

36
 Diary
 Embassy Meeting
 Oct. 31, 1959
 12:30 PM. In the morning I had a very interesting meeting with the Russian Consul, Mr. Snyder, and I spoke to him about my passport. He motions me to pass inside as I wish. Their can be little doubt I'm sure in his mind that I'm a American. Light overcoat, no hat or scarf and non-Russian button down shirt & tie. Entering I find the office of "consular" sign opening the door I go in. A secretary busy typing looks up. "Yes"? she says "I'd like to see the consular official." I say. "Will you sign the tourist registrar please," she says dryly, going back to her typing. "Yes, but before I'll do that, I'd like to see the consular," laying my passport on her desk, as she looks up puzzled, I'm here to dissolve my american citizenship." She rises and taking my passport goes into the open inter office, where she lays the passport on a mans desk, saying "there is a Mr. Oswald outside, who says he's here to dissolve his U. S. citizenship. "OK" the man says, "thanks" He says to the girl without looking up from his typing, she, as she comes out, invites me into the inter office to sit down. I do so, selecting an armchair to the front left side of Snyders desk (it was Snyder whom I talked too head consular) I wait, crossing my legs and laying my gloves in my lap. He finishes typing, removes the letter from his typewriter and adjusting his glasses looks at me. "What can I do for you he asks" leafing through my passport. "I'm here to dissolve my U.S. citizenship and would like to sing the legle papers to that effect." have you applied for Russian citizenship? yes. He taking out a piece of paper and says "before we get to that I'd like some personal infor." He ask name, personal information to which I ansewer than: "your reasons for coming." I say I have experienced life in the U.S., American military life, American Imperilism. I am a Marxist, and I waited two years for this I don't want to live in the U.S. or be burtained by American citizenship. He says ok. That's all unless you want to profound your "Marxist belifes" you can go. I said I've requested that I be allowed to sign legal papers devasting myself of U.S. citizen. Do you refuse me that right"? He says. "Uhg. no, but the papers will take some time to get ready in the meantime where are you staying "room 212 at the Metropole," I state, angry at being refused a right I start to leave "you'll tell us what the Russ. do next" I turn very mad "of course" I say and leave.

36.

DIARY EMBASSY MEETING

Oct. 31, 1959

12:30 arrive in "Bolga" type taxi, two Russian policemen stand at the Embassy, one salutes as I approach I entranc of the embassy and says "passport" I smile and show my passport. He motions me to pass inside as I wish. Their can be little doubt I'm sure in his mind that I'm a American. Light overcoat, no hat or scarf and non-Russian button down shirt & tie. Entering I find the office of "consular" sign opening the door I go in. A secretary busy typing looks up. "Yes"? she says "I'd like to see the consular official." I say. "Will you sign the tourist registrar please," she says dryly, going back to her typing. "Yes, but before I'll do that, I'd like to see the consular," laying my passport on her desk, as she looks up puzzled, I'm here to dissolve my american citizenship." She rises and taking my passport goes into the open inter office, where she lays the passport on a mans desk, saying "there is a Mr. Oswald outside, who says he's here to dissolve his U. S. citizenship. "OK" the man says, "thanks" He says to the girl without looking up from his typing, she, as she comes out, invites me into the inter office to sit down. I do so, selecting an armchair to the front left side of Snyders desk (it was Snyder whom I talked too head consular) I wait, crossing my legs and laying my gloves in my lap. He finishes typing, removes the letter from his typewriter and adjusting his glasses looks at me. "What can I do for you he asks" leafing through my passport. "I'm here to dissolve my U.S. citizenship and would like to sing the legle papers to that effect." have you applied for Russian citizenship? yes. He taking out a piece of paper and says "before we get to that I'd like some personal infor." He ask name, personal information to which I ansewer than: "your reasons for coming." I say I have experienced life in the U.S., American military life, American Imperilism. I am a Marxist, and I waited two years for this I don't want to live in the U.S. or be burtained by American citizenship. He says ok. That's all unless you want to profound your "Marxist belifes" you can go. I said I've requested that I be allowed to sign legal papers devasting myself of U.S. citizen. Do you refuse me that right"? He says. "Uhg. no, but the papers will take some time to get ready in the meantime where are you staying "room 212 at the Metropole," I state, angry at being refused a right I start to leave "you'll tell us what the Russ. do next" I turn very mad "of course" I say and leave.

COMMISSION EXHIBIT 101