

1/9/71

Dear John,

Save for the wearing, time has made few changes in me, my attitudes, my feeling. I hope my understanding has improved a bit, that ~~it~~ may have become a bit less gullible.

Nor have my habits changed. I've just returned from a short trip with a working guest, I expect two others this morning, so I have to assail the accumulated correspondence while Lil and guest sleep. This also means I'll not be able to respond to your interesting 1/3 at equivalent length.

Nobody'll be happier than I if you have solved the RFK killing (or more surprised), nor will another be more joyful if your movie is a success. (We agree on the effectiveness of the medium, but because I expect nothing overnight, despite its many defects I find the book the medium of choice for the making of a record, if nothing else—and people of many kinds and stations do have to live with the records made.)

The letter you attached also is interesting, as interesting as similar one I have. I hope in your case it means more. It would have meant more to me if you'd sent a copy of the LAPD letter Kaiser let you have. While I have devoted no time to this one recently and little when it was current, I remain with a consuming interest in those gentlemen (and doubts about the interpretations of the written word sometimes made by others). I am in Houghton's book, not named, and not within recognition. So I know how crooked it is. I also know he addressed nothing not already raised in public, which is not the normal approach of the honest writer from whatever field and with whatever hack.

There are some minor inaccuracies and a rather large evasion at the opening of your letter. Bud looked you up at my request, for the purpose of getting me the remaining copies of O in NO. He found the Pacific Ave address but could not get access to the books. It is not from you that I learned your whereabouts but from him. What I asked you to do, what I again ask you to do, is to arrange for the safe return of those books, the freight bill to be sent to Workman, as his letter authorized. This would mean more to me than the rhetoric, for as I have had not a penny from that enormous labor, I also have no copies of the book and still get requests for it. Frankly, under the circumstances, I think you did wrong to ask me to pay the return transportation, knowing as you did that I not only had the money but if I did needed it for daily needs, if not service of an enormous debt. Now you have the assurance of the costs, the bill being something that need never reach you. please do it.

What you may have heard that I said of you I have no way of knowing. It is only what I said directly to you. Let me remind you that when you knew I was coming out there, it is you who disappeared, not you, and you who left no word where you could be found. I could not, in the limited time, find you. You had then come into this money and you had committed yourself to repay the costs your doing exactly what I asked you not to do out me to, that foolish (and prohibited) intrusion at KGO. They had never informed me of the cancellation, at that late hour I could not cancel what I had arranged, and without your needless freezing of them into a position they'd have paid me. This, in fact, was also what they told me when I was there, and the man who told me had the heft and is an honest man, I think. So, if there remains any of what you got, I'd appreciate your honoring your word and sending me that air fare. More than my usually direct comment on such matters I do not recall having made. I think there can be no legitimate complaint over my accurate complaint. You did fuck this up, I warned you that would happen, asked you not to do it, it ended as it was obvious to me it would have to, it was your fault, you said you'd return the cost of the fare, the only cost for which I asked, and when you got the dough, instead you skipped into designed oblivion. Under reverse circumstances, I think you not have been slinging praises. More I do not recall and frankly, I think unlikely.

I've lived longer than you, which gave me the opportunity for more experiences, more thought, and I've been in this business longer than anybody, and more intensively, so I am

in a position to have understanding others may not. This is not the same as claiming I have that understanding. However, as I look back on my own continued existence, with the enemies I have and against whom I have relentlessly maintained the initiative, even to the point of taking them to ~~charge~~ court, whipping them, then making court charges against them, as I recall some of the more polished threats, beyond the capacity of mere nuts and pranksters, I long ago concluded that Roosevelt was right. The realcrippler is fear itself. If you think you can escape any enemy, real or fancied, by flight to anywhere, ~~you're~~ ^{you're} out of your cotton-pickin. There are simple and limited choices: you quit, which satisfies this enemy, or you fight him with all the ~~vigot~~ ^{vigor} of which you are capable, which first of all keeps him somewhat occupied and then makes any retribution more hazardous and thus diminishing or eliminating the prospect, certainly the attractiveness. If you still work with illusions that at some point you can escape this unidentified "him", you are engaging in self-castration. The only ones who react in a way you seem to anticipate are mere nuts, and, with no indication of your beliefs in this letter, drawing on your comments of the past, as I recall them, this seems not to be your description of "they" or "them". So, put aside both fear and thought of flight.

While I enjoyed hearing from you and was entertained by the flow of words, they told me little. Nothing you could do -not even paying what you promised to repay, much as I need it - would make me happier than for you to be right, for you to have that one all wrapped up. As you would or should expect me to say, with all the finesse and diplomacy you have long known to be my usual method of expression, I'll believe it when I see it. Your letter is empty. And because I now have much more than I can deal with effectively, I don't want to get mixed up in that one. Certainly I'm putting no time on it, do not plan to, will write nothing on it more than I have already, so I have no personal interest in the fact you say you have. You also know I have been able to find flaw where others haven't. You indicate no want of help, but if you think I can without taking a great amount of time, and I can help, I'll try. I think you sound too pat...In the writing I have done I spotted certain flaws and clues in the official mythology that nobody, including Kaiser or the

DA or the defense have addressed. I think these remain viable clues as well as questions that must be answered. Save for what Diamond did, you know none of that stuff in Kaiser's (rather good) book is new to me. I may have been the first to say it, as I did immediately and without ever changing. The Neilson case is not news to me and, unlike Kaiser (to whom I'll be writing) I read the novel based upon it -and have it. You might want to. It is The Billikin Spurion. T.C. Lewellen, hardback by Random House, paperback Popular Library (still available in some places).

How can you make of that bedship with the preacher more than another clue? In itself what does it mean? How is it more than a link, which can explain some of the misgivings I had on hearing that tape?

John, I've lived through many "solutions". Usually there was nothingness. If Garrison has come up with a single significant thing of his own, he has neither shared it with me nor used it in any way of which I know. I do hope yours has more substance. I'd like you to be able to do what you say you can and will. Great! I'd also like you not to fail, with what that can mean to you and with the further reduction in everyone's credibility and the means each such overadvertised failure provides the corrupt press for self-justification.

For whatever it may mean to you, I tell you there are readily-available Arab extremist connections readily available to Sirhan right there and there are the identical revanchist Cuban peripheral involvements, with identically the same people, as in the JFK/LHO case. I have the latter in fairly complete form and the former with some names. And contacts to Egypt. I do not say either has to have significance. Kaiser noted in his condensation the absence of these things....I agree with your appraisal of his work. I regret that Diamond either abandoned or had to abandon his efforts at the point reported. I have always thought the key we lacked is the triggering mechanism, and on that Kaiser makes me feel certain, for I had no more than a hunch and he provides assurances...Good luck. Be a good boy and now keep those two promises...My own book on the Kinf/Ray case will be out this year, small publisher, but experience tells me their "whens" mean nothing. Sincerely,

HAROLD WEISBERG
Route #8
Fredrick, Maryland
21701

JANUARY 3, 1970

Dear Hal:

Your letter arrived as a partially pleasant surprize; let me dispose of one predilection on your part about my intentions, past, present or future.

First, Workman was notified of the location of those books before I left San Francisco in September, 1968; so was Hal Verb; so was Bud Fensterwald before he left for San Francisco during his trip out here; now, all this crap about my somehow having either sold all those books and/or burned them and/or forwarded them to the J. Edgar Foundation...is pure horseshit, of the most pungent variety.

Of that 5,000 book shipment, I gave out some 300 to various newsmen and corporate principals, in hopes of advancing the cause directly or indirectly; the only books I sold were 11 - get that, eleven - which I managed at \$2.00 a crack through an ad in the San Francisco Chronicle; but, that ad cost me 27.50! Thusly, I have the interesting letters from the motly eleven that ordered said books as the head-end of my alleged profit at your expense, but little else.

No matter what my intentions, Hal, honorable or otherwise, no one made a buck off your efforts; it's that simple. So far as I know, the books still reside at 2340 Pacific Avenue in San Francisco, in the under-garage basement, just where I paid to have them moved from the Golden Gateway Center.

Now, to more productive matters, I would hope:

When I left San Francisco in 9/68, it was in considerable haste - a couple of farewell calls, a glass clank or two with a couple of hookers in my apartment complex and a handshake from my friend-associate, Bill Turner; armed with a then-fresh divorce threat - and some from several principals I then thought were involved in RFK's execution - I came to ye ole Lotusland to smell the roses locally or the burning calderons of fresh tar in nearby Orange County. In the ensuing 2 and 1/2 years, I have managed to finish off the divorce (by non-contesting it), lock horns with the entirety of the Los Angeles official Establishment, alienate most of the upper eschelons of the news media, and expend some \$75,000 in personal (we settled the Blue Chips case; I got a five figure fee) and borrowed money - all in pursuit of a story with the pretentious title: "The Investigative File Behind: The 'Plot' To Murder RFK". And, no one has bothered to guaratee that either this investment or my life is safe in any way.

When I tell you that I have effectively solved RFK's murder, complete with the overall modus operandi applied by the intelligence apparat that was the Force X behind it, you might still be inclined to say I should see that it gets publish-

ed - that is, if you still harbor the thought that book writing can somehow have any effect on my Force X (which, I deduce, is the same Force X you wrote about in Coup d'tat); I no longer believe that this is the way to go, albeit I make no claim that there is any viable way to bring about an honorable justice in these matters; so, I'm going for the kind of roses that will allow me to vent my spleen, collect my chips, and move out of the cross-hairs to some part of this earth that will let me and mine grow reasonably old, with reasonable grace. This may not be your cup, I know, but I'll not blow my health as you seem to have done, to say nothing of your hard-earned resources, to boot, all in pursuit of a justice that cannot be effected within the framework of a society incapable of saving itself.

My parting shot is projected in a motion picture titled "III", which we are rushing toward production as soon as possible; (see the enclosed letter from one of our principals) with this vehicle we see the only mechanism available to tell the essential truth behind "Assassination, U.S.A." the non-fiction title of the generic book identified in a Hollywoodian epic of non-such proportions; and, it is not merely another James Bond thriller, so to speak; it is the story of not merely the murder of a Presidential candidate - but it is the story of all those factors, institutional and otherwise, that merge into the promulgation of another fraud amongst national frauds that have blossomed into view since November 22, 1963; it is a story that could not/would not/and therefore did not happen in America; maybe TIME will review the film and say that it is a flimsy attempt to portray events that took place in Hungary or Poland, not good ole America; but, maybe some of the nation's youth will see beyond all this; maybe they will see the national news media in a clinical truth they only now suspect is hidden beneath the pompous smirks and smooth rhetoric of its frontmen; maybe, but I doubt it.

The essential reason for this cynicism is born not only of frustration; it is that which one Harold Weisberg has been trying desperately to tell his fellow citizens for many years, chunk at a time; of course, I reasonably assume you still believe your own warnings.

Over these last two+ years I must admit I yearned to have one Harold Weisberg's counsel in my efforts, if only to sensitize my intellectual fervor; it is not easy to cope with the kind of truth that brutes its way before you when you play this game of citizen-sleuth; but, you know all that of long experience; so does Garrison; we must be parts of the smallest minority in America, eh?

Kaiser's book is enormously important - for what it is, not what he says it is; I've worked closely with him (sub rosa) since the day in August, 1968 that LOOK dispatched him to review our initial findings (which, self-servingly, he kissed off); his reference to my being a Ramparts principal is an indication of just how meticulous RBK was overall in the pursuit of the truth; here he merely juxtaposed my association with Bill Turner, who erringly still sits quietly by as Ramparts' swindler-Leftists continue to capitalize on his name without paying him dime-one for the privilege; anyway, back to RBK's efforts; his book is like many primary (first outers) in this unique field: it is a beginning.

The only meaningful aspect of Kaiser's book is his revelations about Sirhan's reactions to and under hypnosis; he proposes a premise that I can back with the

kind of physical evidence that would ordinarily stand up in any Grand Jury, let alone a court room; that Kaiser continued to react to Sirhan, the conscious creep - and Sirhan, the hypno-conditioned vegetable-robot, all in the same fashion, only goes to show that Kaiser spent about 2 years chasing his own shadow; to wit, Sirhan was programmed by an element that has mastered the science and art of hypnosis like no others on this earth, and Kaiser did not take the time to delve into this, even when the occasion demanded it be done; remember, Robert Blair Kaiser, while considered by his brethren a very good magazine writer, is just that: a very good magazine writer, not an investigative journalist; as you know, pal, there's one helluva distance between the two.

While I won't go into the details here, let me say that Kaiser found out in July, 1969 that he had spent the preceding year compiling a Forward to our book; at this time he stumbled onto a hidden intra-office police document (a cop pal of his handed it over, knowing he was writing a book on RFK's murder) that absolutely and irrefutably proved that which we had known, but couldn't evidentially prove before, that Sirhan and our friendly preacher pal had, in fact, been figuratively (and possibly literally) been in bed with one another just before the murder; ultimately, Kaiser turned that document over to me, which, after following it all the way through, led me to all that which I earlier alluded to as having been behind the crime; in other words, Kaiser hesitated for a considerable time before he could no longer fight his Jesuit conscience on the matter, then he came through; then, some 8 months later, after I had proved out the lead, I offered it to him to add to the tail end of his book, which was not yet in its galleys; he accepted the material, but refused to include it as suggested; his reasoning, while never admitted per se, was that to drop in that facet would have been to admit that his was not a viable book at all, but only a prelude to a far more interesting tale, the peripheral events that took RFK's life; it was that simple; as I said, Robert Blair Kaiser is a good magazine writer, that's all; and, as such, he could not take a spoke out of our wheel to make his vehicle run; he had a huge investment in personal resources and time in his own angle, which he could not kill off with the kind of candor available to him; it's sad, but true. But, it is that same kind of consideration that confronted me when I found that I had to go for salvation money, not out-and-out proliferation of the truth per se.

A copy of our files has been in the possession of the (then) U.S. Attorney Matt Byrne since October, 1969 (which he took out of his LA office with him to Washington, D.C. when he joined Bill Scranton's Jokesters on Campus Riots; I was told Byrne turned over the file to some U.S. Senators; we'll see; maybe.) Then Chief Deputy Attorney General Charlie O'Brien (just beaten by LADA Evelle Younger - who prosecuted etc. et al Sirhan)- for the State AG's office had had our files since August, 1968, which he, too, took out of office with him just last week; neither had the wherewithall to make a move on the matter, because both their superiors refused to allow an intervention; but they both knew what had happened in RFK's murder - and they didn't need our files to prove it; it just so happened that both found out long before that one of the component parts in RFK's murder had been the principal operatives within the local law enforcement agencies who "investigated" the crime; they were beaten by the system, as it was being manipulated by Force X operatives; that's where it was

HAROLD WEISBERG:

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at, they knew it, but blew it; now you know why I'm not still dancing on the dainty petals of that wilting flower of hope called the great American dream any longer; I got "it" higher along the theoretical line of justice than any of us and still the effort failed; is there any wonder that Garrison crapped out way down where he was?

I've been in contact with the highest of Kennedy principals; their situation is almost beyond belief; they have a catholic belief that "He" is going to save them somehow; they are but a microcosm of the great American delusion that everything will somehow right itself, that the troubles being suffered by this nation and world will just go away, all in due time; and, as we can see during the intermissions of every Coliseum-like sporting event on-TV these days, that curious combination of religion and super-patriotism promotes the national voodoo syndrome to ever-increasing heights; my, but England looks good these days.....

I would much more like to sit down with you and rap on all this for endless hours (hello there, Father Confessor?), but that'll have to wait until I've finished advancing "III"; please know that I was considerably disturbed by the news some time back that you had been felled by illness; it was not that I didn't write to inquire because of non-concern, but I had also heard that the mention of my name only added to your pains; I trust this letter will not set you back any.

My time in America is now limited, whatever happens professionally; should I have to chew Gringos with the Mau-Maus, then that's the way it'll have to be. I just simply cannot continue to live in a country that is allowing itself to self-destruct. I am too much the coward to suffer the emotional death that comes from knowing what it is I know about the murder of men and nation.

My very personal word to Lillian; that's some kind of woman that will ride out this kind of storm; let history record that there weren't many like her, as well I can testify.

Best Personal Regards,

JOHN G. CHRISTIAN

JGC:bm

Enclosure

HASKELL WEXLER
6950 OPORTO DRIVE
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA 90028
TELEPHONE 462-4418

February 11, 1970

Jonh G. Christian
P.O. 24455
Westwood Village,
California 90024


Dear Mr. Christian:

I have read your film treatment on THE PLOT
TO MURDER RFK and examined some of the
substantiating documentation.

The facts are indeed frightening. To organize
reality - to arrange facts dramatically - takes
a screenwriter and filmmaker. Naked truth
can't move people anymore. Drastic truth can.

You can rely upon my cooperation and involve-
ment in the RFK PLOT project. I would be
pleased to consult with a screenwriter and do
what I can to bring the project to the screen.

Sincerely,



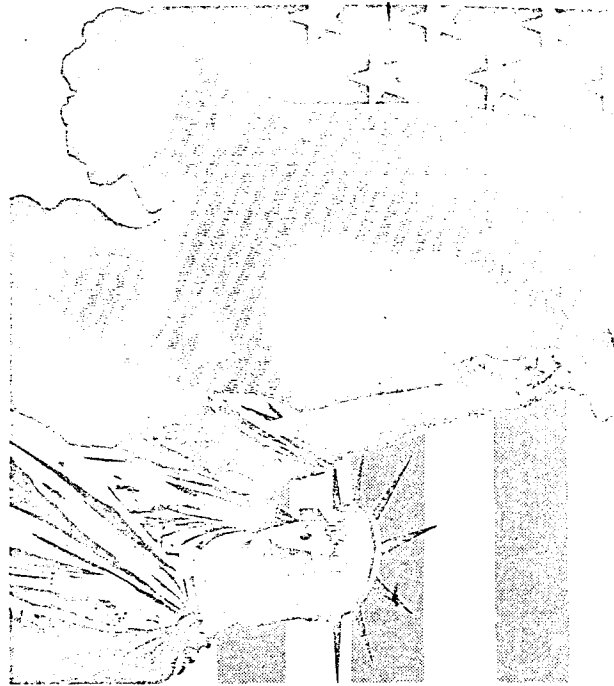
Haskell Wexler

CAST

| | |
|-----------------------------------|---------------------|
| John | Robert Forster |
| Eileen | Verna Bloom |
| Gus | Peter Bonerz |
| Ruth | Marianna Hill |
| Harold | Harold Blankenship |
| Frank Baker | Sid McCoy |
| Dede | Christine Bergstrom |
| Pennybaker | Robert McAndrew |
| News Director Karlin | William Stickinger |
| Rich Lady | Beverly Younger |
| Social Worker | Marrian Walters |
| Plainclothesman | Edward Croke |
| Blonde in Car | Sandra Ann Roberts |
| Newscaster | Doug Kimball |
| Gun Clinic Manager | Peter Boyle |
| Secretary | Georgia Tadda |
| Buddy, Harold's Father | Charles Geary |
| Black-Militants | Jeff Donaldson |
| | Richard Abrams |
| | Felton Perry |
| | Val Grey |
| | Bill Sharp |
| | Robert Paige |
| | Walter Bradford |
| | Russell Davis |
| | Livingston Lewis |
| | Barbara Jones |
| | John Jackson |
| Reporters And Photographers | Simone Zorn |
| | Madeleine Marcou |
| | Mickey Pallas |
| | Lynn Erlich |
| | Lestre Brownlee |
| | Morris Bleckman |
| | Wally Wright |
| | Sam Ventura |
| | George Boulet |
| Kennedy Students | James Jacobs |
| | Spence Jackson |
| | Dorien Suhr |
| | Kenneth Whitener |
| | Connie Fleischer |
| | Mary Smith |
| | Nancy Noble |
| Gun Clinic Ladies | Linda Handelman |
| | Maira Friedman |
| | Kathryn Schubert |
| | Barbara Brydenhal |
| | Elizabeth Moisant |
| | Rose Bormascher |
| And With | Roger Phillips |
| | Robert Blankenship |
| | China Lee |
| | Sirri Murad |

CREDITS

| | |
|---------------------------------|----------------------------------------|
| Director | Haskell Wexler |
| Producers | Tully Friedman and Haskell Wexler |
| Associate Producers | Michael Philip Butler and Steven North |
| Production Assistant | William Schwartz |
| Assistant to the Producer | Jonathan Haze |
| Assistant Director | Wendell Franklin |
| Screenplay by | Haskell Wexler |
| Director of Photography | Haskell Wexler |
| Editorial Consultant | Paul Golding |
| Editor | Verne Fields |
| Assistant Editor | Marsha Griffin |
| Script Supervisor | Meta Rebner |
| Sound Mixer | Chris Newman |
| Camera Operator | Mike Margulies |
| Camera Assistant | Ron Vargas |
| Gaffer | Tom Ryan |
| Art Director | Leon Erickson |
| Chicago Consultant | Studs Terkel |
| Sound Cutter | Kay Rose |
| Music | Mike Bloomfield |
| Scored by | The Mothers of Invention |
| Incidental Music by | "Merry-Go-Round" by Wild Man Fisher |
| Titles by | James Talbot |



PRODUCTION NOTES

The background of Paramount Pictures' "Medium Cool" is Chicago in the summer of 1968, when the eyes of the world were focussed on an unforgettable segment of American history: the Democratic National Convention. Writer-cameraman-director Haskell Wexler filmed "Medium Cool" at the International Amphitheatre, where the Convention was held; Grant Park, where the major rioting occurred, a psychedelic discotheque; a roller derby; the Michael Reese Hospital; the Uptown Appalachian Ghetto; a Gun Clinic; ghetto homes of Black Militants; Chicago Expressways, and a television station. Other sequences of the film were photographed in the hillbilly country near Horse Branch, Kentucky, and in Resurrection City in Washington, D.C. Another scene was filmed during the National Guard riot training conducted at Camp Ripley in Minnesota. There are no studio scenes in the film and every line of dialogue was recorded on the spot, without dubbing afterwards. "Medium Cool" is probably the only non-documentary feature which includes actual footage of the demonstrations in Chicago.

To heighten the realism in his down-to-earth story of a romance between a television newsreel cameraman and a former Appalachian housewife, now living in the Ghetto section of Chicago, Wexler cast newcomers in the major roles of "Medium Cool."

Robert Forster, who plays the central character of the television newsreel cameraman, has appeared in one other major film to date, "The Stalking Moon." Verna Bloom as an Appalachian school teacher struggling to raise her fatherless son in the Ghetto section of Chicago, has been seen on stage as Ruth in Pinter's "The Homecoming," and as Charlotte Corday in the Broadway production of "Marat/Sade." She has been featured on various television shows, including "N.Y.P.D." and "Bonanza." "Medium Cool" is her first film. Peter Bonerz made his screen debut in a San Francisco film, "Funnyman." Marianna Hill appeared in Paramount's "Red Line 700" and in "Paradise, Hawaiian Style."

Wexler's script evolved in part in anticipation of "something" happening at the Democratic Convention. Shooting the film during the riots proved to be a risky business, when anyone holding a camera was likely to be suspect. Wexler himself was tear-gassed by a National Guardsman while filming.

"There is much to be gained by filming in and among people who feel things strongly," says Wexler. "If your film can reflect areas of life where people feel passion, then it will have genuine drama."

BIOGRAPHY OF HASKELL WEXLER

At 47, Haskell Wexler has been making films for 30 years, starting with home movies as a teenager in his native Chicago. His first Hollywood assignment was to photograph "The Last Man," starring Henry Fonda and Cliff Robertson, and soon after he won an Academy Award for his camera work on "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" which was the first film directed by Mike Nichols. More recently, Wexler has completed work on several highly-acclaimed films including "In the Heat of the Night" and "The Thomas Crown Affair." With Paramount Pictures' "Medium Cool," Wexler makes his debut as a director. He also conceived the project, wrote the screenplay and produced the film in association with Tully Friedman.

PARAMOUNT PICTURES
presents
HASKELL WEXLER'S