

Al, Steve, Art, Tom, Maggie

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX 473-8186

New address: Route 7
Frederick, Md. 21701
January 17, 1968

Hon. Jesse M. Unruh
Speaker of the Assembly
Assembly Box 65
State Capitol
Sacramento, Calif. 95814

Dear Mr. Unruh:

My best friends tell me I am undiplomatic. You will perhaps agree. John Christian has sent me a copy of your November 21 letter to him, in response to his gift of my books.

Unless I am to consider you a man of bottomless cowardice, I must conclude that you have not read them. If you have, I challenge the use of the language, "I hope you will understand my reluctance to become involved in what appears to be an endless rehashing of the circumstances surrounding the death of a valued friend."

Death, Mr. Unruh? It was a murder!

Friend? And you silent with what you now should know - what any true friend would know - would have been sleepless until he did know?

I addressed myself to the martyred President's friends on the first page of the epilogue to WHITEWASH II: THE FBI-SECRET SERVICE COVER-UP. For your convenience I enclose a thermofax copy of that page. I call your attention particularly to these lines:

The late President had such friends he had no need for enemies. Caesar's "friends" had more honor. They worked in the open.

He was not my friend; he was my President. I think he would have been one of the greatest, in our history and the world's. Daily I become more convinced this is why he was gunned down on the streets of an American city, in broad daylight, then consigned to history with the dubious epitaph of a fake inquest. When this can happen - and it did - is any President ever safe? Are any of our institutions? Any of us?

"How can a government expect - how dare it expect" other than disbelief and suspicion, I ask in the Introduction to PHOTOGRAPHIC WHITEWASH, "when it substitutes transparent fiction for reality and fact in its own investigation of how it came into power?"

Of one thing, in the minds of reasonable men with the inner attributes of manhood, more than the clothing and beards of the sex to establish they are men, there today can be no question: The official "explanation" of the murder is fraud. The accused assassin is the only man proved innocent by the "investigation" convoked solely to establish his guilt.

And the "valued friends" are silent!

Mr. Uhruh - p.2

The ghost has come from Denmark, Mr. Unruh. Has he spent the night with you yet? Be patient; he will - many nights. And there will be "an endless rehashing". Not of the "circumstances" but of the abdications. He will read you definitions from a dictionary so large you will think it your bed and fear smothering in it, beginning with "friend".

There is much in your letter to Jonn that I read between the lines. You really are afraid - of political reprisal, of a tough fight. So you turn your back, with the wisdom of the ostrich, pretending that what you do not see is not there.

Have you not yet learned what happens to turned political backs? It is the same thing that happens to the backs of slaves.

The "dearly beloved brother", in the felicitous phrase of your President and mine (and he is mine, for I voted for him; I cannot disown him - yet), has begun to learn about turned backs and straight faces. Our President last March said that the former Attorney General, "dearly beloved brother", was in charge of the investigation, hence how could it be wrong? When he said this, he knew it was a lie. Then he again reappointed as head of the FBI the man really responsible, the government's only indispensable man and its only important one past the age of mandatory retirement.

Ever since your government and mine has been responding to concerned citizens with the same false propaganda, pretending Goebbels-like repetition makes it true. Dutifully, the papers repeat it. And thus Robert Kennedy's back is stripped.

Now comes the lash. ADA's gain and the government's loss, that other "valued friend" of the late President, John Roche, writes the London Times Literary Supplement that if there were a conspiracy it required "the inconceivable connivance of one key man: Robert F. Kennedy, then Attorney General".

So you are a (silent) witness to the political assassination of the "dearly beloved" - and silent - brother.

The government that faked the investigation to hide its own involvement, whether or not involuntary, thus transfers its guilt to him who suffered most. Does his silence ease his suffering?

Robert Kennedy is your "valued friend", is he not, silent friend of silent brother?

It is characteristic of governments, whatever the faith, dogma and trappings, that they seek to perpetuate themselves. So it is with politicians. All of you regard your own political perpetuation as your essential responsibility to the body politic. Each of you assures himself that if he fails here or there, it is for his indispensable survival, for on this issue or that, are you not thus present to serve the people, shield the country? Every political coward thus becomes a hero, every laggard a Trojan worker.

So I shun appeal to you on the basis of patriotic duty, for without doubt you are convinced that there none is your peer.

Mr. Unruh - p.3

Instead, I suggest that, if you want to survive, you had best be the man you like to think yourself. If you are not, you and all like you will be cut down, one by one.

If you cannot "ask not what your country can do for you; ask what you can do for your country", then ask, "What can I do for myself?" On this issue, it amounts to the same thing. If you are incapable of doing what your country's need so urgently requires of you, you are incapable of doing that which your own self-interest requires.

If I cannot urge you to read the two quoted chapters of these two books, then I dare you to and face yourself.

And if I can be of any help, I will be in California in several weeks. Jenn will know how to reach me. I have finished my fifth book. I have not published it because I cannot, now, risk the added debt. I will, however, tell you what it says and proves, what documents it will contain, and how it will help, if not the country, which is my intent, then fearful politicians, brothers and their "valued friends".

Sincerely,

Harold Weisberg