

Sworn Statement of Robert Alexander

I, Robert Alexander, do hereby swear under oath in this sworn jurat affidavit – and would do so under penalty of perjury to any bona fide Grand Jury, Court proceeding or Congressional inquiry – to the following:

In the early 1980s through the sister, Gabrielle, of one of my good friends, I met a Saudi living in La Costa, Calif. in the San Diego area named Halim al Rashoudi who was trying to date Gabrielle. She worked at a spa and resort where Halim, who was very overweight, lived and where he was trying to get into shape. Halim was always asking me and others about, and had a particular focus on, the U.S. military. I'd been told Halim was a 'nice guy' and we formed a kind of friendship. In the wake of the 1993 WTC1 bombing I had conversations with Halim about Islamic terrorism and nontraditional warfare.

In late 1998 or early 1999 I was at a party in the San Diego area. Halim was there and we were talking while the television was on in the background and a clip came on of a Japanese kami kaze pilot crashing his plane into the deck of a ship, which I assumed was the Pearl Harbor attack. When I saw it I spontaneously said, 'It's a good thing the Japanese weren't flying 747s full of jet fuel or that ship would have sunk.' Halim suddenly got a strange look on his face like a light switch going off and ended the conversation. That was the last time I saw or talked with him until the below incident a little over a year later which lasted maybe two minutes.

In early 2000 Halim, whom I hadn't seen for over a year since the conversation at the party, came 'out of the blue' unannounced to my place of business, Dorothy's Military Dry Cleaning and Surplus in Oceanside, California, with an 'entourage' of eight or so other men, all of whom looked Middle Eastern. All but two of them wore Western suits and the two wore the long white robes, called thobes, that are worn by Saudi men. All but Halim and one other man, who were in Western suits, stood back along the wall as if on guard. Halim walked right up to me and formally introduced the man now standing next to him as Prince Bandar, Saudi Arabia's Ambassador to the U.S., giving his full name. (**Below is a photo of the man who was introduced to me as Prince Bandar.**) Halim immediately said 'Tell him about the planes! The planes!' I was confused at first and didn't know what he was talking about and had hardly gotten a word out when Prince Bandar said excitedly two or three times, 'That's a \$100,000 idea! \$100,000!' and then 'No more!' as if he'd been led to believe by Halim that I wanted money for 'The Idea'. Not only was this not true, it hit me as being totally bizarre. Then I remembered how Halim had reacted when I'd made the comment at the party about what would have happened if the Japanese

kame kazis had had loaded 747s and realized what was happening was no longer just talk. I ordered them to get out of my place of business and they left, Halim and Bandar first followed by the other men, but one of the men, the last to leave, hung back, turned at the door and glowered at me before walking out. I now know that this man was Nawaf al Hazmi, one of the five alleged 9/11 Pentagon plane hijackers. (For how I realized this, see below). At most a minute later another man, who had not been in the room with the others and wasn't Middle Eastern, put his head in the door without coming in and said, 'What the hell was that? What happened here?' As he was Caucasian and didn't have an accent I assumed he was an American. I gave the man, whom I now believe was John Brennan from having seen him on TV, a summary of what had just taken place and then he also left. I've since learned that Brennan, who was the CIA's station chief in Saudi Arabia, was personally very close to Prince Bandar. I never saw Halim, Bandar, the man I believe was Brennan or any of the other Middle Eastern men in the 'entourage' again except for the one man who turned around at the door and glowered at me before leaving. How I met him again, only about two weeks before 9/11, is below.

On August 24 or 25, 2001 – I need to try to find my airline ticket or do some research online to be sure of which date but it was one of the two – I was in the Harrisburg International Airport about to return to San Diego from having been in Pennsylvania with my wife and kids for a Little League world series tournament where my nephew was on the team. Before going to the security checkpoint I needed to use the restroom. As far as I could tell no one else was there and I took the last stall. While I was still in the stall some men entered the restroom arguing intensely and loudly in a language that sounded Middle Eastern and which I thought was Arabic and my instinct immediately told me that something was very wrong. My mind was racing. I was pretty sure they thought they were alone as they didn't stop talking and I was in the last stall. I looked through the crack and saw five Middle Eastern standing between the stall and the door. At that instant, when I saw the face of the one of the five men who was turned most towards where I was I instantly knew that I was in danger. I hadn't yet consciously figured out why, but my gut instinct was screaming for me to grab my knife, which was in my pocket. But then I was moved to pray. I put the knife back in my pocket and bowed my head and prayed, 'God could and would if He were sought' and 'Don't let me die in a fuckin' airport restroom!' I now realize that in that first instant when I saw the face of the man turned most towards me I'd unconsciously recognized him as the same man who'd stood against the wall when Halim had brought Prince Bandar to my place of business and who had glowered at me at the door before being the last to leave. The five men in the restroom were now standing in the middle of the room in a kind of 'V' formation with biggest of them at the front of the 'V' closest to the stall. As I'd prayed an absolute calm

suddenly came over me and an inner voice said, 'You're going to be OK', and from then on everything seemed to be in slow motion. I knew that I was going to have to defend myself to get to the door but somehow I knew I was going to be alright. I threw open the stall door, startling the five men who turned together to come towards me with anger and pure hate in their eyes. I knew they were going to try to kill me. I didn't hesitate for a second and didn't miss a beat. I hit the first guy with a straight left and knocked him out. He was down on the floor and not moving. I hit the second guy fast with my fist and then my elbow, then swept his feet and he landed on his head on the floor and also didn't move. For a split second the other three were getting in each other's way which gave me the clearance I needed. Then for the first time in my life I went for my knife. Every time they tried to grab me I swiped toward their hands and kept moving, keeping my back to the wall until I had the door to my back. This all took 10 to 15 seconds tops. The third man of the five, who was now coming at me, was the one who'd glowered at me after Prince Bandar had left my place of business and whom I now know from comparing his face with photos of the alleged 9/11 hijackers was Nawaf al Hazmi. I cut him from hip to hip and all the way up to his shoulder through his jacket and shirt and then finished him off with a front kick to the chest as he was going down. The fourth man, whom I now know was Mohammad Atta from comparing his face to photos of the alleged hijackers on television, then tried to grab me and I tried to stab him in the neck but missed. My back was now at the restroom door and I came flying out backwards, knife still in hand and almost ran over a woman who was standing just outside. I told her that there were bad guys inside and to move. I'm not sure if she understood English as she didn't move very fast after that, so I wasn't sure if she was with them or not. I thought maybe she'd been guarding the door. Something said not to run but to try to walk normally so as not to draw attention, which I now did heading towards the security checkpoint not far away. When I turned around to see if the two men who were still standing when I'd burst out of the restroom were following me, they were, also trying to walk normally so as not to draw attention, and made frequent eye contact with me on the way to the check point. I don't understand why I wasn't screaming for the police, but I wasn't, and neither were they. The only way I can describe it is that I was in a state of shock and in pure survival mode, and everything just seemed surreal. I was on a kind of remote control, like the lights were on but nobody was home. As I walked towards the security check point, with the two trailing me the whole time, I wiped the blood off the tip of the knife -- it was only on about 1/8th inch of the tip -- onto my black jeans and put it back in my pocket. When I got to the checkpoint I had to put the knife and anything metal in one of the bins and an older man on the other side of the conveyor belt took me aside and said that there was some blood on it. I told him to be careful because it was very sharp

and that I had cut myself. I thought quickly and showed him a small amount of dried blood on my hand. He held the blade up to a card used to determine if the knife would be allowed on the plane, which it could be before 9/11 if the blade was less than a certain length, and said that it was a bit over but that he'd let it go. I then pointed out the two men standing off to the side about ten feet away who'd been watching us, one of whom I've now identified from photos on television and the internet as Mohammad Atta – and asked him if he knew if they were getting on the plane. As I went on through security I saw him go over to the two men and question them. When I got on the plane and found my seat I was relieved to see that Darrell Wasano, the team manager for our Oceanside Little League, was on the flight back to San Diego and was sitting next to me. My mind was racing and I thought I'd lost everything at that point. I assumed I'd be found out for having hit the two men and cut the third and that a security team would come onto the plane at any moment and arrest me. But the plane took off without that happening and without the two men getting on and I made it back home to San Diego. That night I couldn't sleep because I was afraid the door would get kicked in any minute. When my wife and kids got back home a day or so later I started to settle down and finally got some much needed sleep. When I woke up two critical pieces had come together and I consciously realized that the man I'd knifed in the restroom was the same man who'd been part of the entourage with Prince Bandar (who'd wanted to pay me for the 'idea' of using planes as weapons) and who'd glowered at me from the door before he left my business, and I knew then that I had to call the FBI. I knew I had to tell the story and decided to make an anonymous call to the San Diego bureau of the FBI. I drove down the hill to Oceanside Harbor and used a pay phone there to make the call. When the operator answered I didn't give my name and what I said this first time didn't make much sense as I was having a hard time telling on myself, and it wasn't long before I hung up. I'd never snitched on anyone in my life and now I was in effect about to snitch on myself, but in self defense as I was innocent. I knew by doing this I could be painting myself into a corner because of the earlier incident with Prince Bandar, Al Hazmi and Halim, but I knew I had to do it. I then made a second call from the booth to the San Diego FBI office, also not giving my name but this time I didn't leave anything out. The operator transferred the call to an FBI field agent with the San Diego bureau. I told the agent about the flight from the Harrisburg Airport to San Diego and the attack inside the airport restroom, of the two getting knocked out and my using a knife on the third, whom I now realize was Al Hazmi, and the blood on the knife; and nobody screaming or yelling for the police and the two from the five in the restroom following me to the security checkpoint walking and not running trying to keep a low profile and not calling attention to themselves, which I realized was for a *reason*. It was at this point that I told him what I thought they were up to, that they were on a 'dry run' and might be planning to hijack an airliner.

I know this was all recorded because all calls to the FBI are recorded. The field agent started to laugh at me. I yelled at him and told him this was serious and that he was going to have to get and watch the video surveillance tapes from the Harrisburg Airport. I pleaded with him to do this. I gave him everything and I told him I couldn't believe I was snitching on myself, and he started laughing again. This infuriated me and I told him that if I was right about what I thought those men were planning to do that he would be the one putting a gun in his mouth, not me. I hung up the phone and drove back home.

This was in late August of 2001. When 9/11 happened only about two weeks later I hit my knees and prayed. I realized that the San Diego FBI field agent I'd told everything to had never watched the airport surveillance tapes and hadn't done anything. I knew the government would now be trying to get and watch surveillance tapes of the hijackers going through airports before 9/11 and that they'd see that I was there that day in late August, and that there might even be tapes of me and the five men entering the airport restroom. After the attacks the government put out a call on television for anyone with tips to call the FBI and gave a number on the screen. I realized that I had to call again as I couldn't take a chance if they had another attack planned, so I picked up phone and called the number. This time I gave them my name. I told the FBI agent who answered what had happened in the Harrisburg Airport restroom and that they might be looking for me and why, and also told them where I was. The same day as the call, two men whom I call Feds as they were in civilian clothes and I'm not certain that they were FBI, came to my place of business in the San Diego area. I now believe one of the two was James Clapper, from photos and videos of him that I've seen on television. When I told them about the incident in the Harrisburg Airport restroom shortly before 9/11, the man I believe was Clapper walked up to me and said was, 'Why didn't you call us?' I told them that *I had*. The man I believe was Clapper then asked me what I meant, and I asked him back whether phone calls that are transferred to field agents at the FBI San Diego Bureau are recorded. I told them about the two late August 2001 calls. To my surprise the man I believe was Clapper then asked if the men in the restroom fight had said anything. I said, 'I don't know what 'Ow!' and 'WTF!' sounds like in Arabic', which made him laugh. The two agents then left. The next day just one of them came back, the one I believe was Clapper. He said that I might be alright (with the law because the calls had in fact been recorded) and I said that the 9/11 attacks weren't on me but on the San Diego FBI and the field agent I'd told the whole story to two weeks before. He then asked what I wanted to do with what my story. I told him I wanted to remain anonymous as I had three kids and they were my top priority. He then asked if I thought the restroom incident was a 'random' attack. I actually thought

that it was just fate, an incredible coincidence, but told him that I didn't like to say anything that I'm not 100% sure of, especially to a federal agent, and he said that after 9/11 the days of 'being 100 percent' are over. So I went ahead and told him everything -- including the meeting with Prince Bandar and the man I now realized was one of the 9/11 hijackers, al Hazmi, at my place of business who was the same man I'd cut with the knife in the airport restroom; about the Saudi Halim Al Rashoudi who lived La Costa and was trying to date the sister, Gabrielle, of a good friend who worked at LaCosta Spa and Resort, and that I'd thought the Saudis were our allies and so didn't think anything of it and had been told he was a nice guy. I told him that Halim and I had had three or four conversations over the years that he'd lived in the San Diego area and that the last one we'd had before he brought Prince Bandar to my place of business about a year later was on unconventional warfare using planes as weapons as that I'd said it was a good thing the Japanese pilots at Pearl Harbor hadn't been flying 747s when we saw a kami kaze on television, and how Halim had reacted strangely when I said it and ended the conversation. I told him how one day out of the blue in early 2000 Halim, who I hadn't seen since that conversation, came to my place of business with the Saudi Ambassador Bandar who wanted to pay me \$100,000 for 'The Idea', by which I assumed he meant using planes as weapons, how I'd realized this wasn't just talk any longer and ordered them to leave. About how they'd left but that one of the Middle Eastern men who'd been standing along the wall stopped at the door and glowered at me before leaving, and that he was the same man that I'd knifed in the Harrisburg Airport restroom not long before 9/11, 100 percent. About how, after Halim, Prince Bandar and all the Middle Eastern men walked out, almost immediately another man who hadn't been with them and who didn't have an accent whom I now believe from having seen him on television was John Brennan, put his head in the door and said 'What the hell just happened here?' and that I'd given him a summary of what had taken place, and then he left as well. After I'd told them all that the man I believe was Clapper came back three times alone. The third time he brought an 8-1/2 X 11 glossy photograph of the man I'd knifed in the airport restroom standing and awake with his eyes open and the upside-down '7' cuts I'd made held together with little pieces of white tape, and asked 'Did you do this to this man?' I said yes, that that was the man I'd cut with the knife in the airport restroom. I made a **sketch, below**, of what was in the photo that he showed me. When I saw the photo I knew that the Feds knew I was telling the truth and told him the whole 9/11 story was bullshit, to which he responded, 'If you go public with this we'll crucify you. Who do you think they're going to believe? A nobody like you or the U.S. Government and the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia?' I said if I thought my country needed it that I'd tell the whole story, and ever since 2015 that's what I've been trying to do.

I now know 100 percent from seeing their photos on television and on the Internet that the man I cut with the knife in the Harrisburg Airport restroom was Nawaf al Hazmi and that the man I almost got in the neck with the knife in the restroom was Mohammad Atta, who was also one of the two who followed me to the security check point. In the **attached photo collage** of the alleged 9/11 hijackers I've circled the man who came to my place of business and whom I cut with the knife in the restroom (middle row) who is al Hazmi, and one of the two men who followed me from the restroom to the security checkpoint (upper right) who is Mohammed Atta. I didn't find out their names until I did research on the Internet following the Fort Hood shootings because I was upset that the government and media wouldn't call it a terrorist attack but only workplace violence, and that is also what made me decide to try to get what happened to me before 9/11 out to the public.

In February 2015, I told the whole story over dinner at my house to Southern California regional area FBI Agent Chris Hendrickson, who's a friend and fishing buddy of a good friend, and to another FBI agent Mark Maheda. My fishing buddies from the Royal Star sport fishing boat were also there. After that, Chris told his FBI supervisor as well, which I understand is a requirement by law or FBI policy. Following the dinner, Chris got word back to me through his fishing buddy that if I ever wanted him to confirm what I'd told him and that he believes it, that he'd be happy to do it, and that 'You can use my name. Tell 'em who I am. Anything.'

In November 2015 I tried to take the story to the famous attorney Gloria Alred. I went to her office, as it happened on the day of the Paris attacks, where I was surprised to have to go through high security like in a government building or airport. I had to walk through metal detectors and you could only talk to someone from the office through something like a phone booth. In my interaction with the person from the office in the booth I became frustrated and used a swear word and got cut off. As I left the office I got a call from my divorce attorney on my cell phone, who'd separately been in touch with Alred's office and who referred me to Gloria Alred's daughter Lisa Bloom at her office in New York, which I believe is Bloom Entertainment and Law. I had four or five telephone conversations with Lenore Rigel from that office. In the last call she told me that she'd pitched what happened to the other attorneys and was told that they 'weren't interested in any 9/11 stories'.

In February 2016 I went to the San Diego FBI field office. A blonde female FBI agent and two male agents, after I'd told them the whole story, said that they could arrest me for making false statements to federal agents.

I called their bluff and told them to go ahead because then I'd be able to get the airport video surveillance tape of myself coming in to Harrisburg Airport and the recording of the late August 2001 second phone call to the San Diego FBI field office telling them what had just happened there in discovery and prove that I was telling the truth.

In February 2016 I also sent my Statement by overnight mail to the Dept. of Justice Inspector General in Washington, D.C. They signed for it and I got something back that proves this. I called a number of times and estimate that I talked with the IG's office six or seven times. Each time they said they'd get back to me in seven to ten days and never did.

In 2016 I also overnighted my Statement to Senators Rand Paul and Ted Cruz at their Washington, D.C. offices and to Donald Trump, who were running for the Republican presidential nomination, and never heard back from any of them either.

When I learned, in late 2016, that the 28 Pages of the Joint House-Senate Intelligence Committee Report was about the Saudi connection to 9/11 and that '60 Minutes' was working on a special on the effort by 9/11 Victims' Family Members and Senator Bob Graham to get the Pages declassified and released, I contacted Kevin Tedesco, the Executive Producer of the program, and told him the whole story over the phone. After half a dozen or so conversations '60 Minutes' dropped it with no explanation and never offered to get me on videotape about what happened.

When I learned about the lawsuit by the 9/11 Victims' Family Members against the Saudi Government -- of which Prince Bandar was the Ambassador to the U.S. at the time he came to my place of business with to be 9/11 hijacker al Hazmi and wanted to pay me \$100,000 for the 'idea' of using planes as weapons -- I called the Motley Rice law firm that represents them. I got a call back from Robert Haefele and Jody Flowers to whom I told the story and printed out and mailed them my Statement. Mr. Haefele got back and asked a lot about Halim, whom I understand left the country on Sept. 14th on the special charter flight arranged by the Bush Administration at Prince Bandar's request. I also tried to e-mail Ms. Flowers but it didn't seem to go through, and I haven't yet heard back any-thing further from them.

After following a tweet by an Edwin Perry who posted '9/11: The Truth Is Out There' I learned that he was an attorney for one of the Guantanamo detainees and told my story by phone both to him to a Guantanamo commandant, but they also never followed it up.

I also called Dan Christensen of the *Florida Bulldog* newspaper after learning of his investigative series on the Saudis who suddenly left Sarasota, Florida, in the same time frame as the late August 2001 incident in the Harrisburg restroom with at least two and possibly others of the alleged 9/11 hijackers, but he said he'd gone on to other things and wasn't interested.

I also called the investigative legal organization Judicial Watch, talked with an investigator there, and sent my Statement by mail, but never heard back.

In July 2018 I learned about the 9/11 Grand Jury Petition filed by the Lawyers' Committee for 9/11 Inquiry calling for the U.S. Attorney for the Southern District of New York to convene a special criminal Grand Jury to investigate the real cause of the destruction of the Twin Towers and WTC7 on 9/11, and contacted the Committee through its website. I was contacted by Board Members of the Lawyers' Committee who encouraged me to do this sworn jurat Affidavit.

Perhaps coincidentally but perhaps not, I had heard nothing at all since February of 2016 from the Dept. of Justice Inspector General when right after being contacted by Ms. Clark of the Lawyers' Committee for 9/11 Inquiry I finally got a call from a woman who said she was from the DoJ IG's office telling me to call the agency's whistleblower hotline for government workers to tell my story and gave me the number, but as I'm not a federal employee I didn't do so.

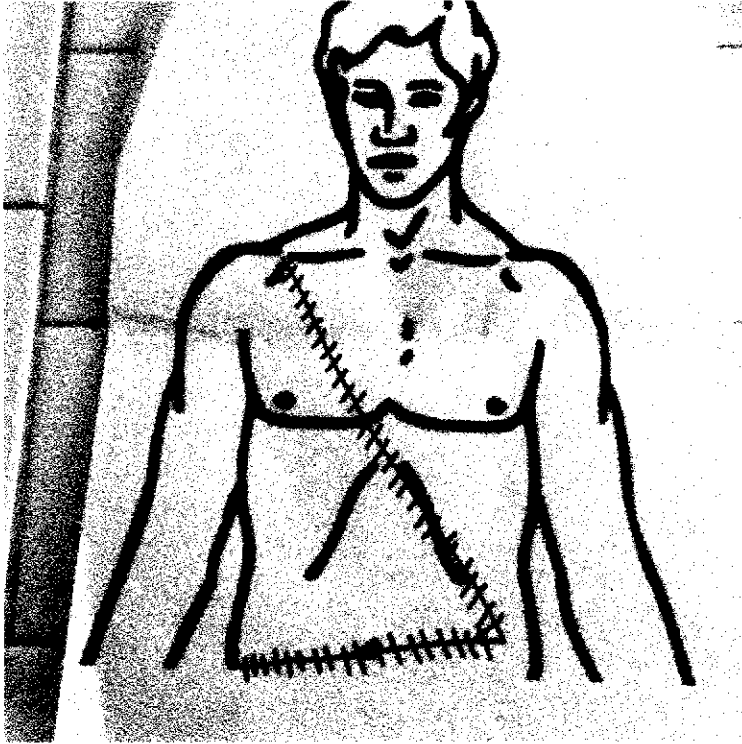
I haven't submitted a Freedom of Information Act request for the audio recording of my second call to the FBI of late August 2001 where I told them what happened in the restroom at Harrisburg International Airport with two men who were soon to become hijackers on 9/11 and believe that it should be requested.

I hereby declare under penalty of perjury that the foregoing is truthful and accurate to the best of my personal witness, memory and understanding, and I would be willing to swear under penalty of perjury to the same to a bona fide Grand Jury, Court proceeding or Congressional Inquiry.

The man on the right in the **below photo** is the person who was introduced to me as Prince Bandar by Halim:



The man who was among those at my place of business with Prince Bandar and who was cut with the knife in the Harrisburg Airport restroom is circled in the middle row in the **above photo collage**. The man who was in the restroom and was one of the two who followed me to the security checkpoint is circled at the top right in the above photo collage.



Above is a photo of the sketch I made from memory of the 8-1/2 X 11 glossy photo I was shown of the man I'd cut with the knife in the Harrisburg Airport restroom by the man I believe was James Clapper who showed it to me after I called the FBI shortly after 9/11.

Robert F. Alexander

Robert Alexander

8/6/2018
Date

CALIFORNIA JURAT WITH AFFIANT STATEMENT

GOVERNMENT CODE § 8202

- See Attached Document (Notary to cross out lines 1-6 below)
- See Statement Below (Lines 1-6 to be completed only by document signer[s], *not* Notary)

1 _____

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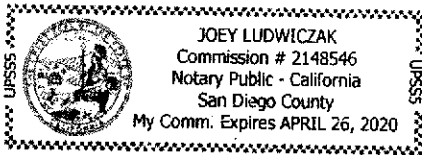
Signature of Document Signer No. 1 Signature of Document Signer No. 2 (if any)

A notary public or other officer completing this certificate verifies only the identity of the individual who signed the document to which this certificate is attached, and not the truthfulness, accuracy, or validity of that document.

State of California
 County of SAN DIEGO

Subscribed and sworn to (or affirmed) before me
 on this 6 day of AUG, 2018,
 by Date Month Year

(1) ROBERT F. ALEXANDER
 (and (2) NONE),
 Name(s) of Signer(s)



proved to me on the basis of satisfactory evidence
 to be the person(s) who appeared before me.

Signature _____
 Signature of Notary Public

Place Notary Seal Above

OPTIONAL

Though this section is optional, completing this information can deter alteration of the document or fraudulent reattachment of this form to an unintended document.

Description of Attached Document

Title or Type of Document: SWORN STATEMENT Document Date: NONE
 Number of Pages: 11 Signer(s) Other Than Named Above: NONE