

THE FBI AGENT

One evening in early 1962 (perhaps March) I was sitting in my apartment in Seattle, reading. At about eight o'clock my house telephone buzzed. I picked up the receiver. A man said he wanted to speak with me about my tax return. He said he was from Internal Revenue.

I asked: "Are you selling something?"
He replied: "No. I'm from the government."

I went out to the street door and invited him into the lobby. The door had been unlocked. He could have entered. Once inside he held up FBI identification close to my face and tried to be menacing.

"Come on in," I said. He considered for a moment, and then he followed reluctantly. We entered my apartment. Once inside he stood in front of me so that my back was to the wall. He just glared at me and said nothing. He acted as if he had a personal score to settle with me.

"I said: "Sit down."

He considered the matter for a moment. Then he sat reluctantly on my couch and I sat in my easy chair. He did not take off his hat.

"I'm here to make an identification. Are you [redacted]?"

"Yes," I replied.

I knew that he knew my name as I had talked with him several times on the street during the past year or two. Even on the street I knew from the first that he was an FBI agent though he had never previously identified himself.

Acting as if he were talking to me for the first time, he asked me how long I had lived in Seattle, etc. I knew that he knew the answers.

He was about 45, perhaps 5' 11", thin, dark-featured, and tried to look mean. He had a slender, straight nose and seemed very intelligent. His complexion was gray, as if he had not had enough to eat for some time or perhaps he was overworked. His topcoat and suit were gray. His shoes were black and unpolished, a casual man who would pass almost unnoticed in a large city. He did not appear to be the type of man who had lived very long in the Seattle area. He acted like a Chicago type: cultured, sophisticated, and versatile.

Soon he relaxed. He took off his hat. He had a bald spot at the back of his head and looked much different without his hat. He no longer acted so aggressive and mean.

I told him that I had once worked at Boeing.

He: "Oh, you worked at Boeing?" His voice and manner mimicked perfectly a woman doctor who had interviewed me at Boeing. She had interviewed me, I gathered, at the instigation of plant security which maintains contact with the police and federal security agencies.

He: "Do you have anything to do with right-wing organizations?"

"No," I replied.

"Anything to do with left-wing organizations?" he asked.

"I don't trust those Communists," I told him truthfully.

→ He asked me if my daughter, Nancy, was with my former wife. I did not ask him how he came to possess this information.

He told me that I should take things easy and relax. He was hinting, I judged, that I should not be unduly disturbed by future developments in my life. He knew that I worked steadily, studied, and wrote left-wing plays.

I told him: "I stay busy all the time."

I told him that I had been directly and severely harassed by police in Dallas, Texas (1954-55), Merced, Calif. (1955-57), and indirectly harassed in Friday Harbor, Washington and in Seattle, Washington. I had kept a record of the police harassment, including minute details. I went into my closet and brought out a box. I read some passages to him.

He: "Do you mind if I take it with me?"

I: "No. I won't let you take it with you."

I suspect that he did not arrest me because he was afraid of what I had recorded. I had kept shorthand notebooks of the harassment in another location.

He got up. He still seemed undecided as to whether to arrest me. (I recalled that once he had asked me on the street: "Do you know what to do if somebody tries to kill you?" Another FBI agent who was with him on the street had asked me if I knew any judo.) He put his hat on, stood up, and became as menacing as he had been several minutes earlier.

"All right," he said and relaxed.

He opened the door and turned around. Threateningly he said: "I guess you're not the man I want." He looked at me as if he had my neck in a noose and had only to tighten it. He closed the door very slowly.

We both knew that I was the man he wanted.

The next morning I left my office at ten o'clock for the usual coffee break. Several paces ahead of me I saw the back of the agent's head. He wore no hat. The pattern of the black hair across his bald rear pate was starkly familiar. I recalled that the previous evening he had said: "You and I could have a cup of coffee sometime and talk things over."

I experienced a feeling of revulsion about having coffee with him. He was sure that I did not want to be covered with. He was baiting me to have a cup of coffee with him. He looked pointedly inside the doughnut shop where I often had coffee. I let the agent disappear. I don't believe that I ever saw him again in Seattle.

About a month later I received a letter from a woman in Chicago. The envelope did not bear the postal zone number. The woman wrote that she wanted to correspond with me and enclosed a picture. She was about 37 or so, with dark hair and slender build. She said she was a secretary in a law office. I wondered how she had got my name and address, but I saw no harm in replying.

She sent another picture with her replying letter. I noticed that this letter had a peculiar smell which emanated from the thick red ink. The smell fascinated yet frightened me. I had never seen ink of that type before. Perhaps it was human or animal blood. It smelled up the entire inside of a small trunk where I kept the letter.

Soon I began having weird dreams. A few times I dreamed of black roses and saw the green velvety bottom of a casket. I dreamed I was inside a funeral home at night. There was a terrible smell. I woke up and was very frightened. The smell was in the room. I snapped on the light and saw the letter with the thick red ink on my bed.

I turned on all the lights and looked everywhere to be certain I was alone. I tested the lock on my door. As soon as my initial terror subsided I got out all the woman's letters and again studied her pictures. With a shock I realized that the woman was very like the FBI agent's sister!

I put the letters back into the trunk and tried to imagine that the smell was locked up too. But the smell lingered. I went back to bed, lying awake in the darkness and piecing together the reality of receiving ill-smelling letters from an FBI agent's relative.

A few days later I was walking at noon up a hill across the street from a mortuary. This mortuary was near my house. The sun was hot and the air was full of nauseous gases from the cars that roared four abreast up and down the hill. Suddenly the monotony was interrupted by a loud shot from a firearm. One ear felt as if somebody had slapped it hard. I looked into the street and saw four men riding up the hill in a black car. A window was being slowly rolled up, though the day was hot. I felt relieved and happy. Never again did I dream of black roses and nocturnal browsing in a funeral parlor.

I moved away from the apartment and wrote a final letter to the Chicago woman. I asked her if she had received my address from somebody in the FBI. Perhaps the law office where she claimed to work was an FBI office.

The talks that the FBI agent had with me on the street kept coming to mind. He usually met me near the corner of 9th and Olive, where I worked. I felt that he hypnotized me whenever he started to talk with me. Then he asked me questions. Once he said something to me which made me angry enough to reply in kind. He asked angrily: "Would you rather get killed with a knife or gun?"

Letters written in "Blood" by Ed. FBI? In America?

Another of our street conversations went like this:

He: "Do you think Communism is better than Capitalism?"

I: "Yes."

He: "Do you think Communism is going to take over the whole world?"

I: "It's so certain it's not even worth talking about."

He: "Would you like to have a little debate with us about it? Perhaps we can change your mind." (During this conversation an agent from the Deep South was with him.)

I: "No. I'm too prejudiced in favor of Communism."

He: "Would you like to go to a Communist country?"

I: "No."

During this conversation and others I often gave him answers that were contrary to my true beliefs. At that time I was very green and did not realize that I had been conditioned for several years to think and act like a person interested in Communism. The security agencies of this country often condition a person to think that he is a Communist so that he will serve a purpose which is in the interest of the U.S. After the victim serves the purpose, he is recruited or disposed of in some way.

In some ways this FBI agent was very perplexed about me. One day he asked me: "Where did you get your power?" For some reason the agent's superiors had led him to think that I had power. I had no power at all. I figured out several years later why the agent had not been given complete or accurate information about me. The FBI right hand never lets its left hand know what it is doing. The same philosophy applies to the CIA, but to a greater degree. This practice is the main essence of intelligence operations.

Once when he interviewed me on the street I was on a two-month medical leave from Boeing. I was visiting a lady psychiatrist during this period. She did not try to help me. She only tried to extract information and to determine what kind of man I was. She was probably laying the groundwork to determine if I was suitable for framing. Once she asked me: "Why don't you get mad?" The police and their informants had tried to make me mad for several years so that I would lose my temper and get arrested. I did not get mad. I only wrote down all attempts to harass me so that I could use this information for my own purposes. The harassment taught me things which I did not learn from books.

Once the FBI agent asked me: "Are you happy?"

I: "No. I don't have anything to live for."

He (putting his hand on my shoulder): "You just think you don't have anything to live for, George." I had not told him my name.

In the spring of 1964 the letters from the Chicago woman were stolen from my locked trunk. This was done, of course, with

assistance from the manager of the apartment house where I was then living.

While taking the psychiatric "treatment" mentioned above, I lived in a hotel room. One day, after returning to my room from the treatment, I noticed that some Scotch tape had been taken off the lock of a trunk where I kept my food. My roll of Scotch tape was no longer in the room. I had suspected somebody with poison on my food as I often felt strange after eating. This attempt at systematic poisoning, or tranquilizing, is described in greater detail in my other writings. I thought it strange that the lady psychiatrist suggested that I move to another room in another place. The lady medical doctor in Boeing had also suggested that I move to another place. Their suggestions that I move were indeed strange coincidences.

I gave more information about the Seattle FBI agent, whom I dubbed with the name of Baldy, in my 20-page STATEMENT, which has been read by several people. I also made several references to Baldy in my 25-page article, HOW THE CIA MURDERED PRESIDENT KENNEDY. The following extract is copied verbatim from page 13 of my latter article:

.....In the summer of 1969, Baldy, the Seattle FBI agent, walked a short way down a Los Angeles street with me. Two unidentified men were with him.

Baldy asked me: "Are you still walking around, [redacted]?"

One of his other questions was: "What are you doing with your

Obviously Baldy wanted to impress on the two men that I had a right to be walking around and that I should be dead. He said not to the others that he had worked very hard to make me a patsy and he had violated my rights several times, including his stealing of letters from my apartment in Seattle. When the three men started enter a bus one man asked Baldy: "Was that the guy who almost got killed?" Baldy replied in a loud, angry voice: "Yeah! That's the way to go--when you're on top like that!" Framemaster Baldy would be much safer if I were dead.....

THE
"COMMUNIST"

One of the men with Baldy bore a strong resemblance to Richard Helms, head of the CIA. I had seen him at my interrogation in July 1964. He walked slightly behind me and to my right. I looked back at him twice. He looked very frightened and did not look at me. He kept looking straight ahead. He wore a hat that was too small for him. I have reason to believe that the other man was a journalist whom Baldy and Helms were trying to brainwash so that he would write what they wanted him to write.

I garnered enough information between 1960 and 1967 to know that Baldy originally contacted me to set me up as a patsy or scapegoat to take the blame for the "mistake" killing of President Kennedy by the CIA. I have first-hand information of the cooperation between the CIA and the FBI to kill President Kennedy. All of the books that I have read about the assassination have mostly second-hand information. Yet I doubt that any publisher in this country has the courage to print the truth. Perhaps this is just as well from the point of view of Baldy. I don't think that he would want the public to recognize him. In the meantime I am catching all kinds of hell.

THE END

[redacted]