky was demoted to the rank of a provincial commander on the Volga. He never took the office. Less than a week later Vice-Commissar of War Gamarnik, than whom there never was a more loyal Bolshevik, was arrested.

The following days brought such a succession of arrests and executions of those with whom I had had lifelong associations, that it seemed as if the Russian roof were falling, and the whole Soviet edifice tumbling about me.

I had still not received permission to leave, and now acted

on the assumption that it would not be granted. I sent a wire to my wife in The Hague to prepare to return to Moscow with the child.

Then suddenly I was called into the office of the head of the department. He was sitting at his desk with my passport in front of him.

"What are you waiting around here for?" he said. "Why aren't you at your post?"

"I was waiting for my passport," I said.

"Well, here it is," he said. "Your train goes at ten o'clock."

On my last day in Moscow the state of alarm reached an unbearable pitch. Something like a panic seized the entire corps of officers of the Red Army. Hourly reports came in of fresh arrests.

I went directly to Mikhail Frinovsky, Vice-Commissar of the Ogpu, who, together with Yezhov, was conducting the great purge for Stalin.

"Tell me, what's going on? What's going on in the country?" I demanded of Frinovsky. "How can I leave in these circumstances? How can I do my work without knowing what it's all about? What shall I say to my comrades abroad?"

"It's a conspiracy!" replied Frinovsky. "We've just uncovered a gigantic conspiracy in the army, such a conspiracy as history has never known. And we've just now learned of a plot to kill Nikolai Ivanovitch (Yezhov) himself! But we've got them all. We've got everything under control."

Frinovsky did not volunteer any evidence of the gigantic conspiracy so suddenly discovered by the Ogpu. But I learned something in the corridors of the Lubianka where I bumped into Furmanov, the chief of the counter-espionage section operating among White Russians abroad.

"Say, those were a couple of first-rate men you sent us," he said.

"What men?" I asked.

"The 'German officers,' you know!" and he began jokingly to reproach me for being so reluctant to assign my agents for his work.

The matter had completely slipped my mind, and I asked Furmanov how he happened to know about it.

"Why, that was our case," Furmanov boasted.

I knew that Furmanov handled for the Ogpu foreign anti-Soviet organizations like the Federation of Czarist Army Veterans, a world-wide body headed by General Miller in Paris. His words meant to me that my two men had been commandeered for an undertaking connected with this White Russian group in France. I recalled Sloutski's remark that the matter was of colossal importance. Furmanov had given me a final clue to the real conspiracy behind the Red Army purge. But I did not realize it then.

I left Moscow in the evening of May twenty-second. It was like leaving a city in the midst of a series of earthquakes. Marshal Tukhachevsky had been arrested. Ogpu circles were already buzzing with the rumor that Marshal Gamarnik had also been arrested, although *Pravda* announced that he had been elected to the Moscow Committee of the Communist Party, an important honor bestowed only with the approval of Stalin himself. I was soon to understand the meaning of these seemingly contradictory reports. Stalin had seized Gamarnik and at the same time was offering him an eleventh-hour reprieve on condition that he would permit his name to be used in destroying Tukhachevsky. Gamarnik had rejected the offer.

By the end of the month I was back in The Hague. An official bulletin from the Soviet capital announced to the world that Vice-Commissar of War Gamarnik had committed suicide while under investigation. I learned afterward that

Gamarnik did not commit suicide, but was slain in prison by Stalin's men.

On June eleventh, Moscow first published the news of the arrest of Tukhachevsky and seven other top-rank generals as Nazi spies and fellow conspirators of the dead Gamarnik. On June twelfth came the announcement of the execution of the eight chiefs, following an alleged secret trial by a court-martial composed of eight other high officers.

At least one of these eight judges, General Alksnis, was already, to my knowledge, a prisoner of the Ogpu at the time when he was supposed to be sitting in judgment on his former Chief.

Of the eight alleged judges, six have since been destroyed—Marshal Bluecher and Generals Alksnis, Bielov, Dybenko, Kashirin and Gorbachev. Almost all of the eighty members of the Council of War were quickly liquidated. The army purge did not stop until the Ogpu had swept clean the entire officers' corps, sacrificing in all about 35,000 army men.

In point of fact, there was no court-martial at all of the Tukhachevsky group. There was not even the pretense of a joint case against its victims. The eight generals were not even executed together. They were shot separately, and on different days. The false report that a trial had taken place was issued by Stalin to make the rank and file of the army swallow the tale of the Ogpu's "sudden" discovery of a conspiracy in the Red Army.

How sudden the discovery was, what the real plot was, and what was the evidence of this "conspiracy such as history has never known"—all of these questions solved themselves when I returned to Paris.

The assistant to the chief of the Foreign Division of the Ogpu, Spiegelglass, had come to Paris early in July. I met him by appointment at the Closerie-des-Lilas Café, on the

Boulevard Montparnasse, and he told me that he was on an "especially important mission." Our conversation lasted several hours. It soon turned to the Tukhachevsky case.

An opening was provided by an article which had appeared shortly after the execution in *Pravda*, the mouthpiece of Stalin, entitled "The Crisis in the Foreign Intelligence Service."

"What a stupid piece, and whom will it fool?" I said. "Here is Moscow telling the world that the German Intelligence Service had in its employ at least nine marshals and generals of the Red Army. The point of the article, supposedly, is that there is in consequence a crisis in the German service. What nonsense! The writer should have made a greater effort in such a serious case. It just makes us a laughingstock abroad."

"But the article was not written for you or for the people in the know," retorted Spiegelglass. "It was meant for the general public, for home consumption."

"It is a terrible thing for us Soviet people," I said, "to have it announced to the world that the German Intelligence Service was able to enlist as spies virtually the entire general staff of the Red Army. You ought to know, Spiegelglass, that when our Military Intelligence succeeds in enlisting the services of a single colonel in some foreign army, it is an event of the first magnitude. It is brought immediately to the attention of Stalin himself, and treated by him as a great triumph. Why, if Hitler had succeeded in recruiting as spies nine of our highest-ranking generals, how many hundreds of minor officers would he still have as spies in our Red Army?"

"Nonsense," replied Spiegelglass hotly. "We got them all. We rooted them all out."

I gave him the contents of a brief confidential dispatch from one of my chief agents in Germany. At a formal reception tendered by high Nazi officials, at which my informant was

present, the question of the Tukhachevsky affair came up. Capt. Fritz Wiedemann, personal political aide to Hitler—appointed subsequently to the post of Consul General at San Francisco—was asked if there was any truth in Stalin's charges of espionage against the Red Army generals. My agent's report reproduced Wiedemann's boastful reply:

"We hadn't nine spies in the Red Army, but many more. The Ogpu is still far from on the trail of all our men in Russia."

I knew only too well the character of such talk. So would any Military Intelligence officer of any nation. It was designed for wide circulation, with a view to undermining the morale of the enemy. In Military Intelligence parlance it is known as "disinformation."

During the World War, the German General Staff even had a Bureau known as the "Disinformation Service." Here experts worked out seemingly plausible secret military plans and orders, which were then "planted" as authentic documents in the enemy's hands. Sometimes even war prisoners would be found in possession of secret plans so cleverly concocted by the Bureau of Disinformation as to convince the captors that they were inside plans.

Spiegelglass, a veteran of the Cheka and its successor, the Ogpu, was perfectly familiar with the practice. He brushed aside the intimation that there were other Nazi spies in the Red Army.

"I'm telling you," he said, "there's nothing more to it. We cleared it all up before proceeding against Tukhachevsky and Gamarnik. We have information from Germany too—from inside sources. Ours doesn't come from salon conversations, but from within the Gestapo itself."

He pulled a paper out of his pocket to show me. It was a

report from one of his operatives which confirmed his arguments in convincing style.

"You don't regard such stuff as evidence, do you?" I said.

"That is only one small item," Spiegelglass insisted. "As a matter of fact, we've been receiving material from Germany on Tukhachevsky, Gamarnik, and all of their clique for a long time."

"For a long time?" I repeated, remembering the "sudden" discovery of the Red Army conspiracy by Stalin.

"Yes, for the past several years," he continued. "We've got plenty, not only on the military but on many others, even on Krestinsky." (Krestinsky had been Soviet ambassador to Germany for ten years, and later Vice-Commissar for Foreign Affairs.)

It was no news to me that the Ogpu watches every step taken by Soviet officials, however high their rank, and especially when they go abroad. Every Soviet ambassador, minister, or trade envoy is subject to such surveillance. When an officer like Tukhachevsky went out of Russia on a government commission to attend the funeral of George V; when an officer like Marshal Yegorov was sent on a good-will trip to the Baltic countries; when an officer like General Putna was assigned to the post of military attaché in London, all their comings and goings, and their conversations, were the subject of a deluge of reports by Ogpu agents.

Normally, a government trusts its servants, especially those in responsible positions, and would take no stock in their denunciation by spies. I had had occasion, for instance, while attached to the General Staff in Moscow, to read reports about my own doings in Germany, based on facts, yet so maliciously twisted and elaborated as to compromise me if believed in. Even in the Soviet government in years gone by, it was customary to pass such material on to the person involved.

Stalin gradually changed all this. As he gathered the control of the Ogpu into his own hands, he began to accumulate in a special secret cabinet a set of such reports on all the responsible officials of the Soviet government. These files grew and bulged with material which came to him through the far-flung network of the Ogpu. It did not matter how spurious, how fantastic the denunciations of the leading Soviet figures were. The servile staff of the Ogpu filed them all. Stalin thought it useful to have a case of some kind against every leader.

This most secret cabinet got filled up, of course, with matter planted by the various foreign Bureaus of Disinformation, including that of the Gestapo. I reminded Spiegelglass of the worthless character of such evidence.

"You certainly seem to be sure of your German sources," I observed.

Spiegelglass could not help bragging.

"We've been getting our information through the Goutchkov Circle," he said. "We have our man at its very center."

When Spiegelglass made this statement I could hardly refrain from gasping.

The Goutchkov Circle was a very active group of White Russians, having intimate links with the Germany Military Intelligence on the one hand; on the other, closer ties with the Federation of Czarist Army Veterans, headed by General Eugene Miller in Paris.

The founder of the Circle was Alexander Goutchkov, a prominent member of the Duma and head of the War Industries Committee under the Czar. In his youth, Goutchkov had led a volunteer Russian brigade into the Boer War against Great Britain. Immediately after the abdication of the Czar, he had served as War Minister. After the Bolshevik Revolution, he had organized abroad this group which maintained

relations with those elements in Germany primarily interested in German expansion toward the East.

The Goutchkov Circle had long worked with General Bredow, chief of Military Intelligence of the German Army. And when General Bredow was executed in the Hitler purge of 1934, his department and all its foreign network came under the control of the Gestapo.

According to Spiegelglass, now the Ogpu link with the Goutchkov Circle was equally close. Goutchkov's own daughter, I learned later, had been an agent of the Ogpu and a spy for the Soviet government. But Spiegelglass only now told me that the Ogpu had a man in the very center of the Circle, and that it was from this man that they had obtained the evidence of Tukhachevsky's treason. If that was true, then somebody in the Goutchkov clique, and doubtless also the head of the Czarist Army Veterans, had knowledge of this "evidence," and were quite possibly still in possession of the originals.

The final key to the "conspiracy such as history has never known" was thrust into my hands in Paris in the morning of September 23, 1937. I picked up a batch of newspapers with screaming headlines, telling of the kidnaping at midday, Wednesday, September twenty-second, of General Eugene Miller, head of the Federation of Czarist Army Veterans. It appeared that before leaving his office at 12:10, General Miller had given to his aide a sealed envelope, with the remark: "Do not think that I have lost my mind, but this time I am leaving with you a sealed message which I ask you to open only in case I do not return."

When Miller did not return that afternoon, some of his colleagues were summoned to open the envelope. It contained the followed note:

I have an appointment at 12:30 today with General Skobline at the corner of Jasmin and Raffet streets. He is to take me to a rendezvous with two German officers, one a military attaché in a neighboring country, Strohman, a colonel, the other, Herr Werner, who is attached to the local German Embassy. Both of these men speak Russian well. The meeting has been arranged at the initiative of Skobline. It is possible that this is a trap, and that is why I am leaving you this note.

I was thunderstruck by the reference in Miller's note to the "two German officers." So this was the "colossal" job for which Sloutski had commandeered two of my best agents as far back as December, 1936. This was the "case" which Furmanov, Ogpu specialist on White Russian counter-espionage, had in mind when he joked with me in Moscow about my "German officers."

General Skobline was the right-hand man of General Miller in the White Russian military organization. The wife of Skobline was the famous Russian folk singer, Nadine Plevitzkaia. Miller's colleagues repaired that night to the hotel where Skobline and his wife lived. Skobline at first denied knowing anything about Miller's luncheon date, claiming an alibi for himself. When confronted by Miller's note and threatened with a trip to the police headquarters, Skobline took advantage of a momentary lapse of vigilance, slipped out and dashed away in a waiting automobile.

No trace was ever found of Miller. Skobline, too, vanished into thin air. His wife, Plevitzkaia, was arrested as an accessory to the crime. Papers found in their apartment established beyond doubt that Skobline had been an agent of the Ogpu. Plevitzkaia remained in jail pending an investigation until her trial in Paris in December, 1938. She was charged with being a Soviet spy, and received a sentence of twenty years'

imprisonment, an unusually severe verdict for a French court to pass upon a woman.

So General Skobline was the man at the center of the Ogpu conspiracy against Tukhachevsky and the other generals of the Red Army! Skobline played a triple role in this super-Machiavellian tragedy, and a pivotal one in all three directions. As secretary of the Goutchkov Circle, he was an agent of the Gestapo. As member of General Miller's inner council, he was a leader of the Czarist forces abroad. These two roles he fulfilled with the knowledge of his third and chief employer, the Ogpu.

The note left by General Miller proved to be Skobline's undoing. At the trial of his wife, which lasted from December 5 to December 14, 1938, and attracted wide attention in Europe, it was shown that Skobline also had a hand in the mysterious kidnaping, early in 1930, of General Koutiepov, the predecessor of General Miller as leader of the Czarist veterans.

It was the Czarist general, Skobline, then, who purveyed to Stalin the "evidence" which he used against the chiefs and builders of the Red Army. This "evidence" had been faked up in the Gestapo, had passed through the feed line of the Goutchkov Circle to General Miller's organizations, and thence flowed into Stalin's most secret cabinet.

When Stalin decided that his rapprochement with Hitler warranted a move against the Red Army, he reached for the secret files of the Ogpu. Stalin, of course, knew the value of "evidence" from such sources. He knew that it was "disinformation" of the rawest kind. Outside the Gestapo, whose silence could be relied on, and Skobline, who as an Ogpu man was also safe, there was only one man in the world capable of making these sources known. That was General Eugene Miller. If Miller chose to, he could expose to the whole world

the source of Stalin's "evidence" against the Red generals, and the channel through which it had been fed to the Ogpu. He could link up Stalin's conspiracy against the Red Army generals with the Red Army's two chief enemies, Hitler's Gestapo and the remnants of the Czarist White Army in Paris. Miller must obviously be put out of the way. The Ogpu must go into action. No less a man than Sloutski himself, head of the Foreign Division, can handle so "colossal" an undertaking. Sloutski drops all his other work and comes to Paris to "put it across." He sends a courier to me by plane to The Hague. . . . "Select from your personnel two men who can impersonate German officers. They must be impressive . . . accustomed to talk like army men . . . exceptionally trustworthy and bold. . . . This is of extraordinary importance."

It all became perfectly clear and obvious to me as I sat there in the Café des Deux Magots in Paris on a September morning in 1937, reading the sensational story of the kidnaping of General Eugene Miller. I am not sure that I have made it equally clear and obvious—or that it can be made so—to a reader unacquainted with the world of secret service, or the complicated moods and tangled activities of the groups involved. I must be satisfied to state that, to me—and I believe to any mind familiar with the whole situation—the chain of evidence I have adduced is conclusive. It leaves no place for doubt that the alleged conspiracy of the Red Army generals and the Gestapo against Stalin, was a conspiracy of Stalin against the Red Army generals, and that to frame his generals, Stalin employed "disinformation" manufactured by the Gestapo, and fed to the Ogpu through the Czarist forces.

Once more Stalin demonstrated that he never forgets or forgives. The old differences of opinion with the high command of the Red Army remained in his memory as "opposi-

tion." This "opposition," when dragged into the meshes of his Ogpu machine, became a "conspiracy." Such "conspiracies" are the rungs in the ladder on which Stalin climbed to absolute power. In the process, critics became "enemies," sincere opponents "traitors," all honest and zealous oppositional opinion—with the expert aid of the Ogpu—"organized plots." On the corpses of his former comrades and fellow revolutionists, creators and builders of the Soviet State, Stalin has mounted step by step to solitary control over the peoples of Russia.

The reader will remember that it was in December, 1936 that Karl Radek, signing a secret confession dictated by Stalin through Vyshinsky, first dragged in the name of Tukhachevsky. It was also in December, 1936 that I was called on to supply the two "German officers." The conspiracy against Tukhachevsky went back at least as far as that. But some difficulty developed; my men were kept waiting and then returned to me; the kidnaping of General Miller had to be postponed. The nature of this difficulty was indicated a year later in some evidence introduced into the trial of Plevitzkaia. On December 11, 1938, Attorney Ribet read to the court from Miller's confidential correspondence a letter he had received from General Dobrovolsky in Finland, warning him against Skobline. Dobrovolsky did not state in so many words that Skobline was an agent of the Ogpu; he merely said that among some of his colleagues Skobline's position was becoming a little dubious.

"Alas!" said Attorney Ribet, "the warning did not shake General Miller's trust in Skobline!"

It did not shake his trust completely, and not permanently—only enough so that the kidnaping scheme worked out by the Ogpu, with Skobline as a decoy, had to be post-

poned. Skobline undertook to reestablish himself in Miller's confidence.

Six months passed, and on June 2, 1937, Tukhachevsky and his colleagues were executed in Moscow. Three weeks later, Spiegelglass, Sloutski's first assistant, was in Paris—again, as he told me, on an "especially important mission." He stayed in Paris, to my personal knowledge, well into September. On September 23, General Miller was kidnapped, with Skobline (whom he still somewhat distrusted) acting as a decoy. At about the same time Spiegelglass disappeared.

It remains to say that Spiegelglass disappeared not only from Paris, but also, according to reliable reports, from this world. Perhaps it did not occur to him that if General Miller knew too much about the source of the Tukhachevsky "evidence," Spiegelglass similarly knew too much about the end of General Miller. Sloutski also knew too much, and he "died" in Moscow with surprising suddenness some months later.

Stalin's execution of the high commanders of the Red Army as Nazi spies was now a chapter of history. He had liquidated General Miller, who might have exposed the link between his "evidence" and the Gestapo. And he had liquidated the liquidators of General Miller. But for a series of pure accidents which gave the key to the whole mystery into my hands, there was now no one outside the German Gestapo who could show him up. And the Gestapo, having achieved their aim, the decapitation of the Red Army and the destruction of Russia's greatest general, would obviously have no motive to speak. Still it is rarely that anybody in possession of a momentous inside story keeps it absolutely secret. On October 27, 1938, the official Nazi military organ, *Deutsche Wehr*—The German Army—in a special article dealing with the Red Army purge, disclosed that the man who had betrayed Tukhachevsky and his colleagues to

Stalin was "the traitor, the well-known General Skobline, living in Paris, the man who had betrayed to the Bolsheviks the two generals, Koutiepov and Miller—a man who was outside the ranks of the Red Army."

Aside from that, there has been no published hint anywhere, so far as I am aware, of a connection between the execution of the Red generals in Moscow and the kidnaping of General Miller in Paris. I do not at present understand the motives of this partial revelation—not by the Gestapo, but by the German Army men. Their well-informed article increases my confidence, however, that with the key I have supplied, the full details of this mystery will someday be unlocked, and the conspiracy of Stalin against his generals become an open page of history.

VIII. My Break with Stalin

IN MAY, 1937, Stalin bestowed upon me the highest testimonial within his power. Within six months I became the object of an intensive man hunt by Stalin's Ogpu agents. How did it happen?

In the course of these six months my most intimate friend in the Soviet service abroad broke with the Stalin regime. The Ogpu organized a special expedition of assassins who trapped and machine-gunned him near Lausanne, Switzerland.

My experience is a case history of a loyal Soviet officer transformed overnight into state prey to be shot down wherever the shooting is good. It is typical of thousands in the Soviet Union who are glorified as heroes today and tomorrow denounced as traitors. Look in your encyclopedia or almanac for the names of the distinguished members of the Soviet government recently eulogized by Stalin himself, and you will find practically all of them proscribed today as "spies" and "reptiles."

It was a high badge of confidence which Stalin and the Central Committee of the party conferred on me when at the climax of the great purge, they sent me back to my post as Chief of the Soviet Military Intelligence in Western Europe. Those were the days when ambassadors and ministers, to say nothing of special agents, were being recalled from all over the world to be shot or imprisoned in Moscow, when

even the leading generals of the Red Army were bound for the firing squad.

Early in March I had left my headquarters in The Hague on my own initiative to go back home and report to my superiors, but I was also driven by a consuming desire to find out at firsthand what was going on in the Soviet Union. As I expected to be gone but a short time, my wife and child remained in Holland.

On March sixteenth I landed by plane at Helsingfors, Finland, and proceeded the same night by train to Leningrad. This had been in recent years my standard route to and from the Soviet Union. The reason for avoiding the direct route through Germany went back to 1923. I was, as I have already described, one of a number of Soviet officers engaged in organizing the skeleton of a Red Army in Germany. This got me into exciting difficulties with the police authorities of Berlin, and for two months in 1926 I stayed in hiding in our Soviet Embassy there. Although subsequently I did pass surreptitiously through Germany several times, it became particularly dangerous after the rise of Hitler in 1933. Moscow did not wish me to take any chances of falling into the hands of Hitler's Gestapo.

That is why I returned home in March, 1937, through the Scandinavian countries. At that time on account of the purge, the Ogpu was granting few visas for entry into the Soviet Union, and there was little traffic across its borders. The only other passengers on my train were three Americans, obviously traveling on diplomatic passports as their baggage was not examined. The party consisted of a couple and a blond fellow in his thirties, wearing a high black fur hat. He spoke Russian and was, to all appearances, a member of the United States Embassy in Moscow. There was quite a bit of conversation with the customs officials concerning the

diplomatic baggage, which comprised a number of enormous packages, the contents of which were the subject of amusing guesswork among the Soviet customs men.

At the railway ticket office in Leningrad I ran into an old friend and comrade.

"Well, how are things?" I asked him.

He glanced about, and answered in a subdued voice: "Arrests, nothing but arrests. In the Leningrad district alone they have arrested more than seventy per cent of all the directors of factories, including the munitions plants. This is official information given us by the party committee. No one is secure. No one trusts anyone else."

In Moscow I put up at the Hotel Savoy, as we had surrendered our apartment to some fellow officials. The purge was in full swing. Many of my comrades had disappeared. It was risky to inquire into the fate of the victims. Many of my telephone calls to friends went unanswered. Those who were still about wore masks on their faces.

One of my closest friends, Max Maximov-Unschlicht, a nephew of the former Vice-Commissar of War, occupied with his wife the room next to me. For nearly three years Max had served as chief of our Military Intelligence in Nazi Germany, one of the most perilous assignments in the service. He had recently married a girl from the provinces, a gifted painter, who had come to Moscow to study art. As she was at home most of the time, I used to keep my personal papers in their room.

I was in the habit of dropping in on the Unschlichts in the evening, and we usually stayed up and talked until the early hours of the morning. I was eager for news. Max's uncle was already in disfavor. He had been demoted from his powerful army post to the impotent office of secretary of the Central Executive Committee of the Soviet Union. Friends, asso-

ciates and relatives of the Unschlichts were vanishing daily. Among these were many ranking generals and commissars.

"Why have they arrested General Yakir? Why have they seized General Eidemann?" I would ask Max.

But Max was a rock-ribbed Stalinist. Without answering my specific questions, he would defend the purge wholesale.

"These are dangerous times for the Soviet Union," he would say. "He who is against Stalin is against the revolution."

One night I returned to my room very late. I went to bed without knocking at the Unschlichts' door. In the dead of night I was awakened by a noise in the corridor outside. It must be the Ogpu coming for me, I thought. But they did not come to my door. At seven in the morning there was a knock at my door. As I opened it I faced Max's wife, Regina, tears streaming down her cheeks, terror in her eyes.

"They took Max away! They took Max!" was all she could say.

It appeared that Max had been arrested the evening before, just as he reached the lobby of the hotel upon returning from his office. During the night the Ogpu agents had raided his room, searched it, and incidentally taken my personal papers along with the rest of the seized material. Early in the morning the manager of the hotel told Mrs. Maximov-Unschlicht that she must vacate the room within an hour. Regina had no relatives in Moscow. She had no money. Even with money it is impossible to secure living quarters in Moscow on short notice.

I endeavored to dissuade the hotel manager, but he remained adamant. His attitude toward me also had changed. Was I not a close friend of Max? The expression on his face seemed to say that he did not regard my own position as any too firm.

I telephoned to a mutual friend of ours, a high officer of the Military Intelligence, whom I had met but two evenings earlier in Max's room. I asked him if he could do something to save Regina from being thrown out on the street. His manner was curt.

"The Ogpu arrested Max. Therefore he is an enemy. I can do nothing for his wife."

I tried to argue with him, but he made it clear that it would be best for me, too, not to meddle in the affair. He hung up the receiver.

I then telephoned the Ogpu officer in charge of the arrest of Max, and demanded the immediate return of my personal documents. I had decided to act resolutely in the matter. Surprisingly enough, the Ogpu officer was most courteous.

When I explained to him the reason for my keeping the papers in Max's room and expressed my readiness to come over and get them, he replied: "I'll send the package over to you by courier at once, Comrade Krivitsky."

Within a half hour I had my papers. During the day I helped arrange matters so that Regina could return to her native town that night. I gave her, surreptitiously, the necessary funds. We had learned that it would be useless for her to remain in Moscow, as she could not visit her husband or help him in any way. It was even forbidden at this time to send food or clothing parcels to political prisoners.

My first task upon reaching the office that day was to prepare two reports on my relations with Max. One of these was addressed to my superiors in the War Department, the other to my party unit. This was in accordance with an unwritten law requiring every member of the Communist Party to file a full history of his or her relationship to anyone charged with political misdeeds. To fail to submit such a report would have been tantamount to an admission of guilt.

The spy hunt was sweeping the country. According to Stalin it was the first duty of every Soviet citizen to look for traitors. It was he who had warned that "the enemies of the people, the Trotskyites and Gestapo agents," lurked everywhere, pervaded every field. Yezhov's machine of terror interpreted Stalin's call of vigilance thus:

"Accuse one another, denounce one another, if you wish to remain among the living."

The espionage mania made people denounce their friends and even their nearest relatives. Crazed by fear, people became obsessed with the hunt, and, to save themselves, offered victims, and more and more victims, to the Ogpu.

Within the first five months of 1937, 350,000 political arrests were made by the Ogpu, according to official figures disclosed to me by the chief of the special section in charge of the purge. The prisoners ranged from marshals and founders of the Soviet government to minor Communist officeholders.

In the midst of this tidal wave of arrests and executions, I went about my business, reporting to Yezhov on matters abroad which required settlement before my return to Holland. There were those among my associates who doubted that I would be allowed to leave the country, but nevertheless, I applied for half a dozen additional and highly trained agents, whom I needed to augment my staff abroad. A number of graduates of our secret schools were sent to me to be interviewed. One of them was an American woman by the name of Kitty Harris, originally Katherine Harrison. She had been described to me as the former wife of Earl Browder, Communist leader in the United States, and therefore, as exceptionally reliable. At that time I needed a woman agent in Switzerland, and the holder of an American passport was particularly welcome.

When Kitty Harris called on me, presenting her papers in a sealed envelope, I learned that she too was stopping at the Hotel Savoy. She was about forty, dark-haired, of good appearance, and had been connected with our secret service for some years. Kitty Harris spoke well of Browder, and particularly of Browder's sister, who was then in our service in Central Europe.

I approved the assignment of Miss Harris to a foreign post, and she left on April twenty-ninth. Others whom I selected were similarly dispatched with orders to report to my assistants in Western Europe. It became clear that the purge, and even the arrest of Max, had not affected my standing. Surely Yezhov would not have let me pick and send agents abroad if he had any intention of purging me.

Yet the purge was sweeping people away like an avalanche. One of my veteran translators, a woman who had served in my department for many years, was seized by the Ogpu. It was almost impossible to replace her, as the work required a person of exceptional reliability, with a perfect knowledge of many languages. When I inquired the cause of her arrest, I was told that her husband, a Communist employed as director of a Moscow factory, had been taken, and his wife was rounded up as a precautionary measure.

"But what's the use of my keeping a dozen men abroad to gather information for the Politbureau when I haven't got a secretary to translate and compile it?"

I appealed thus to Sloutski but he only shrugged his shoulders.

About the middle of May I ran into an old acquaintance who had served as Soviet military attaché in Rumania. He was a towering and jolly fellow whose sense of humor did not desert him even now.

He stopped in his tracks when he saw me on the street.

"Am I seeing things, or is this Walter? What, they haven't arrested you yet? Never mind, don't feel hurt. They'll get around to you soon enough," and he roared with laughter.

We had quite a chat. He reeled off by dozens the names of army officers under arrest—for at this time Marshal Tukhachevsky and his associates were already in the net. He had no doubt that his own turn would soon come.

I had come to the Soviet Union for a brief stay, but two months had elapsed without my being ordered back. It began to seem so unlikely that I would be allowed to leave the country at the crest of the Red Army purge that I finally wired my wife in Holland to get ready to return with our child to Moscow.

On May twenty-second, the day when the fate of War Commissar Voroshilov himself was hanging in the balance and his fall momentarily expected, I received my passport and was told that my train would leave at ten P.M. I went to Mikhail Frinovsky, the right-hand man of Yezhov, and he confirmed the news that I was to leave that evening.

My associates interpreted this as a token of the implicit confidence which the Kremlin had in me. But when I reached Bielo-Ostrov, on the Finnish border, and caught sight of the familiar figure of the local commander rushing toward my compartment waving a telegram, my thought was: "He has orders for my arrest!"

Many had been arrested in this way, just as they were ready to cross the border. "But why?" I asked myself. "Why was I not arrested before this?"

The train came to a stop. The commander extended a hearty greeting. The telegram was a routine message telling him of my coming so as to assure me of the assistance due officers of our secret service going through on false passports.

I still carried the passport with which I had left the Soviet

Union in 1935. I was Eduard Miller, Austrian engineer. This passport was kept for me in the Soviet Embassy at Stockholm, for my journeys from Sweden to Soviet Russia only. Upon my arrival in Stockholm, I picked up the passport on which I resided in Holland. There I would once more become Dr. Martin Lessner, Austrian art dealer, of Celebesstraat, 32, The Hague.

Although shaken by my experience in Moscow, I was returning to my post, determined to give the Soviet government the same unflinching loyalty with which I had served it during the preceding eighteen years.

I arrived in The Hague on May twenty-seventh. Two days later my old friend and comrade, Ignace Reiss came to visit me. He had worked for years in our secret service abroad. He was known under the pseudonym of Ludwig. At this time he was using the passport of a Czech named Hans Eberhardt.

Reiss had been deeply shocked by the purge of the Old Bolsheviks and the "treason trials" and was already determined to break away from Moscow. He had awaited with impatience my return from Soviet Russia, and came straight to Holland to get first-hand information from me on the events back home. My answers to his numerous and probing questions made a shattering impression upon him. Reiss was a thorough idealist who had enlisted heart and soul in the cause of Communism and world revolution, and Stalin's policy appeared to him more and more obviously an evolution toward Fascism.

Reiss and I were bound together by many years of perilous underground service, and there were few confidences which we did not share. He spoke to me of his crushing disillusionment, of his desire to drop everything and go off to some remote corner where he could be forgotten. I mustered all the

familiar arguments and sang the old song that we must not run away from the battle.

"The Soviet Union," I insisted, "is still the sole hope of the workers of the world. Stalin may be wrong. Stalins will come and go, but the Soviet Union will remain. It is our duty to stick to our post."

Although Reiss was convinced that Stalin was following a counter-revolutionary course to catastrophe, he left me with the understanding that he would bide his time and watch further developments in Moscow before making his contemplated break with the Soviet government.

That was in May. I saw Reiss again in July in Paris, where I had gone to confer with some of my agents. At seven in the evening of Saturday, July 17, I met him for a few minutes at the Café Weber. He was eager to have a long talk with me, evidently on a matter of supreme importance to him. We agreed that he should call me up at eleven the next morning to arrange for a meeting. I was stopping at the Hotel Napoleon.

Two hours later I received an urgent message from my Paris secretary, Madeleine, to meet Spiegelglass, assistant to the chief of the Foreign Division of the Ogpu, whom Yezhov had sent to Western Europe on a mission of the highest secrecy.

I met Spiegelglass at the Paris Exposition grounds, and I could see at once that something extraordinary must have happened. He produced two letters which Reiss had that day turned over for dispatch to Moscow to Lydia Grozovskaya, an Ogpu agent attached to our trade mission in Paris. Reiss had felt sure that his letters would not be opened in France. He did not know that he had been under suspicion, and that Spiegelglass had been sent with plenipotentiary powers to purge the foreign services. Yezhov had given him complete

authority and orders to stop at nothing, not even kidnaping or assassinating suspected agents.

"Yes," said Spiegelglass, pointing to the letters in his hand, "we even suspected *you* in the beginning. For we were told only that some high Soviet agent had appeared in Holland and established contact with the Trotskyites. We found out that Ludwig and not you was the traitor."

On June 11, the day Moscow announced the purge of Tukhachevsky and the eight ranking generals of the Red Army, my friend Reiss had gone to Amsterdam, according to information in the hands of the Ogpu. There he had had a secret conference with H. Sneevliet, member of parliament and leader of the Amsterdam Transport Workers' Union, a man of Trotskyite leanings. The Ogpu had eyes and ears everywhere.

At first Spiegelglass was not inclined to let me read the letters of resignation handed in by Reiss, but he finally yielded. My friend's principal message was addressed to the Central Committee of the Communist Party—that is, to Stalin, its General Secretary. This letter was dated July 17, and must have been penned but a few hours before my brief meeting with Reiss. He had evidently intended to discuss his decision with me at our rendezvous the following day. Reiss wrote:

> The letter which I am addressing to you today I should have written a long time ago, on the day when the Sixteen (referring to the Kamenev-Zinoviev group, executed in August, 1936) were murdered in the cellars of the Lubianka at the command of the Father of Nations. (A Soviet appellation for Stalin.) I kept silent then. I raised no voice of protest at the subsequent murders, and for this I bear a large responsibility. My guilt is great, but I shall try to make up for it, to make up for it quickly, and to ease my conscience.
>
> Up to now I have followed you. From now on, not a step

further. Our ways part! He who keeps silent at this hour becomes an accomplice of Stalin, and a traitor to the cause of the working class and of Socialism.

From the age of twenty I have battled for Socialism. I do not want now, on the eve of my fifth decade, to live by the favors of Yezhov. Behind me are sixteen years of underground service—this is no trifle, but I still have enough strength to make a new start . . .

The fanfare which has been raised around the polar fliers was designed to drown the noise of the cries of victims tortured in the cellars of the Lubianka, in Minsk and Kiev, in Leningrad and Tiflis. But this will not succeed. The voice of truth is still louder than the noise of a maximum horsepower engine.

Yes, the record-breaking fliers will find it easier to win over American ladies and the sport-crazed youth of both continents, than we shall to win world opinion and stir the conscience of the world. But let no one be deceived. Truth will find its way. The day of judgment is nearer, much nearer, than the gentlemen in the Kremlin think . . .

No, I cannot continue any longer. I am returning to freedom—back to Lenin, to his teachings and his cause.

P. S.: In 1928 I was awarded the Order of the Red Banner for my service to the proletarian revolution. I am returning it herewith. To wear it simultaneously with the hangmen of the best representatives of the Russian workers is beneath my dignity.

To Spiegelglass, the message of Reiss spelled but one thing: treason. From now on, Reiss was a spy, a dangerous enemy to be "liquidated," for Stalin does not permit Soviet agents to leave his service.

"You know, you are responsible for Reiss," Spiegelglass remarked significantly. "You introduced him into the Communist Party and you sponsored his joining our organization."

He went on to tell me that he had information that Reiss intended to leave France the following morning, and that

action must be taken that very night or it might be too late. At first he was cautious in throwing out hints that I might take a hand in the "liquidation" of Reiss. I pretended not to understand what he was driving at, and tried to divert the conversation to other channels.

Spiegelglass suggested that we telephone a close friend of Reiss, then in Paris, a former Hungarian pastor who went, in our secret service, by the name of Mann and ask him to join our conference. We reached Mann and he agreed to come over.

In the meantime, Spiegelglass became very explicit. His words left little doubt in my mind that my own fate depended upon my conduct that night. To his insistent suggestion that I take a hand in organizing the "solution" of the Reiss case, so as to establish my own loyalty in the eyes of Yezhov and Stalin, I finally replied that I would have nothing to do with any such undertaking.

At that moment I realized that my lifelong service to the Soviet government was ended. I would be unable to meet the demands of Stalin's new era. I did not have within me the faculties required by the Spiegelglasses and the Yezhovs. I could not pass the criminal test now put to those who wished to serve Stalin. I had taken an oath to serve the Soviet Union; I had lived by that oath; but to take an active hand in these wholesale murders was beyond my powers.

I asked Spiegelglass if he had the authority to take over my network, as the situation clearly demanded that I return to Moscow. He answered that this was outside his jurisdiction, and that I had better put the thing up to my superiors directly.

Presently Mann joined us. While we were discussing the Reiss defection all over again Spiegelglass would occasionally absent himself and go to another pavilion, apparently to con-

fer with some other agent. During one of these absences—now after midnight—I went to the telephone and put through a call to Reiss at his hotel. As soon as Reiss responded with a "Hello" at the other end, I dropped the receiver. Between one and three o'clock on that morning of July eighteenth, Mann and I made four such telephone calls. They were intended as a warning to Reiss that he was in imminent danger.

Back at my hotel, I expected at eleven the next morning a call from Reiss to arrange for our meeting. My telephone rang at ten. It was Mann. He asked me to come over at once. I told him that I had an appointment within an hour with Reiss.

"You can come over. He won't show up," he said.

Sickened by the idea that Reiss was already murdered, I made a dash by cab to Mann's quarters. Spiegelglass was there.

"He's got away!" he cried. "He left his hotel at seven this morning."

Mann and I exchanged glances. We breathed more easily.

The next morning, Monday, July 19, I received a letter from Reiss bidding me farewell and explaining his action. I put the letter in my pocket after reading it. My friendship for Reiss was well known, and I took it for granted that I would have to go home and face the consequences. I sent a report to Moscow on the whole affair. It is a grave matter in Stalin's service to be an intimate of one who breaks with him, and I knew my refusal to assist in my friend's murder would be regarded by Yezhov and Stalin with no kindly eye. I proposed to return home, and asked for instructions.

At three o'clock in the morning of Tuesday, July twentieth, I was awakened by a telephone call. It was Spiegelglass.

"Did you receive a letter?" he asked.

I answered sincerely that I did not know what he was

talking about, for in my sleepy condition I did not instantly recall the letter that had come from Reiss.

Spiegelglass asked me to meet him at once. I demurred. He insisted it was urgent, and I finally yielded. I dressed hastily and met him at a near-by café. Here Spiegelglass asked me specifically if I had received a letter from Reiss. Astonished at his omniscience, I pulled it out of my pocket. He demanded that I let him read it, and asked me to have it photographed right away, which was quite impossible. He wanted a photostat of the letter and I decided to let him have the original.

My situation had grown more complicated. I had received a letter from the "traitor" Reiss, and had failed to notify Spiegelglass immediately. Moreover, I had denied, when first awakened by his telephone call, that I possessed such a letter. This clearly marked me in the eyes of Spiegelglass as an accomplice of Reiss.

I wrote my wife to pack up and come to Paris with the child, in preparation for our return to Moscow. She arrived in Paris at the end of the month, and we established ourselves, under the name of Lessner, at a pension on the Rue des Maronniers, Passy, a wealthy residential district.

On August tenth, my recall to Moscow came through. As my Austrian passport under the name of Eduard Miller had expired, a special passport was sent me in the name of a Czechoslovak merchant, Schoenborn. I was to take passage from Le Havre to Leningrad by the French steamer *Bretagne*, plying regularly in summer between the two ports.

Sometime before my recall, Spiegelglass had learned from me that a sister of Earl Browder named Margaret was one of my operatives. He asked me to assign her to him as he had an "important job" in France, for which he needed especially reliable people. While I do not mean to implicate

Miss Browder in the "important jobs" of Spiegelglass which I have described, I think Americans should realize the kind of situation in which they may arrive when they enlist in the service of Stalin.

Now that I was instructed to turn my organization over to Spiegelglass, he asked to meet my leading agents personally, and made a special point of meeting Miss Browder, who was operating on an American passport issued in the name of Jean Montgomery.

Miss Browder, a woman in the late thirties, small in stature and of the school-teacher type, had been in the service of the Soviet Military Intelligence for some time. During 1936-37 she worked in Central Europe where she laid the ground for the establishment of our secret radio station. Miss Browder had graduated from our special school in Moscow as a radio operator and she lived abroad in the disguise of a student.

Upon my return from the Soviet Union late in May, I had called her to the Netherlands. We met in the beginning of June in Amsterdam, where she stopped at the Hotel Pays-Bas. As my headquarters were in The Hague, which was too far for frequent meetings, I suggested that she move over to the Scheveningen. She did so, and lived there in June and July, 1937, at the Hotel Zeerest. At the end of July I called her to Paris, where she put up at the Hotel Lutetia, Boulevard Raspail.

An agent of exceptional talent whom I introduced to Spiegelglass, was a young Dutchman, Hans Bruesse, the son of a prominent labor leader. Hans was to play a fateful role in the weeks to come. He had been my most trusted aide in many unusual assignments, and had become an intimate of my family. I was very fond of the youth, and also of his wife, Norah.

I was now preparing to leave for Moscow on August twenty-first, by the steamship *Bretagne*. From the moment the Reiss affair broke and while I was still at the Hotel Napoleon, I had observed that I was being shadowed. When my wife and child arrived and we moved to the Passy pension, the shadowing became even more assiduous. My wife would notice it even when she took the child for a walk in the park. It was, of course, the work of Spiegelglass. My wife, who was not well, was made worse by these worries, and moreover my child got the whooping cough. When the date of my departure arrived it was clear that I should have to leave my family behind. I made arrangements for them to follow me to Moscow several weeks later.

Bearing a passport under the name of Schoenborn, I arrived around seven P.M. at the Gare St. Lazare to take the eight o'clock train for Le Havre, where I was to board the boat for Leningrad. About ten minutes before parting time, after I had attended to my baggage and already seated myself in the railway coach, the assistant to the Paris agent of the Ogpu rushed in. He told me that a telegram had just come from Moscow with instructions that I remain in Paris. I was incredulous, but a moment later one of my own men, all out of breath, came dashing in with the news of another coded message, similar in content. I asked to see the telegrams, but was told that Spiegelglass had them. I had my baggage removed and got off the train just as it pulled out of the station.

It flashed through my mind that the whole business of my recall had been staged to test me, to see if I really would return to the Soviet Union. In that event, I had passed the test. But I resented that bit of chicanery deeply. A feeling came over me right there that I not only would end my service, but I would never go back to Stalin's Russia.

I registered now at the Hotel Terminus, St. Lazare, as Schoenborn, the Czech merchant whose name I bore. My wife was still at the pension as Mrs. Lessner. I sent word to her that I had not left after all. That night I walked the length and breadth of Paris, all alone, wrestling with the question whether to go back or not.

During the next days I kept trying to figure out why my departure had been postponed at the last minute. Did Stalin want to give me another chance to show my loyalty? Yet the spying on me was palpably intensified. The evening of August twenty-sixth I went with Hans and Norah to the theater to see a farewell performance of Gorki's *Enemies*, given by a Soviet troupe visiting Paris. We sat in the second row. During the first intermission, a hand touched my shoulder. I turned around. There was Spiegelglass with some companions.

"You can leave tomorrow with these artists on one of our own boats," he counseled me.

I turned upon him angrily and told him not to bother me. "I'll go when I get ready," I said.

I noticed that Spiegelglass and his associates shortly thereafter disappeared from the theater. I cabled Moscow that I would return with my family as soon as the child recovered.

On August twenty-seventh I moved to Breteuil, a couple of hours from Paris, and we lived there quietly for about a week while the child convalesced. On the morning of September fifth, opening the Paris *Matin*, I saw a dispatch from Lausanne, Switzerland, reporting the mysterious murder of a Czechoslovak, Hans Eberhardt. So they got Ignace Reiss!

The assassination of Reiss became a celebrated case in Europe and reverberated in the press of America and throughout the world. The Swiss police, assisted by Deputy Sneevliet and the widow of Reiss, did a remarkable piece of

investigation lasting many months. The record of the case has been published by Pierre Tesne in Paris in a book entitled *L'Assassinat d'Ignace Reiss*. The following facts were established by the police investigations.

On the night of September fourth, off the Chamblandes road running from Lausanne, the body of an unknown man about forty years of age was found riddled by machine-gun bullets. There were five bullets in his head and seven in his body. A strand of gray hair was found clutched in the hand of the dead man. In his pockets were a passport in the name of Hans Eberhardt and a railway ticket for France.

An automobile of American make abandoned on September sixth at Geneva, led to the identification of two mysterious guests, a man and a woman, who had registered on September fourth at the Hotel de la Paix in Lausanne, and had fled without their baggage and without paying their bill. The woman was Gertrude Schildbach, of German nationality, a resident of Rome. She was an Ogpu agent in Italy. The man was Roland Abbiat, alias Francois Rossi, alias Py, a native of Monaco, and one of the Paris agents of the Ogpu.

Among the effects left by Gertrude Schildbach at the hotel was a box of chocolate candy containing strychnine—now in the hands of the Swiss police as one of the exhibits in the case. Gertrude Schildbach had been an intimate friend of the Reiss family, accustomed to play with Reiss's child. She had lacked the force to give this poisoned candy, as Spiegelglass directed, to the family she was accustomed to visit as a friend.

Gertrude Schildbach herself had been wavering politically since the beginning of the purge, and she could plausibly play the part of one ready to join Reiss in breaking with Moscow. Reiss had known of her waverings and trusted her. He went out with her to dine in a restaurant near Chamb-

landes to discuss the whole situation. So he thought. After dinner they took a little walk. Somehow they wandered off into an obscure road. An automobile appeared and came to a sudden stop. Several men jumped out of it and attacked Reiss. He fought the attacking band but with the aid of Schildbach, whose strand of hair was found in his clutch, they forced him into the car. Here one of them, Abbiat-Rossi, assisted by another, Etienne Martignat, both Paris agents of the Ogpu, fired a sub-machine gun point-blank at Reiss. His body was thrown out of the car a short distance away.

Renata Steiner, born at Saint-Gall, Switzerland, in 1908, was identified as the person who had hired the American-made car employed by the assassins of Reiss. Miss Steiner had been in the Ogpu service since 1935, and had been assigned previously to shadow Sedov, the son of Trotsky. She was one of three accomplices in the assassination of Reiss apprehended by the police. She confessed to her share in the crime, and helped the authorities to solve it.

There was an expensive sequel to the murder. The Swiss authorities demanded the interrogation of Lydia Grozovskaya, and in spite of the terrific pressure from the Soviet Embassy, the French authorities had her examined on December fifteenth. It will be recalled that it was Grozovskaya who had received the letters of Reiss on July seventeenth, and turned them over to Spiegelglass. Two days after her examination she was arrested. The Swiss government demanded her extradition. But once more Stalin's diplomatic hand went to the assistance of his other hand, the hand engaged in secret murder. The French courts gave Grozovskaya her freedom on bail to the amount of 50,000 francs, and upon her signing a pledge not to leave France. Needless to say, she disappeared without a trace. The last sight of Grozovskaya by the French police agents was when she

shook them off in a high-powered limousine of the Soviet Embassy.

When I read of Reiss's death on September fifth, I realized that my own situation was desperate. Stalin and Yezhov would never forgive my refusal to participate in this crime. To them it would mean that I shared Reiss's doubts. I had before me now the choice between a bullet in the Lubianka from Stalin's formal executioners and outside Russia a rain of bullets from a sub-machine gun in the hands of his informal assassins.

This terrifying dilemma was slowly beginning to dawn upon my wife too. We decided to return to Paris. I was still going through the motions of preparing to depart for Moscow. My secretary, Madeleine, found a suitable hotel for us at St. Germain. We registered at the Henri-Quatre.

Here, about the middle of September, my young aide, Hans Bruesse showed up. He was in great distress. He had received instructions to go to Holland, where Mrs. Reiss was stopping with the Sneevliets, and filch the notes and papers left by Reiss. He had gone, but returned with empty hands. He was urged to go back and stop at nothing, not even murder, in going after the papers. In despair and with tears in his eyes, he came to me for advice.

I told him that Reiss had been an idealist, a true Communist, and that the future history of the revolutionary and labor movements would condemn the murders of the Ogpu. I advised him to sabotage the dangerous errand with which Spiegelglass had entrusted him, and I told him how to do it. But I still spoke of my imminent return to Moscow, and Hans knew that Madeleine was trying to secure tickets for me and my family on the *Bretagne*.

We moved over from St. Germain to the Hotel Metropolitain, Rue Cambon, in Paris, where we stayed from the

seventeenth of September to the sixth of October. Here Madeleine came to report that the French liner had made her last trip of the season. We discussed other ways of getting back home. I was still a high officer of the Soviet Military Intelligence. I had to cable Moscow for special permission to leave by a Soviet boat, since Soviet boats are carefully scrutinized by the secret services of other nations. I noticed that every step of my own or of my wife was being dogged by spies, although their master, Speigelglass, had disappeared.

I received permission from Moscow to take a Soviet boat, and information that the next vessel to leave Le Havre was the *Zhdanov*, sailing October sixth. New passports had to be prepared for me in the name of a Soviet citizen passing through France on the way from Spain. My wife and child were to go back through Germany on a different passport.

One day toward the end of September, my wife asked me what my chances were of escaping death on my return to Moscow.

I told her what I thought: "None."

And I added: "There is no reason why you should be punished on account of me. When you get back, they will make you sign a paper repudiating me and denouncing me as a traitor. As a reward for this, you and our child will be spared. As for me, it's sure death over there."

My wife began to cry. She hardly stopped crying for weeks after. The chances of escaping with my life from Stalin's assassins in France were very slim, but I decided to take them. I saw the ray of a new life, and I decided to grope my way toward it. The decision was simple in the abstract, but the concrete difficulties were enormous.

I had no legal papers. My movements were being watched day and night. I had no confidant, no person in whom I

could put absolute trust. I decided to go to an old friend of mine who had been living in Paris many years, and take the risk of telling him the whole truth. He listened sympathetically and agreed to help me. He went to the south of France and rented a little villa for us in the small town of Hyères, near Toulon, returning on October third. The following day I was called to the Soviet Embassy to complete arrangements for my return to Russia on the *Zhdanov*, sailing October sixth. I went over and made all the arrangements.

Early in the morning of the sixth I checked out of my hotel and took a taxi to the Gare d'Austerlitz, where I left my baggage. After passing an hour in the Bois de Vincennes, I met my friend in a café near the Bastille and gave him the check for my baggage. He had meanwhile engaged a car and chauffeur which was to meet us at the Hotel Bohy-Lafayette. I went directly there, and he went by way of the Gare d'Austerlitz where he picked up my baggage. Our chauffeur turned out to be an American, a World War veteran who had settled in France. He was under the impression that he was taking a family for a vacation trip.

All these movements were precautionary measures designed to throw the Ogpu agents off our track. We were expected to leave that day for Le Havre, to board the Soviet ship. Instead, we were headed by motor for Dijon. On the outskirts of Paris I stopped to telephone Madeleine, informing her of my break with the Soviet government. She made no reply when I told her the news. I learned later that she had fainted at the telephone.

We reached Dijon at nine that evening, dismissed the car at the station, and took the train for the Côte d'Azur. At seven the following morning we arrived at our hide-out in Hyères. The same evening our friend returned to Paris to take up the task of getting me the protection of the authorities.

Early in November I came back to Paris. Through the attorney for Mrs. Reiss I established connections with Leon Sedov, Trotsky's son, who was editing the "Bulletin of the Opposition" and with the leaders of the Russian Menshevik Socialists exiled in Paris. Leon Blum was then in power and they were on the best of terms with his government. I had written to Mrs. Reiss, and also to Hans and Norah, in whom I had implicit confidence, asking them to insert an advertisement in the Paris *Oeuvre* if they wished to meet me. I believed that Hans would follow me in breaking with Stalin.

When I saw Sedov I told him frankly that I did not come to join the Trotskyites, but for advice and comradeship. He received me cordially, and I saw him thereafter almost daily. I learned to admire this son of Leon Trotsky as a personality in his own right. I shall never forget the disinterested help and comfort he gave me in those days when the Stalin agents were after me. He was still very young, but was exceptionally gifted—charming, well informed, efficient. In the treason trials in Moscow it was said that he received vast sums of money from Hitler and the Mikado. I found him living the life of a revolutionist, toiling all day in the cause of the opposition, in actual need of better food and clothing. Three months later, healthy and in the prime of life, he died suddenly in a Paris hospital. Many people, including his father, thought that the Ogpu had a hand in his death.

It was Theodore Dan, the leader of the Russian Socialists, and his associates who arranged with Leon Blum's government to furnish me identification papers and police protection. Before that, however, the Ogpu had made its first attempt upon my life.

I had written to Hans that only in case he decided to break with Stalin should he get in touch with me. I received word from him that he was stopping as usual at the Hotel

Breton, Rue Duphot, and would be glad to see me. I telephoned, and we made an appointment to meet at a café near the Place de la Bastille. I was at a table in the café when he entered.

"I come in the name of the organization," were almost his first words. I realized instantly that Hans had been cast in the role of Gertrude Schildbach and that my life was in danger. Although grievously shocked, for I had deep faith in this youth, I collected my wits quickly and became aware of an unusual group of men at the table next to us. They were smoking Austrian cigarettes—it was a small *petit bourgeois* French café—I felt very sure they were in the Ogpu service.

Hans told me that he had come to Paris intent upon breaking with the service, but that for two days a special commissioner from Moscow had argued with him, and had finally convinced him that I was wrong, that everything Stalin did was for the good of the cause. Hans then began to propagandize me, using all the old arguments so familiar in my own mind. In the circumstances I thought best to pretend that he was making a deep impression on me.

"They know in Moscow that you are not a traitor, not a spy," he said. "You are a good revolutionist, but you are tired. You're breaking under the strain. Perhaps they'll just let you go away and take a good rest. Anyway you are one of us."

So the youth argued.

"Weren't you on the train, all set to go home on August twenty-first? You will go back yet. We will take you there. Anyhow, the commissioner from Moscow understands your problem, and wants to have a good talk with you. You know the man, of course, but I have no right to give you his name."

While Hans talked I watched his hands to see if he were making any signal to the group at the adjoining table. I was

in a trap and I was thinking fast. Having but recently abandoned his point of view it was easy for me to say exactly the words Hans wanted me to. I expressed to him my gratification that they had sent such an intelligent man over from Moscow. I displayed great eagerness to meet this man and straighten things out.

"Spiegelglass was just an idiot and a plain thug," I said. "This man you are talking about seems to understand my case perfectly."

Hans and I discussed the proposed conference with the special commissioner. He suggested that I might meet the man in Holland, at the home of his wife's parents, whom I knew very well. I readily agreed, perceiving that the plan was to lure me away from France which was still seething with the Miller and Reiss cases. Hans seemed happy at his success, and I was sure that I saw him signal to the unpleasant neighbors that all was going well. We fixed a tentative date for the meeting, and I felt that I had outwitted at least for the first time, the assassins of the Ogpu.

Pleading hunger, I invited Hans to go to a good restaurant with me and hailed a passing cab. I noticed that we were not followed, and was well satisfied with my escape. Our lunch was not enjoyable, and it took quite a few cab rides to shake off Hans after we parted. It was even harder to shake off the bitter thought of his betrayal.

After that happened I appealed to M. Dormoy, the French Socialist Minister of the Interior, revealing my identity and soliciting the protection of his government. I surrendered all my false passports and those of my wife to Theodore Dan for delivery to M. Dormoy. In my appeal to him I referred to my Soviet service from 1919 to 1937, and continued:

"Recent political events in the Soviet Union have completely changed the situation. . . . Confronted with the

choice of going to my death together with all my old comrades or trying to save my life and my family, I have decided not to deliver myself in silence to the Stalin terror. . . .

"I know that a price has been put on my head. The assassins are after me, and they will not spare even my wife or child. I have often risked my life for my cause, but I do not wish to die now for nothing.

"I seek your protection for myself and my family, and your permission to remain in France until I am able to go to another country to earn a living and find independence and security."

In response to my appeal, the Minister of the Interior ordered the Paris police to issue me a *carte d'identité*, on the basis of which I later secured passports to the United States.

An inspector of police, Maurice Maupin, was assigned to guard me and accompany me to Hyères, where he would make arrangements for the protection of my family. The Minister of the Interior gave his assurance that his government demanded nothing of me, and was only interested in seeing to it that no harm should befall me on French territory, since he wished to avoid any further injury to Franco-Soviet relations.

Accompanied by Inspector Maupin, I returned to Hyères for a brief visit, my destination being known only to half a dozen people in all Paris. We reached Marseilles late Monday evening. The train stopped at the station for half an hour. Another train obstructed my view of the platform. As it pulled out a few minutes after our arrival, I caught sight of Hans Bruesse, wearing a rain coat and walking rapidly toward another man, motioning with his hand.

I cried out to Inspector Maupin: "There are the assassins!"

I had recognized in the companion of Hans the familiar figure of Kral, senior lieutenant of the Soviet Ogpu. The in-

spector and I made a dash out of our compartment. On the opposite side of the train, across the tracks, two other men were standing. Hans had either seen my agitation, or heard my cry of alarm, and as Inspector Maupin and I jumped from the train the four men fled with their hands in their pockets. The inspector had pulled out his gun and we gave chase. But when we reached the end of the platform he stopped and commanded me to stand against the wall. Standing guard in front of me, he said:

"My orders are to bring you safely back to Paris. I am not prepared to capture four armed assassins single-handed."

He expressed the belief that they carried hand grenades.

It was midnight, and there were no gendarmes in sight. Hans and his companions got away, and we returned to our compartment. To this day I do not know how the Ogpu found out my route and schedule.

Notwithstanding the inspector's opinion, I judge that the plan was to abduct me from the train and take me to a safe place in Marseilles, an ideal city for such an operation, where I could either be kept until the arrival of a Soviet boat, or disposed of more simply.

In December I moved my family from the hide-out in Hyères, and we took up quarters at the Hotel des Academies, Rue Saints Pères, Paris, next door to a police station. The authorities assigned three policemen to guard us. They occupied a room adjoining ours, working on eight-hour shifts. Day and night, an officer stood guard at the hotel entrance.

During the last treason trial, held in Moscow in March, 1938, French labor journalists urged me to speak out. I gave an interview to Boris Souvarine, formerly on the Executive Committee of the Communist International, now a contributing editor to the Paris *Figaro*, and to Gaston Bergery, member of the Chamber of Deputies, son-in-law of Leonid

Krassin, late Soviet ambassador to Great Britain. M. Bergery, who now edits an independent weekly in Paris, had been one of the first Frenchmen to sponsor the Franco-Soviet alliance, but had been disillusioned by the purge.

I also wrote some articles, interpreting the news from Moscow, for the *Socialist Courier*, a magazine published in Paris by the exiled Russian Social Democrats. These articles were reprinted by arrangement in the *Social Democrat* of Stockholm and a paper of the same name in Copenhagen, both official organs of the Socialist parties then in power in Sweden and Denmark. Their publication caused Moscow to file diplomatic protests with the Swedish and Danish governments. These governments replied that in their countries the press was free.

Even in the United States Stalin's long arm of vengeance has tried to reach me. On Tuesday, March 7, 1939, about four in the afternoon, in company with one of the editors of a New York labor paper, I went to a restaurant on 42nd Street, in the vicinity of Times Square. Fifteen minutes after our arrival, three men sat down at a table next to us. I recognized one of them. In our secret service he was known by the nickname of Jim, but his real name was Sergei Basoff. Originally a sailor in the Crimea, a veteran agent of the Soviet Military Intelligence, Basoff had been sent to the United States years ago to serve as a permanent agent here, and for this purpose had become an American citizen.

Knowing the ways of Stalin, I had no doubt that he had entrusted the job of organizing a hunt for me on this side of the Atlantic to Colonel Boris Bykov. I knew that Bykov was in charge of the Soviet Military Intelligence in the United States, having been assigned to America in the summer of 1936.

My companion and I rose to leave the restaurant hastily, but Basoff caught up with me at the cashier's desk. He greeted me in a most friendly way.

"Did you come to shoot me?" I said.

"No, indeed, this is unofficial. I just want to have a friendly chat with you."

I knew that Gertrude Schildbach and Hans Bruesse had begun their work with these same friendly chats. However, I let Basoff walk with me to a near-by publishing house, where I had a friend. My companion fell behind, and was accosted by the other two men. But they did not dare to enter the building occupied by the publishing house.

My chat with Basoff was about mutual friends in Moscow and in the foreign service. Arrived in my friend's office, I told Basoff that I did not want to see him again, and thought it might be best for him to clear out of the country.

I stayed at the publishing house long after he had left. I stayed until nine in the evening when a group of additional friends, informed by telephone of my predicament, arrived. It was now the theater hour, with plenty of police in the block and no cars parked. I got away safely once more.

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