

August 12th, 1976

Dear Mr. [REDACTED]

I've just received your letter dated the 9th, and it comes as no surprise that you responded so quickly. I have anticipated this day for some time now that the Warren Commission and the FBI-CIA have begun to be thoroughly investigated. Before I go into any details, I want you to be aware of the fact that The Company's rebuttal will be that I am a stark raving lunatic and/or a pathological liar. I am neither; nor do I especially desire to lay myself open to some sort of fatal accident or shot-while-attempting-to-escape situation. I didn't come to you-let that be your cornerstone.

In 1961-1962-1963, I was heavily involved in various Cuban Exile Activities both as Amicus Exilus and on the other hand, as a double agent for the Castro government, operating out of Miami, Baltimore, Texas and California. If you recall the futile Alpha-66 raids against foreign shipping in Habana Harbor in 1962-1963 period; I was the individual that drowned up the trainsterns: not for the benefit of the Exiles or the United States, but rather for the benefit of the Cuban Government and the international embarrassment of the United States. Speedboats with 57 and 75mm rifles on them was my baby. I was in Cuba...a prisoner of Batista's S.I.M. (Servicio Inteligencia Militar) during the summer of 1958...and again in 1961.

While associated with various Cuban Exile Groups -Amicus Exilus- operational out of the Miami area...Flagler Street, Southwest Eighth Street, 27th Avenue...I ran across the basic plan to assassinate what I interpreted then as either Robert or John Kennedy. (There was also talk at that time of kidnapping one of the Kennedys.) This group that I talk about here was a hodge-podge of professional and semi-professional Cubans and U.S. Nationals. The location of this particular group was at approximately Flagler St. and the south-east corner of 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, or 12th Streets...it's been so long now and I never went back there so I'm not exactly certain which vertical north-south cross street it was. I listened closely to the details of the plan and, was, to some extent, involved in the actual plotting...enough to believe that these were rather dedicated people. (I was issued at that time one ICKAREV Model 41 semi-automatic rifle, 7.65 caliber...made in the U.S.S.R. which was later confiscated by the U.S. authorities.) The rifle was the Russian answer to the US Garand and where the normal stock would be on this one only a pistol grip existed so that it could be transported in any type of valise or case. When I realized that US professionals -intelligence- were involved in this affair, I disengaged and blew it off. I didn't want my own trip destroyed by some quirk memory or what have you. (There is no doubt at this time that these men were agents of the Central Intelligence Agency, and die-hard Cuban Exiles. I did not have the impression at that time that any mafiosi were involved..at least in the peripheral or actual get-down plans.) The names that I remember now were MARTA, OSKALDO, COWBOY and others but I will not confuse this by adding names that I'm not too sure about. You have to remember that this has been a hell of a long time ago, and as a result of subsequent events, I have always thought it to be in my best interest to forget those events. I've personally been told by CIA and SECRET SERVICE agents...or persons representing themselves as such, that it would be best for me to forget all about those days entirely.

In 1963, I was in the Chestertown area...specifically the Kent County Jail...and I mentioned the story to Sheriff Vickers...not in any details at all...you must realize that once in the hole of the knowledgeable circle, it's a complete paranoia trip in that you don't know at all who you are actually talking to...so you never REALLY say anything irretrievably incriminating; straight out of Kafka, but it's a real emotion.

Yes, a couple of agents came up...I never pay attention to ID's because any real agent can be anything he WANTS to appear to be...so I don't know if they were FBI or Secret Service or from the company? I told them my story including all details and we called it a day. About three weeks later they came back..another team..and this time they had photos of all persons entering and leaving the specific building-one story-

that I had described. In the three week period, they had taken dozens of photos; some of which I recognized, and some which were total strangers. One person who was later to become famous to the world as Lee Harvey Oswald was among the photos shown me at this time. After this session was all over, I was shipped to the Clifton T. Perkins State Hospital where an English female doctor through me into solitary confinement and it was there that on November 23rd, 1963 I learned from the guard that President Kennedy had been shot. Well, my first reaction was that I was in a world of trouble in that I knew too damn much and was extremely vulnerable. Either the same day, or the next day (I don't recall the exact days...its been so damn long.) members of the Secret Service(?) and/or the Bureau came up and ran me through the physical once-over and convinced me that I was "nuts" and did not remember anything that I had said prior to all of the events of the 23rd. I was left with no doubts that I would be "taken care of" in good order if they (FBI? SECRET SERVICE? CIA?) ever heard my name mentioned at all. Of course I agreed that there was nothing to my previous statements and that I was indeed a very sick man etc. etc. ad-nauseam. At this same time, agents of the CIA were doing the "number" on me and my family in that they were taking my wife out to dinner and being very nice to my maternal family in Miami. Also, in spite of the fact that the State Superintendent Doctor of the State Hospital said in a formal report to the court that I was as sane as any normal man- sane and competent- another doctor was mysteriously summoned and, all by his lonesome, filed an un-requested report to the Court there in Kent County; the Court refused to accept its own court-ordered report STATING THAT I WAS SANE, and instead accepted the "strange uncalled" report exonerating me of all responsibility which, by the way, could have gotten me fifteen years in the Maryland State Prison. I was "found" incompetent and returned to the same State Hospital, where, two months later, I was formally released scott-free. You add up two and two and see if you don't get five everytime! C'est la vie. At that time, I had the right juice and in this country, it is the JUICE that counts. I was in prison in Canada and immediately released with an apology after making the right phone call...prison..not jail! That was in 1965 and the US had me flown back to a very private hospital in Miami (where they really do have underground cells-right on the Miami River) so its only a hop-skip-and-jump into a waiting boat for the final trip to anywhere. Yes, the CIA was notorious for high-speed boats on the Miami River. Anyway, because of a technicality in that the two accompanying agents let me sign myself in on a Friday evening-unknowingly- I signed myself OUT the first chance I had...and split the hell out of the state. Wherever I go, there is always the SS checking up on my whereabouts. Right now, here they have on my card a notation that "IN THE EVENT OF TRANSFER NOTIFY THE SECRET SERVICE & CIA" A friend of mine Billy Hollaway, worked that area and mentioned it to me. Since all of this is being sent to you en-clair, you can anticipate that half of it is recorded and the proper subsequent action executed. I've had periodic visits by various agents who physically reminded me that I had a duty to myself before anyone or anything else. Tucuman, N.M. 1965; San Jose (Santa Clara County Jail) 1974-75; and other places...they are all starting to merge now and dates do blur...but with help and previous records, they should all come back. Yes, without question, at least two months before it happened, I reported what I had gathered to be the assassination of either Robert and/or JFK. I think the fact that it was NEVER made public is the most interesting thing of all. In my own mind, I have no doubts that it was covered up and diluted with all the agency's cliché crap: insanity, unreliability, etc, etc. Now, I have a life sentence and I don't give a bloody hell what they do. I have seen the face of the beast and have come to know his potential well. In visiting, I suggest that you align yourself with press credentials of any sort and call the BUREAU OF PRISONS there in D.C....or better yet; someone there you might have contacts with in their boss: The Justice Department. If you have any Congressional friends, let them push it for you...otherwise you might never get in here(?). Yes, tape-recorders are allowed...but get your ENTIRE there so that it will be un-revocable here..compris? I do have the original reports and other papers here that I mention above. One other thing I noticed in all the FBI FREEDOM OF INFORMATION ACT MATERIAL I have, there is no mention of the Kennedy affair at all.

I find that rather strange in that they did go to Sheriff Vickers in 1972 asking him to state that I was a malingerer...attempting to destroy the defense that they had created for me in the first place. Confusing? You'll get over it.

I don't know if you are aware of it or not, but there is already a book out on me; done by Eliot Asinof and published in 2/12/76 by Wm. Morrow of N.Y.C. Have you yet had the opportunity to read it? Very little is mentioned in it about anything to do with the Kennedy's. I was afraid at that time to mention the subject but now that there is an investigation in the works and the chances of getting knocked off are rather slim....I'll fill you in on the details...if we have something going....\$\$\$?

I am under the impression from your letter that you have offered some sort of arrangement financially and I categorically forbid you to reprint, copy, and or record any of this letter for publication without my express and written permission.

I am in total agreement with you that someone in our government is pulling the strings unbeknownst to the people. Paranoia? Hell man, I'm the one who taught the Mexican Laundry Trick to the President of the US and his greasy side-kicks. Not only the CIA and Kennedy; but tricksie-Mixie and BE-BE baby would smoke your rump all to hell. Just handle the responsibility I've dropped in your lap and if they write and tell you that I "took a turn for the worst" light their asses up with a good editorial blast, because I have no intention of dying or getting ill in the near future. (Sickie? Hell yes, it sounds sick; but it is a product attitude of what I've seen and otherwise know about our RED WHITE AND BLUE US of A.)

Life isn't all too bad. I've just received word from Eliot that Paramount has assigned him to write the screen-play for the motion picture...a few beans there. On what you're talking about, I'm free as the wind. Why? Well, can you imagine any writer listening to a guy in the joint claiming to have known about the Kennedy assassination before it happened? I never knew that Vickers was really an un-interested party who would be willing to corroborate my story...without him it is a lot of nonsense...face it. If you ever doo see him again, do me a favor and let hi know that I did appreciate him as a real human being...not a bad fellow at all. And, as far as the committee goes, I could really light their fires with dates and witnesses that will INDEPENDENTLY corroborate my story.

I hope that I have been able to insure that you will not be making a futile trip out here? Let me know about it?

Trap
Garrett . Trapnell
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(*) Book Title: THE FOX IS CRAZY TOO

P.S: If you have the chance, what's the possibilities of sending a copy of your book: "Penguin Contract"