

PERSONAL STATEMENT

This is not a first-person book, because, as too many others have done, I intend to portray myself as a hero. I am not a hero and in no sense at all is any of those who beat their own chests and proclaim their non-existing heroism.

Nor is it in an effort to stake out a claim of ownership of the subject of political assassination as others, ~~fake~~ ^{icad} falsely, indecent ^{16/} have from the first done and after two and a half decades still do.

~~Nobody owns, nobody can own this tragic, this terrible ~~subject~~ I am certain history with ultimately record, as despite revisionism (which is usually profitable and name-~~

~~building) these two most costly crimes in our history, the assassinations of two of the President John F. Kennedy and Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., were perpetrated at greatest of Americans, at just the time their potential for national and international leadership, it is beginning to record.~~

Only the people own ^{then} our history.

However, if any such claim could be asserted, I am more entitled to do it than any other, particularly more than those phonies who would have it believed that it is they who discovered ~~the~~ sex, they who invented the wheel, the import of their writing and speaking. All they have discovered is how to make dishonest money and all they have invented ¹ to one of their crooked means, ^{inventing untenable} ~~the~~ untenable theories that at least in some instances they knew to be false and impossible when they made these captivating mythologies up.

I am more entitled to make the claim that nobody can with honesty or decency make because, as will become clear to those not aware of it, despite all the many mythologies and other fabrications, it is I who, with not inconsiderable ~~of~~ effort and cost, brought to light most of what is factual about both crimes. I did this in seven published books and

so many lawsuits against errant government under the Freedom of Information Act (FOIA) I can't remember them all. My records of these lawsuit alone fill _____ ^{file drawers} filing cabinets and _____ file boxes.

My first book, ^{"h/} "Whitewash: the Report on the Warren Report", was completed and in the ["] who abandoned it while ^{drooling} ~~drooling~~ into the fall over his "gold plated best seller" 15, mail to the contracted publisher by the contracted date, ~~the~~ ^{on} ~~the~~ ¹⁹⁶⁶ February 15, 1965. It was published in limited edition, when there was indication it was about to be stolen in France, August 17, 1965. It went into general circulation May 7, ¹⁹⁶⁶ of that year.

These two assassinations, of President John F. Kennedy and Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., each in his own way a great American and a great leader, were perpetrated when each, after much thought and experiences of great danger, had initiated new policies that, with each man, were already adding materially to the national and international ~~respect~~ respect and leadership each had already earned.

Kennedy's first public display of the radical transformations already begun in his policies was in a speech at American University, in Washington, ^{five months before his November 22, 1963} ~~the time before he~~ ~~was~~ ^{10/1} ~~assassinated~~. He asked the entire world to understand that we all live in this one world and that if we were not to die together ~~in~~ it we had to find a way toward lasting, international peace ~~in~~ it. Although it then was not known and although they still remain secret, he and the USSR's leader, Nikita Khrushchev, had begun the exchange of about 40 long letters in which they had begun groping ^{word} toward the peace neither survived to attain.

King had learned ^{there} that is a limit to what could be achieved by praying, marching and making other demonstrations so that blacks would be permitted to vote. He had learned also that the Gandhian ~~pacifism~~ peaceful resistance could succeed ^{is} only where there was a moral consciousness to which appeal could be made and he found it lacking in this country. He decided on the ~~poor~~ Poor Peoples Campaign (POCAM to the FBI) to seek economic as well as political justice and equality. Poor people had ^{be able to} to eat as well as to be able to vote. His campaign had hardly begun when ^{only April 4, 1968, he, too} ~~he~~ was assassinated. ?

History will ultimately record, ~~I~~ believe, and will find public acceptance for ^{it} ~~it~~ who obstructed and ^{who} denied the nation the truth about this awful crime and who, intending or pretending to intend to bring truth to light, buried it deeper.

But only the people, not any individual, will own this, the people's history.

Another of the reasons for making this a first-person book is to make whatever record it can make for history of ^{who brought what to light, and} ~~who~~ ^{who} ~~what came to light did~~ and ~~(did not~~ ^{and of the} ~~and resistance~~ enormous, almost overwhelming official ~~we~~ ^{information that} opposition to disclosure of ~~what~~, under the law, the people have a right to know. The government's record of ^{of} distorting, misrepresenting, lying that extends to - and I mean the word ^{literally} - the felony of perjury- should shame the nation forever.

But even being the first, the most persistent ~~to cause the law to be~~ (the characterization of one federal district court judge) and longest-lasting of those who have used this law so that the people might be able to learn what truth is recorded in those once-secret ~~files~~ government files, was not herpic and it bestowed no rights of ownership on me.

^{John} Rather was it a boon. It made possible, in the words of the Robert Frost poem that ^{of} Kennedy liked so much he had that ~~poet~~ ^{poet} speak some of his own lines at the ~~index~~ truly memorable inauguration. Kennedy's most remembered words of that day ^{have} ~~are~~ ^{ce} pertinent: ask not what ^{your} country can do for you; ^{rather} ask what you can do for your country.

^{Two} Frost wrote of the promises we have to keep in the miles we go before we sleep, ^{we} a time closer for me now that I am, despite fifteen years of serious illnesses and a ^{an} half-dozen surgeries, including to the arteries (one of which has been of pastic for more than a decade) ^{to} and the heart itself, all of which limited what I am able to do, not far from my eightieth birthday that I so long ^{against} the odds to reach in what productivity remains ^{with} in me.

But as the Catholic Kennedy's favorite book of the ~~Old~~ bible, as it is mine, the Old Testament Ecclesiastes tells us, beginning with the reminder ^r that all is vanity and ending so poetically, with the certainty that there comes a time when the gringers will ^{d/} ~~cease to function~~ ^{stop working} and ^{"the} keepers of the house", our bones, will crumble, ^{ce} there is no ^{cert} certainty, except that all the rivers do run into the sea, yet the ^{sea} ~~see~~ is not full. So I can only hope that more ^{more} ~~may~~ will be possible for me and that others, eschewing personal glory or remuneration, will continue the rivers of information and truth flowing so that the sea of factual information will be ^{more} ~~available~~ ^{with} to the people so that more of the ~~at~~ actualities of those most awful of crimes that turned the country around and turned

the world around with it. *can be better understood*

This is the requirement of representative society, essential to its functioning.

It may mean more to me than ~~it does~~ ^{some} to others because I am the first member of my family ~~ever~~ ever, from the beginning of time, to be born into freedom and because my life, which is more than a third of the life of our country, has been a life in which it has been possible for me, in the course of ~~walking~~ ^{to live} those many miles, ~~has been~~ a life in which I have been privileged to make an effort to keep some of those promises that are made ^{in us} at our birth.

extra space

It trouble^d me ~~much~~ during ~~the~~ the earliest of the years in which it was possible for me to travel and to speak, ~~most~~ most often to collegiate audiences, to audiences of still formative minds, that to be truthful and not to abuse the trust of those young people of what I regard as one of our best generations I had to paint a grim picture of the failure of all our basic institutions in those times of great stress and since then.

My work has not been a quest for a solution ^{to} what is insolubale, ^{the JFK assassination. It is} insoluble because government saw ~~if~~ to it that no solution is possible. I have not written any whodunits, no novels guised as non-fiction.

All our institutions ^{then failed} ~~have~~ and continue to fail us, all the ~~branches~~ branches of government ~~and~~ and with a few exceptions, all of the media, including all of the major media. This is what my investigations, my research and my writings leave without question and honesty compelled me not to sugar-coat this before those audiences.

As I thought of this because it did trouble me, I came to understand a truth that could in and of itself be informative to those audiences, could help them to better understand the country and the world in which they live and to which ~~some~~ some might think of how they might keep these promises.

Years before I did, which was after my last book was being published in 1975 while I was hospitalized for the first of my venous thromboses, I should have recognized ^{and then said} ~~the fact that this is~~ ^{possibly} the only country in the world in which I could have done what I've

Three of those great political thinkers wrote a series of essays that collectively became known as The Federalist Papers. Giving wider application than Alexander Hamilton had in mind when he wrote about the military, making it apply to the ^{all} ~~entire~~ federal government, he penned these prescient and memorable words that are ^{my} confirmed by life and its experiences and observations and really apply to all governments:

done. In Great Britain and its dominions, I'd have been prevented, and not also jailed, by the Official Secrets Act, so ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ it would not have been possible there or in ~~Canada~~ Canada, Australia and other English-speaking countries. In the USSR and those countries then dominated by it I'd have been lucky to suffer no more than ^{of} confinement in a mental hospital. In many other countries I'd have been guilty unless ~~acquitted~~ acquitted at a ~~trial~~ trial that was prejudiced against me to ^{be} ~~begin~~ ^{later} with I were acquitted.

So, for all its many ~~failings~~ failings, failings ~~that~~ that have multiplied in ~~the~~ more recent years because all those institutions continued not to work as intended by those ^{remarkable} known as our founding fathers, men I believe to be the greatest and wisest political thinkers of all time, ours is still ~~the~~ best system of individual freedom ~~and~~ yet devised by man.

And while it grows increasingly difficult and closer to impossible for individuals to make it work, as once in Andy Jackson's words, "one determined man," I did make it work, those of us who can ought- must- make the effort. *insert from Pratique de Folt*

4A here

Our ^{congruous men} history since three of those great political thinkers, ^{INC} give broader application than Alexander Hamilton intended when he wrote the twenty-fifth of The Federalist Papers, ^{saying} when he had the ⁷ military in mind. ~~How rote penned truly memorable words my life and its experiences and observations apply to ours and all other governments,~~

are "For it is a truth, which the experience of all ages has attested, that the people commonly most in danger when the means of injuring their rights are in the possession of those of whom they entertain least suspicion."

Lee Harvey Oswald was killed while he was in the custody of one element of government, the Dallas, Texas, police department. He was killed only because they made is possible, and thus our system of justice, public trial before a jury of peers, was frustrated.

in Tennessee

James Earl Ray is in jail for the rest off his life because he was framed by both local and ^{cl} federal governments, with the complicity of the British government, which ^{it} connived ~~in~~ with ours to violate the extradition treaty ^{Ray} under which he could not, legally, ~~have been extradicted to face trial here and because,~~ ^{that treaty prohibited extradition for political crimes} to this day he has been denied any

trial, impossible as this may seem to be to ~~most~~ many of not most Americans.

Government ^{is} ~~and governments~~ alone ^{Keeping} are entirely responsible for preventing the American system of justice from working.

The only possibility left was our vaunted free press, our major media, and as is not unusual in our recent history ^{the press} ~~and~~ Thomas Jefferson soon regretted ~~saying~~ describing as the institution he prized above all others, was complaisant, accepted the ~~un~~ acceptable, and wound up and remains an arm of errant government.

As a result it was left to private citizens ^{basically} ~~and unknown~~ ^{try to meet the press's obligations} to seek truth and to try to publish it. None of us had an influence and none had any real means. Most of the few of those earliest of us known as "critics" had had any relevant training or experience.

In high school at ~~about~~ the time of The Great Depression I was the managing editor of the Wilmington (Delaware) High School News when my friend the editor was in scholastic difficulties and I in fact editor the paper that won the prestigious Columbia University School of Journalism "all America" honor ratings. ^{also} I edited my University of Delaware ^{College} ~~school~~ paper from time to time, ~~although that title and~~ ^{I then} ~~for similar reason and in that same time period~~ also worked for the Wilmington Morning News and was a contributor to the long-defunct Philadelphia Ledger Syndicate, which distributed the first or one of the first Sunday-feature sections and stories. In about 1932, as a News reporter ^{having} who had been a radio amateur. ~~when~~ I was not able to type because of injury to my right hand, I made it possible for a reporter I've never met to win that year's Pulitzer Prize for local reporting by filling in the gaps of his account of ^{hurricane} ~~the~~ ^{on} ~~the~~ ~~damages~~ ~~on~~ ~~the~~ ~~Maryland's~~ Eastern ~~Shore~~ sent from there in much-interfered with Morse code and written out in hand by a fellow radio amateur ^{I phoned the copy I completed} ~~and by phoning it in to the city desk.~~

Later I was first an investigator and then the editor for what was popularly known as the United States Senate "Civil Liberties Committee." During that period I was borrowed by the Department of Justice to assist in a sensational prosecution of some sixty corporate and deputized gun-thug defendants who had conspired to murder and otherwise harm and frustrate the efforts to ^{at union organization} ~~organized into the~~ United Mine Workers union of those inhumanly abused miners of "Bloody Harlan," Harlan County, Kentucky.

After Hitler invaded Poland

Then I became a magazine correspondent, including being the Washington correspondent of what then was the third largest picture magazine, after the ~~old~~ ^{original} LIFE and the ~~old~~ LOOK, of Click Magazine. ^{Fa/} For it I conducted investigations that led to the publication of a series of exposures of Nazi cartels and their ^{pre-Pearl Harbor} interference in anti-Hitler defense efforts.

Whether or not realized, our government took ^{over} some of the corporations I exposed ~~over~~ ^{as} enemy alien property. Some were major corporation of that era. I took all the information I developed to the Department ^{of} Justice. Because we were not at war, it ~~was~~ suggested

(My prediction of Pearl Harbor and much of the Japanese subsequent military successes appeared less than three months before it happened.)

that I take this same information to the British, which I did. In effect I was a criminal because I was not registered as a British agent when ~~I was working for~~ ^{in fact I} in effect I was one, ~~became one,~~ ^{economic} and unpaid, by taking significant ~~was~~ ^{military} intelligence of significance to it, to two ~~agents~~ ^{agents} at least one of whom had been a reporter.

Belatedly and incompletely
There is no mention of any of this in what is supposed ^y to be all information about me provided by the Department of Justice and the FBI, ~~belatedly and so very hesitatingly~~ provided in response to my information requests that invoked both FOIA and the Privacy Act, ^{solidly,}

When as a ~~soldier~~ ^{to} I was assigned to the Office of Strategic Services, the OSS, ~~or~~ forerunner of the CIA, ^{the} remarkable conservative Republican politician ~~who~~ ^{my security clearance} headed it, General "Wild Bill" Donovan, had an assignment awaiting ^{superior} the conclusion of the investigation in which my "security" was cleared. Donovan felt ~~strongly~~ ^{strongly} the traditional obligation to

those under him. Four brave young soldiers who had volunteered for ~~an~~ almost-certain death in a parachute drop into France, behind ~~the~~ ^{d'} Nazi lines were in a ~~military~~ ^{appeals} military ~~to jail~~ jail after conviction an unsuccessful ~~appeals~~ through the whole system of military justice. Donovan believed they were framed but his prestigious and experienced lawyers had ~~not~~ ^{any} failed to get acquittals. He had staff counsel of extraordinary ability ~~was~~ ^{any} the most famous of whom may or may not have been involved. (I took not a

single piece ^{OSS} of paper with me at the end, unlike so many others, not because I did not

want to but because we were not supposed to remove anything classified, ^{no longer} so I do not remember. *the lawyers involved. One of Donovan's later famous lawyers became* One was later a Supreme Court Justice, the U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations, ^{and}

(Thus is can be seen that Edgar Allen Poe's story of "The Purloined Letter," which
out in the open,
nobody could find because it lay ~~open and~~ unhidden on a table, is a useful text in this
kind of work. So also is "Alice in Wonderland," where "through the looking-glass" down is up
and up is down. And what George Orwell teaches in his writings^a about "Big Brother.")

Arthur Goldberg. Another was an unrelated Donovan, the man who negotiated the return from Soviet captivity of Francis Gary Powers, whose CIA U-2 plane had been shot down deep inside Russia. ^{This Donovan} He also negotiated the return of the Bay of Pigs prisoners, captured in the ^{failure} of that ill-conceived ^{CIA} effort to invade ^{Castro's} Cuba and establish a "government in exile" that the United States would recognize, along with its ~~own~~ CIA-drafted constitution, the writing of which was assigned to that reactionary spook of later Watergate infamy, E. Howard Hunt.

(While I do not here go into it, I have a prima facie case that Hunt and through him the CIA prevented publication of my first books when it ~~was~~ and I were represented by a literary agency whose New York office was used as his own by ^{Hunt} ~~Hunt~~ ^{and as cover in domestic intelligence prohibited by law.}) This first ~~OSI~~ ^{an additional} OSO assignment was a kind of apprenticeship for my political-assassinations work. Six weeks after I began that ^{assignment} job those soldiers had been freed, I did not conduct any investigations in the field of our side OSO files. What I used to exculpate them was ⁱⁿ the existing records that had been overlooked by the lawyers. ^{It here}

Similarly, the government's records, primarily those of the Warren Commission and of the FBI which did virtually all of the Commission's investigating, are full of what in any trial, if with all the publicity of the ~~two~~ ^{of} almost two days before ^{Oswald} he was killed he could have been tried, if ^{and impartial} any jury had not been influenced by the unprecedented, around-the-clock publicity ^{is incalculable} by the ~~police dept~~ despite the efforts of District Attorney Henry Wade to stop it, could have been empanelled and it any of that evidence could have been used.

James Earl Ray is in jail for the rest of ^{expectedly} his life because of similar abuses and still other abuses Oswald did not live to face, including the exceptionally effective FBI leaking that led ^{Ray} him to believe he could not get a fair trial and because his last of several defense counsel before he was convicted, ^{Sentenced, this was then} the country's most famous criminal lawyer, Percy Foreman, ^{Foreman had little trouble getting Ray to see that he would be better off with the coerced guilty plea which he could later withdraw, than he would be if worse off when as he expected,} bot ~~t~~ ^{Foreman had little trouble getting Ray to see that he would be better off with the coerced guilty plea which he could later withdraw, than he would be if worse off when as he expected,} threatened and intimidated Ray and led him to believe that he'd be worse off when as he expected, Foreman threw the case. This is not without precedent in Foreman's fabulous career and he appears to have been rewarded by the federal government when ^{Foreman} it saw to it that after conviction in one of the cases he did ~~d~~ fix against his own client ~~he~~ lived to die a natural death without a day in jail. This is not the only

in which Foreman put his supposed client in jail for his actual paying client or conspired to do that. One in which he got caught involved

~~case that indeted the Department of Justice and others to whom, including two sons of~~

billionaire Texas oil man H.L. Hunt. I have absolute, documentary ~~proof~~ *another ignored by the Watergating Department to which Foreman gave his clients*

conviction

Department of Justice, specifically ~~included~~ *by* the later-convicted Richard Kleindienst ~~when he was its second in command, and stolen by one of the defendants in the other case~~ *if the proof of Foreman's connivng for pay against his own client was stolen by that client* ~~and carelessly left~~ *To keep him quiet pending trial and then*

~~left~~ the ~~poor~~ proof on his desk when he left for the night.

This story
It may sound like a story-book but it is absolutely true. I held the originals

in my hand and I have xeroxes of them.

of all would have been different.

Without the intrusion of a well-known and wealthy writer in the King case, where

William Bradford Huie actually believed he had bought Ray's confession by giving his then ~~lawyer, Arthur Hanes~~ *\$30,000. Hanes*

who had quit eh the FBI considering it too leftist for him, ~~the truth, is we should see, is that there was really no case at all against Ray.~~ *surely is that he believed Ray had double-crossed and ripped him in not confessing*

The truth,

~~the~~ *probability is that a reasonably able and intelligent law-school graduate*

would have acquitted ~~Ray~~ *him - if*. Huie gave all that he got from Ray to the ~~FBI~~ *FBI-*

and still again - have ~~copies~~ *permission to take* xeroxes - to the FBI which contemptuously would have nothing to do with him, all for no more than a picture of Ray ~~taken~~ in jail.

Huie is not alone among well-know writers who with and without reward from it did the FBI's dirty work and corrupted or helped corrupt the American system of Justice.

The ~~FBI~~ *in the King case* has a stable of these literary whores and it uses them effectively.

Perhaps the most effective of them was the respected Jeremiah O'Leary, then a staff reporter of the since-defunct Washington Star and a contributor to the Readers Digest. When that very prejudicial article got ~~such~~ enormous distribution Ray was so convinced he could not and would not get a fair trial he wrote the trial Judge, W. Preston Battle, that he might as well just walk over and enter a guilty plea. Ray's ~~letter~~ *of* was intercepted and xeroxed before it was in the mail and it was copied against after the stamp was cancelled. Again, I have xeroxes of both.

That

and this is what Foreman ultimately intimidated Ray into doing, *helped by FBI halper*

O'Leary.

Even Ray's notes to Foreman and his correspondence with later lawyers were intercepted *d/ Judge* and xeroxed, in direct violation of Battle's orders. Foreman was so little concerned

about defending Ray or paying any attention to ~~anything~~ Ray told him he put that particular note inside a newspaper he discarded as soon as he left Ray's cell ^{It was} to be grabbed immediately by the Shelby County Sheriff's office. I have a xerox. Ray had come pretty close to ~~it~~ figuring out what had actually ~~an~~ happened but Foreman at that moment was more interested in taking ^{her} possession of a fur coat ^{of} Geneva Ann Singleton, ^{back she typified} one of the kinds of clients from whom Foreman earned his wealth, women who divorced wealthy men.

His criminal cases, famous as they were, and spectacularly successful as he was in so ~~many~~ ^{many} of the, was his means of advertising to those women in the era when ^{lawyer} advertising was prohibited.

Foreman's record is that of a man who got his kicks from injuring others.

But the Florida appeals ^{of} court denied him the Singleton fur coat.

When Foreman succeeded Hanes, the Hanes who was acting as Birmingham, Alabama's mayor when it turned its police dogs and fire hoses on demonstrating blacks, like Hanes Foreman took Huie's money - a bribe. Foreman permitted Huie to testify against Ray before that grand jury as the immediate precedent for effectuating what Huie required, Ray's guilt. *All of this was referred to as defending Ray.*

There are so many way in which writers can corrupt our system and so few established Writers who will invest the time and money required to try to make it work when injustice is transparently obvious.

Extra space.

Those ~~those~~ of us known as critics were not ~~immune~~ and some did corrupt the ~~system~~ system.

~~None~~ ^{Not} one was an established writer, ^{not} none was wealthy and not one had the resources and connections of established writers. I was broke and in debt. Sylvia Meagher, whose magnificent "Accessories After the Fact" was in the second wave of critical books, had a full-time jobs as an editor at the United Nations. Edward J. Epstein (who now prefers "Jay" for the initial) was a ~~cannd~~ candidate for a master's degree in college. He began, in as the FBI and Department of Justice were slow to realize, as their defender ~~from~~ his view from the right. ~~and~~ Mark Lane was a lawyer without a remunerative practise after pulling a stunt that led to his not running again for the New York State Assembly. He alone had

assistance, from the radical weekly "The National Guardian" and a number of its subscribers ~~some of whom~~ did good work for him. But, according to what Oscar Collier, then Lane's literary agent, told me, Lane never delivered the contracted manuscript to Barney Rosset's Grove Press. I have only Collier's word for it, but he told me that Lane also refused to return the "advance." ^{yet} The ~~last~~ next time I saw Collier he was promoting Lane's and Dick Gregory's commercialization of ~~the~~ the King tragedy in a book that has only the barest and then inaccurate mention of the King assassination, "Code-Name ~~Corro~~ ^{Zorro}."

By the time Lane's best-selling "Rush to Judgement" appeared it was dated. But it had a publisher willing and able to promote and advertise and an author who soon made himself almost a cult figure on campuses, particularly when he could and did exploit New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison and his ~~mad~~ Mardi Gras "solutions" to the JFK assassination. *Solutions in the plural. He had no end of them, as Lane also did.*

These two ~~of~~ share any Randian qualities including selfishness and egomania that ~~each~~ ^{lives and} expresses in his own way.

Speaking ~~to~~ ^{to Lane} ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~investigator~~ ~~to~~ Les Payne, then ^{minority} national affairs correspondent for "Newsday" ~~of Lane~~ ~~investigator~~, I said what is no less true of Garrison, ^{hair} that as an investigator Lane could not find public ~~hair~~ in an overworked and undercleaned whorehouse. ~~Las~~ laughed and added, "at rush hour."

Lane's ego is such that after "Rush to Judgement" and its content had been advertised, when he ~~read~~ "Inquest" and "Whitewash" and found a few minor matters he had overlooked relating to ~~the~~ evidence he believed he owned ^{he} altered the advertised appendix of his book and replaced parts of it with text he could no longer insert in his book, already in page proof. Petty and ridiculous but ^{vintage} vintage Lane. The Lane who edited the transcripts of Warren Commission hearings ^{he} pretended ^{to} quoted verbatim ^{he} to eliminate and thus hide from ^{He replaced the names of staff} the reader the names of the questioners other than the ~~one~~ ^{one} he ~~was~~ ^{was} against whom he sought vengeance, ^{He left their names in} mostly Chief Justice Earl Warren, the Commission's chairman, and J. Lee Rankin, ^{none of the} its general counsel. Thus the reader could focus on ~~no~~ other Commission counsel ~~was~~ each of whom had his own responsibility ~~for~~ for that Commission's failures and transgressions.

His insatiable desire to persuade the world that he and he alone owned the subject and had done all the ^{ME-FUL} ~~meaningful~~ work on it and the financial success of his first book, which, naturally, called for a sequel, led to his second, "A Citizen's Dissent." In it he was again light-fingered, this time springing a trap I'd set for him, his past indicating that he'd steal again. Among the other (to me entertaining) displays of his all-consuming ~~ego~~ was his adopting the FBI method of telling very big lies with the misuses of words ^{to} that tells the lie while literally speaking the truth.

Lane flubbed his investigation of Oswald's alleged purchase of a rifle. I had the Secret Service report that he had overlooked and published ^{excerpts} ~~it~~ in facsimile on page 39 of "Whitewash II." Instead of identifying it with the proper Secret Service or Warren Commission ^{document} identification I eliminated the identifications in the facsimile and added ~~the~~ instead the file number the Secret Service used for its JFK assassination. ^{records} Sure enough, the same ~~excerpts~~ and the same and only the same incomplete and inadequate identification appear as Lane's work in his second book.

The British Broadcasting Corporation bought the rights to use a documentary film-maker D'Antonio had based on "Bush to Judgement." In the debate accompanying its telecasting Lane did not fare well. He complained in "A Citizen's Dissent" about BBC's treatment he described as unfair and abusing. ^{ve.} ~~Of this~~ He said that he had ^{e/} not received ^{1/4} "a farthing." That since-abandoned ^{e/} ~~in~~ was a tenth of a cent. ^{1/4} ~~and~~ it was literally true - ^{Lane} he did not get a tenth of a cent. He actually got about \$40,000 in U.S. money. ^{the highest fee paid to him by the BBC.}

The misrepresentations, untruths and assorted other dishonesties in this book were so glaringly obvious I wrote a book about it over a weekend while preparing to return to New Orleans for some of my investigation of Oswald there. I intended that book, minor-titled "A Citizen's Descent," not for publication but for what it remains, a record for history.

When Larry Flynt, publisher of ^{"Hustler"} the then third-largest magazine commercializing photographs of ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{the} Los Angeles "underground" newspaper ~~the~~ ^{the} "The Los Angeles Free Press," having already commercialized the JFK assassination by offering a million dollars for a solution to it (Lane a judge and the reward unpaid), he had Lane turn out a special edition of that ^{assassination} ^{paper} ~~paper~~. Sure enough, he agains adopted the

work of others, chiefly ~~me~~^{mine}, as his own. But ~~hexdxxx~~ did, from time to time, make efforts to hide his literary theivery. As with the Navy's threat of court-martial action against its personnel present at the JFK autopsy if they said anything about it. I had ~~publishxxx~~ gotten it through FOIA action and published a xerox, which is black printing on a white background, in _____, (p.)

Lane's childish effort to pretend that this, too, was his work, hence his property led him to ~~xxxxxxx~~ make a negative photostat of what I'd published. That ~~appears~~^{appears} as white printing on a black background. Thus at least to Dick ~~Paring~~^{Paring} ~~is~~ Lane, his theft was hidden. As was the emperor's nakedness ⁱⁿ that fable.

Garrison, too, ~~knows~~^{knows} a good line when he sees it. Only he tends ^{of} to forget the source of what he cribbed. Not always. Sometimes he is ~~so~~ smooth but barefaced liar.

Once when he'd asked me to visit him in his den at home and listen to parts of a speech he was writing, for delivery to a Los Angeles press-association convention at which he was to be the main speaker, he stumbled, very unusual for him, as he read lines he also laughed about. He got to "ya got" and just cracked up

"Do you have a copy of Photographix "hitewas?" I asked him.

"Wouldn't be without it," he replied, turning to take it from the ~~books~~^{bookselves} behind him. (Clay Shaw, whom ~~hexx~~ had charged with conspiring to assassinate the President was a well-known New Orleans homosexual.)

Garrison had the notion that there was a large sadomasochist and homosexual ring behind the JFK assassination. I should say this was one of his many notions. He also believed that Lyndon Johnson was a homosexual. This is why he always muffled ^{this line} ~~what~~ he liked so much.

I opened the book to page 9 ~~of the book~~ and read what follows reference to popular suspicion that Johnson was behind the assassination: "No matter how ~~pure~~^{pure} his motive, no ~~ma~~ matter how humble his gathering of faggots (if it is humble ~~he~~ is), they stoke a witch's cauldron and he is thought Macbeth."

Unembarrassed he said merely, "Thought I'd read it someplace."

A ^{few days} little later I was in Berkeley, California, delivering an afternoon speech at the University when several of the student/critics of ^{of} whom I remember Paul Hoch told me

to cut it short, that I had a plane to catch at Oakland and it was close to time. This was news to me, I asked them why, and they told me that Garrison wanted me there. I complained that I had no interest in hearing him speak and less interest in about 800 miles of unnecessary travel.

"Garrison says it is important," they told me so, believing that ^{there} ~~there~~ was something important there, I went.

What was important was hearing him still unable to deliver those simple words without breaking up when he got to "fagots."

There is so much I could write, of personal knowledge, about this man and about how in retrospect, he did more than anyone outside the federal government to destroy the credibility of criticisms of the official account of the JFK assassination.

Garrison is a ^fgited writer. I've seen him labor for an hour over his lawyer's yellow ruled pad on part of a ^{press} ~~press~~ release he wanted to be just right. His natural expressiveness, often eloquent, is enhanced and made more interesting and attractive by the total absence of any scruple. His book that as of this writing is reported ^{under consideration as} ~~to be~~ the basis for an Oliver Stone documentary, "On the Trail of the Assassins," if accepted for what it really is, is an ^{entertaining} interesting novel.

"I was there," as the expression goes, for much of it and I was involved in some that is at once ludicrous and false. And what I did, after his staff tried and failed to save him from himself, is, with gratitude, attributed to another he happened to like.

One ^{evening} ~~night~~ he asked me to accompany him to the airport. He was leaving to make a ^{speech} ~~speech~~ in Albuquerque. Both of the detectives who usually took turns driving him in his official Buick on which they always played for him tapes of The Canadian Brass, Lynn Loisel and Steve Boudelon, were in the front seat, Jim and I were chatting in the back. He needed security and their concept of security was for both of his protectors to ^{abandon him while they parked} ~~park~~ the ^{way} ~~car~~. This ^{then} ~~best-known~~ man in New Orleans, the man whose picture ^{was} ~~is~~ most often on the front pages and the television tube there, six-foot-six ^{inch} ~~Jim~~ Garrison (born Earl ^u Carothers), walked up to the ticket counter and said, "You have a ticket for me. My name is

Robert Levy. "

Unfazed except ^{for her} ~~that she had~~ a double-take, the clerk handed him the ticket and, joined by the detectives we walked to the gate for that plane.

"Hold on a second, boss," Loisel said. Garrison waited with me while the two detectives entered the plane. I assumed they felt the need to check it to be sure no assassin lurked ^{in the} ~~behind a~~ seat.

They exited, ~~at~~ smiles, and said, "OK, Boss," ^{and he waved goodbye as he} ~~and he bid us adieu and entered.~~

No sooner was he inside, ~~the~~ this incognito Robert Levy," than both turned to me to announce, happily, "We have the boss f'xed up good. We told the hostess who he is ~~and~~ and he's gonna get two steaks.

I'd been quietly amused by the "security," incredulous about the "Robert Levy," and at this demonstration of love and devotion I just laughed out loud.

Back in New Orleans, I worked in the French Quarter before returning to my room at the Fountainbleau motel. I showed ^{red} and had barely fallen asleep when the phone awakened me about 3 a.m. When the operator announced that the call was from Harv Morgan, I was awake enough to ask her to hold the call. I got out of bed to get my tape recorder and the primitive suction-cup microphone ^{used} for telephone interviews.

Harv was a former reporter ^{N/} who ^{B/} had one of the best and best-rated radio talk shpws on the west coast, on KCMS, the CBS radio network's anchor station. He and his wife/producer Judy were friends. I knew he'd not be phoning me that hour of the morning for any trivial reason and that he'd had to track me down to learn where I was. So the ~~the~~ tape was running when he started to speak.

He recounted a partly-confirmed plot to kill ~~for~~ Garrison.

When we finished talking I did ~~what~~ I hated to believe I had to do. I phoned Garrison's chief investigator, Louis Ivon, and got him out of bed.

In addition to the difficulty of staying sane on the job that always required unpredictable overtime, Louis was getting his degree in criminology ^{at} night. He then was in the middle of finals and had had little sleep.

After I conveyed the information from Harv he told me to be ready for him to

pick me up in a half hour. We talked about it as we drove to their office, ^T there we were met by some of Garrison's assistants. Of them I remember Jim Alock, later a judge.

I'd been thinking about what might be done, ^{made} a couple of suggestions, and after they listened to the tape and ^{discussed} it in private they agreed to one, for me to notify the FBI. I did, and I have the FBI's reports on it. (Pick up citations and copies)

The staff collective wisdom was to send William Wood, who used the name Bill Boxley, a man who'd been fired by the CIA and was Garrison's private investigator. The others, one, Steve Jaffe, save for/a nincompoop as an investigator (he did have other skills and became a successful Hollywood flack) who'd been wished on Garrison by Lane, were city police assigned, as was the practice, to the District attorney's office. Boxley and his ^{make} automatic pistol were on the first ~~plane~~ plane to Albuquerque.

As this comes out in "On the Trail of the Assassins," Garrison was ^{and} said he was ^{Boxley} indignant over this waste of his scanty fund, so he ordered Boxley to return to New Orleans forthwith.

This makes better reading that the truth and it gave Garrison the opportunity to represent how frugal he was when he was ^{extravagant and} wasteful with money, wasting just about all of it in his fiasco. Most of all in swallowing hook, line sinker and every rod, a fake book planted on him by the French counterpart ^{of} to the CIA, SLECE.

After Garrison's ^{speech} he and Boxley flew to Los Angeles, where they roughed it (in a suite in the Century Plaza for a week).

While they were living it up a package was delivered to Garrison's room.

"Hold it, boss!" Boxley exclaimed. He grabbed the package, rushed into the bathroom, filled the tub with water and plunged the package into it, keeping it there long enough to ^{be sure} ~~see to it~~ that the bomb expected to have been ~~it~~ ^{it} would not explode.

The package safe, they opened it. The ^{gift} ~~best~~ of books was ruined.

The middle of November, 1968, I was in Dallas and about to return home when Garrison phoned me to ask me to return to New Orleans immediately. ^{It} ~~It~~ was, he insisted, important.

It turned out to be a waste of time save for those who intercepted and made a mess of my ⁱⁿ ~~baggage~~ baggage.

well-known TV

what was so important to Garrison was a print of ^{footage} of Oswald distributing literature at the main entrance to the old International Trade Mart of which the indicted Clay Shaw had been managing director. WDSU, ^{did} having no use for Garrison, ~~had~~ not let him have a print. I'd told his assistant, Andrew "Noo" ^{Scy} Sciambra how to get one. It turned out to be a poor copy. I had a print made from the originals, with the stipulation that I not let Garrison have it.

What made this so ~~in~~ important as evidence is, as Garrison pointed to it exultantly. ~~is~~ that it showed Clay Shaw about to ~~entire~~ enter the building ^{secretly} by his secret door. ^{so secret or}

I never did understand how a doorway on the main street was important but no matter, that door opened only from the inside. Besides which, the man in the film was not Shaw anyway.

As I was getting ready to go to the airport that late afternoon I learned from Ivon and Sciambra that Garrison and Boxley had cooked up the wildest of ^{their many} ~~the~~ conspiracies. ^{They} ~~and~~ ⁱⁿ intended to commemorate the fifteenth anniversary of the JFK assassination by making new charges public on the ~~22d~~ ^{22d} twenty-second. They had been unable to convince Garrison that he had no proof. They should have known that lack of proof never discouraged him.

He was, among other things, ~~A~~ going to charge men ⁱⁿ ~~in~~ the mis-named "tramp" pictures taken in Dealey Plaza the day of the assassination and a man who died and had been buried, in New Orleans, a year before that assassination, with being part of the successful conspiracy.

What could I do to help ^p prevent that certain disaster?

I asked Ivon for two sets of those pictures and two manila envelopes. As I ~~waited~~ waited for the plane to be called, I put a set in each envelope, along with a hasty note asking for an investigation of the pictures. I sent one to Henry Wade, then Dallas District Attorney, and the other to Paul Rothermel II, chief of H.L.Hunt's ~~own~~ security. Both are former FBI agents.

Wade sent one of his detectives to investigate, Rothermel did his own investigating,

as it happened with one missing from the set of pictures I'd sent him. The reports back were ~~the~~ identical. Those men were not "tramps," they ⁹ were winos. (Richard Sprague, a critic who did an excellent job of locating photographs ignored in the official investigations, got those pictures and just decided that the men were tramps. He gave one the name of "French" from the cut of his clothing and he later decided that "French" was the manager of Lyndon Johnson's farm.)

The men had not been picked up at the time of the assassination. It was an hour and a half or more later.

They had not been picked up at the scene of the crime. They were ^{found drunk} in a parked railroad boxcar behind the Central Annex Post Office, on South Houston Street, or about a block ^W west and two block south of the assassination scene.

(This did not ^{as} later discourage those critics addicted to the tramp theory of the assassination. They no longer insisted they were the assassins, there being no rifle that shot around corners anyway. ^{the "tramps"} They were cast in a variety of roles, including as paymasters of the assassins, in a variant ^{as} supervisors. By means of an ear identification, Watergating CIA agent E. Howard Hunt was positively identified. So also was his Watergate associate Frank ^r Sturgis. and many others.)

Because the men were not charged, drunkenness being the least of the police concerns with the Presidential assassination on their hands, their names were not recorded. ^{ad} And that soon became another ~~a~~ foul ~~or~~ foul conspiracy.

Rothermel's account gave credibility to ^{his} that he eye-witness, post-office employee told him.

"My ol' boy at the p.o.," Rothermel told me, "says there were three and the pictures show only two." Both statements ^{my} are true.

I returned to New Orleans and did the investigating that left it without question, even in Garrison's fixed mind, that what Boxley had fed him was faked. It was day-and-night work, with excellent legwork done by Ivon and his staff. ^{fed back to him} After an intense and taxing week, on a Saturday night, I complete ^d my analysis and gave it to Sciambra. He and another, Vincent Salandria, a Philadelphia lawyer of whom Garrison was fond and whose

judgement, especially on ^T political matters, he trusted, finally convinced Garrison.

Knowing that Garrison did trust ~~Salander~~ Salandria, in the simplistic belief that ^{if it} take a crook to get a crook, it also takes a ^{not} to reach a nut, I'd persuaded him to join me to save Jim from his enemies. Salandria ^{drill} also was long on conspiracies, any kind of conspiracies, especially those against his friend Jim, about which he was ^{ready} ready to credit any reported.

Sciambra picked me up and as we drove to his home for what was what he promised it would be, as good an Italian dinner as I'd ever have, he exclaimed, "Hal, you just saved Jim Garrison from being ~~dis~~barred by the Supreme Court of the United States of America." (The Shaw case was then before that court.)

There is more but this ~~book~~ should be enough to show that there is more than one Mardi Gras in New Orleans and that they are, for at least then were not limited to "fat Tuesday."

As this is mentioned, and not much more than mentioned, in "On the Trail of the Assassins," all the insanity is purged along with just about everything else other than that Garrison ^{did} find the CIA spy ~~Boyle~~ and it was all ^{due} to Salandria's ^{work} fine work. No mention of anyone else;.

Once in a while, not very often, Garrison did mention my name. I think his ^{reluctance} began with a Washington Post story saying that his investigation had been scripted earlier in my first book, an idea repeated by The Times of London. One of these ^{more} mentions is in his December 2, 1985 ^{8/} letter to Ted Gandolfo. Gandolfo was an early critic. He was regarded by some as crude, by others as rather imaginative, and he'd worked very very hard to tape record everything anybody said on the subject. Anybody! At the time Garrison wrote this letter Gandolfo was trying to help arrange for publication of ^{of} "On the Trail". Gandolfo was then selling copies of some of the Warren Commission executive sessions ~~which~~ transcripts I had obtained and published. Referring to them, Garrison wrote of me, "Somebody ought to build a statue to that man ^{af} for the hard ~~work~~ and detailed work he has done."

There is, of course, a ^{big} difference between statue and books. One has to "build"

to evolve a statue but books can just be made up.

extraspaces

One critic who managed to combine the two, making his book his ~~statue~~
statue to himself, is David Lifton.

Rushing will write



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JUDGES

December 2, 1985

Mr. Ted Gandolfo
1214 First Avenue
New York, New York 10021

Dear Ted:

Thank you for your warm and encouraging letter. I really appreciate the help you have been giving me with regard to the marketing of "A Farewell to Justice".

And thank you also for the latest copy of your newsletter which, as usual, was extremely interesting.

I saw your ad for the Warren Commission's January 22nd and 27th Executive transcripts which Wiseberg obtained. Somebody ought to build a statue to that man for the hard and detailed work he has done.

In any case, I would like to have a copy of it and enclose my check for \$12.40.

Best regards,

Enclosure