

1/19/71

Dear Jesus, aka (Oris it T/A?) Jonn Christian (Christian?)

Well, noble leader, anyway, at the very least.

When I read a megalomaniacal raving, like the opening and close of your 1/11, it becomes difficult to credit the middle part, which suggests there might be some slight contact with reality.

It is, as you say, not "compelled" of you that you provide anyone of my "ilk" with proof of what you say (you are better at deceiving and taking advantage of others anyway). And it is foolish of an "aging sage" to offer to help one who has so richly earned anything else but help. You have an inalienable right to fall flat on that fat, loud face without anyone suggesting you might be about to stumble.

With much of the aging and a fair part of the sagacity, if any, coming from earlier futilities, the thanklessness of trying to lead other exalted egos whose eyes were so high their feet saw not where they went - futile, as you know so well because true genius needs no help, no checking, no cautions or warnings - need not be right - and with the close to perfect record of said aging sage in anticipating what ranged from foolishness to disaster - it is, he must confess, if it be given the prettiest face, at least unwise for him to persist in such futilities. He is crazy to make such offers.

Especially to true genius, to those who couldn't err if they so desired.

When I considered your record, should I not be awed?

Take for example, your stellar performance with OSWALD in NEW ORLEANS. (Of which, I remind you, those 5,000 copies are my property because I was co-publisher and the other co has given me his share). You succeeded in keeping virtually 100% of them, from your own bragging, out of the bookstores, and your own public-relations work was so perfect the wholesaler was talked into putting none of his in the stores. Could anyone improve upon this record?

Or take that Sam Banks business, which a less generous soul, one with a tendency toward paranoia, one perhaps, without my well-known tact and diplomacy might consider intended as a booby-trap. Now, had it been a trap - and of course I'm not suggesting so noble, true and loyal a soul as you would be capable of such a thing. But, had it been a trap, it could not have been more perfectly designed to ruin me, and very, very publicly. AND, had it been a trap, you lined it up - and I alone frustrated it, under circumstances that denied the possibility of thinking it through so this could be frustrated. It is just fortunate that my spontaneous reactions, unthought, happened to be the right ones. Then there was the "business" of getting a tape. I could have gotten it, but you put me off, saying you would. What better way of guaranteeing that I wouldn't? As you so well know, I didn't.

Were I of a more suspicious mind, would I not wonder about all of this, especially the perfection of it, so beautifully designed to serve all interests but those I serve?

Anyway, Jesus, it is your face, and loud or not, fat or not, you have the unquestionable right to let it fall where you will, in a bucket of shit, on hard ground, anywhere.

Except for the close, which, typically, is not better than a distortion, there could be some sense to that self-exalting. But the KHO think you, alone, messed up, and that despite my warning that you keep out of it. I could not have been more specific, you no more egomaniacal. Whether or not you owe me anything for it, at the time you pretended contrition and did promise to repay the air fare you by this mixed ego and stupidity cost me, when you got your Blue Chip ~~letter~~ So, neither flasehood nor deception is anything new from you. And as far as the books in SF are concerned, if you wrote Workman the letter

to which you alude, you never sent me a copy. I'd still like one. And, though because they remain there only because of you and your refusal to return them, having neither paid for them nor returned them being actionable, I did not (your typical distortion - are you sick, too?) as you go to there and "supervise the removal". I asked what you can and if you had a shred of decency would arrange, that they be shipped, the shipping costs having been guarateed in advance.

Great Jesus, I've had a bellyfull of "friends" and assorted xheapskates and shysters. I've just returned from attening one, who is not so far away I couldn't. Whether or not I win the suit in which I represented myself for the books for which he didn't pay - and as we left the court his lawyer asked me to make a quick offer of settlement before decision is rendered, which I simply will not do - his costs are now as great as what he was cheating me out of, maybe a bit more. They will be greater if he wins in magistrate's court and I carry it higher. But there comes a time when a man must tell himself that he has taken all he can and remain with any self-respect, and I am aware that it has come, for me. This may be of no interest to you. But then again, it just might.

Especially if you verge on this enormous success at which you hint, the natural result of that great genius you so uniquely possess and I recall so well from how well it served me]. Or is this too subtle?

For the rest of it, if you have what you claim - and how I hope it is true, how I do hope you do -more ^{power} ~~power~~ to you and all success. This does not keep you from being a rotten bastard. And that does not make you unique or my past or, predictably, in my future. Nonetheless, I wish you neither harm nor failube. I've known and been had by other bastards who also to themselves were saints. Aging but erect, I look back upon them, and to do so have to look down.

The greater tragedies are of those who say and believe the right things but use the wrong proofs, those that vaporize upon the tough examination none has gievn his own work or permitted from others.

I hope you are right. I hope you do have what you claim (it is a goof title, as I infer from your references/ you intend). I do hope you can do it in a way that can survive, not as you claimed you would do the same thing for me. With a movie, this can be very effective, and with proper handling, it need be faithful only in spirit, which, in a way, makes it easier. Your earlier reference to this medium, stripped of your excesses about t self, are correct.

Even if you are not for real, which it does not require paranoia to consider, I'd be pleased if you can this time do what you say you are about to.

Meanwhile, spare me the rhetoric, the evasions and deceptions, the assorted other irrelevancies, and, if only belatedly, do what you can at little or no cost, please get somebody to get those books shipped. You now have in your possession all it takes to cost you nothing, even thought the cost properly should be yours. Unless you have unpackaged htem, they require no more than addressing. And that, for so soaring a genius as you have from your own description, is hardly an exhausting task.

For both our sakes I hope the books still exist. To Sincerely,
one to whom requests still come, 5,000, copies of an
outof-print book can be worth something.

Dear Js, PH and JS always had doubts and suspicions, perhaps HV developed them. Were I to select one person who came closest to fitting the role of an agent in all of this, right or wrong, it would be Jonn. No time for explanations. Please give or show to HV. Best.

January 11, 1970

Dear Hal:

One thing about you senior oligarchists in the assassination-investigation "business" - as you so indelicately put it - is that you all seem to have some kind of immaculate perception about your competitors' efforts; let me be the first to inform you that this is one stud that ain't out competing with anyone, for either money or whatever honors that you think are out there.

It is for this same reason, aging sage of said "business", that I feel in no way compelled to provide you or any of your ilk with the kind of proof you seem convinced is lacking in my efforts; further, as a longtime observor of the machination of your unique, albeit warring, tribes in the "business", I have found out even more: that to float one's finding about in such circles as that pack of pedantists you call the CIA is tantamount to a guarantee that if and when the data ever gets into print or film it will be countered by those who, calculatedly and inadvertently, need to make sure there will be no impact.

That last bit of wordiness can better be condensed by telling you - nay..... ALL you pros - that we need not the long-distance advisory of theorists or so-called experts. In other words, for OUR purposes, we have, in fact, solved said crime; and whether or not it ever gets into print is only incidental as far as I'M concerned, for mere ink and paper ain't gonna get done what needs be done; the clinical information in our file has long been in the hands of higher law enforcement officials than the locals; both knew that LAPD principals were under the control of a Force X factor with intelligence apparatus as the guidance mechanism; but neither would and/or could do anything about it, albeit they both did make an initial effort. Does THAT tell you what we've got in our little black bag? Does THAT tell you what it is you've long believed was true?

Yes, I knew exactly who was being identified on page 160 of Bob Houghton's book, for the disdain was too familiar, the frames of reference even more; and, in case you didn't identify the clue, Bob Houghton didn't write that book anyway; Ted Taylor is a longtime cop-flackster; his reward for writing the Houghton book was a job as Chief PR man for the Pentagon on the filming of "Tora, Tora, Tora"; sound familiar?

The Arab clique you think was involved with Sirhan was wholly Right Wing in its tilt, not Leftist as was promoted by the plants; and this same bunch is acting as the buffer in nearly all legal and financial affairs for the Sirhan family right now; that's why Kaiser was frozen out from being able to continue his sessions with Sirhan after he was sent to SQ; sound familiar?!

Ditto with the apparent Cuban involvements Sirhan was alleged to have had, but you are Right On when you talk about the JFK/LHO parallel connections several operatives. The scope is much broader than anyone (outside of us) knows, and it is a vital component in the overall frame-up.

For whatever it's worth: Kaiser has been making the mistake of referring to his erstwhile subject as though he were some kind of conscious conspirator in the

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operation while promoting the Manchurian Candidate concept in the same breath; it cain't be both ways, folks; he either was fulltime straight or he was bent all the way; the evidence says the latter.

Now, since you say you're doing a book on the King/Ray case, let me offer you some fodder for thought; there are certain evidential indications that Ray, too, was hypnoconditioned in LA and aimed at Memphis to do the programmed; one day I had 20 seconds to spare, so I ran down one Xavier von Koss, got him on the phone (recorded) and heard some damned interesting remarks about his allegedly cool bit with Ray vis-a-vis hypnosis, self and otherwise; not liking what I had heard, I decided to check around with some hypno-pros I know and discovered that Herr von Koss (his accent is so thick you can cut it with a butter knife) has an interesting background, involving trips into the land of esoteric occultism and the likes, that he was once (1961) promoting and recruiting supporters for an occult adventure that, according to my contact who was told same, "would change the entire world in a very short period of time." This adventure would use as a principal device, said von Koss, the talents of those who had mastered mind control, such as himself, said he; now, when Ray settled down on Hollywood Boulevard just before he dispatched for Memphis, his hotel (St. Francis) was but a very short walking distance from another sleazy hotel, where down in its basement was practising one Xavier von Koss, in said mystical bits of occultist ceremonies as previously described; soon after King's murder, von Koss dropped out of sight, according to my contact (who is probably the most respected Master Hypnotist in Southern California, used by the Attorney General's office as their Expert Witness on many an occasion); the conjecture, then, is obvious: did one Xavier von Koss have more to do with Ray than passingly admitted (but never volunteered) before the very predictable James Earl Ray split old LA? And was the identity of Eric Starvo Galt an artificially instilled one by one whose own name smacks of another historical cyphering, one Xavier von Zwack (reversed it is the phonetic Koss) whose identity you might find interesting; look it up if so inclined.

I offer this on the chance that it might fit in somewhere; I can assure you that it does in our scenario, albeit with a different cast and crew.

Just why LHO did and said what he did during those critical weeks and months before 11/22/63 might well be measured against the same schematic that we can prove got RFK; but, as I said, all this is purely an academic exercise at best; the Force X that we've positively identified behind RFK's death is not one that will allow itself to pay the piper in any case; they've got just too much of a death grip on our government, all(ALL) levels, pal.

So, even though we have what we do, there's no place to take it, no one who can or will do what is necessary; if Jim Garrison said only one truth in his effort to tell all, it was when he said that truth has been trampled by brute force.

Finally: I owe you nothing for your ignorance in trying to make honest people of those thieves at KGO; and, I ain't about to go to San Francisco and supervise the removal of those books from 2340 Pacific Avenue; tell Workman, as I did in a letter to him in September, 1968, to order a shipper to go there, load up, and haul them and ass; if you think I'm being evasive, then lump it, dude.

Sincerely,

Donn