

R. Cordero:

If you haven't figured out by now, you're not going to find a birth record for Richard Steven Riess in San Bernardino County. Yes, I was born there, however, since no one asked, I never bothered to mention that I did, formally, change my name in 1985.

Of course, it's important to note that I never lied or withheld the truth. My true and legal name is now Richard Steven Riess. Not once have I been asked about my birth name.

It should be obvious to you by now that I am intentionally avoiding my release from ICE custody. My rationale is not quantum physics. I currently have, before the court, three felony charges and one arrest warrant. I believe the maximum for the three charges is in the area of 17 years. But as long as I'm in federal custody, in the process of being deported the local authorities can't touch me.

So, I'll wait here, where the food is decent, I'm treated well (admittedly, pressing charges for assault against a staff member of the Dept. of Health has helped the rest fall in line), and the cigarettes and drugs are easier to get.

It's only a matter of time until my attorney gets the charges dismissed on the basis that "the federal government interfered" and as a result "it can't possibly be brought to trial". Once this is done, I'll call my good friend in Los Angeles - who is the immigration attorney that handles all the H-1Bs for my company - and he'll bring my birth certificate, certificate of name change and other supporting documents.

ELOY IMMIGRATION COURT

BOND EXHIBIT #

SHK

12/10/01

JUDGE

DATE

Then, to coincide with the production of my proof of citizenship by birth, we'll initiate a suit for failing to "prove, with clear and unequivocal evidence, that the person is, in fact, an alien" and for failing to issue or obtain a "Warrant for Arrest of Alien" pursuant to the CFR and the IWA. In other words, when ICE Agent Jason Martin had his pride hurt by looking incompetent before his co-workers and thought he'd "get me" by issuing a dummy Form I-200 and Form I-286 and holding me in a tank for a day he never suspected he was being manipulated and that I would keep these copies of the dummy forms.

Now, bear in mind, the information written on the singular document, by one of your own ICE agents, and with no supporting evidence was provided, verbally, by me. That is to say, I simply used the agent's own arrogance and my wonderful education in psychology to confuse and humiliate him into writing "Dedburg, Ontario, Canada" as the place of birth. You see, in response to his question "Of which country are you a citizen?" I stated "The United States of America." Then, without waiting for the next question I said "Ontario, CA. My parents are from Dedburg, MA. What's the matter? Are you slow?" He then looked at me, confused. I responded by lippping the phrase "Fuck you!" For my mother's name I gave some gibberish and for my father I simply gave my middle and last name. In response to the question "When was the last time you entered the country?" I responded "To the best of my knowledge I've never left."

Skip ahead two months (Jul 24th - Sept 25), coincidentally about a week before my pre-trial conference on the criminal charges, I suddenly decided to post my bond and be released to ICE custody.

During my interrogation, by one Jason Martin, I successfully answered his, and his coworkers', questions. In case you're not aware, a good interrogator will mix real, directed questions with ridiculous, irrelevant questions - intended to throw the interviewee off. Unfortunately for Mr. Martin and his inept (~~colleagues~~) colleagues, I am well versed in interrogation techniques as well as civil and even some immigration law.

If you check with the ICE office in Phoenix (but I know you won't) you'll find that on Sept 25th Jason Martin handled only one case that entire day. Can you guess why? Possibly my sarcastic and condescending responses to his very predictable and simplistic questions and tactics caused him to experience a sensation of anxiety which he interpreted as embarrassment or humiliation. Perhaps that embarrassment compelled him to ignore protocol, procedures and professionalism. Perhaps this is why I was not fingerprinted or provided my rights. Perhaps this is why my name is not on the I-200 he foolishly gave me a copy of.

Thinking back over the interactions between you and I I'm sure you'll see some similarity between my handling of Mr. Martin and yourself. And I'm pretty sure that right now you're experiencing the same anxiety he did.

So, given that the federal detention facilities are so much nicer, cleaner and dignified than the Maricopa County jails and given that as long as I'm not in the custody of the MCSO the DA has no bargaining power in my case, is there any question why I'm not in a hurry to be released?

Quite obviously I'm using your own arrogance, insecurity and (falsely perceived) superiority to manipulate the situation to my benefit. But it's nothing personal, I'm doing the same with the immigration judge and the attorney for the government. I also did it to the staff of the MCSO & Towner's Jail for two months. I'm willing to bet I'm the first case you've seen of someone being released to ICE BEFORE going to court for their criminal charges. It certainly ensures never having to answer for the criminal charges. Thanks.

Of course at this point ~~there~~ there's no draw back to me telling you this since A) nothing of what I'm doing is illegal, I haven't broken any laws or stated any lies, and B) I know that even now you would not consider sending me back to the authorities in Phoenix - for doing so would be admitting that you and all your incompetent cohorts have been manipulated, and have violated official ICE policy and the INA because of your own personal insecurities (but don't take my word for it - check with an attorney).

So, here's what's going to happen - I'll wait here, at the "Elroy Hilton" until my criminal charges are dismissed. Then I'll have my immigration attorney produce my birth certificate, name change certificate, school records, medical records, legal records, business records, etcetera, to prove my claim and you'll have to let me go. I'll be

clear of all my criminal charges and I'll have lost only a few months (I needed a vacation anyway).

And here's the kicker - because of Jason Martin and Kristina Brisson's sloppy handling of my case, leaving me in possession of evidence of their violations, and your subsequent show of incompetence and then the judge's blatant disregard for the written law pertaining to burden of proof everything has come together nicely. To clarify, the burden of proof is on the alien to disprove the government's claims. However, even before that point, the burden of proof is on the government to prove that the person is, in fact, an alien. And therein is the fault. Jason Martin failed to meet this burden and acted out of anger. And suits my purposes just fine.

And sure, this letter implicates me but A) you can't prove I wrote it, and B) it brings your own faults and those of ICE to light. For these reasons I'm sure you'll want to bury it. But I'm not that nice.

All I can think right now is "See, it sucks to be you, huh?"

And now, the fact that you've read this far proves that I know you as well as I think I.

Cheers,
P.

P.S. I'll forward a copy of this letter to your supervisor and another to my acquaintances at the AZ Republic. Or maybe I'm just fucking with you some more.