

DIARY EMBASSY MEETING.
Oct. 31, 1959.

12:30 ARRIVE IN "BOLGAI" TYPE TAXI, TWO RUSSIAN POLICEMEN STARE AT THE EMBASSY. ONE SHOUTS AS I APPROACH ENTRANCE 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 AN AMERICAN. LIGHT OVERCOAT, NO HAT OR SCRAF AND NON-RUSSIAN BUTTON DOWN SHIRT & TIE. ENTERING I FIND THE OFFICE OF "CONSULAR" SILENTLY 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 TOWNIST REGISTAR PLEASE?" SHE SAYS DRIVELY GOING BACK TO HER TYPING. "YES, BUT BEFORE I'D DO THAT, I'D LIKE TO SEE THE CONSULAR," LAYING MY PASSPORT ON HER DESK, AS SHE LOOKS UP FUZZLED, 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 MAN'S DESK. SAYING "THERE'S A MR. OSWALD OUTSIDE, WHO SAYS HE WANTS 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 SNYDER'S DESK (IT WAS SNYDER WHOM I TALKED TO 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 SIGN THE SINGLE PAPER TO THAT EFFECT." "DO YOU HAVE YOUR PAPERS FOR AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP?" YES. HE TAKES OUT A PIECE OF PAPER AND SAYS "BEFORE WE GET TO THAT IS LIKE SOME REASONAL INFO?" HE ASK NAME, REASONAL INFORMATION TO WHICH I ANSWER, THEN: "YOUR REASONS FOR COMING." I SAY I HAVE ABANDONED LIFE IN THE U.S. AMERICAN MILITARY LIFE, AMERICAN IMPERIALISM, I AM A MARXIST, AND I'D WAITED TWO YEARS FOR THIS I DON'T WANT TO LIVE IN THE U.S. OR BE OBTAINED BY AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP. HE SAYS OK. THAT'S ALL UNLESS YOU WANT TO PROFOUND YOUR "MARXIST BELIEFS" YOU CAN GO. I SAID "I'VE REQUESTED THAT I BE ALLOWED TO SIGN LEGAL PAPERS, DEVESTING MYSELF OF U.S. CITIZEN. DO YOU REFUSE 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 "BOLGAI" & SAY AN UNPLEASANT.

325