

David B. Perry
4601 Ainsworth Circle
Grapevine, TX 76051

6/17/91

Dear Dave,

Glad to get the articles quoting Stone et al. Many thanks, and please send anything more you may see. Any cost, please let me know.

Never heard of Mary LaFontaine or Desperado Productions.

Aside from she is nuts are she/it up to anything?

What is Desperado Productions anyway?

How did you get to see them filming a policeman firing from the acoustic position?

Lardner told me they had armed guards keeping people, including him, away even when they were not there shooting film.

Oswald in New Orleans is out of print and when infrequently we can get copies they are about \$25. I am sure Mary Ferrell and others have copies. Why don't you xerox it?

Two pages per side a sheet easily so it might even cost less. And you'd have it.

I do have a copy of the original script. I'd say I'd lend it to you to copy but having been interviewed by several reporters about it I'd best be able to answer any additional questions.

I had a letter from Stone's lawyers demanding its return, with a threat built in. They allege, among other things, that it is confidential and personal property. From what I've heard they've written all those they know have scripts, one way or another with a threat inherent or explicit. So, be aware that you may join the club with a copy.

There are about 160 pages. I could drive into town and have it copied commercially, our machine having a high per-copy cost. What might cost you less is to ask Jim Lesar, who now heads AARC, 918 F St., NW #509, DC 22x 20004, and offer to pay, AARC being about broke. They have a modern machine with lower costs. But if you want me to provide it, I'll drive into town and have it copied for you. The cost will be about \$15.00 plus postage.

Thanks and best to you all,

Harold

Oliver's Story:
Oswald didn't kill
JFK. The cops did.
And the FBI. And . . .



City of Hate: The Sequel

DALLAS'S WORST NIGHTMARE is about to become a movie.

A big, meaty, much-bally-hooded, full-length, star-studded extravaganza of a movie. Millions of Americans will go see it: Kevin Costner's signed to play the lead.

When director Oliver Stone's movie debuts sometime near the end of this year, it's a good bet that all the tension and worry and panic we mere mortals in Dallas have expended trying to forget about It—the November 22, 1963 It—will seem like a huge waste of time. All of Dallas's soul-searching and agonizing and hand wringing—over what to do with the book depository; and whether to invite Ted Kennedy to a nice, society soiree; and how to reopen the sixth floor so it doesn't wind up on a live Geraldo Rivera special—will have been for naught.

Just ask Lindalyn Adams and Conover Hunt about tiptoeing around the It.

Back in the early Eighties, when the sixth floor was still off limits, except to the occasional VIP visitor who inevitably hacked away at The Window with a screwdriver so that he could take a piece of unsavory history home to the kids, Adams and the historical foundation went on the road trying to raise money for The Sixth Floor Exhibit.

Ha.

The city's business leaders were not interested. They were cool. In fact, they were downright Icelandic. Especially the surviving 1963 Dallas Citizens Council members, who to this day

BY LAURA MILLER

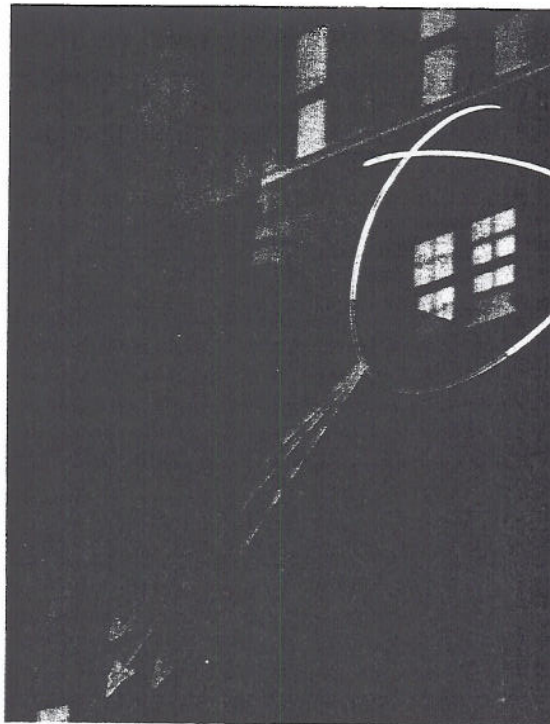


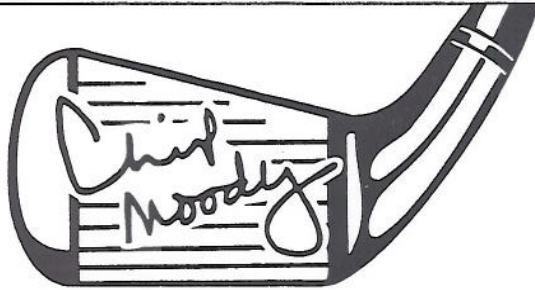
PHOTO COURTESY BY ERIC PEARLE

Director Oliver Stone is about to put his own spin on the Kennedy assassination.

recall all the maudlin little details surrounding the Dallas Trade Mart luncheon that never took place—like how they bought teddy bears for the Kennedys to take back to their children; and how the dozen yellow roses that were put at Jackie's place are still in a box (they're not yellow any more) at the Dallas Historical Society at Fair Park. Those people still shudder when they remember what out-of-towners in airports once screamed at them about their beloved city. "I would prefer they not do this museum," J. Erik Jonsson, the city's top power broker in 1963, said when Hunt was out hawking the exhibit. "Most thoughtful people think this is just a way to perpetuate a bad image more than anything else. The event and the place are not representative of Dallas in any way I can determine."

Maybe not. But if you recall some qualms of your own at the idea of something so staid and controlled as a museum dedicated to the Kennedy assassination, brace yourself for *Nov. 22, 1963: The Movie*. Or maybe it should be called *City of Hate: The Sequel*.

OLIVER STONE DOESN'T MAKE MOVIES THAT DON'T HAVE STRONG MESSAGES. *Born on the Fourth of July, Platoon, The Doors*—these are Stone's personal interpretations of what happened to his generation in the Sixties, a decade that birthed cynicism and war and drugs and sex and Jim Morrison and, yes, Lee Harvey Oswald. But those were movies about symptoms. The *cause* movie—the movie that tells us why all those other things happened—is the Kennedy movie



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NAKED CITY Stone's people, who are all from extreme points east and west of here, don't know us very well. Jeff Flach (pronounced "flash"), or "Jumpin' Jack" Flach, as Dallas County employees call him, is Stone's location manager. He has been here since last July, quietly courting any and all citizens and county commissioners who live and work inside places that Stone finds historically significant for his movie. Flach has also been conducting movie research—personally interviewing eyewitnesses and bit players in the assassination, and reviewing all books and documents and photos of the event and its aftermath.

It is Flach's position (Flach is a Yankee, remember) that Dallas has nothing to worry about. "I think Dallas as a city comes out very good in this movie," he says.

Never mind that Stone plans to recreate the splendid political atmosphere that prevailed here back then—the one that encouraged people to spit on Lyndon Johnson and attack Adlai Stevenson and place hateful, sneering full-page ads in *The Dallas Morning News* on the morning Kennedy made his trip to Dallas.

Flach says all that will be quickly forgotten once we get to the part where Lee Harvey Oswald doesn't kill Kennedy. Since outsiders traditionally think of Dallas as the place where Oswald was from, Flach says, "by taking Oswald out of the picture, you take that away from Dallas, and it's no longer 'that kook from Dallas' who killed Kennedy."

Well, that might sound like some comfort to battle-weary veterans of Dallas. But it does lead to another question: If Oswald didn't kill Kennedy, who did? Unfortunately, Stone has an answer for that one.

According to the book Stone is in part basing his movie on—*On the Trail of the Assassins* by Jim Garrison, played by Costner—it was factions inside the U.S. government, including the F.B.I., the C.I.A., and the Secret Service. Oh, and the Dallas Police Department and the Dallas County Sheriff's Department.

Uh-oh.

It's bad enough that people all over the country already think our police back in 1963 were boobs, morons, and fools. That's why Stephen King, the popular horror novelist, could use the reputedly inept, bungling Dallas police as a literary symbol in his book *The Tommyknockers* to explain (20 times no less) why his main characters never called the cops when they found a spaceship in their back yard. They figured they'd be better off handling the aliens themselves than calling the authorities.

But Stephen King's rhetoric will look like a valentine compared to what Oliver Stone will do to us if he stays true to Garrison's book.

Garrison's is only one of many conspiracy-theory books, but, unlike the others, it is written by someone with a law enforcement background who actually, formally investigated the assassination. Garrison was the New Orleans district attorney back in 1963.



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NAKED CITY and he got involved because Oswald had lived in New Orleans the summer before the assassination. Garrison's investigation led him to believe that the U.S. intelligence community had conspired to kill the president and had set up Oswald as the fall guy.

Specifically, Garrison charged that officers in the Dallas Police Department homicide unit had: discovered a possible murder weapon in the sixth-floor sniper's lair and then lost it; questioned Oswald for 12 hours but failed to record a word of it; allowed several suspects arrested near Dealey Plaza moments after the shooting to be released without getting their names or mug shots; failed to check out a station wagon that a deputy sheriff alleged he had seen taking Oswald away from the book depository; manipulated evidence found at the scene of the murder of police officer J.D. Tippit; and, worst of all, allowed Oswald to be killed in the basement of police headquarters surrounded by dozens of officers and then closed its books on the assassination, considering it solved.

"At first it seemed to me that Dallas homicide's objective had been to develop a case against Oswald, the man it had hastily decided was the assassin," wrote Garrison. "No matter what it took, it wanted to pin the Tippit murder on Oswald, thus bolstering the proposition that he was indeed capable of killing the president for no apparent reason. But as I reviewed the record, a second more horrifying thought occurred to me. . . Perhaps Dallas homicide had behaved as it had *intentionally*, to *protect* the actual killers of both John Kennedy and J.D. Tippit. If that were true, it would mean we were dealing with something beyond incompetence, even beyond cover-up. It would mean that Dallas homicide—or key members of it—had at worst colluded in the assassination before it happened or at best actively ratified it afterwards."

Great.

If our image takes another beating, there will be a handful of people out there whispering, "I told you so," as they pass the popcorn.

Lindalyn Adams is one. Back in February, she went on a personal crusade to keep Oliver Stone from getting access to the sixth floor. Besides the fact that she didn't want her exhibit disturbed, she didn't want the people of Dallas who had built the exhibit to look as though they were endorsing Stone's movie. "We don't really know the entire story line," she says.

And Stone's people plan to keep it that way, at least for the next eight months. Flach pauses when he is asked, point-blank, if former Dallas police officers are going to be accused of conspiring in the assassination and its alleged cover-up. "I don't really recall anything about that," he says.

Uh-oh. ■

Laura Miller's "Naked City" appears each month in D.