

ABDICATED HISTORIANS PONTIFICATE FROM IGNORANCE ABOUT THE JFK
ASSASSINATION AND OLIVER STONE'S EXPLOITATION AND COMMERCIALIZATION OF IT

As war is too important to trust to the generals, so also is our history too important to trust to our professional historians.

Nothing exemplifies this better than the April 1992 issue of the American Historical Review in which the editors, taking not inconsiderable liberties with the word, describe these solicited essays as a "Forum on Oliver Stone's movie JFK and the Culture of Violence."

For this it selected three men, each with impeccable standing in the arena of his own expertise, but utterly unqualified for authoritative and responsible addressing of the topic by their profound ignorance of the established fact of the JFK assassination; and by their failure to draw upon the readily available and well-publicized information about Stone, his ulterior purposes, his gross and persisting ignorance of the fact of that assassination, the knowing dishonesty and irresponsibility of his selecting Jim Garrison's indecent rewriting of his own fiasco and on Jim Marrs' Crossfire, an incompetent and uninformed compendium of all the nutty assassination conspiracy theories.

Marrs flaunts his gross ignorance of both the fact of this assassination and the dependable, authoritative literature that does not espouse unproven and unprovable theories as "solutions" to what, without exaggeration, is described as "the crime of the century."

Stone's is a multimillion dollar exploitation and commercialization of this great tragedy. Rather than hiding this intent, he used it to promote his movie before he began shooting it.

Not one of these supposedly qualified scholars reflects this. I doubt they are aware of it, such is their "scholarship!" Not one even suggests it.

To anyone who is aware of the unquestionable fact of the assassination and its investigations, which not one of these eminences reflects, or of its official investigations, to which they devote no attention in the remote event they are capable of it, these are the fairies-and-needles boys of historical scholarship, each of whom begins with preconceptions of his own, not a few prejudices, and misuses this prestigious journal and the opportunity it afforded them to further mislead, misinform and confuse sincere historians who trust and depend on the publication to inform them honestly, responsibly and dependably. The imposition on the trust of the nonprofessional reader is greater.

Why such a prestigious publication could and did select such unqualified 'experts' (for pursuing their own agendas without inhibition) rather than professional historians who have truly authentic credentials only the editors can explain.

Because I raise these questions with the directness and emphasis that I do I believe that I should begin by stating the credentials I have for this, how I can justify my own statements of fact and opinion, what right I have to be regarded as a qualified subject-matter expert.

I am the author of six books on the JFK assassination and its investigations and one on that of Martin Luther King, Jr. Not one of these books advances any conspiracy theory. They are entirely factual, based on a great volume of official records, and they have withstood time's testing, especially by the government agencies of which they are critical. My book on the King assassination was scrutinized closely and carefully because it provided the basis for accused King assassin James Earl Ray's habeas corpus effort and with its success for the two weeks of evidentiary hearings in federal district court in Memphis, Tennessee, There it was subjected to Wigmore's machine for establishing truth, cross-

examination, and it more than survived. It was validated.

My prior experiences, albeit not as a professional historian - and I am also not a lawyer - are those of a reporter, investigative reporter, United States Senate investigator and editor, and World War II intelligence analyst, investigator and trouble-shooter, ^{when} Part of my responsibilities was to do for professional historians what they could not do for themselves in obtaining and evaluating the kinds of information not included in their education and experience.

The first of the four books of my Whitewash series, WHITEWASH: The Report on the Warren Report completed six months after that Commission's Report was published and only four months after publication of its 26 volumes of appendix, was the first book on that Commission and its work. First published in 1965, it is still used as a college and university text in criminalistics, history and political science.

When republished in 1966, it was the first book to include any records from the Warren Commission deposit in the National Archives.

My subsequent books drew more heavily on this deposit and my last, Post Mortem (1975) includes more in the about 200 pages of facsimile reproduction of ^{once secret records /} ~~the rest of what~~ I obtained by a series of Freedom of information lawsuits.

(despite these well-known facts, not one of the forumists noted that Oliver Stone insisted steadfastly - and as recently as his March 1992 Congressional testimony [if that is the word for his remarkable display of ignorance of the assassination and its investigations relating to the alleged unavailability of official records]-that the Commission's records remain suppressed until the year 2039. In fact, all but about two percent of them are accessible at the Archives. In other and constantly varying formulations, knowing better,

he has represented that "all" other official records also are suppressed.)

The 1976 reprint of my 1966 Photographic Whitewash includes facsimile reproduction of CIA reports disproving the Commission's interpretation of the amateur movie of the assassination by Abraham Zapruder. It was used as a time-clock by the Commission and as alleged validation of its theory, represented as unassailable fact, that a single magical bullet caused all seven nonfatal injuries on the President and Texas Governor John B. Connally and, from this career, unequaled in science or mythology, emerged in virtually pristine condition.

Without this single/magical bullet theory, the Commission could not have concluded that there was no conspiracy.

The grim fact is that, even if this theory is accepted as fact, the official evidence itself proves, as my books show, that no one man could have committed that crime and on this basis alone there was without question a conspiracy.

The CIA's analyses of that film, by its National Photographic Interpretation Center, were disclosed to and ignored by the Rockefeller Commission, appointed by the former Warren Commissioner, President Gerald Ford, who also appointed one of its former assistant counsels, David Belin, to head it.

In this series of FOIA lawsuits, several precedental and one leading to the 1974 amending of the Act, I obtained and make available to all writers about a third of a million pages of once-withheld official records, not the least of which are the Warren Commission's formerly Top Secret executive session transcripts, several of which, one running ~~85~~⁸⁵ pages, I published in facsimile.

(Again, part of that "all" alleged by Stone to be withheld until the year 2039. Without a peep from any of the three "experts" insensitive and immodest enough to be published on Stone in the AHR when they know so little of

his public record. Or they are indifferent to and disregard Stone's nonstop lying and virtuoso displays of his ignorance of all matters relating to the JFK assassination except the nuttiness dignified by referring to it as "conspiracy theories.")

Among this great volume of records disclosed to me but allegedly still suppressed until well into the coming century are thousands of pages of FBI reports relating to its scientific testings and many, many more of its witness interviews.

As these are now available to writers and scholars, they will continue to be when they become a permanent archive in Hood College, Frederick, Maryland, where some have already been deposited.

No single factual error of any significance has been called to my attention in any of my books and no single one of the hundreds of people I wrote about ^{has} ~~have~~ contacted me to complain about unfairness. In all these seven books there are fewer than a dozen minor errors and most of them come from the official documents.

In my FOIA litigation in which the defendant was also the prosecutor, I made most of my representation to the courts under oath rather than in lawyers' pleadings, thus making myself subject to perjury prosecution if I erred. The government was not able to prove a single error in the many lengthy and detailed affidavits that in overall length equal the volume of quite a few books.

I have been consulted by committees of both Houses of the Congress and even my FOIA litigation adversary, the Department of Justice, prevailed upon the court in my C.A. 75-1996 in federal district court for the District of Columbia to have me act as its consultant in my lawsuit against it!

In addition to addressing college and university audiences from coast to coast, I have conducted seminars at them, including for faculty only, and at 79 and in seriously impaired health, I still do this at local Hood College.

I have been used as source, consultant and expert by all the major media in this country and in not fewer than eight European countries that I can recall. In not one instance was there any allegation of inaccuracy or unfairness in anything I wrote or said when interviewed.

The FBI even certified to the federal courts that I knew more about the JFK assassination than anyone in its employ during this series of FOIA lawsuits, most of which were against it.

There is a similar representation of my reputation in the only professional bibliography in the field, by Guth and Wrone. (Greenwood Press)

I have, in fact, with diligence and success, done for professional historians what they failed to do for themselves, correctly interpreted the official subject-matter, publication and files not published, and brought to light the not inconsiderable volume of until-then withheld official records to which I refer above, not fewer than a third of a million pages of them that, with very few exceptions, professional historians ignored.

In doing this I forced the government to face my contradiction of its official "solution" to these two political assassinations in open court, where it did not refute my sworn-to accounts.

And in doing this I in effect placed my head on the block and dared the government to chop away because if I had erred that would have been the felony of perjury and the government is also the prosecutor. What I did by these unusual means, as Historian David Wrone described it, was to write that part of the history of the JFK assassination and its investigation while it was happening.

While I do not recommend this to others, including historians, as a way to live and to compel the unwilling government to divulge records it wants to suppress, to paraphrase the poet, I did break a path for others who are willing and able to follow.

I have other credentials knowingly misrepresented by Stone and ignored by those three "experts" who swallowed, hook, line and sinker and repeated his false account without reflecting any awareness of its falsity in his self-portrayal as the victim of a vast campaign to, a la Garrison, wreck his movie.

Stone's account of the controversy about JFK that began publicly about the time he started shooting, an account he has repeated endlessly with only minor variations in it, is that the CIA and its "recipied" reporters, who on occasion he numbered at 200, were out to "get" him and, like "a thousand vultures," were perched ready to "pick his bones."

He also attributed this objective to the undefined "Establishment."

What he was talking about and knew he was talking about is this one 79 year old, severely limited in what he is able to do by a number of serious illnesses and post-surgical complications.

Stone began promoting JFK - which is not about JFK - with his promotion for his The Doors when it was released. He then announced that in his movie on the JFK assassination he would record their "history" for the people, telling them "who" killed their President, "why" and "how." Almost immediately he added that he would do this based on Jim Garrison's "On the Trail of the Assassins."

Shocked that a man with Stone's reputation would base a movie with a reported initial investment of \$40,000,000 of other people's money and risk his reputation on a book I knew to be utterly dishonest and knowingly so, the book in which Garrison rewrote the history of his own fiasco to make himself the victim of the CIA, and having the most painful personal knowledge of what

Garrison really did and how he did it, I wrote Stone at considerable length on February 8, 1991. This was several months before he started shooting.

My letter is detailed and specific. I attached some proof, offered more if he wanted it and to respond to any questions he had.

Aside from citing petty lies Garrison told in his book to present a false picture of himself, several really ludicrous if he had told the truth, I was quite specific in my account of how Garrison had planned to commemorate the fifth anniversary of the JFK assassination in 1968 with a truly monstrous indecency of his own fabrication.

In their learned writings about the JFK controversy, AHR's three "experts" ignored what was widely reported indicating that I, named, had begun the controversy when after several months Stone had not responded to my letter.

I told him that after Garrison's staff had failed to deter his planned "commemoration" atrocity two of them asked me to try to make it impossible for him to dare.

Like others who should have known better earlier, I had believed that Garrison's excesses were his effort to fight fire with fire, his way of defending himself against what he said was the government's effort to sabotage or abort his "investigation."

What those two members of his staff told me ended my innocence that, in retrospect, I realize should have ended months earlier.

Garrison planned to charge two killers, a charge he did not make against Clay Shaw, the only survivor of his ^{JFK assassination} trio that also included Lee Harvey Oswald and David Ferrie, then both dead. His Grassy Knoll "assassins" were Edgar Eugene Bradley and Robert Lee Perrin.

Bradley was the west-coast representative of the Cape May, New Jersey,

ultra-conservative radio preacher, Rev. Carl McIntire, to whom we are indebted for the Federal Communications Commission's "fairness doctrine" ended by the Reagan administration. Perrin was the former husband of Warren Commission witness, Nancy Perrin Rich.

Garrison's imagined proof that Bradley was one of those who killed JFK is his also-imagined "identification" of Bradley as one of the three men whose pictures were taken by news photographers as two policemen and a deputy sheriff walked them past the Texas School Book Depository Building from which, in the official account of the assassination, all shots had been fired. Assassination conspiracy-theorist nuts dubbed these "the tramp pictures" and, along with Garrison, attributed a wide and often self-contradictory variety of "identifications" and importances to them.

The man Garrison "identified" as Bradley was also known to these nuts as "the walking man," not that all three were not walking. He was also "identified" as CIA/Watergater Howard Hunt ("proven" in one book by the new science of "ear" identification!), as Watergater Frank Sturgis and as, among many others, confessed murderer Charles Harrelson, father of the "Cheers" star, Woody.

Another was nicknamed "Frenchy" and soon he was further "identified" as Lyndon Johnson's farm manager!

In my earlier efforts to debunk this nonsense taken so seriously by the conspiracy theorists, I tried to get some rational explanation of why they hung around to get caught.

The invented explanations, none of which made any sense at all, included that they were the assassination "paymasters" even though they were taken into custody without the alleged pay.

I began my investigation, as I reported to Stone in full detail, by asking ~~the~~ ^{two} experienced professional investigators to learn the truth for me.

Their two independent investigations, neither knowing that I had asked the other, yielded identical results. The men were winos, drinking it up on a parked railroad boxcar behind the Central Annex Post Office. When the police searched the entire area, they were found reeking and taken to be questioned. The only way to walk them off the railroad tracks was to take them north across the triple overpass, then east past the TSBD, and there the news photographers were shooting everything that moved. That was about one and a half hours after the shooting.

That boxcar was a block west of the scene of the crime and two and a half blocks south of it. Among the marvelous CIA inventions for assassination, no rifle that shoots around corners has yet been reported, or sights that enable seeing around corners to shoot.

(Yet, knowing the truth from my letter of February 8, in his June 2 article in the Washington Post Stone insisted that these men were real suspects who had been arrested in a railroad passenger car parked "behind" the TSBD from which, ostensibly, they could have shot - without any weapons! He also insisted that no record of their arrest was made and that no trace of them remained when they were let go. Had he spent a pittance of Warner's millions on a phone call to the police, he would have gotten the records of their arrests on trumped-up charges and their identifications. The police had disclosed those records, but Stone and his hired assassination "experts," including the local Dallas Assassination Information Center, did not know it!)

One of my efforts to debunk the misuses of these "tramp" pictures led to an FBI investigation, the results of which confirm the investigations made for me. (SAC Baltimore (44-669) to SAC Dallas (44-2649); RUC 8/21/68 from Memphis "MURKIN" file 44-1987-Sub.E)* I later obtained it under FOIA. It still made

* SAC means Special Agent in Charge; RUC means referred upon completion; MURKIN is FBI acronym for assassination of Martin Luther King, Jr. These files also include copies of the pictures in question.

no difference to Stone.

Doing what could make it impossible for Garrison to charge Perrin was touchier. It required investigations the legwork for which was done for me by Garrison's staff investigators at the instruction of Louis Ivon, chief investigator and one of the two who had asked me to undertake this mission.

Garrison's sick and impossible scenario was that Perrin and other conspirators had a secret communications center in an empty apartment in a New Orleans complex owned by a man really named Khrushchevsky, with Perrin in charge.

This was the Perrin known to have killed himself the year before in Garrison's nightmare he had killed JFK!

Garrison had not bothered to conduct or order any real investigation. Instead, as he dreamed these baseless plots he sent out an investigator he had hired over staff objections and paid from private funds to develop the "proof." This man, William Wood, used the name "Bill Boxley." Loyal and dedicated to Garrison, he dutifully came back with the "proof."

Boxley had worked for the CIA, which fired him for drunkenness. This was well known.

(In the original script, which Stone changed after he got my letter, he had Boxley as an assistant district attorney and the inside wrecker, the stool-pigeon the CIA planted to wreck the "probe.")

The delicacy involved was that Garrison knew that Perrin had killed himself on August 28, 1962.

But that presented no problem for Stone's hero. brave man that he was, undeterred by the all-powerful CIA. For others the fact that this alleged assassin had killed himself 15 months before JFK was slain would have been an insoluble problem. But not for derring-do Garrison! He merely ordained that,

the November 1963 plot having begun before August 28, 1962, the plotters had buried an unknown Venezuelan seaman as Perrin while Perrin lived and conspired as a pulp writer using the name "Starr!"

Among Garrison's records I could have given Stone had he expressed any interest, if he had had any interest at all in preserving his personal and professional integrity and that of his movie, is Garrison's annotation of a report on Perrin's suicide (attached).

Stone could also have had what Garrison's files held and I used, the written report of the suicide by a Louisiana state trooper friend Perrin had phoned as soon as he took the cyanide. Were this not enough, I have the report on the Charity Hospital records of Perrin's admission and death obtained for me by Garrison's own staff investigator, the experienced Frank Melocho, plus a photocopy of the handwritten morgue book, which was not and could not easily have been forged, obtained for me by another Garrison staff investigator whose name I have forgotten. (Attached.)

These, of course, are basic, simple and obvious investigations, had any investigation been necessary, as none was because it was well known that Perrin had, in fact, killed himself. I knew it before I began the investigation that did prevent this additional Garrison indecency and atrocity.

My problem was the certainty that Garrison would not admit what he had done and was doing. That would have ended his "probe" and would have been a serious problem for him with a Clay Shaw appeal then before the Supreme Court of the United States.

I worked my way around this seemingly impossible obstacle by the simplest of thinking: if it takes a crook to catch a crook, then it takes a nut to reach a nut. I knew just the man to persuade Garrison, Vincent Salandria, a Philadelphia lawyer who was almost Garrison's Svengali. Garrison just loved

the politics and philosophy he got for hours at a time from Salandria.

So, I phoned Salandria, telling him that I had just learned of a plot by his preferred bete noir, the CIA, to ruin Jim. I asked him to be with me, knowing he would do no work but would be closeted with Garrison while I developed the remaining proof. We even stayed together with a mutual friend, Matt Herron, while I worked and Vince and Garrison spent their time bull-sessing, mostly at the New Orleans Athletic Club (NOAC), which Garrison used as a second office in the childish belief that the FBI would find it more difficult to intercept his phone conversations there.

I finished my investigative report on a Saturday afternoon or evening, laboring on it with Matt's defective portable, mine having been totaled when my luggage was intercepted on an earlier trip. I gave this report to Andrew (Moo) Sciambra, the most junior of Garrison's assistant district attorneys and the one with whom Garrison spent far and away the most time. Sciambra is the second of his staffers who had asked me to undertake this seemingly impossible mission.

Sciambra suggested that I drive to the office the next morning with my Svengali "baby-sitter," in spook jargon, that the two of them would then present the results of my investigation to Garrison at the ^{NOAC}~~noac~~, and that I remain in the office doing my own work so I would be where he could find me easily.

So, driving the District Attorney's office's souped-up Chevy II that had been confiscated from a gangster, an unpredictable vehicle the staff refused to drive so it was always available, Salandria and I drove to Garrison's office where Sciambra awaited us, I proceeded with my work and they to their rendezvous with Stone's heroic figure.

(Virtually all of the time I spent in New Orleans was in trying to learn more about Oswald and any associates. I always had work with me wherever I

went. My large attache case when full weighed 35 pounds. I did learn more about Oswald, who did have associates in his New Orleans pre-assassination activities, and Garrison, who had Oswald charged in the Shaw case, was indifferent to it.)

Several hours later the phone rang. A clearly euphoric Sciambra exclaimed, "Hal, you did it! I'm coming over to get you and take you to the best Italian meal you've ever had."

He did not exaggerate his wife's culinary talents.

If the man described by Stone as the most daring and principled of district attorneys was at all embarrassed, he did not reflect it in any way at a luncheon he arranged for the next day in a NOAC diningroom. Besides himself, of his legal staff he had Sciambra and Jim Alcock (later a judge) present. Besides Salandria and me, those not of his staff included William Turner, like Garrison, a former FBI special agent. But unlike Garrison, he was one J. Edgar Hoover had fired after about ten years in which he had been an FBI specialist in "black bag" jobs, illegal enterings and stealing what the FBI wanted. Turner was then on the staff of Ramparts magazine.

He and Salandria were the only contributors to Garrison's exposition of the latest of his all-encompassing conspiracy theories of the JFK assassination. He had a blackboard there for demonstrating it on an outline of the United States. Those of the innumerable partners in his imagined conspiracy, as he marked them on the blackboard, included Boeing in the upper Northwest; Lockheed in lower California; Bell helicopters in Texas, along with oil men; Michoud near New Orleans; the bomber command near Omaha; McDonald-Douglass at Marietta, Georgia; and I can't remember who all in Washington, New York and elsewhere.

Such was life around the only American district attorney, as Stone refers to him, who had the courage to use his office in an effort to establish

the truth about the JFK assassination.

Modest to a fault, on December 9, 1969, this man on whose book Stone based his assurance to the country he would record their history for the people, telling them who killed their President, how and why, issued a press release to announce Boxley's firing, "after evidence recently developed by the District Attorney's staff" (sic) because he was "an operative of the Central Intelligence Agency!"

Aside from its first paragraph, the press release made no reference to Boxley or his firing. Garrison devoted the rest of it to his alleged accomplishments and added details of his conspiracy.

With this as a sample of what Garrison's files held, and it is by no means an unfair sample of the utter baselessness of the multitudinous conspiracy allegations he announced to the world's media, and with his having ignored the viable investigative leads concerned people did give him, particularly relating to Oswald and his activities and associates in New Orleans - and these include even the kidnaping of one Warren Commission witness by another as soon as David Ferrie died, of which I have confirmed personal knowledge - is it any wonder that, after he was defeated for reelection and had to vacate the district attorney's office, Garrison alleged and says in his book that his files were stolen?

Did he dare allow so ghastly a self-indictment as those files to survive?

Could he have written and published and profited from as utterly and completely a dishonest rewriting of his own monumental fiasco if such records existed to condemn it and him for what they were, my description to Stone, "a fraud and a travesty?"

Stone can hardly have been gullible enough to believe Garrison's self-

serving canard.

Nor would it have been reasonable of him to accept Garrison's unsupported account of this alleged heist. As given to me by one of his staff most dedicated to him, it is that another also devoted and loyal member of the staff asked by Garrison to move the files from his office to his residence who instead sold them to the CIA.

I knew these men personally, knew of their great personal devotion to Garrison and the toll that took of their personal lives, and I knew enough about the garbage with which those files reeked to have no doubt at all that it was Garrison himself who saw to it that they would no longer exist, either to indict him or to jeopardize the not inconsiderable sums he got from his books and from Stone for the movie rights to his fantasies.

If the CIA or any other enemy, real or imagined, had latched on to that simply unimaginable collection of investigative trash and mythologies, what a time it would have had, how it would have reveled in leaking them to make a laughingstock of this phony hero and his conspiracy ravings!

^{ON}
for his part, Stone clamored for the release of official government records as a means of promoting himself and his movie, knowing that many if not most of those records were not withheld and were readily available to him and to anyone else. He had no interest in government records save as a propaganda ploy. Had he had any concern for his personal and professional integrity and for the honesty of the movie he was producing, particularly after he got my letter of February 8, 1991, he would have asked Garrison for some documentation.

And, of course, Garrison had his explanation set - it had all been stolen for the CIA!

(EXTRA SPACE)

Having been told this and more and having been promised further documentation and answers to any questions he had, Stone ignored my letter, and this was two months before he started shooting, time to replace a script which I had told him, and I think to reasonable people proved, was "a fraud and a travesty."

Stone knew exactly what he was perpetrating from the moment he got my letter.

Knowing, he did it anyway, making a hero of this tragic charlatan and in so doing foisted off as the real thing still another phony explanation of the JFK assassination to the largest audience ever.

He did get ~~it~~ ^{MY LETTER} because he had his "research coordinator," Jane Rusconi, phoned me in great excitement to tell me how pleased they were to hear from me because they were both "fans" of mine and had read "all three" of my books, of which there are six on the JFK assassination. Stone wanted to know if he could phone me the next day. I assured her at any time.

Apparently he changed his mind after thinking about my letter.

If Stone had not assured the country that his movie would be nonfiction, a faithful account of the assassination, he would have had every right to do and say anything he wanted to, no matter how wrong, deceptive and misleading it might be, and I would have said and done nothing. But once he gave and repeated these assurances, given the audience he would without question reach with what would further confuse and misinform the country, after waiting for some weeks to hear from him, I decided that any attention to his rewriting of our history and glorification of Garrison would make a major story that would carry itself.

Meanwhile, I had been given a copy of Stone's script. It was the biggest assassination disinformation since the Warren Report. I found it difficult to believe that anyone could work such a penny-dreadful into Oscar-quality.

Moreover, the gross ignorance of both the established fact of the assassination and the well-known details of Garrison's mishmash it reflected as⁺ounded me. So I gave a copy of the script and of my records of my investigation that made it impossible for Garrison to further desecrate "the crime of the century" as a "commemoration" of it to George Lardner of the Washington Post. I've known him as a dependable and accurate reporter for 25 years and I believe he knows more about the JFK assassination and its investigation than any other reporter.

Lardner's completely accurate story, in fact understated, appeared May 19, 1991. That is the beginning of accurate exposure of what Stone was really up to, a crass and rude commercialization and exploitation of the JFK assassination, and that for an ulterior purpose.

And so it was that, as he made a hero out of the failed and faulted Garrison, Stone made of me the CIA, soo 200 of its "recipied reporters" and even "a thousand vultures" waiting to "pick"his"bones" because it is I and none of the above who am responsible for the ensuing and lingering controversy

Lardner's expose, which was syndicated, identified me by name as his source, so anyone doing any research, if AHR's experts needed anything more than the murk of their minds to be able to write with authority and dependability for such a publication, made it apparent that I started it all and how I could be reached.

But I underestimated Stone enormously. I had no idea he could say as much without ever coming in contact with truth at all or in any way. He could and did say what at any time seemed to serve his immediate needs as he saw them and say the exact opposite the next time he faced a pad or a microphone. What he said also was angled to appeal to the interviewer.

He labeled me a crook who stole the script when he knew that was no only

not true but was also impossible, and that of his endless lies, like most of the rest of them, went everywhere in syndication and in radio and TV accounts.

The Post extended unprecedented courtesies to him, even allowing him to withdraw a scandalously and stupidly inaccurate article he had asked it to publish and to replace it with a more modest self-exposure as an assassination ignoramus rather than an expert.

His more subdued mythology appeared in the Post on June 2. The next day I wrote him about his many factual errors in it. And to this I did get a response, a rather snotty one from his in-house expert, Rusconi.

After this self-indulgence so appropriate to authentic scholarship - she was Stone's "research coordinator" - she got to the nitty-gritty: "If it is at all possible, we'd like to salvage something out of this relationship," she began her concluding paragraph. She ended it, "Short of dramatizing the 250,000 pages you've wrested from the Archives (from which I "wrested" only a small percentage of them), what can we do to make the best of our situation?"

'Relationship' describes my causing this exposure of the "fraud and travesty" Stone was producing when the exposure could endanger Stone and Warner's \$40,000,000?

"Relationship" when I informed him that Garrison was a phony he was recreating into a hero and that his "probe" of the assassination was only what he dreamed up and believed as soon as he imagined it?

We had no "relationship" and "our situation" was not mine at all - it was Stone's and his alone.

I've asked several others, including professional historians and lawyers, if they can find any meaning other than I did in these words, that it is a solicitation to be paid off. Not one disagreed with me or could see any other possible meaning in her words.

(Stone had been passing out money in large chunks to an assortment of assassination-conspiracy nuts, like the Dallas Assassination Information Center, He gave it an initial \$80,000 after it recommended to him the transparently impossible story of Rickey White, that his dead father had been a Grassy Knoll assassin, had backfired and been exposed as a fake cum plagiarism. It even stole part of its scenario from a novel. Stone avoided the authentic scholars and he and his Rusconi dredged the intellectual sewers of rabid assassination theorists for their other consultants.)

I had no interest in being bribed. I had accomplished what I had set out to do, made a public record for at least the future and for our history of the true character of Stone's version of this history and who killed the President. why and how.

As Stone and Rusconi both knew and as I was quite specific in telling her, I would not in any way support or have anything to do with them and their movie.

Nonetheless, Stone being Stone, without any bribe, found his own means, consistent with his personal and professional ethics, to "salvage something constructive" and "to make the best of our situation."

He and his people, including co-author Zachary Sklar, editor of Garrison's book, wrote and told reporters and columnists that I was helping them! *

My written demands that he stop trading on my name went without response except for a letter from one of his lawyers in which she said that history cannot be copyrighted! Jill Smith, in a non-response because all I had asked Stone was to stop trading on my name and not say I was helping him, rendered the learned opinion that "In any event since historical events, ideas and theories cannot be the subject of ownership, we could not recognize any claim by you to have 'rights' in them -- even if you were the person who discovered or developed them."

This is but a peek at the man praised by the three participants in what AHR calls a "forum" and Michael Rogin "a symposium" when in fact not one addressed the basis for the controversy and criticism and all three constituted themselves his clique.