

BY WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY

LA-3/19
At Geneva recently a very famous Englishman was expatiating at some length on all the reasons why it is impossible for an astute man to believe that Lee Harvey Oswald killed President Kennedy, or that the assassination was other than the work of a conspiracy of at least several persons.

Since the gentleman is a renowned liberal, I thought to twit him by saying, "Your mode of reasoning is very much like that of the John Birch Society." Without dropping a conversation semi-quaver (I should add that his timing is world-famous), he replied darkly, "Yes, I have no doubt the John Birch Society had something to do with it."

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The obsession, in other words, was so much in command of him that he simply could not understand my point: that the kind of thinking he was indulging in the kind one indulges when writing books like *The Politician*, whose denouncement is that Gen. Eisenhower was a member of the Communist Party.

And not only my acquaintance in Geneva, but seemingly all of Europe has, as they say, gone ape on the theory that what actually happened at Dallas is something very different from what the world is being led to believe; that Earl Warren has been selected to preserve the Establishment's script, and that almost certainly what lies behind it all is the existence of an anarchic-fascist conspiracy.

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L'Express, for instance, which is a sort of semi-sick leftist weekly in Paris, in which very flashy writers register their designs on humankind, is halfway through the serialization

of a most elaborate treatment of the Dallas story in which, after the third installment, it is already established that; (a) JFK was not shot by Oswald, but by someone lying under the overpass towards which the presidential car was headed.

(b) Someone on the Dal-

las police force was in cahoots with Oswald, who was merely an accomplice, and let him slip out of the building even after the police cordon was tight.

(c) Someone on the Dallas police force then re-

leased a description of Oswald, which was a signal to accomplice Tippit to shoot down Oswald, in the process of which he inadvertently got shot himself.

(d) Ruby, another accomplice, was told to rub out Oswald before he talked.

The assassination, then, according to this story, was principally an operation of Dallas policemen.

I give you an example of the ease with which stories spread in this sophisticated corner of the world, where so much fun is had at the expense of American provincialism.

Mark Lane is a New York attorney and leftist who has adopted the Oswald case as his very own. He is willing to sacrifice even his cherished privacy to see that posthumous justice is done; finally

talked the Warren Commission into granting him a hearing at the end of which the president of the American Bar Assn., who has been designated to defend Oswald's interests officially before the Warren Commission, told Lane that all he had told the court was in effect a bunch of drivel that had "already been in the newspapers."

One of the things Lane had said was that he had been "informed" that eight days before the assassination, Tippit, Oswald and Weissman (who had taken out the anti-Kennedy ad in the Dallas News on Nov.

22) had been seen together at Ruby's nightclub.

Now there is not a shred of evidence that any such meeting took place: but behold how the item is treated in *Le Figaro*, a respected Paris daily which has long since been wondering how come Tippit spotted Oswald in the first place.

"Here, then, is a piece of news that gives plausibility to a rumor, already old, but which last night was officialized on television. CBS has stated that a witness has just now declared to the Warren Commission that eight days before the assassination of the President, a mysterious reunion took place at the Carousel, one of Ruby's cabarets. Three men took part in it: Oswald, Tippit, and Mr. Weissman..."

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And so an unsubstantiated rumor, put forward by a self-promoting leftist, becomes an official statement on the basis of which Europe continues to build its fantasies. It is especially appalling, under the circumstances, that Warren should have made those remarks to the effect that not in our lifetime would we know some of the things Warren has found out. It is that kind of melodramatic pish-posh that encourages the mania that is overcoming Europe, beginning, as always, with the intellectuals.