

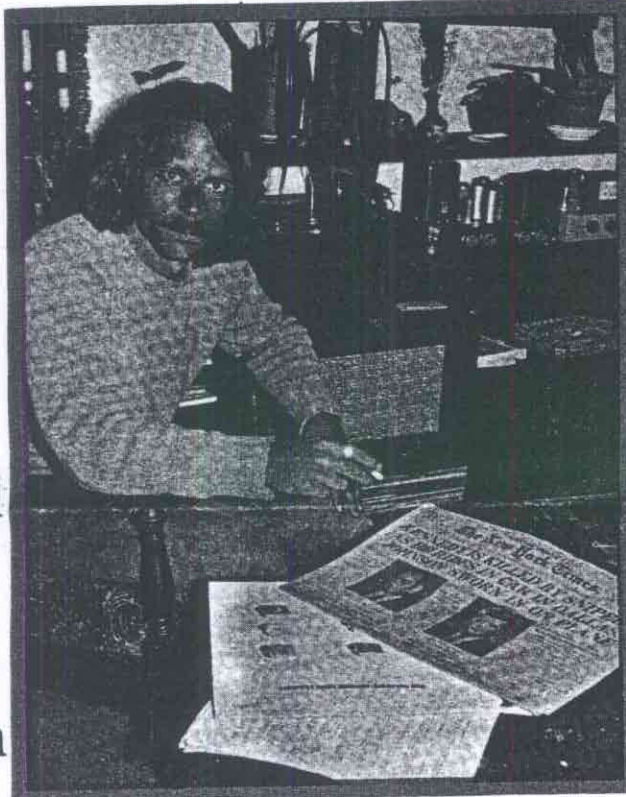
PacificSun

JFK-
The New
Evidence:

A Magic
Bullet

A Second
Oswald

The CIA
Connection



Marin
Braces as
The
Doctors
Come in
From the
Cold

Chatting
With
Chubby-
Return of
Mr. Twist

Richard Raznikov: 'But
There Was Nothing Wrong
With the Old Evidence'



Comment

Steve McNamara Mystery of the century

Richard Alan Raznikov believes that President Kennedy was murdered by a conspiracy involving hundreds of people with a budget of perhaps \$5 million. In accepted conspiracy fashion, many of the people involved didn't know exactly what they were involved in, but well over 100 of them had foreknowledge of an attempt to kill the President, and 12 to 25 people were on the assassination team in Dealey Plaza. So says Rick Raznikov.

Why hasn't the conspiracy unravelled? For a lot of reasons, says Raznikov, one of them being the fact "... that there were a lot of unexplained homicides in 1964-65; people falling out of windows and things like that. *The London Times* had an actuarial study made of about 40 deaths which touched the assassination; guys in their 40's in perfect health and so forth. They came up with odds of something a trillion to one against this happening."

So does Raznikov worry about his own health? "There have been moments; sometimes I'm afraid. But in reality, I'm pretty small fry for these people... I hope. I'd like to be successful in opening up this thing, but if I am successful then I'm more likely to be killed. I guess it's kind of a dilemma."

Whatever you think of Raznikov's theories, don't think of Raznikov himself as some kind of nut. He's a solid citizen. He was born 28 years ago in Newark, N.J. (a Gemini) and grew up in San Rafael where his mother is now a teacher's aide and his father commutes to a job in the produce business in San Francisco. Raznikov was student body president at San Rafael High, where he graduated in 1964. He went on to U.C. Berkeley and got a B.A. in political science, graduating in 1968. He now teaches political science and humanities at Indian Valley College.

In the summer of 1967 he got involved in the movement which drafted Robert Kennedy to run for President, first working out of the New York office and then setting up 40 to 50 groups throughout the country. He was on the California ballot as an RFK delegate to the Democratic National Convention. With his candidate dead, Raznikov tried to cast his vote for New Orleans district attorney Jim Garrison, let himself be talked out of it, and wound up voting for black militant Channing Phillips "... so that Humphrey wouldn't get the most votes from the California delegation." Raznikov's vote made it 19-18 for Phillips over Humphrey.

Raznikov read *Rush to Judgement* by Mark Lane in 1965. "After I read his book I knew the Warren Commission was not right, but I didn't really have enough background information to make my own judgments. I kept reading and by '67 or '68 I was pretty convinced that there had been a conspiracy. For the last three or four years it has just been a case of adding information. It's fascinating; it's the mystery of the century."

When he first began talking and writing about the assassination, Raznikov says he was viewed mainly as either a curiosity or an out-and-out nut. "But by now virtually nobody disagrees with the idea that there was a conspiracy. The only question is how broad it is. You have to remember that a conspiracy is two or more people."

"The problem now is that people are ready to believe anything. But I just want them to consider the

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Alice Yarish Vacation romance

When I was on vacation in southern California lately, Ojai to be exact, I fell in love — with the *Los Angeles Times*. I could hardly wait each morning to get my hands on it. It's a newspaper of such excellence of coverage and writing that it is a continuing pleasure. Unfortunately my holiday infatuation was unrequited. The *Times* did not reciprocate by inviting me to join its staff, so I am back home, carrying the torch.

One article of particular interest was headlined, "The Brothers Burton Bring Political Flair to Capitol Hill." It was the most comprehensive story I had ever read about our San Francisco and Marin congressmen, John and Phillip.

Datelined Washington D.C., it started, "It's not that a passion for politics is rarely found along the Potomac. It's just that the political passion of Rep. Phillip Burton stands out like the Washington monument... Phil Burton, says a colleague... is a political nymphomaniac."

On John, the story quoted a source: "Some people don't like the son-of-a-bitch but he sure knows what he's doing." Another said, "He's a glutton for work... Whether [Phillip's] energy and what some call his legislative genius can propel him on to election as majority leader or House Speaker, remains to be seen."

Another *Times* item which intrigued me was about "The Great Los Angeles Air Raid" of February 25, 1942, through which I lived more in amusement than terror. I remember that I was attending a night class at USC when the orders came to turn out all the lights because the Japanese were attacking the city. When our blacked-out class was dismissed I went and got my dog who was awaiting me in my car, and walked him about the campus on his leash.

Although all the street lights were out I was able to make out the face of a friend lighting a cigarette. He and a half dozen others were standing next to a convertible with the top down talking to the driver, who happened to be Rochester, Jack Benny's "butler." We had a delightful conversation with him.

For two hours we stood or walked around the campus as we were forbidden by police to turn on our headlights and so were virtually stranded. Finally my friend and I wound up at a beer joint a mile away from the campus, lighted by candles, where, because of the general camaraderie and excitement over the "air raid," my dog was admitted and fed some hamburger patties by the bartender.

Meanwhile outside the sky was crisscrossed by huge searchlights to find the 15 Japanese planes that were supposed to have been launched from carriers off the coast. Some 1400 rounds of anti-aircraft ammunition were fired from various defense batteries stationed around in the city. Of course there weren't any Japanese planes and the raid never happened, but the whole city, hospitals included, were blacked out until midnight, when someone in command realized that the bursts focused in the search light beams were simply our own gun bursts.

Apparently the whole extravaganza had been triggered when someone released weather balloons with little lights on them so they could be tracked, and failed to tell the military establishment. It reminded me of James Thurber's wonderful story, "The Night the Dam Broke."

Don Stanley La guerre est finie

The Vietnam people's 30 Years War ended Tuesday not with a bang but a whimper. It ended just about as it would have ended 21 years ago had not the United States intervened, and it's difficult not to believe that the only tangible result of that intervention is that more than a million Vietnamese won't be around to see peace.

For Americans the end of the war was certificated by the 2 1/2-hour CBS special report Tuesday night, *Vietnam: ... a war that is finished*, whose title was taken from one of President Ford's speeches calling for a putting behind us of the war in the service of binding up the wounds that Vietnam has caused in our national sense of unity and purpose.

There is something staggeringly wrong in invoking unity and purpose just at this time. One wishes instead to hear a call for introspection and reflection. The scholars, strategists, commentators and other experts who "summarized" the Vietnam experience at the end of the CBS special were so distant, so therapeutic in their pronouncements that each sounded like a carbon of McNamara seeing "light at the end of the tunnel." It was a poor time for experts. One longed for one who would stare speechless into the camera. Instead, they assessed.

It had been, said Walter Cronkite, our first televised war. The implication was that for the first time Americans had been annexed by film crews to the reality of a street brawl in McLuhan's "global village." But if the reality of televised war was one thing, the reality of TV was another, and in the CBS special that McLuhanism — the medium is the message — was never more clearly in evidence. The message was: We interrupt this war to bring you a message from Arrid.

It was not simply a summary of the war, it was a summary of the way Americans saw war every night on the 6 o'clock news. There was the combat footage. (It became increasingly stark, more probing, obviously more dangerously gathered as the war progressed; as if correspondents became desperate to present the reality they knew and which they were fearful wasn't getting through to viewers. They were right, but the problem lay in the medium not in their efforts or in the obtuseness of the American people.) Then there was Clorox, Colgate, Cold Power.

The package was the message Tuesday night as it was all through the war. The reality of Vietnam was the reality of the camera crews. The reality of viewers was a surreality in which the war could be turned on and off like a hot water tap. Images might remain but they danced in living color the other side of a Gardol shield.

The CBS special propagated the "Greek tragedy" concept of Vietnam given intellectual imprimatur in David Halberstam's *The Best and the Brightest*. All these brilliant idealists with the best of intentions led, through some secret fatal flaw, into a disastrous "quagmire" (Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.). There was Uncle Walter himself, back in 1966 or '67, in a fly-along bombing run, excited by the bursts in the jungle. How could his good intentions have been so undermined by "fate" so that, as he soberly announced at the end of the program, he had done a 180 degree turn in his attitude toward the war? What was "the turning point"?

Nice thing about the Greek tragedy/quagmire

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JFK: The New Evidence

By Richard Raznikov

AUTHOR'S NOTE: Fourteen months ago, the Pacific Sun printed an article of mine called "From Dallas To Watergate," which traced the background of John Kennedy's presidency, and his bitter conflicts with the CIA, FBI, Pentagon, and big business; it told the story of why our President was slain and explained the origin of the conspiracy.

Since that publication much more has been learned about Kennedy's assassination. Now, in the aftermath of Watergate, as Congress begins its own inquiry into the activities of the CIA, there has emerged new and startling evidence that the Kennedy murder was a conspiracy and that agencies of the federal government participated in it.

This article is written with the purpose of informing you of some of the major elements of proof now available, and in the hope that you will recognize your own individual responsibility to bring this material to the attention of our elected representatives in the Congress. Only through such public insistence can a genuine inquiry take place.

— Richard Raznikov

"It's the quality and not the length of a man's life that counts. If a man is assassinated while he is fighting to save the soul of the nation, his death contributes more than anything else to its redemption."

— Martin Luther King, Jr.

John Kennedy appeared lost in thought as he stared vacantly through the french doors which led to the Rose Garden. The buzzer interrupted him. It was Evelyn Lincoln's voice: "The Attorney General is here." "Send him in," said the President.

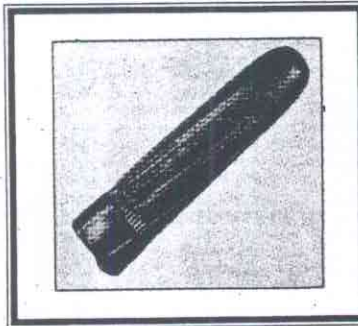
That morning the President had received verification of a report which caused him great anxiety: in violation of his direct orders, the CIA was training Cuban exile groups, in secret, for another invasion of the island. They had to be stopped.

This kind of warfare within the government had been escalating for some time. Following the disastrous Bay of Pigs invasion in 1961, Kennedy had ordered an investigation; he suspected, and with cause, that "the Company" had lied to him in order to secure his approval of the mission, and that it had tried to force him to intervene directly with American air power as a pretext for taking over Cuba. The inquiry had led to the dismissal of CIA Director Dulles and Deputy Director Cabell. But nothing was changed. The Company was still engaging in the kinds of covert operations which the President had expressly forbidden.

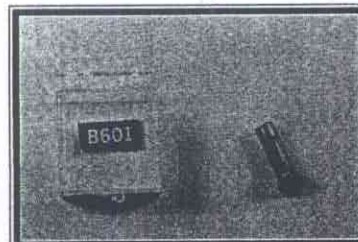
Now, in July of 1963, there were CIA camps in the Florida Keys and north of Lake Pontchartrain in Louisiana, and Kennedy wanted them closed down.

"This is very serious," said the President. "I want the FBI sent in; I want this stopped once and for all." The Attorney General nodded.

Two days later, the FBI raided the camps, arresting



This is Exhibit 399, the "Magic Bullet" for which the Commission claimed unusual powers, immunity from the laws of physics, and six wounds in two people.



In contrast is Exhibit 856, the remains of a bullet fired into a cadaver's wrist. This shot duplicated just one of the six wounds of 399, yet its tip is flattened.

the persons present and confiscating munitions. The Kennedys had won, but the war was not over. Four months later, John Kennedy died in a hail of assassins' bullets in Dallas. His long struggle was over; his enemies couldn't buy him, couldn't scare him, and couldn't subvert him — so they murdered him.

There followed the macabre dance of the victors: first came the cleanup operations, the burning of documents, the killing of witnesses, the cover-up, in which agencies of the federal government participated; then came the payoffs, the expansion of underworld activities, the beginnings of a major war in Southeast Asia, the unbridled assaults upon popular government carried out by the CIA and FBI, the escalation of profit-grabbing by the multinational corporate giants which precipitated the economic disaster we are now living through. Kennedy was dead. The people would be free to mourn him, to tell

stories about him, even to worship him — they would not be free to emulate him, or to question the reason for his death. And as the bombers began their orgy of destruction over Vietnam and Laos, the American people were told that they had never had it so good.

In Washington, the President who promised to carry on Kennedy's policies began immediately to subvert them. His first order was to reverse JFK's last: the planload of American troops in Honolulu on their way back home was told to turn around, head back to Vietnam. They would be followed by 500,000 more. In Washington, too, the numerous calls for an investigation into the facts of the assassination were stilled by the appointment of a Presidential Commission.

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For years, the surviving staff and members of the President's Commission on the Assassination of President Kennedy (the Warren Commission) have been a closed-mouth group. While evidence mounted which tended to disprove the commission's conclusions — that Kennedy was killed by Lee Harvey Oswald alone — this band of "honorable men" has remained firm in its insistence that it pursued all leads, investigated thoroughly, and arrived at the only plausible result. Its titular leader, the late Chief Justice, continually proclaimed that he had seen "no new evidence" which would cause him to change his mind.

Warren's statements often provoked the response, "What's wrong with the old evidence?" Indeed, the very evidence from which the commission drew its absurd conclusions is sufficient to suggest that Oswald was innocent of the crime and that, at the very least, more than one gunman shot at the President.

But now there is new evidence, pried loose from government files by determined investigators and drawn from film of the assassination itself, which, when placed in proper context alongside the "old" evidence, provides dramatic and unmistakable proof that President Kennedy was the victim of conspiracy, and that government agencies and the commission itself in turn conspired to cover up the truth.

It is this new material which caused W. David Slawson, a commission lawyer and now professor of law at USC to tell *New York Times* reporters:

"We certainly should have seen this material (secret FBI memoranda). It may be significant that we did not see it, in terms of a possible cover-up and the reasons for it . . . the case should be reopened."

And it is this new material which elicited a comment from Judge Burt W. Griffin, another commission lawyer:

"We were not getting the truth from the Dallas police or the FBI . . . It's still an important public issue . . . it's all tied in with everything that's been happening in our government for the past ten years. The case ought to be reopened."

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The government fantasy of the Kennedy murder was presented to the American people as a series of conclusions supported by key underlying "facts." It is necessary to briefly reconstruct the government version in order to see not only its evident spuriousness but also its reliance upon a distorted view of the evidence.

The actual "proof" of Oswald's guilt, as adduced by the commission, is surprisingly thin and wholly circumstantial. It consists of a rifle, allegedly purchased through the mail by Oswald, allegedly found on the sixth floor of a building which fronts Elm Street in Dealey Plaza, the site of the assassination, and of the existence of a bullet, "found" on a stretcher at Parkland Hospital, which had at one time been fired from that rifle. There is no reliable proof that Oswald was even in the building at the time of the shooting.

If, as may be doubted, Oswald owned the rifle, and if, as seems unlikely in the extreme, the "found" bullet was fired that day at the motorcade and somehow ended up on a stretcher, there remains the impossibility of showing Oswald's connection with the firing of the rifle. Moreover, the commission's own best evidence tends to show that Oswald could not have been on the sixth floor at the time of the shooting, could not have brought the rifle with him to the Texas School Book Depository, and did not, in any case, possess the capability with a rifle necessary to have performed the feat attributed to him. The problems the commission therefore faced are illustrative of the methods it used in arriving at a preconceived result.

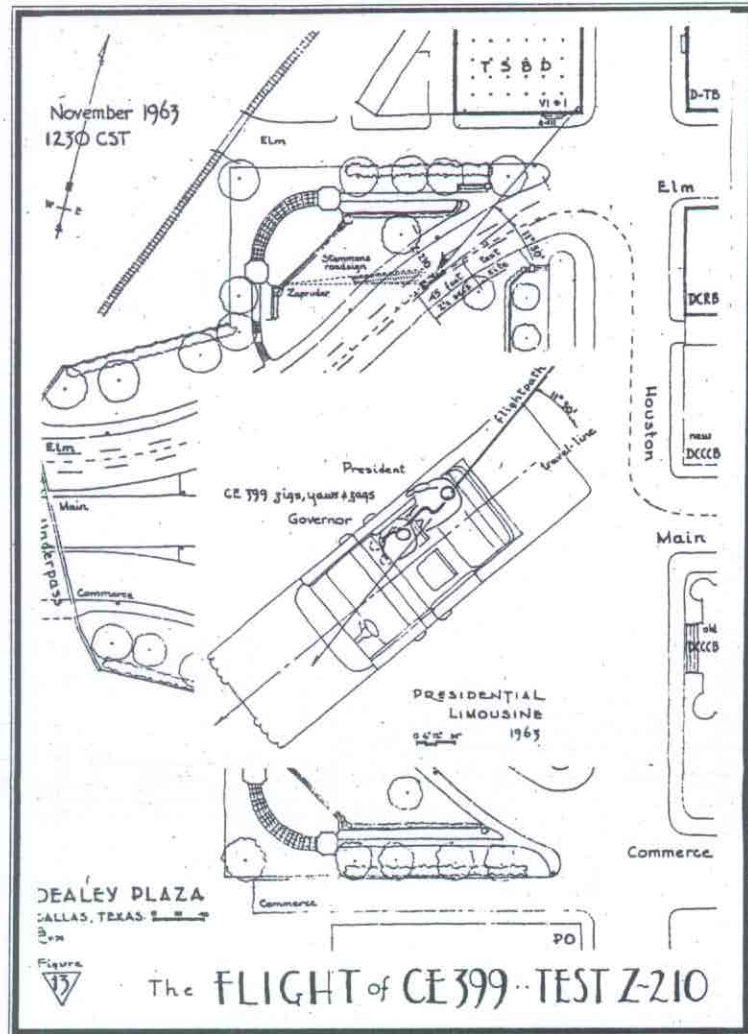
The commission was badly circumscribed in its inventive license by two immovable pieces of evidence. First, the view of Elm Street from the "assassin's window" was partially blocked by a large tree. That tree made it impossible for anyone to have fired at the motorcade prior to a specific location on Elm. Second, an amateur movie taken by Dallas dress manufacturer Abraham Zapruder pinpoints the location at which the final shot struck the President; that location corresponds to frame 313 of the film. The point on the film corresponding to the first possible shot from Oswald's supposed lair is frame 210. Zapruder's Bell & Howell ran at 18.3 frames per second. Therefore, it is a demonstrable physical fact that no one shooting from the "Oswald window" had more than 5.6 seconds to squeeze off all of the shots fired that day.

To support its thesis that Oswald alone was involved, the Warren Commission had to determine how many shots could have been fired from Oswald's bolt-action rifle in 5.6 seconds, had to show that Oswald possessed sufficient skill to fire that many shots and with such accuracy, and had to prove that all of the wounds (eight) in three men could be accounted for with that number of bullets.

It was a Herculean task, and the commission failed miserably; yet it had no choice. To admit more shots than could be fired by that one rifle in 5.6 seconds would be to admit to more than one assassin. To admit that Oswald could not shoot with such deadly accuracy would be to admit to more than one assassin. To admit that the agreed-upon number of bullets could not have caused all of the known wounds would be to admit to more than one assassin.

With the time necessary to work the bolt, the commission could claim to no more than three shots for Oswald. As its own tests were to show, even expert riflemen could not fire the weapon with that speed; nonetheless, Oswald found himself posthumously promoted from his Marine Corps record as a "rather poor shot" to one of the greatest in history.

Even with the assumption that Oswald could have fired three shots, the commission found itself in great difficulty. It had to account for all of those wounds, it had to prove that the impact of the shots occurred at sufficient intervals that they could have come from the same weapon, and it had to demonstrate that its Exhibit 399, the bullet "found" at the hospital — and the only link with Oswald's gun — had caused the type of wounds necessary for it to have journeyed with Kennedy or Governor Connally all the way to the hospital stretcher. Putting aside for a moment the second of these problems, let us examine what the



Researcher and draftsman R.B. Cutler recreates the flightpath of the "Magic Bullet" based on the known position of the bodies in the car, and according to the Commission. As diagrammed, this shot could not have passed through the President to strike Connally under the right armpit, but would instead have hit the Governor in the left shoulder.



The PSE chart on Oswald: no sign of stress

commission did with the other two.

Kennedy and Connally were not the only persons wounded by gunfire. A spectator, James Tague, who had been standing two hundred yards to the southwest of the motorcade, near the railroad underpass on Main Street, was struck in the cheek by a ricocheting bullet. This is one wound caused by one bullet, and this bullet most certainly did not end up as Exhibit 399.

Another shot can be accounted for as the one which hit Kennedy in the head and which killed him. This bullet caused one wound, and it likewise did not come to rest at the hospital. The commission's desire to tell the nation that our President was the victim of nothing more sinister than a "lone nut" was therefore in grave jeopardy: it had six more wounds to account for, and only one bullet — and that bullet, by the

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New evidence

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physical evidence, had to be Exhibit 399, the one recovered from a bloody stretcher at the hospital. Thus was born the "single bullet theory," the theory upon which the entire government case rests. Unless Exhibit 399 is the cause of the remaining six wounds in Kennedy and Connally, then there was more than one assassin.

Connally had been wounded four times. He had a rather small, regular, entry wound slightly to the left of his right armpit in the back. He had a corresponding wound of exit just under his right nipple — a large, gaping wound caused by a tumbling bullet which had smashed his fifth rib. The governor was also hit in the right wrist, a shot having shattered the radius and severed a major nerve — this shot passed through the wrist leaving a number of lead fragments. Finally, Connally was also wounded in the left thigh, just above the knee — this wound was not serious and was probably caused by a bullet fragment.

President Kennedy, according to Parkland doctors, had a small wound of entry in the anterior neck region; this shot went through the knot in his tie. It should be emphasized that it was the unanimous opinion of the doctors at Parkland that this was a wound of entry, meaning that its origin was to the front of the presidential car, not from the Depository. Kennedy suffered one other wound, aside from the head shot; this wound, described in the drawings of one of the autopsy surgeons, Boswell, and by numerous eyewitnesses, was a wound in the back, approximately six inches below the neck line and slightly to the right of the spine.

These are the wounds for which the commission accounted by reference to a single bullet. It is hardly surprising that some investigators refer to it as Superbullet. According to the government, this one magic bullet took the following path of destruction before it was "discovered" at Parkland: it entered Kennedy's back, exited his throat, entered Connally's back, broke four inches off his rib, exited his chest, tore a hole in his wrist, and wound up in his thigh.

When it is realized that this bullet lost no more than two grains of lead (out of 161) and emerged pristine and without the slightest deformity, our faith in the commission's truthfulness must suffer. When it is understood that more lead was removed from Connally's wrist (with many fragments unremoved) than is missing from Superbullet, we must realize that the commission deliberately lied. Its own forensic witnesses testified that Exhibit 399 could not have caused even Connally's wrist wound. Its own rifle tests, in which bullets were fired into objects representing Kennedy's neck and/or Connally's wrist, failed totally to produce a bullet so free from distortion or weight loss as 399.

The commission blithely ignored the physical evidence, its own witnesses, and virtually every material fact in its possession in order to construct this ludicrous theory. The important thing, for them, was not finding the truth, or searching for the reality of the murder of the President, but rather to "keep the lid on."

Even more than its extraordinary toughness, 399 had to exhibit an unusual ability to maneuver while in flight. Judging by the location of the wounds and the position of the two victims in the car, and correlating these facts (ascertainable through the Zapruder film) with the known angle of declination from the "sniper's nest," and with the known angle of this shot off the vertical (the path of the car on Elm), we are forced to believe, if we would believe the "lone nut" fairy tale, that 399 entered JFK's body at 20 degrees, changed direction while in his body (though it struck no bones), emerged upward through his throat, again changed direction, this time in mid-air, moved two feet to the right, stopped for between three-quarters and one and one-third seconds (on the film, this is the estimated time difference between the impact of the shots which hit the President and the one which struck Connally in the back), then plunged down into the Governor. Additionally, though it hardly seems necessary, the commission tacitly accepts the idea



The Commission described their Exhibit 237 as "an unidentified man," but it has now been learned that the photo, taken by hidden CIA cameras, is of a man who used the name of Lee Harvey Oswald at the Cuban Embassy in Mexico City — one month before the assassination.

that, with his radius smashed, Connally continued for more than a second to wave his Texas stetson in his right hand.

Earl Warren wanted to see "new" evidence. It is a misfortune for all of the American people that he so clearly neglected the evidence then in his possession.

A footnote to the discussion of the Magic Bullet Theory is that Oswald's gun couldn't have hit the side of a barn no matter who was pulling the trigger. Originally, this 1940 vintage weapon was part of a shipment of defective rifles purchased by a Chicago sporting goods store. It could not be correctly sighted and FBI experts who examined it testified that it contained structural defects which caused it to fire too high and to the right of target.

The demonstrable failure of the single bullet theory is of itself factual evidence of a conspiracy, and is of itself enough to require that a new investigation be conducted.

Early in its "deliberations" the Warren Commission was the recipient of some inconvenient news. Waggoner Carr, the Texas Attorney General, and other Texas officials, reported that they had information that Oswald was an FBI informant, that his agent number was S172, and that in that capacity he had been paid \$200 dollars per month through a post office box. The problem this posed was discussed at a meeting held January 27, 1964. For ten years the transcript of that meeting was a classified document, unavailable to the American people. Only through the tenacity of investigator Harold Weisberg did it finally see the light of day. The transcript is available from Weisberg for \$6.25, Route 8, Frederick, Maryland, 21701.

The transcript reveals what many of us have long suspected: the commission never bothered to carry out a real investigation. After hours of wrangling, punctuated with repeatedly expressed fears of disagreeing with or being disagreeable to J. Edgar Hoover, the commission "solved" its problem by deciding to ask Hoover, politely, whether Oswald had been an agent or informant!

Oswald's connection with the CIA was likewise never explored by the commission, although the evidence supporting such a proposition was and is quite tangible. In Secret Service Report 767, routed past the commission into the outer darkness of the archives, Dallas police official Sweatt specifies not only Oswald's FBI status but his CIA agent number, 110669, as well. Like the Attorney General's report, this information should have led an honest com-

mission into an investigation; unlike the FBI connection, this allegation can be sustained by external evidence, evidence which the commission already had.

Before his "defection" to the Soviet Union, Oswald was trained as a Marine at Atsugi, Japan. The Atsugi base is a known CIA center in Asia, its primary activity involved the charting and monitoring of U-2 spy plane flights over China and Southeast Asia. Oswald worked as a radar operator, carried a high-level security clearance, and was conveniently taught the Russian language. He was released from active duty on a "hardship discharge" — his mother dropped a box on her foot and had to miss three days' work! Oswald didn't spend much time with her, however. He left almost immediately on a ship bound for Scandinavia. The cost of his steamship ticket (about a thousand dollars) was more than his bank balance. How he entered Russia is a subject of some controversy. The Warren Commission said he flew by commercial plane, but the plane he is supposed to have taken left Finland a day before Oswald's arrival there. It is probable that this "defector" had some non-commercial help.

Once Oswald decided to quit Russia, his passage home was paid for by money "advanced" by the State Department, excellent treatment for a man who had earlier announced that he would give the Russians American military secrets.

Oswald also had some unusual acquaintances. In the Dallas area, for example, his best friend seems to have been George de Mohrenschildt, a wealthy White Russian emigre who spoke seven languages fluently and had traveled the world for various oil companies, reportedly as a geologist. Mohrenschildt was also acknowledged by the commission to have had CIA connections.

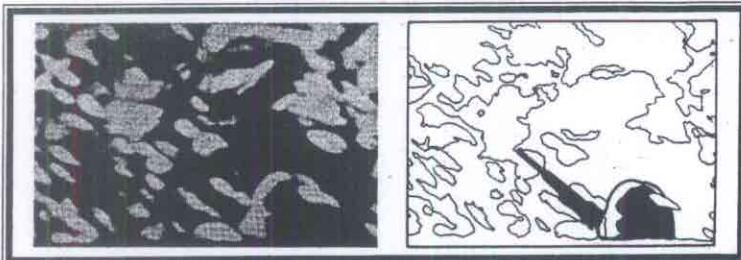
In New Orleans, in the summer of 1963, Oswald, this "would-be assassin", distributed leaflets of his bogus "Fair Play for Cuba Committee" which bore the address of 544 Camp Street. In the course of its investigation, the commission stumbled across the fact that 544 Camp was simultaneously the anti-Castro headquarters for the CIA.

Only two offices were in use at 544 Camp: the Cuban Revolutionary Council (a CIA front group formed by E. Howard Hunt), and Guy Banister's "detective agency." Banister was formerly head of the FBI in Chicago, and had become the CIA's man in New Orleans. He had worked with E. Howard Hunt on various Company projects, and his office was used as a weapons drop for anti-Castro operations, including the Bay of Pigs invasion in 1961. It may be the understatement of the century to term Oswald's association with that building and the characters in it a coincidence.

John Kennedy, the President who had threatened to "smash the CIA into a thousand pieces and scatter it to the winds," was lying dead at Arlington; his accused murderer had provable and suggestive connections with the main CIA base in Louisiana. Yet the commission, without the courage or even the simple honesty to probe these facts, covered it up. In the Warren Report, Banister's office is listed at 531 Lafayette Street, the side entrance to the same building. The only plausible explanation is that the commission knew the significance of its discovery and sought to hide it.

Oswald's relationship to intelligence activities seems involved in the murky question of whether there were persons using his name or otherwise impersonating him before the events in Dallas. Researchers have pointed to the many clues which indicate such a possibility: the witnesses who were in contact with a "Lee Oswald" who could drive a car (the real Oswald couldn't), the evidence that Oswald was in two or more places at once, the CIA memorandum which describes Oswald in Mexico City as being six feet tall and about thirty-five years old (Oswald was five-eight, twenty-three years old).

In one of the Warren Commission's twenty-six volumes there appears Exhibit 237, described as "an unidentified man." The photograph has been cropped so that the background is gone. Who is this man? Investigators have now confirmed that the photo in question was taken by hidden CIA cameras in Mexico City on October 10, 1963. The man in the picture has just left the Cuban Embassy where he gave his name



Robert Groden's blowup of frame 413 of the Zapruder film. Many, including Groden, believe that the stock and barrel of a rifle are visible as well as the head and left shoulder

of an assassin as he turns away from the scene. This frame, and others, are currently undergoing tests at Cornell University to determine what they show.

as Lee Harvey Oswald. This photo was the basis of the obviously erroneous description of Oswald contained in the CIA memo referred to above. The Company is known to have conducted a manhunt for this Oswald prior to the assassination. We have, therefore, clear proof of at least one Oswald "double," and it lends credence to the theory that the conspiracy to kill Kennedy had set-up Oswald by creating a false background for him.

If Congress is still reluctant to open a new investigation, it might ponder more new evidence — evidence which bears directly upon the question of Oswald's guilt. George O'Toole, a former CIA agent, has been working with the new "Psychological Stress Evaluator," or PSE, in an attempt to discover who was and who was not telling the truth about the events in Dallas. The PSE charts the frequency modulation of the human voice and can identify levels of stress. When a person is under relatively little stress, the vocal frequencies shift, slightly, between eight and fourteen times per second. With hard stress, generally an indication of lying, these modulations disappear from the chart. Admittedly, the words of some people in a stressful situation may reflect stress which is not indicative of deception, but when a number of statements in that same situation are compared, the relative changes in stress are still very useful indicators.

O'Toole used tapes of Oswald's statements while in police custody and before he was charged with the Kennedy murder. When the accused said, "These people have given me a hearing without legal representation," the charts indicated moderate stress. This is not necessarily evidence of lying, but probably reflects the situation in which he found himself. When he said, "I don't know what this is about," Oswald's voice indicated he was under moderate-to-hard stress — he might have had some idea of the situation, either that JFK had been killed, or that he was being framed. But when a newsman asked Oswald whether he had shot the President, the suspect replied, "I didn't shoot anybody, no sir!" On this answer, the chart registers no stress at all.

This is a serious finding, and it is evidence of Oswald's innocence. There is no reason to disregard the PSE as a truth-seeking tool of investigation, and O'Toole's work therefore lends a new dimension to the search for the truth about Kennedy's murder.

There is one more piece of evidence so strong that alone it seems to demolish the Warren Commission's findings. It is photographic evidence, developed by investigator Robert Groden, a 29 year old photo optics expert who has worked for years on a bootleg copy of the Zapruder film.

Although there have been copies of this film available to investigators for years (largely through the great courage of Jim Garrison and Penn Jones, Jr.), these copies are all slightly blurred, a result of an "error" by Time-Life, Inc., whose copy Garrison had subpoenaed for the Clay Shaw conspiracy trial. Though much of the film's impact is visible in these underground copies, there is sufficient absence of clarity to render some portions of the film almost useless. A part of Groden's work has involved enhancement of the film's images.

It should be noted that for most critics the focus of attention on the Zapruder film has been centered on

frames 180 through 320; it is in this sequence that the shots rained down on the motorcade. Frame 313 is generally accepted as the locus of the fatal head shot. It seems unusual, but for the combination of reasons given no one has closely examined the final portion of the film — until Groden. Frames 405 to 421 depict a blur of foliage, captured as Zapruder swung his camera after the departing presidential car. Only by using a clear copy and subjecting it to careful scrutiny can any real sense be made of these fleeting images. But through Groden's work has emerged what may be absolute physical evidence of the conspiracy which murdered John Kennedy: the film record of an assassin to the front of the motorcade, atop the grassy knoll. The gunman first appears in frame 405; by frame 413 his head and the stock and barrel of a rifle are visible as he turns away from the scene of his deed. On that frame Zapruder has momentarily frozen his camera; then the panning continues, and the man is out of view by frame 421.

Upon first sight, the image in frame 413 seems uncertain: is it a gunman or an apparition, or merely the play of shadows across the mind of an investigator? Yet with each new examination of that frame, the gunman seems more real. At this moment, image enhancement studies are being conducted at Cornell University on frames 405 through 421: soon we may know the answer.

Meanwhile, the American people are getting impatient. We have known for a very long time that the truth about our President's death has been withheld from us. We sense, rightly, that our own government has lied about this most horrible crime. Now, as new revelations continue to surface — about CIA-Mafia complicity in a plot to kill Castro, about FBI cover-ups, about the John Kennedy and Robert Kennedy murders — there is some hope that the truth will at last emerge, that at last some arm of the government will find the simple courage required to ask the questions we so desperately need to have asked. What will our government now do?

We can hardly expect much from the Rockefeller Commission. That body is, if possible, as riddled with deceit as was the Warren Commission. It has hired as chief counsel David Belin, a man who worked for the Warren Commission and in which capacity he at least once invited a key witness to perjure himself. As for the Senate and House committees now examining CIA activities, there may be more reason to hope. There is underway a staff inquiry in the House which involves the John Kennedy assassination, but it is at this time only a staff project, and it does not necessarily mean that the committee itself will act.

At the same time, the second great "whitewash" has begun. The U.S. attorney in Dallas, after examining some of the relevant materials on this case, announced that the evidence was not sufficient to warrant reopening, and that the bootleg copies of the Zapruder film have been doctored! This is especially ironic, since the only doctoring which has occurred was done by the FBI on the copy which the Warren Commission received from them. Now *Newsweek* magazine has entered the act in a three-page article

which purports to consider anew the available evidence. First, the available evidence can hardly be presented in a thousand pages, let alone in three; second, the superficial treatment, and in some cases the outright falsity of the *Newsweek* approach might lead someone familiar with the real evidence to regard its authors as either incredibly stupid or corrupt or both. The effect of such articles is to help obscure rather than reveal the truth.

Other media sources must be regarded, at present, as equally suspect. Whether from a selfish vested interest in avoiding the appearance of having been fooled in the past, or due to a vanity and arrogance which seems endemic to the bureaucratic personality, or because they are under a cloud of fear — of some external force or merely of the truth — these sources have thus far shown themselves untrustworthy.

After all, it was CBS and NBC who ran "documentaries" in 1967 which helped undermine the credibility of Jim Garrison's very real investigation. It was *Life* magazine who printed the palpably doctored photograph of "Oswald" holding the "murder weapon" in his hand.

We are left with three avenues of hope.

First, there are media sources with some willingness to look at the evidence. ABC's late-night "Goodnight, America" program showed the Zapruder film to a national audience — the first time anyone has had that kind of courage.

Second, there is at least some chance that the Congress will act. Representative Henry Gonzalez of Texas has introduced House Resolution 204, which calls for a reopening of investigations into both Kennedy murders; the Martin Luther King assassination, and the shooting of George Wallace. His bill has won the endorsement of New York representatives Rangel, Holtzman, Abzug, Koch, Badillo, Biaggi, and Rosenthal.

Third, there is the American people, awakening from a long sleep during which our country has been robbed and plundered by conspirators. It is, finally, to the people, to ourselves that we must look. In our hands lies the chance to get to the bottom of all this; in our hands lies the future of our country and the opportunity to redeem the national soul.

In the final year of his life, John Fitzgerald Kennedy turned away from the policies of the past, from war, from cynicism, from arrogance. He looked to the future, a future which he hoped would bring us an end to injustice and poverty, which might bring to all the world the peace of his generous vision:

"What kind of peace do I mean? What kind of peace do we seek? Not a Pax Americana, enforced on the world by American weapons of war. Not the peace of the grave, or the security of the slave. I am talking about genuine peace, the kind of peace that makes life on earth worth living, the kind that enables men and nations to grow and to hope and to build a better life for their children — not merely peace for Americans, but peace for all men and women — not merely peace in our time, but peace for all time . . ."

When Kennedy was murdered, we lost our President; when the truth was hidden, we lost our honor; and when justice failed and our country was seized by his killers, we lost our freedom. Thomas Jefferson wisely noted that the price of liberty is eternal vigilance. Only by beginning to act as free citizens can we expect to live in freedom.

I therefore waive all copyright protection for this article and the others I have written to date. I urge you to mail copies to Rep. Phillip Burton of the House of Representatives with the request that he pass them on to the House Rules Committee (which is now considering Gonzalez' HR 204), to Senator Frank Church of the Senate Select Committee which is investigating the CIA, to any person in a position to help in this vital cause. Make any use you wish of this material — only act now.

America will belong to its citizens only if we insist upon it. We must make clear to John Kennedy's killers, and to the politicians and press who have the power to find them, that the sentiments our last real President expressed are more than words — that they were not lost when Kennedy died, that they live on in the national spirit, and that the wisdom there expressed can yet restore democracy to this land of trouble and unfulfilled promise.

to perk the coffee. So go ahead and do it, do-it-yourselfer.

Do it while the doing is good. Do it to your basement, do it to your walls, do it in concert to your neighbor's garage. Do it for yourself. Do it to yourself. But before you do it, think a little. Talk to someone who just may have some vague inkling more than you do about how to do what you want to do.

If you are going to paint, find out what kind of paint you should use and why. And how. When you paint with oil-based paints, try a product called Penetrol. Add it to your paint, and discover how much easier it is to get the messy stuff onto the walls without sagging, without dragging. Great stuff. The directions are on the can. Read them.

If your do-it-yourself optimism has become positively giddy, and you decide to hang your own wallpaper... don't. But you will anyway, so look into something called Control X-100, a wallpaper paste which will simplify your job and may save your marriage.

There are a jillion new products coming on the market all the time (technology is tireless) and you may not know about them in time (marketing sometimes lingers over a martini lunch a trifle long, and can only take the stairs one at a time).

Talk to the professionals when you can. Most of them are as eager to give advice as Mrs. Olson. Good paint stores (where good paint costs more and is worth it), good lumberyards, good equipment rental places often have good, knowledgeable and friendly people who can save you a lot of hassle. Talk with them.

The American male is likely to think that if he doesn't know exactly how to hang paneling, this lack of know-how equates directly to an imagined lack of mass in his testicles. So he bluffs it through. And winds up entombing the cat in the new family room. The American male will, in fact, try to bluff anything and everything in a wall-eyed attempt to keep *macho* intact.

But that's another subject altogether, and you're not going to get me into that, either. It's too close to home. And home is where I do it myself.

McNamara

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evidence and draw their own conclusions. The most important thing is to get a really independent investigation; a new Congressional investigation. And that will only happen if people put pressure on Congress."

Don Stanley

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concept is its airy disregard of personal responsibility for one's acts. Some "force" did it. Then when the results are in, and there is the possibility of understanding, it's quickly on-to-other-things. The "summary" wasn't an invitation to thought and feeling, but a closing of the curtain. It was a commercial at the end of a nightmare.

The tax ripoff

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ingredient in the skyrocketing rents, also has an aura of inevitability surrounding it.

I suppose the point is to publicize the fact that many of the very people who helped to create the atmosphere that exists in Marin are finding no alternative but to leave. The kind of life they were once able to lead here has become beyond their means economically as slowly Marin becomes a haven for the well to do. The direction Marin is headed in seems to me a tragic comment on the effects of an overly competitive society. Even the best of things cannot escape commercialization. I hope something can be done to reverse the process.

Craig Vincent
San Anselmo

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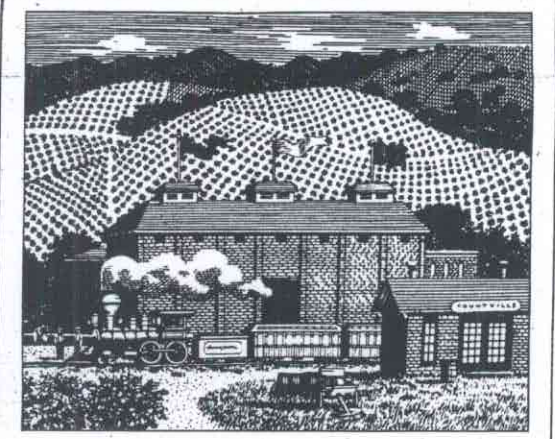
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