

Dear Matt,

11/13/91

Thanks for your thoughtfulness in sending the Daily Express ~~EXHIBIT~~ ^{EXHIBIT} ~~Mirror~~ article.

Not much to it. No specifics at all. There is no credibility to her claim to have been JFK's bagwoman. There is no reason to believe he needed one or had one. But if his campaign had had any such need he is the last person who would have had any knowledge and he'd have been kept in the dark. Moreover, it was not the mafia that delivered the Chicago vote. It was Boss Daley. (The GOPs made no complaint because they'd stolen the vote downstate in Illinois.)

We, I am happy to say, have a new copies and like it. Faster, quieter, better.

You ask what is new. Of what I know, only on Oliver Stone and at least two magazines that are doing stories related to him but on the conspiracy theories.

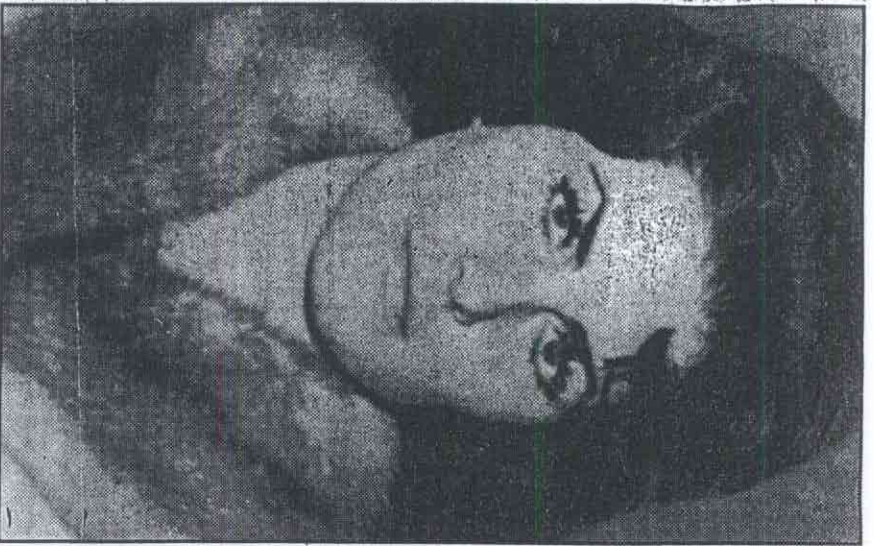
The Post's Charles Freund is doing one for McCall's and a man whose name I've forgotten is doing one for either Playboy or Penthouse. (*He is to deal with 14.*)

The NYTimes of 11/7 carried an interview with ~~him~~ ^{Stone} in which he admitted he is "scared." Warners engaged the door-opener/fixers at Hill & Knowlton whose Frank Mankiewicz is handling Oliver to try to persuade the major media that he is not a nutty irresponsible rewriting history. Although it had been reported that Stone was short on time - he worried about having a single print in time for the awards deadline of 12/13 and about having 800 prints in theaters for the 12/20 scheduled opening. ~~We~~ did fly to Washington ~~where~~ where for 36 hours, as the Post put it, he took his meals with senior reporters and bureau chiefs of the top media. For him to do that indicates he is scared! I've heard of no story on it and that may not have been his purpose. But if you add flying time to those 36 hours he took much time he did not have to spare for his trying to influence the major media. I doubt he mentioned my name. No reporter has called me about it. The Post's reporter went up to him and said, "I heard you are a friend of George Lardner's." He shook ~~him~~ and was clearly upset, close to out of control. So, if nothing else, an enfeebled oldster has taught him a lesson he'll not soon forget. And, perhaps his unexpected education is not yet complete.

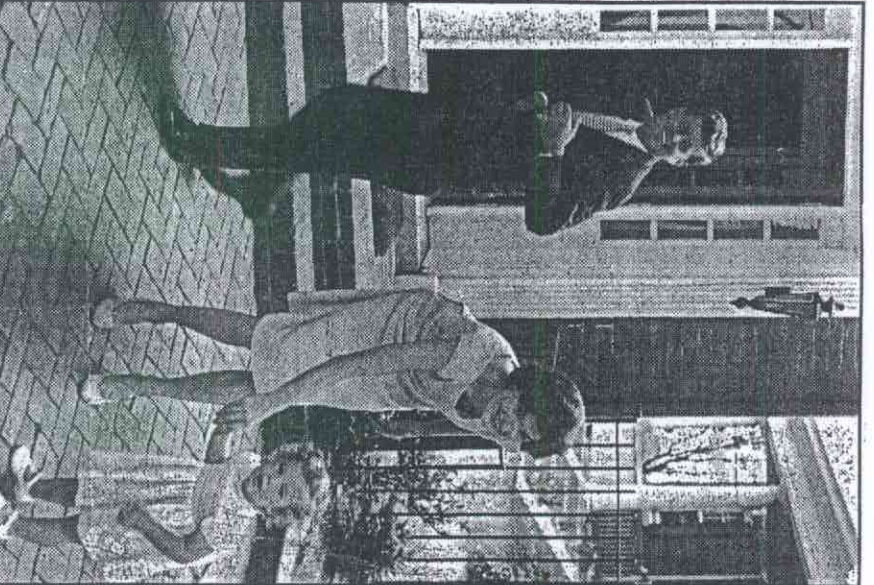
This is one of the built-in hazards in dealing with the conspiracy theories. There is so much that is knowⁿ/that their exponents don't know, won't and can't ~~take~~ ^{take} the time to learn, and in time, if they did not know it to begin with, they find out that they have nothing but trouble and worry.

I've been ~~given~~ given a copy of John Pilger's piece in The New Statesman. I've written it and him. I knew him in New Orleans and Dallas. His piece was ~~based~~ ⁴ ~~based~~ based on the house organ's (Garrison's book's) puffery of Stone and false criticism of those who criticized Stone....We are OK, hope you all are, and that we all have a happy holiday season ahead. Our best,

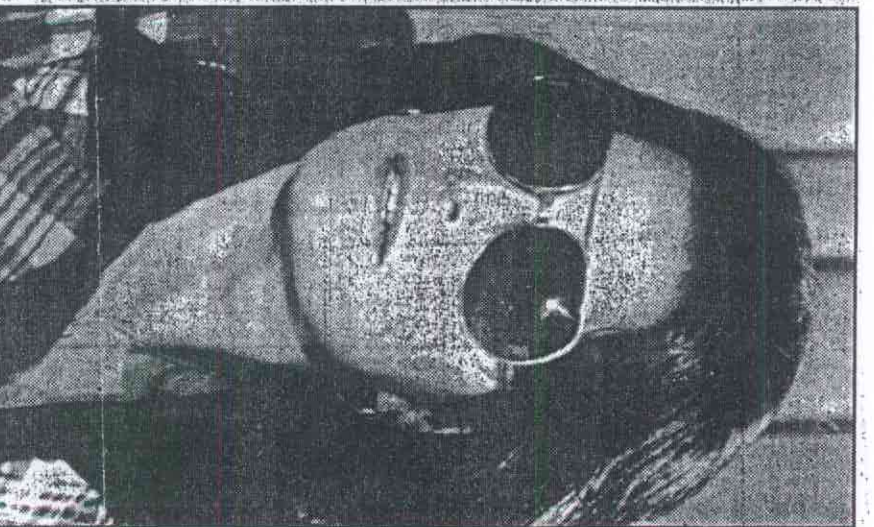
Harold



PLAYMATE... Judith was mesmerised by Kennedy



HOME FRONT... JFK with Jackie and daughter Caroline



KEEPING QUIET... Judith didn't tell all in 1988

● WILL the Kennedy story ever be fully told? In a year that has seen a spate of books and articles re-opening the file on assassinated President John F Kennedy's romanticising, and the making of Oliver Stone's new film, JFK, a fresh twist has been added to the never-ending Kennedy saga. One of the leading ladies at the centre of the President's life has spoken out.

● Last weekend, a Sunday Times article revealed Jackie Kennedy-lookalike Judith Exner as a former lover of the President and implicated her in his dealings with the Mafia.

● Today, exclusively in Expressions, Judith Exner writes openly for the first time about her affair with JFK, how she came to meet him, and the intriguing hold he had over her.

The truth about

my lover JFK

LAST PAGES

● Her tale shatters the myths and exposes the whole media network of cover-ups that surrounded this charismatic character.

● Seriously ill with cancer, Judith has decided to set the record straight once and for all about her part in the Camelot years.

● It all began in 1959 when Judith, a beautiful 25-year-old, at home in the most glittering Hollywood social circles, met Frank Sinatra at Puccini's restaurant. Her brief affair with the singer was to lead to a more fateful liaison — one which took her into the President's bed and left her a legacy of trouble.

● For many years she kept her story secret, but she now feels it is time to reveal the reality behind the mythology. Her reason is simple, and she quotes her lover to explain it: "The great enemy of the truth is very often not the lie — deliberate, contrived and dishonest — but the myth — persistent, persuasive and unrealistic."

Here, in her own words, is her story.

REALLY don't believe most people want to know the truth about Jack Kennedy. The myth of Camelot, that 'one brief, shining moment' where an attractive, charismatic leader en-garbed the nation, is just too appealing for some people to give up.

If people would just let go of 'Camelot', they would better understand my relationship with Jack Kennedy — and how it happened that I served as a courier between Jack and the Mafia.

It's devastating to see me constantly being described as the 'Mafia mistress' who compromised the Kennedy presidency. But I had no reason to associate with mobsters.

Raised in Southern California, I was fortunate enough to come from an upper middle-class family which always provided handsomely for my needs.

I would not have gotten involved with Sam Giancana, head of the Chicago Mafia, and his associate Johnny Roselli, had Jack Kennedy not asked me to do so. I was 26 and

By JUDITH EXNER

divorced when I met Jack. I wasn't working as such, but at that time no one expected a woman of independent means to be employed.

I spent a great deal of my time painting, as it was a very important part of my life.

Countless books and magazines have stated that I was an actress; that I simultaneously had affairs with both Sam Giancana and Jack Kennedy, and that I was the 'mistress' of both men. None of these things are true.

My sister and ex-husband were actors, but not me. And as I have made clear in recent interviews, my very brief relationship with Sam Giancana began some time after my affair with Jack had ended.

As for the allegation I was a 'mistress', to me that has always meant a 'kept woman'. I was always proud of

the fact that I paid my own way, and personally, that makes a difference.

Jack's close friend, Washington Post editor Ben Bradlee, has been stating in numerous articles recently that I was a 'Mafia mistress'. He sent his then-girlfriend, Sally Quinn, to interview me in 1977.

How would they have felt if I had written at the time that I was interviewed by Ben Bradlee's mistress?

WHEN we met in Las Vegas in February, 1960, it was not Jack Kennedy's wealth or status that attracted me to him. I had grown up around celebrities. Jack, still only a senator, was another one. What impressed me most about him was his ability to envelop you, to make you feel like

you were the only person in the universe.

When he talked to you, there was this total absorption. Nothing else existed. The room wasn't even there.

He had a wonderful quality of really, in a sense, being able to mesmerise you.

Jack just swept me off my feet. He did that to a lot of people. And he was very shrewd in picking the people he was close to.

Even today, few of Jack's inner circle can be heard saying anything negative about him.

For whatever reason, probably because I didn't need or want anything from him, he also put his trust in me.

Jack and I didn't spend our time any differently from other people. Mostly, we would just talk.

He loved to ask me about mutual friends, like Frank Sinatra, or about my family.

He loved gossip, and I used to tell

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FIRST FAMILY . . . the Kennedy clan, with JFK at the centre, had become the most powerful in America

‘There was a feeling of sadness every time that I left Jack’³¹



JOY . . . JFK and Jackie

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him to buy a movie magazine because I didn't know any.

He never brought up his work, except for the envelopes he had me deliver, and it wasn't my nature to ask him.

Between our visits, it was a very lonely existence.

When I would leave him there was always a feeling of sadness and emptiness.

It's difficult to care for someone, yet not be able to go out with them or share your joys and heartaches when they happen.

When he asked me, shortly after our affair began, to help his presidential campaign by delivering money to a man I knew only slightly as Sam Flood, I was proud to be given such an important task.

I knew there was something strange about delivering a large sum of cash, but I rationalised it as doing something for the man I loved.

I used the same rationale when Jack asked me to deliver envelopes containing intelligence material to Sam, which related to the assassination of Fidel Castro.

I never considered myself involved in the plot, only someone who was just delivering material.

Going with a married man, as I was, something that bothered me a great deal — led me to rationalise a lot back then.

IN MARCH 1962, about a year after FBI director J. Edgar Hoover learned that I was in contact with Giancana and Roselli, he ordered his agents to 'vigorously pursue' an investigation of me.

I'm sure Hoover wanted leverage over Jack, whom he didn't like.

His agents tormented me — almost to my death. They followed me to my parents' house, to the bank, to the doctors.

They questioned all my friends. They showed up at my hospital room and I caught them once, illegally, in my apartment.

Their harassment got even worse after Jack was killed. I couldn't understand why they kept hounding me.

Everything seemed so hopeless for me and the child I was carrying that I swallowed a handful of sleeping pills. Only a timely phone call saved us both.

But the harassment didn't stop.

In May 1965, my child was born. Seven months later, I gave him up for adoption. In the end, I feared for his safety,

and I could only offer him the same tormented life I had.

Despite ridiculous speculation found primarily in the tabloid Press, the father of my child is not connected with the events of this story.

Numerous other falsehoods have been written about me.

Part of the reason is that I almost never talk to reporters or authors, despite a never-ending stream of requests.

It seems that if you don't consent to interviews, they'll just write what they want about you.

No one seems to do any original research. The authors just copy from other books,

which had false information about me to begin with.

Many will wonder why I have taken so long to come forward with the full story.

I never really wanted to reveal any information about Jack Kennedy, Sam Giancana and Johnny Roselli.

FOR almost 15 years after my role as a courier had ended, I hadn't told anyone apart from some of my family and closest friends.

Then the U.S. Senate Intelligence Committee, which was investigating CIA plots to assassinate Fidel Castro, subpoenaed me to testify. Though

viewed me for a magazine article in 1988. At that time, I was only prepared to tell what the Church Committee suspected: that I was a courier between Jack and the mob. I thought that would be enough.

Yet I think I would have told it all had the interviewer been a responsible reporter. But the interviewer was Kitty Kelley.

When I agreed to do the article, I made it clear that I wanted it to have a historical, political focus. But Kitty seemed to have other ideas.

Here I was trying to tell her about a President collaborating with organised crime. But she wanted the gossipy angles.

She even asked me to draw a diagram of Frank Sinatra's home. I had had a short romance with him before I met Jack.

WHEN I understood the sort of piece she was interested in, I decided to tell her as little as possible and I left out important information.

Perhaps I was naive, but I was afraid she would mangle the facts and it seemed safer to hold back.

I realise now that I have done a great disservice to myself and to my family by not telling the full story.

My protecting Jack all these years has only resulted in me being branded as a 'Mafia moll' or 'Mafia mistress', instead of him being held accountable for his dealings with the mob.

I should be judged for my own actions, but not for those of Jack or Sam Giancana.

Having been diagnosed as terminally ill with metastatic breast cancer (a tumour that can move around the body), I am now past the three years the doctors gave me to live.

But things seem to happen for a reason, and within weeks of my diagnosis, I was reunited with the son I gave up for adoption in 1965.

He has recently been an incredible sustaining force for me. With him in my life, and the encouragement of American columnist Liz Smith, who has always treated me fairly, I've finally summoned the courage to tell all I know.

Back in 1975, I don't think the public was ready to hear what I knew. Perhaps the country is ready now.

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they promised me confidentiality, my name was leaked to the Press. Sam had been murdered only a few months earlier, shortly before he was to testify before the Committee about the plots. I didn't know if I would be next.

Less than a year later, Johnny Roselli was also murdered. If anyone from the Kennedy circle had called me and said, 'Here's our cover story,

we want you to say this, I would have co-operated. But instead of contacting me, they ran for cover. Jack's White House staff, people I had talked with countless times or had dined with, either called me a 'campaign worker' or denied knowing me.

I then made a fateful decision to hold a Press conference. By then, reporters were camped out on my in-laws' lawn looking for me.

I thought if I just showed my face and let everyone see who I was, the media would lose interest and go away.

With only my husband Dan to consult, I decided the best course was to admit the affair with Jack, but deny that I was

the go-between. That way, the Press would have a story and Sam's killers would know I wasn't talking.

At the time, I was trying to protect Jack, but everyone seemed to think that I was out to wreck 'Camelot'.

The Press conference only made matters worse. Far from going away, the reporters wanted more information about my relationship with

'Sam was murdered and then Johnny. I didn't know if I was the next'

Jack. My husband and I decided to write a book, but not primarily to make money, as many have alleged.

The real reason I agreed to write the book, My Story, with Ovid Demaris, is so that reporters would leave us alone.

What people must realise is that My Story was a cover-up.

I couldn't tell the truth then because I was still protecting Jack, and I feared for my life.

Many will wonder why I didn't tell the whole story to Kitty Kelley when she inter-