

District of Maryland
101 West Lombard Street

Baltimore, Maryland 21201

July 4, 2019

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Re: United States v. Harold T. Martin, III

Crim No. RDB-17-0069

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JUL 22 2019

AT LAL, II
CLERK U.S. DISTRICT COURT
DISTRICT OF MARYLAND
BY DEPUTY

Dear Judge Bennett:

I would respectfully ask that this letter be entered into the court record for my allocution during sentencing. First, a disclaimer. Nothing in this statement is classified, no last names of private persons, nor technical talk, just my personal opinions. I thank the Court in advance for its patience.

It has been said that one's name should appear in print only three times: Announcement of Birth, Notice of Marriage, and obituary. We may have to consider adding this proceeding to that list, in order to provide others with explanation, accounting, and apology, as they seek closure. Today is my day for that, so here I am, Harold Thomas Martin III, an individual who was perhaps an intellectually curious adventurer, looking for an unparalleled, high impact, international opportunity, to take part in that severe contest, between intelligence, which presses forward, and unworthy, timid ignorance, obstructing our progress. Or maybe more Antonius Block, searching for knowledge, and playing chess for the rightest of reasons, or perhaps Major Pugachev, fighting to be free. Or just the New Number Six, episode 17, noted.

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Regardless, what I have been called is a walking encyclopedia, and that's fair enough, but what I'd like people to know is that I am not an encyclopedia salesman. I'm crystalizing, not commoditizing, not commercializing. I'm also not Captain America, nor any kind of Superman, either, not in the comic book sense, nor Nietzschean dialectic. Not some Crash Override, nor Gibson's Henry Case; no one special. Just an average Joe, just a Joe. What I can tell you for certain, though, is that I am Christian in action, Catholic in application, doer of deeds, and that this has truly been, where eagles dare.

Now, for family, friends, and others that I would try to make amends, and provide the aforementioned relief, in addition to encouragement, comfort, and at least a small measure of solace. It will be the only time I intend to speak on this matter with most of you; for most of you, the last time I speak, in general.

Mom and Dad: I'd like you to know I will be fine. I want to apologize for failing to listen, and hear, at times, and for taking so long to heal wounds. You gave me the best training possible, professionally, with knowledge of who we are, through the ages. Time is relative, and we will always be in each other's hearts. See you soon, your first born, Chip.

P.S. You named me; what did you expect to have happen?

Mike, Beth, and Victoria: Thank you for your support in my time of troubles. I know I haven't been the best brother,

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but I am learning how much family matters. Between faith and flag; I'm sorry I got the order mixed up. I intend to make up for it, going forward. Much love, your crazy brother, Chip.

Audrey: Thank you for the gifts of fine art, music, and language; the hallmarks and fruits of civilization. I'm sorry I didn't spend more time with you and Guy, let's remedy that. We'll always remain connected through the universals of the cosmos, no matter what. All my love, Chip.

David and Chris: I'm sorry we drifted apart. Maybe you can find a bit of forgiveness, now that you know more. Hope you both are well. Love, Chip.

Grandma and Grandpa: Well, things are wrapping up here; it's time for both of you to go home now. Grandma, Uncle Anthony says 'hello', and he wants you to know that he sends his very best. He asked that you bake some cookies and says that he'll see you both, very soon. All right, enjoy, and watch out for that door.

Thomas and Richard: Tom, Dick, and Harry; that was us. Remember what we talked about? Well, Harry Palmer here did it, and it all begins with a very expensive funeral. I'm sorry I didn't keep up over the years, I'll try to remedy that soon.

Dr. Croan: You were my 'Professor Kingsfield', giving me Ulam and Arendt, plus a hundred others. Thank you for the lessons of history, and the actual 'governing dynamic', Expansion and Coexistence. See you in lecture, Best, Hal.

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Devon: Definitely my 'Phair' one, with voice husky-sweet, and eyes so mysterious at times; Venus on a half-shell, and I, your David. I'm sorry for what came between us, and my insensitivity about the issue. It is all my fault. That matter is something I will forever regret, please forgive me. And I'm glad you found a full life in the Med. You know, with the 'Other Ones', on a holiday, distant lands are not so far away. So, Dev, Rome if you want to, roam around the world. Ciao Bella, Chip.

Marina: Piccola Testarossa. Sì, è vero, sono ~~Cacciatore~~ Cacciatore. I will always remember Newport, a certain black Spyder, and Commander Mullen's good advice. Anche, ho capito che ti amo. I'm sorry it didn't work out; I hope you and James are well. James, stay on the square and level; I seek the ~~g~~ Great Architect as well. In Hoc Signo Vinces, very good stuff. All right, Marina, in bocca a' Lupo. Baccini, Baccini, Baccini, Best, Hal.

Sigrid: My perfect Prussian, absolutely Wonderful Woman, and compleat Atomic Blonde. Those were the days, my friend, we thought they'd never end. You, the bloody red baroness, rolling up their store, and I had your 'six', partner, as your wingman. I'm sorry we couldn't share more of our hearts, because it felt like 'in your eyes'; we both wanted to. I think it was just hard to say. Thanks for teaching me how to use your Ulfberht; thanks for explaining Goethe to me, the soul of your land. It's in mine, too, you blue moonbeam. Be careful, my Bundesbabe, they do play on our

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Sense of duty. I miss you, Sigs, I really do. So-machts nichts, Siggie, machts nichts. Alles gut, endes gut, ja?
Auf Wiedersehen, Liebling - Tschüs, und Kuss-Kuss, Hal
Liz: Black and Blue, a hundred shades of you. I hope you've found a way to tame that beautiful gypsy spirit of yours. I'm sorry we didn't work out, but it was very special, and I'm sorry I screwed it up with my issues. There was love, and the Boss said it best, it was a 'tunnel of love'. Is that you, baby, or just a brilliant disguise? So be gentle with Martin. Everyone deserves a good love. Martin, well, they claim I've pulled a bit of a swifty, thus, we may have to leave it at this. Good on you both; good luck and enjoy the Land of Wonder. You're on the front lines, mate. Take care guys, Best, Hal.

Now, to the hardest one of all - Deborah. Deb, the skies parted when we met; all nature approved. It was crazy you and crazy me, searching for infinity. Oliver and Jenny, a Love Story. Fred said I was definitely dippy about the way you walked; it sounds like madness, because it must be love, every day, every night. It turned into something much, much more. I said something about being a Ninja, you heard Ninjo, and thought I wanted to talk about our feelings. Thank goodness you did. You saved me, and by extension, quite possibly a few other people, places, and entire institutions as well. The Power of Love; I Feel Love. The 'Deb Effect'. It's the 'Real Thing'. You awakened my soul, Mumford style, and I wanted to sing you a

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Song, for a cold winter's night; dance you till the end of love. But, instead, it looks like it will be if you could read my mind, love. So, Deborah, you helped me up, for I had fallen. You helped me find my way out of that glimmering wilderness, out of the darkness. I think, though, that we were granted a 'severe mercy', the one C.S. Lewis spoke of, and, more than anything, thank you for helping me find what's right again. Deb, water bears no scars, and I am a new creation, now a man walking a penitent path. That is why it is so hard to say, and I am so sorry to have that Rick and Ilse airport talk, the one about not today or tomorrow, but soon, and forever. Well, here's looking at you, kid, we'll always have Burlington, and the memory of trees. So, 'as you wish', to blave. Better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all. Toujours, tous les jours, tout mes jours, Ma Coeur, Ma Vie, Ma Tout. Bon Chance, et Au Revoir, Deborah.

Onward. And to the more aggrieved parties.

For those gentle folk, living down in a savage land, off savage road: I offer a flag of truce, for a cessation of hostilities.

I know you've been talking about me, no doubt amidst a torrent of obscenities. Now you know me, and I know you, inside and out. We have spent a lot of time together, and we have talked, ad nauseum. I am very sorry for what has happened. I want to apologize, and also to share with you that anger is like drinking poison, and expecting the other person to die. Now, heart to heart, my issue is

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pride; vanity. 1ST Corinthians, Chapter 13. I was not a charitable man with you. One of the hardest lessons to learn is how to face up to exactly who is that 'man in the mirror'? So, in a sense, I think I was trying to protect you from myself, as well. Try that paradox on for size. In seeking ideals, we can turn into idealists, and perfectionists. In our zeal, we can turn into zealots. It was my untempered belief in that unbreached rationality, the result of unchecked volitional consciousness, Good in moderate doses, but excess can lead to extremes. Oh, and that sign? It's not the only one to seek. Tempus Fugit, so let us begin to use safe words with each other. I'm sorry for being a bit harsh, a disciplinarian applying a little too much OTK. Well, I wanted you better, not broken. So I'm sorry for pushing you; giving you a 'tune-up'. Encouragement and best thoughts are these: Your worst enemy, after the usual suspects, is some of our own. Beware the tyranny of the mediocre; that mind-numbing serocracy that stifles imagination and innovation, ~~sitting~~ sitting idly by, sipping a large glass of tall-puppy syndrome, with a chaser of schadenfreunde. So, when you need to find the speed of heat, have a really solid understanding of what you can skip and what you must do. Because, without the middle initial, the other two just indicate something else. Last thoughts. I know that the lack of open acknowledgement of technological acumen and achievement is hard, but please don't boast or brag. Loose lips, sink ships. Then, as now. Also, please remember my words with you regarding 'hubris';

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and 'time' - Oh, by the way, I've found that frequency. The one in the picture. It's the road to Shambhala, and it's nice. So, I won't be coming back. Best, Hal P.S. Got Root? Try Harder, Get Wired. That's my Z1 input. So long. For J.D.: No, old man. Thought I was having trouble with my adding, but it's all right now. Via con Dios, amigo, Hal. For Rob: I'm sorry for playing apex predator with you, but I am an extremely APT pupil. Some guys drive a Charger, others drive a Prius. It is what it is. You're a good man, Rob. Best, Hal. For the Admiral, and cc: to Shawn. Mike, Swo to Swo. I'm sorry ~~to~~ to have played the pirate, and given emergency orders to Helm and Lee-Helm. The Enterprise was in ~~extremis~~ extremis, and elevation, at risk. You needed to know, and have an OPFOR-EX by a real badger, no honey included, just straight-up Bucky, with a Red Flag. Jack Rackham, revisited. Thank you for treating me with dignity and decorum, as I deserved neither. It meant a lot, and I meant every word in my letter to you. I am regaining my bearing, and intend to act appropriately from here on out. Fair winds, following seas, full speed ahead. Ride, Captain, ride. All my best, V/R, Hal. For Dr. R.: You are the greatest. I'm sorry I couldn't give you better ideas to get you through the storm. Much success in the days ahead. My complete admiration and respect. Best, Hal P.S. Remember, simplicity is the ultimate sophistication. Attendance and activity does not always equal accomplishment.

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For Brothers and Sisters: Oh, what would you think if I sang out of tune? Make no mistake, the manner and method of my approach was unorthodox, unconventional, uncanny, but also unauthorized, illegal, and just plain wrong. One step beyond black. Please do not copy this, it is not the easy or correct path. I took shortcuts, went backwards, sideways, and around things, crossing major borders and boundaries. It is not good, it is very, very, bad. Please don't.

No 'boldly pressing Enter where angels fear to tread'. Creativity and imagination can be a curse, especially if to the manner Bourne.

So I hope you will accept this explanation, and apology. Having said that, I would offer these words of encouragement:

As a child of divorce myself, I'm glad I could help you with yours. Remember, we work to create a world in which our services are no longer required. For now though, it's close action, and sharp. Our nation is under attack like never before, and it's new lies for old, but the eyes, the eyes are the same. Don't be afraid to look, you're stronger. They're right, truth is the first victim, so it's John 8:32, and more importantly, John 10, verses 10 through 15, inclusive. Do beware of the long term effects of that professional schizophrenia, a bipolar lifestyle, and rampant paranoia.

As for me; Ex Umbra, Lux. So I'm moving on. The Benedictine and Blackstone appeal, with a bit of Buddha, and a lot of Luther. I'm clean and sober, but still only 50%, and can barely sing 'Daisy'. Like Father Merrin, though, I have taken a leap of faith, and begun to face my demons. I have not 'ceased to care', especially where you all are concerned,

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because after at least four times, it has started to take on that special flavor, and I am fighting for it. Thus, I repeat the ancient oath: We move in shadow, We work in secret, ~~We~~ We serve in silence. Now, please take this to heart.

Look out for one another. Care for each other. Be kind to one another. Because, I can tell you to a certainty, that out here, in the deepest dark, running solo, it is very, very, cold. So - Pump up the volume, check out your gear, and find that quiet smile. Stay elite, stay alert, and you'll stay alive. All right, it's FUGGS forever; set Cruise Control to run at that 5/4 time, as you move intelligently forward. Excelsior, Hal P.S. To strive, to find, to seek, and not to yield. Remain, as I do, guided that 16 pointed Star, a compass for our lives. Heads in the boat, you'll find swing.

For Sherrill and Bob: Well, Sherrill, it looks like you have your reset, and rebalancing. Enjoy, because it does come at a price, and a cost. I'm sorry if there was blow-back. Bob, sorry about all the destroyed dinnerware. Perhaps dinner out is in order. All the best, Hal.

For Oleg and Mischa: I'm sorry we didn't get to talk more. Your insights and observations were spot-on; your ideas, invaluable. Full marks, top of the class. Thank you for playing the Great Game. One night in Bangkok makes a hard man humble. Best, Hal.

For Gina: Go you! Congratulations on breaking barriers. I'm sorry if I showed up on your list of issues, and I apologize for coping the staff, and coping the rod.

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In my humble opinion, Gina, if we are truly to be Avengers, standing side by side, as equals, 50-50, then we must celebrate, investigate, and appreciate each other's diversity, differences, and abilities, in order to win the day. All my very best, highest regards, Hal

For Robert / Joe / Ed / Ingo: Thanks for the training, and the tools. It made the difference when the Chip was down. A real Run Lola Run moment. Sorry I couldn't have been a better artist. See you on the other side, Hal. P.S. I did learn to push, though, just fine - and the beat goes on.

For Steve, John, Erica, Nicole, and the rest: Steve, you were my Colonel Trautman. You were right about everything. You helped me believe again, believe in the mission, and I thank you for that. I'm sorry I was very broken and damaged by then. I wish I could have been better for you. I ~~were~~ wore a Black Hat for a savage land, but for you, I put on the black, and rode back there, as a Paladin. Your mil-spec monkey, on patrol, doing long range recon. I flipped the switch to battle override, turned and burned, accelerated, expended the last round, and burned out the rest of the circuits. You all are very much worth it. But I have to tell you, General, staff duty is actually a bit rough.

So, Steve, remember all we talked about. The Governing Dynamics. I have seen 5000 years of battle, and it's getting late. Si Vis Pacem, Para Bellum. V/R, Best, Hal.

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For Ash, Frank, and the DMAG: Sirs, it was the only way I could see to all the equations in the time allotted. Desperate man, desperate times. So I want to sincerely apologize and say, mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa. Please forgive a mind made febrile by the facts presented, and my unbecoming conduct. Jason Bourne, scary version. Best job I ever had. Travel well, and may the good Lord bless and keep you. U/R, Hal P.S. The Heilmeyer questions: it is a Conundrum, Sirs. Works just fine.

For J-folks: To paraphrase some good men: Your progress is marked, but it is not completed. Clarity of purpose and thoughts can serve to strengthen all of us for the tasks that still lie ahead. I'm sorry I did it the way I did, for I truly loved the work. All my good thoughts and prayers, ~~Hal~~ Hal.

For that curiously interesting and curiously exciting crowd: I'm sorry for yanking your chain and pulling you into this, but you had serious issues with your management. Best thoughts for you are these: Read closely the following: Gordievsky, Riebling, Kalugin, Masterman, Reinhart Gehlen, and William R. Johnson. Also, remember the words of the great Ray Rocca, regarding friendly services. Be careful while building out that Panopticon of Orwell and Zamyatin; remember, it's not a total solution. You still have to think critically. Perfection of the instrument is important, but your model and theory must be shown by the data. Good data.

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Blindness to bias can be a very tricky thing to account for. You may find yourself subjected to it, as well as instrumentarian power, an unwelcome side effect of 'Free Ice Cream'. Happy Hunting. P.S. So - I'm sorry, but I don't drink vodka, and I'm immune to Smirnoff. They tend to cloud the mind; the Mist releases monsters from the Id.

For Uncle Bob and Bill: Sirs, I'm very sorry to drag you back into the meat grinder. The kids aren't getting it, and a good number of the adults are, frankly, AWOL.

Jim Angleton is spinning in a box, the Purple Dragon is weeping, and Markus Wolf? Well, he's just laughing at us from the Great Beyond. So you're needed.

Bob, thank you for such fancy work, of that part, there can be no doubt. I couldn't find the words myself, so I jumped the problem queue. The thing is, I just don't believe in the 'no-win scenario'.

Bill, you take the high road, because it looks like I took the low road, Sir. Wisdom, Chapters 6, 7, and 8. I pray for 9, daily. I'm sorry I couldn't have done it better or cleaner. Had to call arty on my own POS, Bob. Had to lean into it. You both have my complete admiration, respect, and highest regard. Best, Hal.

To that cool dude, in a loose mood: I'm sorry; what I wanted to say is just this: Knock it off, Sport. To be fair, though; those people - they, them. The people of Pushkin. They have been through quite a lot.

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They've asked us to understand their collective experience, to come and see what happened to them, the last time the world went insane. Perhaps straight forward diplomacy can engender a watchful trust. Because this relationship matters, and it dies not from love or hate, but neglect, and indifference. It requires both a Constant Gardiner and Night Manager.

Which brings me to Jeremy. Yes, you're right. It is about your kids; it's about everybody's kids, and every body. And Cusack would get this, it's about no one ever, ever, having to say, "Hey, what happened to Major Kong?" The nominal positive operation of functional security controls, Jeremy, that is what it is about. Good Luck. Best, Hal

Now, last, to you, Your Honor, I must apologize. When we started this, back in 2016, you said that this matter gave you "great pause". I've been thinking about that a lot since then, and it does, doesn't it? You, as much as others, can imagine what all of this implies, ~~am~~ and I'm extremely sorry for that; to bring that reality to you. All of you should be able to expect that your taxes are being spent efficiently, wisely, and to good effect. The skies over America have grown a bit dark, but I can offer you this hope: I have met a lot of good people, too, and they continue to engage. They are worthy of your faith.

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So I will end with this, Your Honor. My methods were wrong, illegal, and highly questionable. I will continue to seek wisdom, and pray for it daily, because I do know the difference.

I know the difference between fighting for something, and dying for nothing. I made my stand. Anyway, that's my view. It happens to be a matter of interpretation. I thank the Court for its time.

Respectfully,

Harold T. Martin III

HAROLD T. MARTIN, III

~~P.S.~~

P.S.

For Sisters of Silver: Shall I sing to you, my Sisters, a Faithful song? Thank you for teaching me of your ways, and of that wisest of wounds. Know that I will keep all in confidence. I am sorry, for being a Cunning man, but not the best Green man. Please forgive. I am also sorry to tell you that I have chosen another path, but I do remember all the 'Herstory' we talked of, as we knew each other's names, as we held each other's gaze, as we played Gerrard's Human Game.

Such ocular precision, Sisters, eyes bright, by fire's light. Know that although I now wear a very old cross on my chest and shield, I defend all of us, and will always call you friend, by mirror round, 'twixt and 'tween. Be blessed, Sotto le Stelle, sotto la Luna, Hal

For Kusanggi, Batou, Zatoichi, ZZ, Tools, and Jammer: Veni, Vidi, Vici. Word - take care of Selene. She bites, and can be a bit of a beastie, but she has a good heart.

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Keep working on that reverse Turing problem, and stay on the six-bone. We did good, know that.

I'm giving it all up, and going in search of my better self, to find that inner Ben Kenobi. Remain 'leets and 'leets.

Stay frosty, Best, Racer-X.

For Yale Law School: I should have applied a long time ago.

Thank you for being the lamp and the light through a very dark and dangerous time. You've shown me many new ways to think, and I shall continue in the law; thank you for being my "1L" experience. All my very best, Hal

For UMBC, Gmu, UW-Madison, and Rutgers: To all the Professors who spent literally thousands of hours trying to explain, enumerate, and illuminate the path to wisdom, via information, knowledge, and understanding, for this wayward sojourner: I thank you, and can never even begin to repay you all for what you gave me, as educators, except to say, I will continue on the path, and again, thank you. May your travels be as rich and fulfilling as you wish ~~them~~ them to be. Highest Regards, Hal

For the Public Personalities and Celebrities whose images I used in a meme or social media reference: no personal slight or misuse was intended, only the best qualities of the characters as portrayed. The best to you all. Regards, Hal