

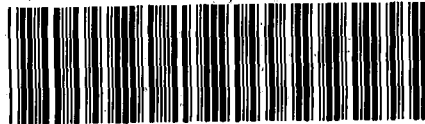
SECTION 48
SERIALS 1280-1340

62-

HQ-587

Sec. 48

Serials 1280-1340



62-HQ-587-48

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INVESTIGATION

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F91

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Memorandum

TO : DIRECTOR, FBI (62-587)

DATE: 10/26/71

FROM : SAC, LOS ANGELES (56-156) (P)

SUBJECT: KENSALT

Enclosed for the Bureau are seven copies of a letterhead memorandum suitable for dissemination abroad concerning information obtained from the Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS) regarding SAIDALLAH BISHARA SIRHAN, brother of SIRHAN BISHARA SIRHAN.

The information received from INS was furnished by Investigator MITCHELL.

1 - RAO crim
" " ISD
" " INS
1 - State
1 - CIA
1 - HASS/al
11/4/71

EX-100

REC-58 62-587-1280

5 NOV 1 1971

2 - Bureau (Encls. 7)
2 - Los Angeles

ENCLOSURE

AOR/gn
58 NOV 11 1971





UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

Los Angeles, California

October 26, 1971

In Reply, Please Refer to
File No.

SIRHAN BISHARA SIRHAN

On October 12, 1971, information was received from the Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS) at Los Angeles, that Saidallah Bishara Sirhan, brother of Sirhan Bishara Sirhan, had requested INS at Los Angeles, to issue a certificate showing that he is an alien.

Calif
Saidallah Sirhan advised INS that he needs the certificates in applying for a Jordanian passport for travel to Jordan, however, he plans to return to the United States at some future time to apply for United States citizenship.

INS did not have information as to when Saidallah Sirhan is departing from the United States, where he will reside in Jordan or when he will return to the United States.

INS indicated that they were planning to issue the above certificate.

This document contains neither recommendations nor conclusions of the FBI. It is the property of the FBI and is loaned to your agency; it and its contents are not to be distributed outside your agency.

REC-58 -

62-587-1280

F B I

Date: 11/10/71

Transmit the following in _____
(Type in plaintext or code)Via A I R T E L _____
(Priority)

TO: DIRECTOR, FBI (62-587)
 FROM: SAC, LOS ANGELES (56-156) (P)
 SUBJECT: KENSALT

RE ALLEGATIONS REGARDING ERROR IN
 BALLISTIC TEST IN SIRHAN CASE

Re LA airtel to Bureau 10/29/71.

A news article in the "Los Angeles Times", on CAL.
 11/3/71, states that Los Angeles Attorney BARBARA WARNER
BLEHR demanded access to the ten volume investigative
 report of the assassination of Senator ROBERT F. KENNEDY.
 This would refer to the summary report of the assassination
 prepared by the Los Angeles Police Department (LAPD).

This demand was in connection with BLEHR's
 defense in a two million dollar libel suit, brought by
 DE WAYNE A. WOLFER, Acting Head of the LAPD Crime
 Laboratory.

WOLFER's suit is based on a letter written by
 BLEHR, opposing his permanent appointment to this position.

The Inspection Plea is set for hearing 11/16/71
 before Superior Judge MAX Z. WISOT. It declares that Mrs.
 BLEHR had been denied access to the material even though
 it is a public record and was used by writers looking into

② - Bureau
 2 - Los Angeles

AOR/lme
 (4)

EX-100

REC-28

62-587-1281

18 NOV 13 1971

61 NOV 24 1971

Approved: _____ Sent _____ M

Special Agent in Charge

LA 56-156

the assassination. Mrs. BLEHR contended that while SIRHAN may have fired pistol shots at KENNEDY, the fatal bullets could have come from another gun. She charged that WOLFER's laboratory work was faulty and that it became impossible to present this theory in court. BLEHR also seeks the right to inspect police reports in the murder prosecution of Deputy District Attorney JACK KIRSCHKE and also the police report on one LEWIS TERRY.

Referenced airtel reflects that a report by the Los Angeles County District Attorney's Office and a separate LAPD investigation found no fault with WOLFER's testimony in the SIRHAN case.

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Memorandum

TO : DIRECTOR, FBI (62-587)

DATE: 2/1/72

FROM : SAC, LOS ANGELES (56-156) (P)

SUBJECT: KENSALT

Re Bureau telephone call to Los Angeles, dated 9/21/70, and Los Angeles teletypes to the Bureau, dated 9/21/70, 9/22/70, and 9/23/70.

Enclosed for the Bureau are five copies of a letterhead memorandum (LHM) captioned "ROBERT BLAIR KAISER."

KAISER is the author of the book entitled, "RFK MUST DIE!", which is the story of the assassination of the late Senator ROBERT F. KENNEDY.

As the Bureau is aware, in his book KAISER sets forth that SA R. J. LA JEUNESS, JR. of the Los Angeles Division, who is assigned to captioned investigation, confided in him, KAISER, that a "Manchurian candidate" theory existed in the assassination of KENNEDY. The enclosed LHM concerns articles appearing in West Magazine of the Los Angeles Times of 1/30/72.

Concerning the foregoing, Page 3 of the enclosed West Magazine article entitled, "Journey Through The Killing Ground", paragraph 5 of this article authored by KAISER makes reference to the "last chapter in my book." The article by KAISER states, "It was a play desired to draw attention from the fans in the bleacher seats...and in the small hope that the media attention would stimulate sales on a book that had already put me in a financial hole."

No further action is being taken by the Los Angeles Division pertaining to this matter.

2 - Bureau (Encl. 5)
2 - Los Angeles

RJL/les
(4)



5010-108

FEB 22 1972

Buy U.S. Savings Bonds Regularly on the Payroll Savings Plan

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EX-112
REC-47
62-587-1282

File
B. J. [unclear]
[unclear]

6 FEB 6 1972



UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

Los Angeles, California

February 1, 1972

*In Reply, Please Refer to
File No.*

ROBERT BLAIR KAISER

Robert Blair Kaiser, according to West Magazine which is published by the Los Angeles Times, on January 30, 1972, is a former newspaper reporter and who previously studied to enter the Jesuit priesthood. He spent approximately five years with Time Magazine while stationed in Rome, and in 1968 became a free lance writer.

Concerning Mr. Kaiser, the following article appeared in West Magazine on January 30, 1972:

62-587-1282

ENCLOSURE

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

ABOUT THIS ISSUE

In his article beginning on page 6, Robert Blair Kaiser introduces us to that curious breed of sleuths who have devoted enormous energy to searching for a conspiracy in the deaths of JFK, RFK and Martin Luther King. Kaiser should know, for he himself was a member of the obsessed tribe. In preparing his celebrated book "*RFK Must Die!*" he revised his last chapter "to mobilize the public to *do* something, since the FBI, CIA and other agencies had dragged their feet." His article recounts how, after E. P. Dutton published his book in October of 1970, Kaiser did "my junior G-man thing, trying to find a conspiracy myself to explain what Sirhan did." His hopes have since been dashed, but even today a peculiar glint shines in his eyes when he discusses his long and futile hunt for evidence of a conspiracy. Kaiser was particularly drawn to the case because of his personal admiration for Bobby Kennedy. They had first met during the 1960 Presidential race; the place was Phoenix where, he recalls, Bobby breezed into town as his older brother's "brash young campaign manager." Kaiser was then a newspaper reporter, having dropped plans to enter the Jesuit priesthood after 10 years of study. Clare Boothe Luce admired his work and introduced him to her husband; in due course Kaiser began a five-year stint with *Time* during which, while stationed in Rome, he won the Overseas Press Club's 1963 award for the best magazine reporting on foreign affairs. After quitting *Time* in 1966, he went to work on Tom Braden's campaign for lieutenant governor and got thick with "the Kennedy crowd." By 1968 he was a free-lance writer (Kaiser has contributed not only to *West* but to the *Ladies Home Journal*, *Playboy* "and everything in between"), and the morning after RFK's assassination *Life* assigned him to the Sirhan story. When his book came out two years later, he sent copies to such Kennedy stalwarts as Arthur Schlesinger, Pierre Salinger and Teddy White, all of whom "either sent it back or let me know they wouldn't read it. The title was too gruesome for them, and the whole memory caused too much pain." Kaiser believes that much of the public has similarly repressed RFK's death and that this, in part, explains the modest sales of "*RFK Must Die!*" (If alive, Kaiser thinks, RFK would now be President.) When he submitted his present article to *West*, what principally intrigued us was the ambiguous self-portrait the author had drawn. On the one hand, he described himself as at last freed from his obsessive belief that a conspiracy was involved; on the other hand, he could become a true believer all over again if even a minimum of evidence were to appear — or so we inferred from what he wrote. When we asked him about this apparent ambiguity, Kaiser agreed with the interpretation. "In the RFK killing," he said, "I was never able to prove a conspiracy, but I still think someone else may eventually be able to do that." As he spoke, the glint in his eye became a gleam.

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

Pg. 4 West Magazine
Los Angeles Times
Los Angeles, Calif.

Date: 1/30/72
Edition: Sunday Final
Author: Robert Blair Kaiser
Editor:
Title:

Character:
or
Classification:
Submitting Office: Los Angeles
☐ Being Investigated



(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

JOURNEY THROUGH THE KILLING GROUND

The author of 'RFK Must Die!' returns to reality

BY ROBERT BLAIR KAISER

"This is an obsession. And happy, typical Americans aren't obsessed. Jack Armstrong isn't obsessed. There's a fantastic way in which the assassination becomes a religious event. There are relics and scriptures and even a holy scene—the killing ground. People make pilgrimages to it. And, as in any religious event, what happened there isn't clear, it's ambiguous, surrounded by mystery, uncertain, dubious. I think there is a feeling with some of us that it has to be clarified. It's the symbolic status of it that's important. Somehow, one hopes to clarify one's own situation and one's own society by clarifying this"

Josiah Thompson, assassination buff.

I first remember reading about the assassination buffs in a thoughtful piece in *The New Yorker* by Calvin Trillin. Trillin had scared me. He made it clear that the buffs—an underground network in obsessive pursuit of "the co-conspirators at Dallas"—threatened to consume themselves in a quest that was destined to end in doubt. Essentially, the buffs were hobbyists. In other, less troubled times, they might have collected stamps and read Agatha Christie. Now they were wrapped in a real game which, they fantasized, could get them killed. An exciting game for an exciting age.

At first the buffs worked in isolation, building their own research libraries, exhibits, mock-ups and blowups. Then they learned of one another's existence, began to compare notes, to canonize their own heroes, vilify their own villains. With the assassinations of Martin Luther King and Robert Francis Kennedy, their numbers would increase. They would set up their own dues-paying organization, the national Committee To Investigate Assassinations, and produce a newsletter flagged with a provocative question next to its metered postmark:

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

Pg. 6 West Magazine
Los Angeles Times
Los Angeles, Calif.

Date: 1/30/72

Edition: Sunday Final

Author: Robert Blair Kaiser

Editor:

Title:

Character:

or

Classification:

Submitting Office: Los Angeles

☐ Being Investigated

"Who Is Killing Our Leaders?"

Like the buffs, I, too, found it hard to believe that Oswald had acted alone, that he had changed the course of history because he had an argument with his life over a lousy washing machine. I refused to think life was that absurd. Somehow, it would be less absurd if Oswald were part of a Plan, anybody's Plan. But I was a Jack Armstrong. No obsessions for me. Let the authorities handle the case.

I made my resolve back in 1967, when, after five years with *Time*, I was building a new family and a new career as a writer with a name. I had a two-novel contract with New American Library, I had a free-lance contract with *Look*, I had made a beginning, to boot, in television news.

One year later, after the assassination of Senator Robert Kennedy in Los Angeles, where I lived, I put all that life aside and chose death. In Josiah Thompson's metaphor, I made a journey to the killing ground, collected the relics, pored over the scriptures. In the metaphor of my native Arizona, I chose the conspiracy trail and rode it as far as I could and found that it led nowhere; as in the Black Mountain area of the Navajo Indian Reservation, I found box canyons within box canyons within box canyons. I met a good many quaint characters along the way, most of them quaint enough to be certifiably crazy. But at the end of the trail there was nothing: no waterfall, no Indian maidens, no mother lode. And there was no way out, except the way I had come, back over my own tracks, wishing I had something to show for my trouble other than an empty canteen, squinting curiously again at the crazies I had met on the way in, wondering at myself for ever having begun the journey at all.

This is the story of my journey, of my ride in and my ride out and what I learned from it all. It is a piece of self-revelation hardly calculated to make me look like a hero. Okay. I don't want to be a hero—any more—just accepted as a member of the human race, sometimes wise, sometimes foolish, sometimes weak, sometimes strong, almost always curious, often a damn fool.

June 1968. Los Angeles. Another Kennedy killed. "God, not again!" Anguish. But a reportorial challenge. I found a way of getting to the assassin and I took it. For all my reservations about the assassination buffs, I wanted to know more, more than I thought the officials would tell. Would I become a buff? Hell, no. I was just a curious reporter in search of the facts, all the facts. Maybe I'd even learn something close to the total truth.

So I talked with the assassin. I talked to him two or three times a week for seven months. I went into his cell with his psychiatrists. I tape-recorded his sessions with them, even his sessions under hypnosis. I found that the assassin, Sirhan Sirhan, could not remember killing Kennedy, that his declared motives for doing so didn't make sense, that he was evasive about his associations during May and June of 1968, that he was inordinately curious to know what certain of his friends had told the FBI. I judged that he was covering up for others, including a girl who was with him in the Ambassador Hotel, and I couldn't dismiss the evidence of the notebook discovered in his room: it was full of jottings indicating he associated the killing of Kennedy with a payment (or a promise of a payment) of money to himself.

Neither the Federal Bureau of Investigation nor the Los Angeles police were allowed to talk with the assassin, but they produced thousands of pages of reports on their reconstruction of the events at the Ambassador Hotel and on the persons they thought might shed some light on the case. They ended up with the same uncertain verdict as I. Privately, they were inclined to agree with Sirhan's own judgment (expressed twice to me in moments of unusual bluster) that the FBI had done "a lousy job of investigation." Publicly, they said there was "no conspiracy."

And so, when I had finished my research, I could not say I had gotten absolute answers. (That depressed me more than it should have. After you've learned the multiplication tables, do you ever attain absolute anything? Absolute truth, absolute justice, absolute love, absolute freedom?) But I had collected every available piece of data on the case and I had a duty, I thought, to set it all down in a coherent narrative history. I began writing what turned out to be a 634-page book called (ghastly title, a quote from the assassin's incriminating notebook) "*R.F.K. Must Die!*"

That's when I should have quit—when the book was finished. I made one stab at doing so; I tried to turn over my suspicions to J. Edgar Hoover:

... I wonder what your investigators think [I wrote to Hoover] about certain clues which point toward a conspiracy. I am not entirely convinced that Sirhan wasn't put up to this by somebody else and I have a few good reasons why I think so. Since I have talked to Sirhan and your people didn't, I assume my reasons might bear some examination.

But Hoover didn't want to hear them. I could hardly believe that. The vaunted FBI didn't want to know?

That made me mad. Maddened, I would go off on a bad trip, my conspiracy trip.

For some time, I had resisted the blandishments of some West Coast assassination buffs—Pete Noyes, Fernando Faura, Jonn Christian, Bill Turner—even though they were newsmen with a professional “license” to be curious. Now I started comparing notes with them, urging them to travel certain avenues of investigation with me traveling theirs. I was getting obsessed with the idea that if the FBI wouldn’t carry this on, I would, that I could (with a little help from my friends) do what several hundred agents of the FBI and the Los Angeles Police Department could not do.

I took trips to a ranch near Corona, California, where Sirhan worked as an exercise boy. I interviewed friends of Sirhan whom he had tried to cover for. I poked into the privacy of some persons who, I fantasized, might have me killed. Once, before I interviewed a racetrack character in northern California, I visited the local sheriff’s office, identified myself and said, “If I don’t come back in two hours, you’d better come in with your sirens on.” On the eve of my book’s publication, I talked with Sheriff Peter Pitchess of L.A. and asked him to put a watch on my own home. He did, and when the deputies began making their rounds, flashing their spotlights into the house in the dead of night, my wife began to freeze with fear. She had special locks put on all the windows and doors.

Was I going beyond the bounds? In retrospect, I must say yes. I had forgotten, I guess, the injunction I used to hear on radio’s old “Gangbusters.” The announcer, I recall, used to read a list of the FBI’s most wanted criminals and tell all of us 10-year-olds in the listening audience: “If you see any of these criminals, under no circumstances attempt to apprehend him yourself. Call your local FBI.”

I was going too far in another sense, beyond my own standards of integrity. Balked by Hoover, I could have called quietly on other officials and given them my leads. Instead, I added a bit to the last chapter of my book to call for a reopening of the case. It was a play designed to draw attention from the fans in the bleacher seats. I think I did it in the great hope it would hurt J. Edgar Hoover (whose arrogance and unaccountability I resented) and in the small hope that the media attention would stimulate sales on a book that had already put me in a financial hole.

As it turned out, the public ho-hummed about “another conspiracy theory” (often failing to distinguish between the assassinations of JFK and RFK), and Hoover made only one counterattack on me (he implied that I had manufactured quotes from a Los Angeles FBI agent who, in fact, told me the case was still open) which the press ignored.

There was no public outcry and, with huge legal fees to pay after a suit by Sirhan to stop my book (because I wouldn’t let him censor it), I have yet to make a nickel on “*R.F.K. Must Die!*”

The assassination buffs, however, loved me. That was something, but it was, I soon found, a love I could have done without. I traveled the country, doing the standard promotional bits expected of most authors these days, and the buffs would gather around. Some of them were fascinating, brilliant people, like a man I shall here call John Nelson of Dallas. In Dallas, Nelson took me to the killing ground, showed me all the famous points of reference: Lee Oswald’s back yard, Jack Ruby’s apartment, the spot where Officer Tippitt was shot, General Walker’s living room window. And then he took me to his penthouse apartment.

Nelson’s study was filled with card files and notebooks cataloging the most intimate, cross-indexed histories of more than 5,000 persons connected in the slightest way with the scenario at Dallas. Nelson had been near Dealey Plaza when the President was shot, he had a camera with him, he rushed over and started taking pictures. That started him on his own private inquiry, for he was saddened that such a thing should happen in his beloved Dallas and puzzled that the authorities couldn’t get to the bottom of it all. I was impressed with Nelson’s collection, in much the same way, I guess, I would be impressed with a man’s collection of butterflies, or matchbooks. But here I began to wonder. This was a serious game he was playing and what was the use?

Nelson’s shoulders seemed perpetually slumped, as if in defeat, and he was still comparatively young. The hours he’d expended to compile that mountain of data must have taken a toll on himself and, I guessed, on his business and on his family. I couldn’t see that his investigation had gotten him close to Oswald’s co-conspirators, and I found no names in his file on the JFK assassination corresponding to any of the names I had been collecting on the assassination of RFK. Yet Nelson told me he was afraid of reprisals against him and/or his family. He extracted a promise from me never to mention his name.

Other buffs embraced me. In New York, I met Paris Flammonde, the author of a book on the John Kennedy assassination, a bearded fellow blessed with an apparently total recall of every fact ever written about JFK and Dallas. Flammonde arranged a dinner for me with Bernard (Bud) Fensterwald, a Washington lawyer currently defending

James Earl Ray who served, in his spare time, as the executive director of the Committee To Investigate Assassinations, and, later, with Richard Sprague, an aerospace engineer from Hartsdale, New York, also a board member of the CTIA.

These people represented, as far as I could tell, the best of the buffs. They were, in general, a suspicious lot, but they had a healthy respect for facts and a contempt for buffs (like Mark Lane) who cheated, and I was tempted to join their ranks. I was lonely out there on the conspiracy trail.

The mail I received didn't make me feel any less lonely. Each weekend, on my return home to California, I would find a small pile of letters from other buffs. A woman from New York claimed in a se-

The real mystery is why conspiracy theories appeal to us

ries of notes that Sirhan was part of a plot by British Israelis who were really Freemasons. A woman from Ohio sent me a manuscript detailing the Rosicrucian - CIA - FBI - right wing - military-industrial plot to kill RFK. And a wealthy lawyer from Oklahoma who had read all 26 volumes of the Warren Report wanted to finance further research (to be directed by me) on his theory that both Kennedys were the victims of a plot hatched by the Red Chinese.

I got at least a dozen communications from persons who were living in the expectation of imminent death because they "knew too much" about one or another of the assassinations.

One day, a man who will be known here as Jim Hall phoned me from Phoenix. Hall said he knew the man behind Sirhan. He'd seen the man's name in Sirhan's notebook (which I had reproduced in my appendix): "Stokeley." Maybe, I said to myself, this is the break I've been looking for. No one had known the "Stokeley" scribbled in Sirhan's notebook and Hall sounded like a sober, intelligent fellow. I made arrangements to meet him in Phoenix on my next trip east. Hall turned out to be obsessed with injustice. He said he'd been done in pretty badly by a group in Texas, one of them a man named Stokeley. Therefore, said Hall, Stokeley and his friends *must* have had something to do with the killing of both Kennedys. No other evidence. But Hall had put all of his paranoia on paper, in a small mimeographed book. Maybe I could help him sell it?

In the last chapter of my book, I had propounded—very tentatively—the theory that Sirhan may have been programmed through hypnosis to kill RFK and programmed to forget that he had been programmed. I elaborated the theory to help explain some unexplained bits of evidence: the repeated assertions in Sirhan's notebook that "RFK must die" as if he were repeating instructions from another; his extreme susceptibility to hypnosis; his blocking and locking whenever, under hypnosis, he was asked about his involvement with others; his unusual, almost trance-like behavior on the night of the assassination.

Using that theory as a road map took me into one box canyon after another. Since Sirhan had played around with the occult and had scribbled in his notebook mysterious notations about black magic, the Illuminati and the Master Kuthumi, I plunged, with some local buffs, into a study of California's occultists. We didn't find the Master Kuthumi, but there are certain local buffs still out there on the conspiracy trail, sincerely looking for him. That may be harmless enough.

Not so harmless is another buff named Theo-

dore Charach (pronounced sha-RACK), who has been trying for years to make it big in Hollywood and believes he is now on the verge of scoring with a film documentary which, he says, "breaks the case wide open." I first encountered Charach on my way up the conspiracy trail. He seemed determined to prove conspiracy no matter what the facts.

Charach proceeded in his research from a false premise: that Sirhan met Robert Kennedy face to face in the pantry and never got closer than two feet—and therefore couldn't have shot Kennedy behind the right ear.

Charach didn't know (or didn't care) about abundant testimony from others that Sirhan approached Kennedy from behind. It didn't fit his theory: if Sirhan was facing Kennedy and Kennedy was shot in the right mastoid, then Sirhan didn't shoot Kennedy, someone else did. JFK assassination buffs, who generally believe the President was caught in a cross fire at Dallas, liked that idea.

Who, then, was the other gunman? In the office of his attorney, Godfrey Isaacs, Charach told me it must have been a security guard hired for the night by the hotel. His name: Thane Eugene Cesar. Why Cesar? Because, it was in the official records, Cesar had drawn his gun in the pantry immediately after the shooting. He had admitted that he was behind Kennedy when Sirhan opened fire. Maybe, reasoned Charach, Cesar took advantage of the moment to kill Kennedy himself. But why? Charach interviewed Cesar and found that Cesar had voted for George Wallace. That did it. Logically, to Charach, anyone who voted for George Wallace had a motive to kill Senator Kennedy.

But did Cesar shoot Kennedy? No. The identifiable bullets recovered from pantry victims were all shot from a .22. Cesar had a .38 with him in the pantry. And, like everyone else in the pantry, he was startled and afraid when the shooting started. He fell to the floor, and stayed there until the shooting had stopped. Then he rose, pulled his gun and moved to Kennedy's side, "to protect the senator from further attack." With disgust, Bill Barry, Kennedy's aide, told Cesar, "Put the gun away. It's too late." It was all in the official reports of the police and the FBI, which were placed in evidence after the trial. And no one had seen anyone else shooting in the pantry.

Well, almost no one. Charach had some tape recordings, among them an interview given on the night of the shooting to reporter Ruth Ashton Taylor of KNXT, Channel 2 by a young man named Donald Schulman, a news runner for KNXT. Though Schulman's recollection was "fuzzy" he told Ruth Taylor he'd seen security men shooting back at the assassin.

I wondered what Schulman had actually seen or if he was even in the pantry. He wasn't on the police list of persons in the pantry. I guessed that Schulman was simply repeating some of the rumors that were flashing through the crowd that night at the Ambassador. One rumor: that the men who first jumped the assailant were Roosevelt Grier and Rafer Johnson. Another, that the assailant was a man named Jesse Grier. Another, that Kennedy was all right, that he was only shot in the knee. Another, that a security guard had shot the assassin dead. All of these stories were carried by UPI and reported on L.A. radio and T.V.—all were false.

So I dismissed Charach and his prize witness, Schulman. So, also, in the summer of 1970, did most of the newsmen of L.A. except for the editors of the *Los Angeles Free Press*. The only thing difficult to understand: why Cesar didn't sue Charach for libel. ("I didn't sue," Cesar told me recently in an interview, "because Charach doesn't have any money and suing to clear my name isn't worth the money it would cost to sue.")

Cut to the summer of 1971. I am coming off my conspiracy trip. I meet Charach once again and now he has not only his audio tapes but an hour-long documentary film, in color, which Charach says "proves" his theory of a cross fire in the pantry. Now here is the maitre d', Karl Uecker, florid of face, babbling away about his moment of glory, insisting he stopped Sirhan well short of Kennedy. Here is a shot of a whirling tape recorder playing Cesar's words, out of context: in his interview with Charach, Cesar had told Charach he had a .38 revolver in the pantry, but, under prodding, described a .22 pistol he'd once owned, but sold in February 1968, before the assassination of RFK. Now in the movie, after judicious cutting and splicing, Cesar's voice appears to be describing the .22 he had in the pantry. Here is Schulman being interviewed by Charach on the Ambassador Hotel green. He is no longer "fuzzy," he's an expert eyewitness.

In fact, Schulman was not in the pantry at the time of the shooting. He was in the crowd back in the Embassy Room, where Kennedy had just spoken, standing next to Dick Gaither of KNXT and Frank Raciti, now a film editor at KNXT.

Charach has another star witness with more serious credentials. He is a veteran ballistics expert from Pasadena named William W. Harper. Under Charach's urging, Harper had visited the County Clerk's office and examined the evidence bullets from the Sirhan trial. Two of the bullets, Charach said he said, didn't match.

Apparent corroboration, therefore, of Charach's two-gun theory. Two bullets that didn't match. Therefore, two different guns banging away in the pantry. Where was the other gun? Charach said the police had destroyed it, but he had evidence of its existence in the trial exhibits. It was a gun with the serial number H18602 and its number was written right across people's exhibit 55 which contained three test bullets, supposedly fired from Sirhan's gun. According to LAPD criminalist DeWayne Wolfer, those three bullets matched those taken from victims in the Ambassador pantry. But the serial number of Sirhan's gun was H53725 and the serial number on the jacket of exhibit 55 was H18602.

Wow! According to that "evidence," the pantry victims were not shot by Sirhan's gun but by another gun. The implications of that were absurd. Gun number H18602 was a test gun, also an Iver-Johnson .22, which the police used for powder burn and decibel readings. The police had this gun on the night of the assassination. They had taken it on March 18, 1967, from a young man named Jake Williams and kept it in property until June, 1968. Wolfer used that gun for his test and wrote down its serial number by mistake, a stupid mistake, but nothing more than a clerical error.

What about Harper's conclusions? I went to Harper. Harper said he wasn't sure. He'd compared those two bullets to each other (but *not* to the test bullets in exhibit 55) by means of photographic blowups. He said he'd rather have the opportunity to do some further studies, to use a comparison microscope and compare those bullets to the test bullets in exhibit 55 and to a new set of test bullets taken from a new test firing of Sirhan's gun. Then, he said, he could make a final judgment.

All together, then, Charach's "evidence" is non-existent, flimsy or uncertain. With it, however, he is able to produce (and finance!) a movie. And more. With it, he persuades the Sirhan family to dismiss their appeals lawyer, Luke McKissack, and hire Charach's own attorney, Isaacs. He hopes that on the basis of Charach's evidence he can get a new trial for Sirhan.

Sad to say, the court system in California may have to spend yet more time adjudicating this baseless claim. In fact, the state has already spent time

and money doing so. District Attorney Joseph Busch ordered an inquiry into the substance of Charach's assertions. His investigators found none. Privately, they gave Wolfer bad marks for bad bookkeeping and Cesar all the sympathy they could muster for the bum rap of the year, if not the decade—for Cesar didn't shoot Kennedy, and he wasn't a right wing radical, as Charach claimed, but simply a plumber and part-time security guard who had voted for George Wallace and once contributed \$3 to the Wallace campaign.

The D.A.'s investigators also found pretty poor security in the County Clerk's office; and a county grand jury gave the clerk a public reprimand for his "misfeasance in office." Almost anybody, it

At least 12 people lived in fear because they 'knew too much'

seems, could have gotten to certain trial exhibits and done almost anything to them, even, perhaps, to the evidence bullets themselves.

Eventually, if the popular wisdom persists in impeaching the integrity of the official ballistics examinations, officials will do some new tests of Sirhan's gun and compare the slugs to the bullets in evidence. By then, of course, the buffs will be off on some new track. And the conspiracy trip will go on.

*B*ut not for me. I am off that trip now. I don't know whether there is a conspiracy or not. I never did know, but I thought that some day I might. Anyway, I am tired of dealing with death. I'd like to start living again in the present.

And the people I meet in the ranks of the buffs depress me. I encountered a brace of buffs recently, waiting to testify before the grand jury. All of us had been called because our names had appeared on the clerk's records as viewers of Sirhan trial exhibits. I saw that one of the buffs was carrying a copy of my book, and I was pleased—until the young man started talking to me. Then I realized he was crazy. Charach was there, chortling at his success in getting a part of the case reopened and boasting that he "got the case for Godfrey Isaac." Other buffs assaulted me with "new facts" which weren't facts at all but conjectures and imaginings calculated to feed their bias against "the system." I couldn't see that their hobby was doing them any good at all, maybe a good deal of harm.

I still get mail from buffs and potential buffs. There is an honest, hard-working fellow from Detroit named Harry Kruk, who is yearning to de-program a hypno-conditioned Sirhan (or see that some other expert does so). Kruk's hobby is hypnosis, and he can demonstrate, he says, that almost anyone can be programmed to do anything.

Bud Fensterwald, a man of heart and wit, keeps in touch. I have refused to become a member of the board of the CTIA, but he keeps writing and phoning and asking me to check up on obscure persons and movements which the underground network suspects of perfidy. I had lunch with Fensterwald not long ago in Los Angeles while he detailed some "new leads," then accompanied him to the headquarters of the Scientology movement in L.A. where we wasted two hours seeking information about a strange new Satanist cult called The Process.

When I am not being a died-in-the-wool, full blown, damn fool, paranoid "assassination" buff, however, I hold no hopes that I will ever "solve" the mysteries of either assassination. Deep down, maybe, I still hope that someone can put the pieces together and, bigger job, prove it all in a court of

law. But I don't think I'll be able to do it. The best I can hope for is to understand how it was that I ever believed I could, and why I thought I needed to do so.

This could be an adventure in the exploration of inner space, one that would lead me into the labyrinthine ways of my own psyche where I could palpate my primitive need to have explanations for the unexplainable, even if the explanations must be cast in the form of myth and legend. In my youth, I met these needs by immersing myself in the rationalistic mysticism of the Jesuit Order. When I left the Order some 13 years ago, I thought I had outgrown the need. Now I am not so sure: the hunger for meaning is still there; the chaos of the '60s and the '70s only intensifies the emptiness inside. Either I learn to live with chaos or I manufacture new myths.

This is nothing new. The Roman poet Virgil presented us with an elaborate analysis of our own myth-making propensities in a long passage of the *Aeneid* personifying Dame Rumor. But modern scholars (with the minor exception of Gordon Allport in his thin study on *The Psychology of Rumor*) have paid far too little attention to these weird workings within many of us.

I do not believe I have been alone in my needs. Gallup polls continue to reflect a general, ever-majority belief that there was a conspiracy to assassinate two Kennedys and a King, and the popular song, "Has Anybody Here Seen My Friend John?" only serves to underline the general acceptance of a legend which, if anything, is still growing among us.

Those who have a hard time living with chaos refuse to accept the judgement that Oswald and Ray and Sirhan were "just crazy." And so, undeterred by lack of any evidence that would stand up in a court of law, they concoct fantasies out of the available facts, and/or their pet hatreds and fears at a time in history when there is a bull market in both. Thus, the plot is either left wing or it is right wing, big business or Mafia, the CIA, the FBI or the Pentagon, Zionist, Third World, the occult or, even, Getty, Onassis, Johnson, the Kennedy family itself, the Catholic Church, the Masonic Order. Everyone, it seems, has his own favorite co-conspirators; some manage to combine many or all in a plot that becomes rather vast.

Before one smirks and begins to feel superior to these simpletons, he had better examine his own deepest feelings. Glenn Akers, a student of contemporary folklore in Los Angeles, found one or another of these "co-conspirators" I just mentioned above lurking under the surface consciousness of all of the respondents he polled recently regarding the assassination of John Kennedy. He did his research in a sample of students, faculty and staff at San Fernando Valley State College. And some of his respondents expressed belief in another Kennedy legend: 42 percent of those polled by Akers have heard the story that John Kennedy is still alive and believe that the legend has some plausibility.

I don't think it does any good to call such beliefs "sick" in order to dismiss them. Such belief may, in fact, be a kind of emergency therapy, self-applied. Belief in a legend that Kennedy is still alive may help assuage the folk where they hurt the most, and half belief in a conspiracy may provide temporary answers where no answers exist.

In fact, as I explore my own inner space (a grueling affair), I am sometimes tempted to go back to that search for the easier answer, the whole conspiracy thing. If Fensterwald phoned me tomorrow and asked me to meet him at midnight in the middle of a swamp 14 miles outside Pascagoula, Mississippi, I'd probably grab my trenchcoat and catch the next jet headed south.



UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

Los Angeles, California

February 1, 1972

*In Reply, Please Refer to
File No.*

ROBERT BLAIR KAISER

Robert Blair Kaiser, according to West Magazine which is published by the Los Angeles Times, on January 30, 1972, is a former newspaper reporter and who previously studied to enter the Jesuit priesthood. He spent approximately five years with Time Magazine while stationed in Rome, and in 1968 became a free lance writer.

Concerning Mr. Kaiser, the following article appeared in West Magazine on January 30, 1972:

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

ABOUT THIS ISSUE

In his article beginning on page 6, Robert Blair Kaiser introduces us to that curious breed of sleuths who have devoted enormous energy to searching for a conspiracy in the deaths of JFK, RFK and Martin Luther King. Kaiser should know, for he himself was a member of the obsessed tribe. In preparing his celebrated book "*RFK Must Die!*" he revised his last chapter "to mobilize the public to *do* something, since the FBI, CIA and other agencies had dragged their feet." His article recounts how, after E. P. Dutton published his book in October of 1970, Kaiser did "my junior G-man thing, trying to find a conspiracy myself to explain what Sirhan did." His hopes have since been dashed, but even today a peculiar glint shines in his eyes when he discusses his long and futile hunt for evidence of a conspiracy. Kaiser was particularly drawn to the case because of his personal admiration for Bobby Kennedy. They had first met during the 1960 Presidential race; the place was Phoenix where, he recalls, Bobby breezed into town as his older brother's "brash young campaign manager." Kaiser was then a newspaper reporter, having dropped plans to enter the Jesuit priesthood after 10 years of study. Clare Boothe Luce admired his work and introduced him to her husband; in due course Kaiser began a five-year stint with *Time* during which, while stationed in Rome, he won the Overseas Press Club's 1963 award for the best magazine reporting on foreign affairs. After quitting *Time* in 1966, he went to work on Tom Braden's campaign for lieutenant governor and got thick with "the Kennedy crowd." By 1968 he was a free-lance writer (Kaiser has contributed not only to *West* but to the *Ladies Home Journal*, *Playboy* "and everything in between"), and the morning after RFK's assassination *Life* assigned him to the Sirhan story. When his book came out two years later, he sent copies to such Kennedy stalwarts as Arthur Schlesinger, Pierre Salinger and Teddy White, all of whom "either sent it back or let me know they wouldn't read it. The title was too gruesome for them, and the whole memory caused too much pain." Kaiser believes that much of the public has similarly repressed RFK's death and that this, in part, explains the modest sales of "*RFK Must Die!*" (If alive, Kaiser thinks, RFK would now be President.) When he submitted his present article to *West*, what principally intrigued us was the ambiguous self-portrait the author had drawn. On the one hand, he described himself as at last freed from his obsessive belief that a conspiracy was involved; on the other hand, he could become a true believer all over again if even a minimum of evidence were to appear — or so we inferred from what he wrote. When we asked him about this apparent ambiguity, Kaiser agreed with the interpretation. "In the RFK killing," he said, "I was never able to prove a conspiracy, but I still think someone else may eventually be able to do that." As he spoke, the glint in his eye became a gleam.

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

Pg. 4 West Magazine
Los Angeles Times
Los Angeles, Calif.

Date: 1/30/72

Edition: Sunday Final

Author: Robert Blair Kaiser

Editor:

Title:

Character:

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Submitting Office: Los Angeles

☐ Being Investigated



ROBERT BLAIR KAISER

The following article entitled, "Journey Through The Killing Ground" also appeared in the January 30, 1972, issue of West Magazine:

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(Mount Clipping In Space Below)

JOURNEY THROUGH THE KILLING GROUND

The author of 'RFK Must Die!' returns to reality

BY ROBERT BLAIR KAISER

"This is an obsession. And happy, typical Americans aren't obsessed. Jack Armstrong isn't obsessed. There's a fantastic way in which the assassination becomes a religious event. There are relics and scriptures and even a holy scene—the killing ground. People make pilgrimages to it. And, as in any religious event, what happened there isn't clear, it's ambiguous, surrounded by mystery, uncertain, dubious. I think there is a feeling with some of us that it has to be clarified. It's the symbolic status of it that's important. Somehow, one hopes to clarify one's own situation and one's own society by clarifying this"

Joshua Thompson, assassination buff.

I first remember reading about the assassination buffs in a thoughtful piece in *The New Yorker* by Calvin Trillin. Trillin had scared me. He made it clear that the buffs—an underground network in obsessive pursuit of "the co-conspirators at Dallas"—threatened to consume themselves in a quest that was destined to end in doubt. Essentially, the buffs were hobbyists. In other, less troubled times, they might have collected stamps and read Agatha Christie. Now they were wrapped in a real game which, they fantasized, could get them killed. An exciting game for an exciting age.

At first the buffs worked in isolation, building their own research libraries, exhibits, mock-ups and blowups. Then they learned of one another's existence, began to compare notes, to canonize their own heroes, vilify their own villains. With the assassinations of Martin Luther King and Robert Francis Kennedy, their numbers would increase. They would set up their own dues-paying organization, the national Committee To Investigate Assassinations, and produce a newsletter flagged with a provocative question next to its metered postmark:

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

Pg. 6 West Magazine
Los Angeles Times
Los Angeles, Calif.

Date: 1/30/72
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☐ Being Investigated

"Who Is Killing Our Leaders?"

Like the buffs, I, too, found it hard to believe that Oswald had acted alone, that he had changed the course of history because he had an argument with his life over a lousy washing machine. I refused to think life was that absurd. Somehow, it would be less absurd if Oswald were part of a Plan, anybody's Plan. But I was a Jack Armstrong. No obsessions for me. Let the authorities handle the case.

I made my resolve back in 1967, when, after five years with *Time*, I was building a new family and a new career as a writer with a name. I had a two-novel contract with New American Library, I had a free-lance contract with *Look*, I had made a beginning, to boot, in television news.

One year later, after the assassination of Senator Robert Kennedy in Los Angeles, where I lived, I put all that life aside and chose death. In Josiah Thompson's metaphor, I made a journey to the killing ground, collected the relics, pored over the scriptures. In the metaphor of my native Arizona, I chose the conspiracy trail and rode it as far as I could and found that it led nowhere; as in the Black Mountain area of the Navajo Indian Reservation, I found box canyons within box canyons within box canyons. I met a good many quaint characters along the way, most of them quaint enough to be certifiably crazy. But at the end of the trail there was nothing: no waterfall, no Indian maidens, no mother lode. And there was no way out, except the way I had come, back over my own tracks, wishing I had something to show for my trouble other than an empty canteen, squinting curiously again at the crazies I had met on the way in, wondering at myself for ever having begun the journey at all.

This is the story of my journey, of my ride in and my ride out and what I learned from it all. It is a piece of self-revelation hardly calculated to make me look like a hero. Okay. I don't want to be a hero—any more—just accepted as a member of the human race, sometimes wise, sometimes foolish, sometimes weak, sometimes strong, almost always curious, often a damn fool.

June 1968. Los Angeles. Another Kennedy killed. "God, not again!" Anguish. But a reportorial challenge. I found a way of getting to the assassin and I took it. For all my reservations about the assassination buffs, I wanted to know more, more than I thought the officials would tell. Would I become a buff? Hell, no. I was just a curious reporter in search of the facts, all the facts. Maybe I'd even learn something close to the total truth.

So I talked with the assassin. I talked to him two or three times a week for seven months. I went into his cell with his psychiatrists. I tape-recorded his sessions with them, even his sessions under hypnosis. I found that the assassin, Sirhan Sirhan, could not remember killing Kennedy, that his declared motives for doing so didn't make sense, that he was evasive about his associations during May and June of 1968, that he was inordinately curious to know what certain of his friends had told the FBI. I judged that he was covering up for others, including a girl who was with him in the Ambassador Hotel, and I couldn't dismiss the evidence of the notebook discovered in his room: it was full of jottings indicating he associated the killing of Kennedy with a payment (or a promise of a payment) of money to himself.

Neither the Federal Bureau of Investigation nor the Los Angeles police were allowed to talk with the assassin, but they produced thousands of pages of reports on their reconstruction of the events at the Ambassador Hotel and on the persons they thought might shed some light on the case. They ended up with the same uncertain verdict as I. Privately, they were inclined to agree with Sirhan's own judgment (expressed twice to me in moments of unusual bluster) that the FBI had done "a lousy job of investigation." Publicly, they said there was "no conspiracy."

And so, when I had finished my research, I could not say I had gotten absolute answers. (That depressed me more than it should have. After you've learned the multiplication tables, do you ever attain absolute anything? Absolute truth, absolute justice, absolute love, absolute freedom?) But I had collected every available piece of data on the case and I had a duty, I thought, to set it all down in a coherent narrative history. I began writing what turned out to be a 634-page book called (ghastly title, a quote from the assassin's incriminating notebook) "*R.F.K. Must Die!*"

That's when I should have quit—when the book was finished. I made one stab at doing so; I tried to turn over my suspicions to J. Edgar Hoover:

... I wonder what your investigators think [I wrote to Hoover] about certain clues which point toward a conspiracy. I am not entirely convinced that Sirhan wasn't put up to this by somebody else and I have a few good reasons why I think so. Since I have talked to Sirhan and your people didn't, I assume my reasons might bear some examination.

But Hoover didn't want to hear them. I could hardly believe that. The vaunted FBI didn't want to know.

That made me mad. Maddened, I would go off on a bad trip, my conspiracy trip.

For some time, I had resisted the blandishments of some West Coast assassination buffs—Pete Noyes, Fernando Faura, John Christian, Bill Turner—even though they were newsmen with a professional “license” to be curious. Now I started comparing notes with them, urging them to travel certain avenues of investigation with me traveling theirs. I was getting obsessed with the idea that if the FBI wouldn’t carry this on, I would, that I could (with a little help from my friends) do what several hundred agents of the FBI and the Los Angeles Police Department could not do.

I took trips to a ranch near Corona, California, where Sirhan worked as an exercise boy. I interviewed friends of Sirhan whom he had tried to cover for. I poked into the privacy of some persons who, I fantasized, might have me killed. Once, before I interviewed a racetrack character in northern California, I visited the local sheriff’s office, identified myself and said, “If I don’t come back in two hours, you’d better come in with your sirens on.” On the eve of my book’s publication, I talked with Sheriff Peter Pitchess of L.A. and asked him to put a watch on my own home. He did, and when the deputies began making their rounds, flashing their spotlights into the house in the dead of night, my wife began to freeze with fear. She had special locks put on all the windows and doors.

Was I going beyond the bounds? In retrospect, I must say yes. I had forgotten, I guess, the injunction I used to hear on radio’s old “Gangbusters.” The announcer, I recall, used to read a list of the FBI’s most wanted criminals and tell all of us 10-year-olds in the listening audience: “If you see any of these criminals, under no circumstances attempt to apprehend him yourself. Call your local FBI.”

I was going too far in another sense, beyond my own standards of integrity. Balked by Hoover, I could have called quietly on other officials and given them my leads. Instead, I added a bit to the last chapter of my book to call for a reopening of the case. It was a play designed to draw attention from the fans in the bleacher seats. I think I did it in the great hope it would hurt J. Edgar Hoover (whose arrogance and unaccountability I resented) and in the small hope that the media attention would stimulate sales on a book that had already put me in a financial hole.

As it turned out, the public ho-hummed about “another conspiracy theory” (often failing to distinguish between the assassinations of JFK and RFK), and Hoover made only one counterattack on me (he implied that I had manufactured quotes from a Los Angeles FBI agent who, in fact, told me the case was still open) which the press ignored.

There was no public outcry and, with huge legal fees to pay after a suit by Sirhan to stop my book (because I wouldn’t let him censor it), I have yet to make a nickel on “*R.F.K. Must Die!*”

The assassination buffs, however, loved me. That was something, but it was, I soon found, a love I could have done without. I traveled the country, doing the standard promotional bits expected of most authors these days, and the buffs would gather around. Some of them were fascinating, brilliant people, like a man I shall here call John Nelson of Dallas. In Dallas, Nelson took me to the killing ground, showed me all the famous points of reference: Lee Oswald’s back yard, Jack Ruby’s apartment, the spot where Officer Tippitt was shot, General Walker’s living room window. And then he took me to his penthouse apartment.

Nelson’s study was filled with card files and notebooks cataloging the most intimate, cross-indexed histories of more than 5,000 persons connected in the slightest way with the scenario at Dallas. Nelson had been near Dealey Plaza when the President was shot, he had a camera with him, he rushed over and started taking pictures. That started him on his own private inquiry, for he was saddened that such a thing should happen in his beloved Dallas and puzzled that the authorities couldn’t get to the bottom of it all. I was impressed with Nelson’s collection, in much the same way, I guess, I would be impressed with a man’s collection of butterflies, or matchbooks. But here I began to wonder. This was a serious game he was playing and what was the use?

Nelson’s shoulders seemed perpetually slumped, as if in defeat, and he was still comparatively young. The hours he’d expended to compile that mountain of data must have taken a toll on himself and, I guessed, on his business and on his family. I couldn’t see that his investigation had gotten him close to Oswald’s co-conspirators, and I found no names in his file on the JFK assassination corresponding to any of the names I had been collecting on the assassination of RFK. Yet Nelson told me he was afraid of reprisals against him and/or his family. He extracted a promise from me never to mention his name.

Other buffs embraced me. In New York, I met Paris Flammonde, the author of a book on the John Kennedy assassination, a bearded fellow blessed with an apparently total recall of every fact ever written about JFK and Dallas. Flammonde arranged a dinner for me with Bernard (Bud) Fensierwald, a Washington lawyer currently defending

James Earl Ray who served, in his spare time, as the executive director of the Committee To Investigate Assassinations, and, later, with Richard Sprague, an aerospace engineer from Hartsdale, New York, also a board member of the CTIA.

These people represented, as far as I could tell, the best of the buffs. They were, in general, a suspicious lot, but they had a healthy respect for facts and a contempt for buffs (like Mark Lane) who cheated, and I was tempted to join their ranks. I was lonely out there on the conspiracy trail.

The mail I received didn't make me feel any less lonely. Each weekend, on my return home to California, I would find a small pile of letters from other buffs. A woman from New York claimed in a se-

The real mystery is why conspiracy theories appeal to us

rics of notes that Sirhan was part of a plot by British Israelis who were really Freemasons. A woman from Ohio sent me a manuscript detailing the Rosicrucian - CIA - FBI - right wing - military-industrial plot to kill RFK. And a wealthy lawyer from Oklahoma who had read all 26 volumes of the Warren Report wanted to finance further research (to be directed by me) on his theory that both Kennedys were the victims of a plot hatched by the Red Chinese.

I got at least a dozen communications from persons who were living in the expectation of imminent death because they "knew too much" about one or another of the assassinations.

One day, a man who will be known here as Jim Hall phoned me from Phoenix. Hall said he knew the man behind Sirhan. He'd seen the man's name in Sirhan's notebook (which I had reproduced in my appendix): "Stokeley." Maybe, I said to myself, this is the break I've been looking for. No one had known the "Stokeley" scribbled in Sirhan's notebook and Hall sounded like a sober, intelligent fellow. I made arrangements to meet him in Phoenix on my next trip east. Hall turned out to be obsessed with injustice. He said he'd been done in pretty badly by a group in Texas, one of them a man named Stokeley. Therefore, said Hall, Stokeley and his friends must have had something to do with the killing of both Kennedys. No other evidence. But Hall had put all of his paranoia on paper, in a small mimeographed book. Maybe I could help him sell it?

In the last chapter of my book, I had propounded—very tentatively—the theory that Sirhan may have been programmed through hypnosis to kill RFK and programmed to forget that he had been programmed. I elaborated the theory to help explain some unexplained bits of evidence: the repeated assertions in Sirhan's notebook that "RFK must die" as if he were repeating instructions from another; his extreme susceptibility to hypnosis; his blocking and locking whenever, under hypnosis, he was asked about his involvement with others; his unusual, almost trance-like behavior on the night of the assassination.

Using that theory as a road map took me into one box canyon after another. Since Sirhan had played around with the occult and had scribbled in his notebook mysterious notations about black magic, the Illuminati and the Master Kuthumi, I plunged, with some local buffs, into a study of California's occultists. We didn't find the Master Kuthumi, but there are certain local buffs still out there on the conspiracy trail, sincerely looking for him. That may be harmless enough.

Not so harmless is another buff named Theo-

lore Charach (pronounced sha-RACK), who has been trying for years to make it big in Hollywood and believes he is now on the verge of scoring with a film documentary which, he says, "breaks the case wide open." I first encountered Charach on my way up the conspiracy trail. He seemed determined to prove conspiracy no matter what the fact.

Charach proceeded in his research from a false premise: that Sirhan met Robert Kennedy face to face in the pantry and never got closer than two feet—and therefore couldn't have shot Kennedy behind the right ear.

Charach didn't know (or didn't care) about abundant testimony from others that Sirhan approached Kennedy from behind. It didn't fit his theory: if Sirhan was facing Kennedy and Kennedy was shot in the right mastoid, then Sirhan didn't shoot Kennedy, someone else did. JFK assassination buffs, who generally believe the President was caught in a cross fire at Dallas, liked that idea.

Who, then, was the other gunman? In the office of his attorney, Godfrey Isaacs, Charach told me it must have been a security guard hired for the night by the hotel. His name: Thane Eugene Cesar. Why Cesar? Because, it was in the official records, Cesar had drawn his gun in the pantry immediately after the shooting. He had admitted that he was behind Kennedy when Sirhan opened fire. Maybe, reasoned Charach, Cesar took advantage of the moment to kill Kennedy himself. But why? Charach interviewed Cesar and found that Cesar had voted for George Wallace. That did it. Logically, to Charach, anyone who voted for George Wallace had a motive to kill Senator Kennedy.

But did Cesar shoot Kennedy? No. The identifiable bullets recovered from pantry victims were all shot from a .22. Cesar had a .38 with him in the pantry. And, like everyone else in the pantry, he was startled and afraid when the shooting started. He fell to the floor, and stayed there until the shooting had stopped. Then he rose, pulled his gun and moved to Kennedy's side, "to protect the senator from further attack." With disgust, Bill Barry, Kennedy's aide, told Cesar, "Put the gun away. It's too late." It was all in the official reports of the police and the FBI, which were placed in evidence after the trial. And no one had seen anyone else shooting in the pantry.

Well, almost no one. Charach had some tape recordings, among them an interview given on the night of the shooting to reporter Ruth Ashton Taylor of KNXT, Channel 2 by a young man named Donald Schulman, a news runner for KNXT. Though Schulman's recollection was "fuzzy" he told Ruth Taylor he'd seen security men shooting back at the assassin.

I wondered what Schulman had actually seen or if he was even in the pantry. He wasn't on the police list of persons in the pantry. I guessed that Schulman was simply repeating some of the rumors that were flashing through the crowd that night at the Ambassador. One rumor: that the men who first jumped the assailant were Roosevelt Grier and Rafer Johnson. Another, that the assailant was a man named Jesse Grier. Another, that Kennedy was all right, that he was only shot in the knee. Another, that a security guard had shot the assassin dead. All of these stories were carried by UPI and reported on L.A. radio and T.V.—all were false.

So I dismissed Charach and his prize witness, Schulman. So, also, in the summer of 1970, did most of the newsmen of L.A. except for the editors of the *Los Angeles Free Press*. The only thing difficult to understand: why Cesar didn't sue Charach for libel. ("I didn't sue," Cesar told me recently in an interview, "because Charach doesn't have any money and suing to clear my name isn't worth the money it would cost to sue.")

Cut to the summer of 1971. I am coming off my conspiracy trip. I meet Charach once again and now he has not only his audio tapes but an hour-long documentary film, in color, which Charach says "proves" his theory of a cross fire in the pantry. Now here is the maître d', Karl Uecker, florid of face, babbling away about his moment of glory, insisting he stopped Sirhan well short of Kennedy. Here is a shot of a whirling tape recorder playing Cesar's words, out of context: in his interview with Charach, Cesar had told Charach he had a .38 revolver in the pantry, but, under prodding, described a .22 pistol he'd once owned, but sold in February 1968, before the assassination of RFK. Now in the movie, after judicious cutting and splicing, Cesar's voice appears to be describing the .22 he had in the pantry. Here is Schulman being interviewed by Charach on the Ambassador Hotel green. He is no longer "fuzzy," he's an expert eyewitness.

In fact, Schulman was not in the pantry at the time of the shooting. He was in the crowd back in the Embassy Room, where Kennedy had just spoken, standing next to Dick Gaither of KNXT and Frank Raciti, now a film editor at KNXT.

Charach has another star witness with more serious credentials. He is a veteran ballistics expert from Pasadena named William W. Harper. Under Charach's urging, Harper had visited the County Clerk's office and examined the evidence bullets from the Sirhan trial. Two of the bullets, Charach said he said, didn't match.

Apparent corroboration, therefore, of Charach's two-gun theory. Two bullets that didn't match. Therefore, two different guns hanging away in the pantry. Where was the other gun? Charach said the police had destroyed it, but he had evidence of its existence in the trial exhibits. It was a gun with the serial number H18602 and its number was written right across people's exhibit 55 which contained three test bullets, supposedly fired from Sirhan's gun. According to LAPD criminalist DeWayne Wolfer, those three bullets matched those taken from victims in the Ambassador pantry. But the serial number of Sirhan's gun was H53725 and the serial number on the jacket of exhibit 55 was H18602.

Wow! According to that "evidence," the pantry victims were not shot by Sirhan's gun but by another gun. The implications of that were absurd. Gun number H18602 was a test gun, also an Iver-Johnson .22, which the police used for powder burn and decibel readings. The police had this gun on the night of the assassination. They had taken it on March 18, 1967, from a young man named Jake Williams and kept it in property until June, 1968. Wolfer used that gun for his test and wrote down its serial number by mistake, a stupid mistake, but nothing more than a clerical error.

What about Harper's conclusions? I went to Harper. Harper said he wasn't sure. He'd compared those two bullets to each other (but *not* to the test bullets in exhibit 55) by means of photographic blowups. He said he'd rather have the opportunity to do some further studies, to use a comparison microscope and compare those bullets to the test bullets in exhibit 55 and to a new set of test bullets taken from a new test firing of Sirhan's gun. Then, he said, he could make a final judgment.

All together, then, Charach's "evidence" is non-existent, flimsy or uncertain. With it, however, he is able to produce (and finance!) a movie. And more. With it, he persuades the Sirhan family to dismiss their appeals lawyer, Luke McKissack, and hire Charach's own attorney, Isaacs. He hopes that on the basis of Charach's evidence he can get a new trial for Sirhan.

Sad to say, the court system in California may have to spend yet more time adjudicating this baseless claim. In fact, the state has already spent time

and money doing so. District Attorney Joseph Busch ordered an inquiry into the substance of Charach's assertions. His investigators found none. Privately, they gave Wolfer bad marks for bad bookkeeping and Cesar all the sympathy they could muster for the bum rap of the year, if not the decade—for Cesar didn't shoot Kennedy, and he wasn't a right wing radical, as Charach claimed, but simply a plumber and part-time security guard who had voted for George Wallace and once contributed \$3 to the Wallace campaign.

The D.A.'s investigators also found pretty poor security in the County Clerk's office; and a county grand jury gave the clerk a public reprimand for his "misfeasance in office." Almost anybody, it

*At least 12 people
lived in fear because
they 'knew too much'*

seems, could have gotten to certain trial exhibits and done almost anything to them, even, perhaps, to the evidence bullets themselves.

Eventually, if the popular wisdom persists in impeaching the integrity of the official ballistics examinations, officials will do some new tests of Sirhan's gun and compare the slugs to the bullets in evidence. By then, of course, the buffs will be off on some new track. And the conspiracy trip will go on.

*B*ut not for me. I am off that trip now. I don't know whether there is a conspiracy or not. I never did *know*, but I thought that some day I might. Anyway, I am tired of dealing with death. I'd like to start living again in the present.

And the people I meet in the ranks of the buffs depress me. I encountered a brace of buffs recently, waiting to testify before the grand jury. All of us had been called because our names had appeared on the clerk's records as viewers of Sirhan trial exhibits. I saw that one of the buffs was carrying a copy of my book, and I was pleased—until the young man started talking to me. Then I realized he was crazy. Charach was there, chortling at his success in getting a part of the case reopened and boasting that he "got the case for Godfrey Isaac." Other buffs assaulted me with "new facts" which weren't facts at all but conjectures and imaginings calculated to feed their bias against "the system." I couldn't see that their hobby was doing them any good at all, maybe a good deal of harm.

I still get mail from buffs and potential buffs. There is an honest, hard-working fellow from Detroit named Harry Kruk, who is yearning to de-program a hypno-conditioned Sirhan (or see that some other expert does so). Kruk's hobby is hypnosis, and he can demonstrate, he says, that almost anyone can be programmed to do anything.

Bud Fensterwald, a man of heart and wit, keeps in touch. I have refused to become a member of the board of the CTIA, but he keeps writing and phoning and asking me to check up on obscure persons and movements which the underground network suspects of perfidy. I had lunch with Fensterwald not long ago in Los Angeles while he detailed some "new leads," then accompanied him to the headquarters of the Scientology movement in L.A. where we wasted two hours seeking information about a strange new Satanist cult called The Process.

When I am not being a died-in-the-wool, full blown, damn fool, paranoid assassination buff, however, I hold no hopes that I will ever "solve" the mysteries of either assassination. Deep down, maybe, I still hope that someone can put the pieces together and, bigger job, prove it all in a court of

law. But I don't think I'll be able to do it. The best I can hope for is to understand how it was that I ever believed I could, and why I thought I needed to do so.

This could be an adventure in the exploration of inner space, one that would lead me into the labyrinthine ways of my own psyche where I could palpate my primitive need to have explanations for the unexplainable, even if the explanations must be cast in the form of myth and legend. In my youth, I met these needs by immersing myself in the rationalistic mysticism of the Jesuit Order. When I left the Order some 13 years ago, I thought I had outgrown the need. Now I am not so sure: the hunger for meaning is still there; the chaos of the '60s and the '70s only intensifies the emptiness inside. Either I learn to live with chaos or I manufacture new myths.

This is nothing new. The Roman poet Virgil presented us with an elaborate analysis of our own myth-making propensities in a long passage of the *Aeneid* personifying Dame Rumor. But modern scholars (with the minor exception of Gordon Allport in his thin study on *The Psychology of Rumor*) have paid far too little attention to these weird workings within many of us.

I do not believe I have been alone in my needs. Gallup polls continue to reflect a general, even majority belief that there was a conspiracy to assassinate two Kennedys and a King, and the popular song, "Has Anybody Here Seen My Friend John?" only serves to underline the general acceptance of a legend which, if anything, is still growing among us.

Those who have a hard time living with chaos refuse to accept the judgement that Oswald and Ray and Sirhan were "just crazy." And so, undeterred by lack of any evidence that would stand up in a court of law, they concoct fantasies out of the available facts, and/or their pet hatreds and fears at a time in history when there is a bull market in both. Thus, the plot is either left wing or it is right wing, big business or Mafia, the CIA, the FBI or the Pentagon, Zionist, Third World, the occult or, even, Getty, Onassis, Johnson, the Kennedy family itself, the Catholic Church, the Masonic Order. Everyone, it seems, has his own favorite co-conspirators; some manage to combine many or all in a plot that becomes rather vast.

Before one smirks and begins to feel superior to these simpletons, he had better examine his own deepest feelings. Glenn Akers, a student of contemporary folklore in Los Angeles, found one or another of these "co-conspirators" I just mentioned above lurking under the surface consciousness of *all* of the respondents he polled recently regarding the assassination of John Kennedy. He did his research in a sample of students, faculty and staff at San Fernando Valley State College. And some of his respondents expressed belief in another Kennedy legend: 42 percent of those polled by Akers have heard the story that John Kennedy is still alive and believe that the legend has some plausibility.

I don't think it does any good to call such beliefs "sick" in order to dismiss them. Such belief may, in fact, be a kind of emergency therapy, self-applied. Belief in a legend that Kennedy is still alive may help assuage the folk where they hurt the most, and half belief in a conspiracy may provide temporary answers where no answers exist.

In fact, as I explore my own inner space (a grueling affair), I am sometimes tempted to go back to that search for the easier answer, the whole conspiracy thing. If Fensterwald phoned me tomorrow and asked me to meet him at midnight in the middle of a swamp 14 miles outside Pascagoula, Mississippi, I'd probably grab my trenchcoat and catch the next jet headed south.

SAC, Los Angeles (56-156)

6/16/72

Acting Director, FBI (62-587)

KENSALT

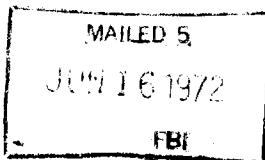
1 - Mr. Bledsoe

Enclosed is one copy of a letter from Ernest A. Klokke, Jr., 60 North Catalina, Pasadena, California 91106, dated 6/12/72, to Honorable H. Allen Smith, Congressman, Washington, D. C., one copy of Smith's letter to Klokke dated 6/14/72, and a letter from Smith to the Bureau dated 6/14/72. Letters are submitted for information and for the completion of the Los Angeles file.

Enclosures - 3

DFB:pdh
(4)

NOTE: Klokke is a constituent of Smiths who wrote Smith concerning Kensalt (Bureau case code name for the assassination of Robert Kennedy). Klokke professes to know the subject's former landlady. This woman told Klokke the subject once received checks at her residence where subject lived. Klokke furnished this information to Congressman Smith. Smith acknowledged the letter and informed Klokke the information was nebulous. Smith forwarded the material to us for information. Data submitted to Los Angeles to complete their files. No letter of acknowledgement to Smith is warranted as he is unconcerned about the data contained in constituent's letter. Subject prosecuted by state authorities and is under death sentence.



EX-109

REC 43

1283

20 JUN 20 1972

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Campbell _____
Casper _____
Cleveland _____
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Tallant _____
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Tele. Room _____
Mr. Finley _____
Mr. Armstrong _____
Mr. Hewitt _____
Mr. Neenan _____

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Handwritten mark resembling a stylized '1' or 'l' in the middle right area.

2 ENCLOSURE

REC 43
EX-109

62-587-1284

20 JUN 21 1972

Handwritten initials 'HB' and a stamp.

53 JUN 23 1972

H. ALLEN SMITH
20TH DISTRICT, CALIFORNIA
(43D-47TH ASSEMBLY DISTRICTS
LOS ANGELES COUNTY)

COMMITTEE:
RULES

Congress of the United States
House of Representatives

Washington, D.C. 20515

June 14, 1972

Mr. Thomas E. Bishop
Assistant Director
Federal Bureau of Investigation
Department of Justice
Washington, D. C.

Dear Tom:

Enclosed is the original letter which I received from a constituent as well as a copy of my reply to him. You can do with it what you want so far as I am concerned.

Sincerely,

Allen

H. ALLEN SMITH

M.C.

Enclosures (2)

HAS:ow

Y-L A- 3
6-16-72
DFB: [initials]

Kensalt

Congress of the United States
House of Representatives
Washington, D.C. 20515

June 14, 1972

Mr. Ernest A. Klokke, Jr.
60 North Catalina
Pasadena, California 91106

Dear Mr. Klokke:

In reply to your letter of June 12th, although former Director Hoover considered me as a rather outstanding Agent in the FBI, I must admit that in all honesty, unless Mrs. Hammersla has more information as to time, dates and possible return address or like information from any communications, I would not know where to start. About the only thing an investigator could do would be to talk to Sirhan-Sirhan. He might be able to explain it, but on the other hand, he might not be willing to answer any questions. From your conversations, do you think there is anyone an investigator could talk to in an effort to obtain any more details?

Of course, I will forward your communication to the appropriate Agency but I thought I would give you my comments.

Mrs. Smith and I have no plans after my retirement excepting that we are going to come back to the 20th District. We will see what happens at that time, but I imagine I will find plenty to do.

Sincerely yours,

H. ALLEN SMITH
M.C.

HAS:ow

F.B.I.

Mr. H. Allen Smith, Congressman
House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.

June 12, 1972

Dear Sir:

THIS MIGHT BE IMPORTANT INFORMATION FOR THE PROSECUTION OF SIRHAN-SIRHAN. This is information that may not yet be had on file.

In a conversation today, my landlady of some years back, made known information to me, that I told her should be put into your hands. It was suggested that she write you, but decided that I should write you with the freedom to give the following information as I heard it.

GALIF - I RAN
Mrs. Beatrice ~~Hammersla~~, my ~~past~~ landlady, rented at one time the south-east corner of Oakland & El Dorado here in Pasadena, from a Mrs. Horimian, who came from the country that Sirhan-Sirhan came from. It was commented that she took in those from the country she came from.

Mrs. Beatrice Hammersla, a honest christian person with better then average intelligence, explained to me how troubled she was when Robert Kennedy was shot in that she was sure it was the same Sirhan-Sirhan (a strange name indeed) that used to live up stairs with her at the above Oakland address.

This Sirhan-Sirhan was getting checks in the mail, and asked Mrs. Hammersla to watch for them, because in his words, his brother, or maybe brothers, might get ahold of them.

Now is it not strange that one brother, if a brother to one of the other men living at that address at one time, would not trust his other brother to recieve his mail. Also the name Sirhan-Sirhan was noticed by Mrs. Hammersla long before the shooting of Robert Kennedy.

One of my major questions is, "Who did those checks come from." Secoundly, "What were those checks for." Could it have been his support until he could or should carry out a plan of prededetermined action in the United States? To me, if the government is not already aware of those checks, they seem rather important in establishing where the direction of the action came from.

Since you have been with the F. B. I., I am sure you can take this from here. - Hope you are well, and would like you to let me know if you have any plans after your retirement, ~~XX~~ and if you will, let me know what you plan as an activity.

Ernest A. Klokke, Jr.
60 North Catalina

Pasadena, California 91106
2025 RELEASE UNDER E.O. 14176

62-587-1184
Sincerely yours

Ernest A. Klokke, Jr.

H. ALLEN SMITH
20TH DISTRICT, CALIFORNIA
(33RD/7TH ASSEMBLY DISTRICTS
LOS ANGELES COUNTY)

COMMITTEE:
RULES

Congress of the United States
House of Representatives
Washington, D.C. 20515

June 21, 1972

Mr. Thomas E. Bishop
Assistant Director
Federal Bureau of Investigation
Department of Justice
Washington, D. C. 20530

Ken SALT

Dear Tom:

Emf
Reference is made to my letter of June 14
in which I enclosed the original of a letter from
a constituent of mine, Mr. Ernest A. Klokke, Jr.

I asked Mr. Klokke if he could give me some
additional information and I am now in receipt
of a letter from him dated June 18, the original
of which is enclosed herewith.

As I stated to you in my letter of June 14,
you may do with it what you wish, so far as I
am concerned.

Sincerely,

See

H. ALLEN SMITH
M.C.

HAS:m
Enclosure

l

ENCLOSURE

REC-26

D. B. Klokke
Don
Rem 5716
62-587-1285

14 JUN 27 1972

Stu

F.B.I.
Mr. H. Allen Smith, Congressman
House of Representatives
Washington D. C.

June 18, 1972

Dear Sir:

In your letter of June 14, 1972, you mentioned "time," "dates," & possible "return address." Further information on those points.

Mrs. Beatrice Hammersla moved into Mrs. A. K. Horemian's place at Oakland & El Dorado about May 1, 1964, and moved out about November 3, 1964. Sirhan-Sirhan and his brother moved in shortly before July 4, 1964. Sirhan-Sirhan's brother moved out first and then in August or September Sirhan-Sirhan moved out.

Shortly after July 4, 1964, Sirhan-Sirhan asked Mrs. Hammersla to watch for his mail so he might intercept it and prevent his brother from ~~see~~ seeing it. It appears that Sirhan-Sirhan only asked this once. A long envelope did arrive, supposedly without a return address and containing a check. Mrs. Hammersla does not remember what kind of stamps were on the envelope. That letter was picked up by Mrs. Hammersla, after which she called Sirhan-Sirhan at another location. He came right over and got the letter so that his brother would not see it when he came home, and this is what Mrs. Hammersla had expected Sirhan-Sirhan to do.

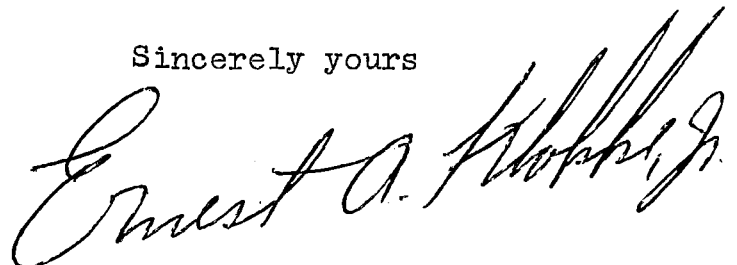
Maybe this can mean something:- After Sirhan-Sirhan had moved out, one of Mrs. Hammersla's sons went in and cleaned up and painted the place. While doing that, an empty T.V. shell was found. Everything had been taken out of it. Is it possible that the inside of that T.V. once held a short-wave radio set? Those two brothers were at that address less than a full three months so it appears.

Might I suggest, that if Mrs. Hammersla or myself spoke to Mr. or Mrs. Horemian, that we might botch the job. So I suggest that a qualified officer go out to see Mr. & Mrs. A. K. Horemian, 432 Woodbury Road, Altadena, California, with a current phone of 798-3520. This way information might be acquired that is not already known.

LAST OF ALL, Mrs. Hammersla asked me to see if I could not get a mug shot of Sirhan-Sirhan, so she may verify for sure that it was the same person. Can you have a Mug shot sent to me for that purpose. After I show it to Mrs. Hammersla, I will return it with my letter to you.

Ernest A. Klokke, Jr.
60 North Catalina
Pasadena, California 91106

Sincerely yours



SAC, Los Angeles (56-156)

6/26/72

Acting Director, FBI (62-587) - 1285

KENSALT

REC-26

1 - Mr. Arendt

ReBulet dated 6/16/72.

Enclosed herewith are two copies of a letter from Congressman H. Allen Smith (Republican - California) to the Bureau dated 6/21/72 and two copies of a letter from Ernest A. Klokke, Jr., Pasadena, California.

These letters are submitted for your information and for the completion of your file.

Enclosures (4)

NOTE: Klokke on 6/12/72 directed a letter to Congressman Smith concerning captioned case which is the code name for the assassination of Robert Kennedy. In that letter he claimed to know the subject's former landlady who had reportedly told him the subject had received checks at her residence and where the subject had lived. This information was provided to Congressman Smith who in turn made it available to the Bureau. Congressman Smith's letter was not acknowledged as he was unconcerned about the data in Klokke's letter. Subject was prosecuted by State authorities and is under death sentence. Klokke on 6/18/72 forwarded another letter to Congressman Smith wherein he furnished additional information as to the current residence of subject's landlady. This material was made available to the Bureau by Congressman Smith. Congressman Smith's letter to us is not being acknowledged as he is not concerned with the data contained in Klokke's letter.

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Dalbey _____
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Soyars _____
Waikart _____
Walters _____
Tele. Room _____
Mr. Kinley _____
Mr. Armstrong _____
Ms. Herzig _____
Mrs. Neenan _____

HWA:mcl
(4)

MAILED 24

JUN 26 1972

FBI

D.W. BOWERS -

572 JUN 30 1972

TELETYPE UNIT

SAC, Los Angeles (56-156)

8/16/72

Acting Director, FBI (62-587)

1 - Mr. Arendt

KENSALT

Enclosed for Los Angeles are two copies of a proposed statement of George C. Thomson to the Los Angeles County Grand Jury regarding the alleged murder of Senator Robert F. Kennedy. This document was received at FBIHQ in an envelope of the ITT, 320 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10022, and postmarked Glendale, California. There is no indication as to who sent this document although it is assumed it was sent by George C. Thomson who is well-known to your office.

Los Angeles should make available to the Los Angeles Police Department a copy of this document.

Enclosures (2)

HWA:db (4)

NOTE: The document referred to is dated June 20, 1970, and consists of nine pages, including charts. Thomson points out that his investigation has shown that President Kennedy was not shot and killed in Dallas, Texas, but that J. D. Tippit was instead shot while disguised as President Kennedy. Thomson is further convinced that Sirhan Sirhan is not the assassin of Senator Robert Kennedy and because of certain discrepancies he indicates a possibility that Senator Kennedy may still be

MAILED 5
AUG 16 1972

FBI

SI-106

REC 43

62-587-1286

20 AUG 13 1972

Bureau files show Mr. George C. Thomson at Glendale, California, is a civil engineer obsessed with the idea that Oswald did not assassinate President Kennedy. He is a prolific letter writer and a chronic complainant of the Los Angeles Office. Interviews with Bureau personnel have raised questions as to his mental stability. Los Angeles recommended on 4/2/65 that the Bureau not answer any inquiry received from him.

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Miller, E.S. _____
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Walters _____
Tele. Room _____
Mr. Kinley _____
Mr. Armstrong _____
Ms. Herwig _____
Mrs. Neenan _____

MAIL ROOM ☐

TELETYPE UNIT ☐

AUG 22 1972

2025 RELEASE UNDER E.O. 14176

UNRECORDED COPY FILED IN 62-587-1286-1

OFFICE OF ACTING DIRECTOR

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

MR. FELT _____
MR. BATES _____
MR. BISHOP _____
MR. CALLAHAN _____
MR. CAMPBELL _____
MR. CLEVELAND _____
MR. CONRAD _____
MR. DALBEY _____
MR. JENKINS _____
MR. MARSHALL _____
MR. MILLER, E.S. _____
MR. PONDER _____
MR. SOYARS _____
MR. WALTERS _____
TELE. ROOM _____
MR. KINLEY _____
MR. ARMSTRONG _____
MS. HERWIG _____
MRS. NEENAN _____

[Handwritten signature]
MAY 1964

[Handwritten signature]

PROPOSED STATEMENT OF GEORGE C. THOMSON TO
LOS ANGELES COUNTY GRAND JURY REGARDING THE
ALLEGED MURDER OF SENATOR ROBERT F. KENNEDY
ON JUNE 5 - 6, 1968 AT THE AMBASSADOR HOTEL
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA. *(KENSALT)*

JST
For four years prior to Senator Kennedy's coming to Los Angeles I had investigated the shooting in Dallas, Texas of President John F. Kennedy. The result of this work revealed a photograph of a man (whom I believe to be the actual assassin) firing at a look alike car containing Security Agents disguised as the presidential party. (See murder map & photographs). I also found evidence that the man shot while taking the President's place was a man named J. D. Tippit.

I went through all the necessary steps of properly advising the appropriate Governmental Agencies of my findings. (F.B.I, Secret Service, My Congressman, the Warren Commission, Kennedy Family, Los Angeles County Grand Jury, U. S. Attorney General, etc.) to no avail.

Several weeks prior to June 5, 1968 I had prepared and delivered a talk (The J.F.K. Death Hoax Scandal) to Los Angeles State College and to Pasadena City College. At Pasadena the audience approximated 2,000 students and faculty with several Arab and Negro students, who asked me questions following the prepared talk.

At this meeting I expressed the view that President Kennedy actually was not John F. Kennedy, the son of the former Ambassador to Great Britain, and I gave information and evidence to support this contention.

Since the press nor the authorities would expose the fact that JFK had not been the one who was shot, and when RFK announced his candidacy for the presidency and was constantly being referred to as a martyr's brother, I had 1,000 bumper stickers made exposing this deception as a hoax.

Some of these stickers were passed out at the Pasadena Civic Auditorium by a lady who lived at the rear of the auditorium next to a pharmaceutical delivery house which was, I was told, frequented by Sirhan.

Bumper stickers (EXPOSE THE JFK DEATH HOAX SCANDAL) were passed out to students at San Fernando Valley State when Senator Mc Carthy spoke there and widespread distribution of these stickers was achieved for approximately 3 weeks prior to June 5, 1968.

On the night of June 5, 1968 I, with members of my family and a friend went to the Ambassador Hotel in an effort to induce Senator Kennedy to tell the truth. Stickers were passed out to the dismay of the Kennedy staff and supporters.

ENCLOSURE
At approximately 10:00 P.M. at a location in the 2nd floor lobby in front of the registration desk I overheard a group of people excitedly say "It's the man in the sweat shirt and blue jeans". Thinking that RFK had actually appeared dressed in this manner I attempted to hear more, but the group dispersed.

20 AUG 18 1972

June 29, 1970 *21*

Page 1

58 AUG 24 1972

The following day when the press carried a story that the presumed assassin was wearing a sweat shirt and blue jeans, my over-hearing of the chance conversation led me to believe that some incident had been planned for that evening, and possibly this was the reason no one interfered with the "Bumper Sticker Caper", for fear that such interference would jeopardize the planned incident.

At around 10:30 P.M., after seeing a group of three men looking at us and obviously talking about us, our entire group exited through the rear doors of the lobby to the rear parking lot. It took us about 20 minutes to drive down Wilshire Blvd., to the Beverly Hilton Hotel, where the raucous young Mc Carthy supporters, at that time, thought they were going to win the election.

And so it was that it was with amazement and incredulity that we heard at approximately 12:15 A.M. the excited female voice cry out in the coffee shop "Senator Kennedy has just been shot",

We then returned to the Ambassador Hotel area and saw an amazing sight. The entire area in front of the hotel was cordoned off and floodlighted, with an ambulance slowly pulling out of the driveway and heading East on Wilshire Blvd.

In the ensuing weeks and months, no mention of "The Bumper Sticker Caper" appeared in the press nor was it mentioned on Radio nor T.V.

Chief of Detectives Robert Houghton, in his book, later described the large hotel security force on duty that evening, and it is astonishing to me that their perception was not sharpened due to the possible reaction which might result from the mass exposure of the fact that J.F.K. had indeed not been shot.

I was later told by a witness to the later incident in the kitchen that Kennedy personell, including Jimmy Breslin, the famous journalist and associate of RFK, were quite excited when they were confronted by the red and black bumper sticker.

As the months passed, and the trial of Sirhan Sirhan came and went, it persisted in my mind that there had to be a connection between the two incidents.

I knew that JFK had not been shot and killed in Dallas, Texas and that his look alike car, with a disguised presidential party riding in it, had been fired upon with three bursts of automatic gun fire. I knew that firecrackers had been used in Dealey Plaza to effect the disappearance of the President (because of his alleged co-operation for peace with foreign governments) and that this fake assassination had been thwarted and his disappearing act ruined by a murderous fire of bullets directed at the car containing his security personnel.

The motive for his disappearance was obvious. The President of the U.S.A. did not wish to be exposed as representing other than strictly "American" interests.

Was this case related? Was it similar? It had the "Assassin" at the gun range practising episode just as in Dallas. It had the press reports of bursting firecrackers. Was this also a fake and if so what was the motive? Was R.F.K.'s life in danger from an exposure just as JFK's life had been endangered. His own group including Mr. Jimmy Breslin, Ed Guthman of the L.A. Times, and Rafer Johnson knew of the deception, --knew that RFK was not "martyr's brother". Also he had been hit in the head with a rock at Valley State college a few days before. What would happen when the kids found out?

With this 3 week prelude to a political disaster of the first magnitude it is not difficult to imagine the dismay at the Ambassador that night when news mobile sound trucks and city busses were passing the hotel exclaiming to the world "Expose the J.F.K. Death Hoax Scandal".

On Thursday, June 13, 1968, or thereabouts I observed a picture in the L.A. Times of a man named Adrian Carreon with a news account that he had observed a man similar to Sirhan practising with a gun at a rifle range. Coincidentally that evening I was invited to a lady's house and met at her house a man who, to me, was a very close look alike to the picture of Adrian Carreon in the paper. The man I met was Don Sears (Tel 581-7668 581-7974). Sears and I went to the Ambassador on Friday at 9:30 A.M., June 14, 1968 at which time Sears pointed out a location in the lower Ambassador Ballroom where he said he had seen a man reach his hands to his head, moan, and sink to the floor. We inspected the area and it appeared to both of us that there were blood stains on the carpet. We pulled the carpet back and it appeared to both of us that there was also blood stains on the hardwood. The location was 14' 8" from the building column and 36' from the lobby wall. Sears later played a recording in my presence of a telephone call to a man named George Erhard in which the caller (Sears) represented himself as being from the "Quest For Truth" program of George Thomson (I had no prior knowledge of this nor did I ever give my consent to such action). On this tape, Sears asked Erhard about the Sirhan gun and he said he had given the gun to Sirhan's brother. Erhardt said "I am not in trouble yet".

I found out later that Sears and Carreon had both been students at East Los Angeles College and that Carreon was a nephew of Police Commissioner Dr. Carreon.

Sears at one time said that he couldn't see me because he had a date with a girl who was a playground director and a friend of his cousin who was also a playground director. I believe Carreon was reported in the press to have been a playground director. Whether there was a relationship between Carreon and Sears I do not know.

Viewing later T.V. shots of a commotion in a large ballroom area led me to believe that there was a strong possibility that a shooting had occurred in the crowd in the lower ballroom.

The above information was given to officers Shields and Nielson during the Sirhan trial as it was also given to Michael McGowan representing the defense.

Page 4
It is worth mentioning that one Sunday in Santa Barbara a few days after the oil spill during a chance meeting with Mr. Emile Zola Berman I asked him how Sirhan could have shot RFK in the back when Sirhan was supposed to be firing from the front. Emile Zola Berman's answer was that "Maybe somebody bent him over".

The following week I observed a change in the description of the alleged firing by a principle witness on the witness stand at the resumption of the trial.

Following the Sirhan trial a copy of Dr. Noguchi's autopsy report came to my attention. The correlation of facts in this report combined with conversations I had had with Dewayne Wolfer of the LAPD convinced me that Sirhan was not the assassin. Later Wolfer told me that the D.A. would not permit him (Wolfer) to talk to me about the case, anymore.

I contacted Mrs. Sirhan and she referred me to Luke McKissick. I informed Mr. McKissick of the evidence I had, but nothing materialized (about 6 months ago).

On April 24, 1970 I was interviewed by Lowell Ponte on a program called "Rap Line" on radio station KUSC. On this program I outlined some of the discrepancies between the Noguchi autopsy and the eye witness evidence which had indicted and convicted Sirhan.

On June 4, 1970 a law suit was filed on behalf of Ted Charach setting forth evidence similiar to that described on the radio program. I had no part in the preparation of the law suit nor did I at that time know its participants.

✓ Just prior to the filing of the law suit I had two meetings with Seargent Zimmerman, (Intelligence LAPD) regarding my convictions that confrontations between police and students were the work of agent provocateurs.

I told Zimmerman that the news media by tacit agreement would not give the information I had to the general public. I expressed the conviction that public exposure was the only way since John Howard of the District Attorney's office had told me that he would do nothing to open the case.

Mr. Zimmerman explained to me that by procedure the police had to refer evidence to the D.A. and that if the D.A., upon review, refused to take action it was extremely difficult for the LAPD to go further.

Mr. Zimmerman then called Mr. Pete Noyes (CBS News) and the next day Mr. Noyes interviewed me in my office. Mr. Noyes agreed with my position (re: exposure) but said the New York control of CBS TV would not allow this subject to be given proper exposure on his news program.

Since this was suppression of the public's right to know (and the reason I had filed a complaint with the grand jury when John Howard was counsel) I requested this meeting we are having today.

There are, at present, trials in progress which are related to the information presented to you today. In the furtherance of justice it is imperative to determine as soon as possible what motives, other than proper procedural matters, are behind some of the actions taken by certain members of the judiciary, private attorneys, the District Attorney's office and other related agencies.

Regarding the RFK case, in view of the discrepancies not only in the manner in which the victim was shot but also in the physical difference between the corpse (as contained in the Autopsy) and the recorded physical characteristics of the presumed victim, it would be well to ascertain if there is a possibility that Mr. Kennedy may still be alive.

At 11 A.M. this morning, June 23, 1970, a Miss Pat Donnelly called me and told me that she had just hung up the telephone after talking to Dr. Roland Dean.

She said that Dr. Dean had told her that he was the first doctor to reach Rfk and that he approached RFK from the rear with RFK on the floor. He said that he could see no evidence of injury and did not think that RFK had been shot. He said that as he was preparing to examine RFK a bodyguard came up and "clouted" him across the room and that he never was able to ascertain whether or not RFK had suffered any injuries. He also said that he, Dr. Dean, was Martin Luther King's cousin.

DISCREPANCIES BETWEEN PRESS REPORTS AND AUTOPSY DETAILS

PRESS REPORTS

1. L.A. Times, June 6, 1968
Part 11, Page 1
Jimmy Breslin
"Deep Set Blue Eyes"
2. Height
Approx. 5' 9"
3. No prior struggle at
shooting scene
4. Shorts
no data
5. Shoes
no data
6. Appendix
no data
7. Blood type
no data
8. Shot Fired by Sirhan by
Richard Herwood, June 6, 68
San Francisco Chronicle
Page 2, Column 1
"He was only 5 feet from the
Senator"

AUTOPSY

1. Page 29
"Eye color is hazel"
2. Page 28
5' 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ " Wgt 165 lbs.
3. Coat cut or torn in left sleeve area
Shirt torn in corresponding fashion
Page 26
4. Shorts - Size 34
Would correspond to a man
5' 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ " Wgt 165 lbs.
5. Shoes not examined
(not submitted)
6. Page 33
The appendix is not identified
7. Blood type A₁ Rh positive
8. Page 40
Test firing showed weapon held
1" from right "ear"

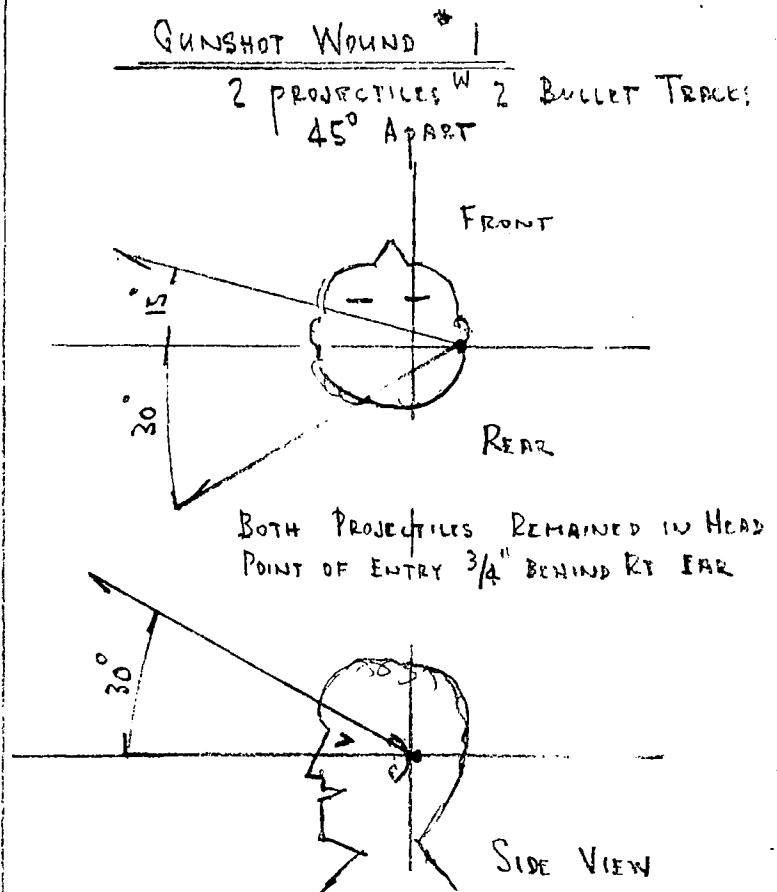
Sheet 1 of 4

PRESS REPORTS

9. San Francisco Chronicle
Page 2, Col 5 by Mankiewicz
Frank Wankiewicz was told there
were two head wounds

The press in general said there
was only one wound in head

AUTOPSY



As per Autopsy Pages 10 to 17
"Two bullet tracks in head upward at
30° to horizontal 45° apart in plan
view

EVIDENCE OF 5 PROJECTILES:

G.S.W 1	2 PROJECTILES
G.S.W 2	1 PROJECTILE
G.S.W 3	1 PROJECTILE
THRU SHOULDER FABRIC	1 PROJECTILE
TOTAL	5 FOR ONE VICTIM

POSITION OF GUN MUZZLE 1" ± FROM
VICTIM'S HEAD

PRESS REPORTS

10. Dewayne Wolfer told me that chemical tests indicated these shots were fired at very close range in the order of 1" to 2" away from fabric

11. Press photograph show no wound or blood on the right upper chest (wound of exit)

AUTOPSY

10. Page 20 - 21
Gunshot 2 & 3 reveals dense metallic impregnation of skin
Page 24
Wounds 2 & 3 elliptical zone of mottled recent ecchymosis*
3½" X 1½" in area
11. Page 23
Wound of exit in right shoulder
1¼" X 3 1/16"

*Ecchymosis means a purplish patch caused by extravasation of blood into the skin.

Sheet 3 of 4

PRESS REPORTS

12. Shots causing gun shot wounds 2 & 3 fired from 4 feet to six feet in front of target.

Dr. Roland Dean, Dr. Stanley Abo and Dr. Ross Miller reported to have attended the victim at shooting scene. None of these men were reported in the press to have observed chest wound (GSW2). One doctor reported to have applied external heart massage which would have caused blood to spurt from wound.
(Court Testimony)

AUTOPSY

12. Wounds in right arm pit area at close range (1" to 2") (Page 20)
G.S.W. #2 & #3 30° to 33° upward from transverse plane. Page 25

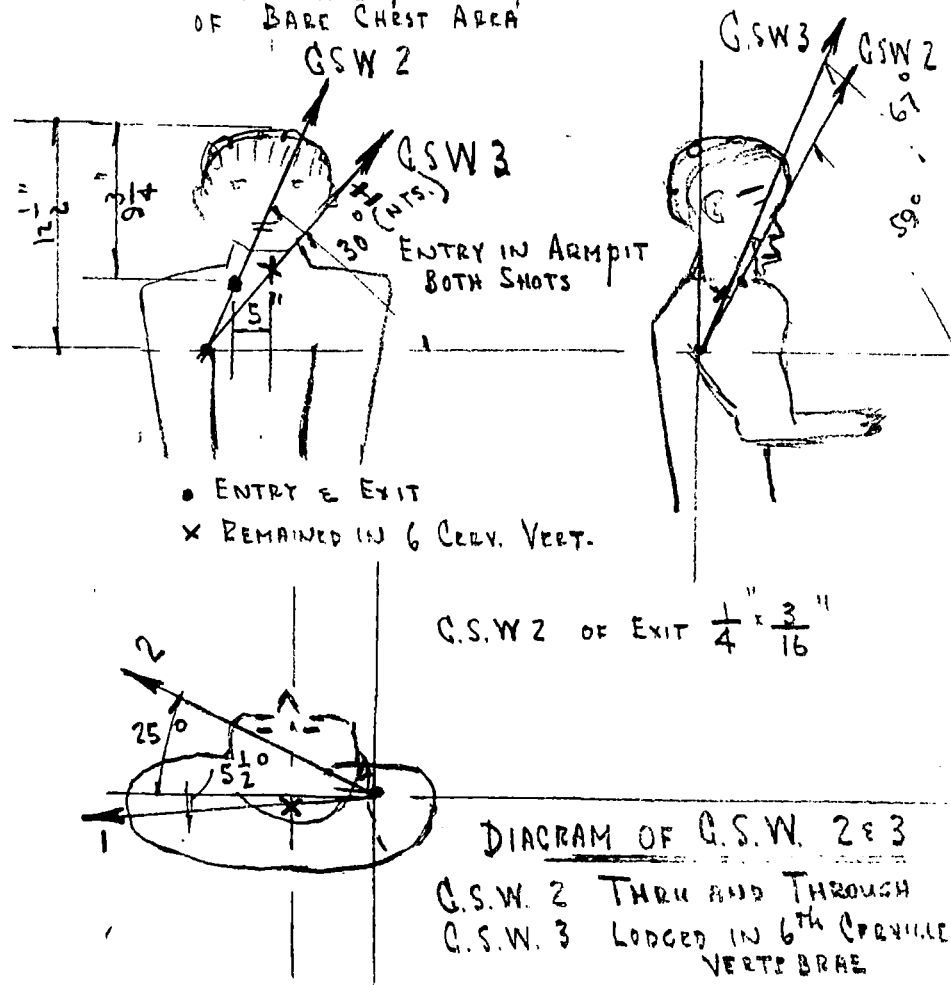
SUGGESTED POSSIBILITY

Shots were possibly fired with victim in a prone position on floor with arms extended and laying on his left side.

GUNSHOT WOUNDS 2 AND 3

POSITION OF GUN MUZZLE 1" TO 2" FROM FABRIC OF COAT IN ARMPIT AREA

WOUND OF EXIT NOT OBSERVED IN ON SCENE PHOTOGRAPHS OF BARE CHEST AREA

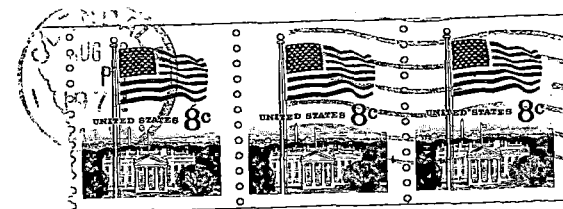


RE: P. 25 Autopsy
G.S.W. = GUNSHOT WOUNDS

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