

INSIDE THE ASSASSINATION INDUSTRY

By

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PREFACE

In Quest of Truth

This book is entirely different from my earlier books on our political assassinations of the 1960s. It also is a book I never intended to write. More, when I was assured publication of a major part of it I declined although at that time, from health reverses, there was not much other writing I was able to do. Why then do I write this book now when, past my eightieth birthday, severely limited in what I am able to do, surviving a number of illnesses that are not uncommonly fatal, when use of a computer is impossible for me and the use of the typewriter, that to me marvelous invention I have used for 65 years, is both awkward and uncomfortable, why do I write this different book? Why do I not just sit and try to catch up on the reading I have loved since I was a child, the reading I forwent when John Kennedy was killed and I quote myself in saying, was consigned to history with the dubious epitaph of a fraudulent official "solution?"

Put briefly, to perfect a different aspect of the overall JFK assassination record for history, this time focusing on the failures of those known as "critics," and on the commercializing of these failings by the publishers who feared to publish substantive, solid works critical of officialdom.

In thinking about what I would write I realized, not for the first time, of course, that all of life is a learning experience and that what seemed appropriate and proper two decades ago need not be today.

The cliché is that nothing is carved in stone.

Ecclesiastes, part of man's earliest recording of man's earliest learning, from that earliest of man's recording of man's experience only so short a time after man was first able to record his learning and the wisdom of that learning, says it best of all, I think.

Its Chapter 3 begins telling us that

"To every thing there is a season, a time to every purpose." It then in the following verses notes some of these "seasons" or times. These include, each a separate verse, some here quoted only partially, "... a time to break down and a time to build up; ... a time to cast away stones and a time to gather stones

together...; A time to rend, and a time to sew; a time to keep silence and a time to speak; ... A time to love and a time to hate; a time of war and a time of peace."

These, as I shall explain, are the more eloquent statement of reasons for my writing this book at this time.

Ecclesiastes also says, as I would like to be kept in mind in reading this book, in the 18th, the last verse of its first chapter, "For in much wisdom is much grief; and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow."

How hard it was to learn that in the work I have done!

Ecclesiastes is my favorite book of the Bible. Reportedly it was President Kennedy's too. Some of its words so magnificently rendered in English for us by those very greatest of English scholars assigned that task by King James, also say some of what was in my mind when I declined to do what I now do. It begins, "...Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher, vanity of vanities; all is vanity. ... One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh; but the earth abideth forever. The sun also riseth, and the sun goeth down and hasteth to the place where he arose. ... All the rivers run into the sea; yet the sea is not full; unto the place whence the rivers come, thither they return again. ... The thing that hath been is that which shall be; and that which has been done is that which shall be done; and there is nothing new under the sun. Is there anything of which it may be said, See this is new? It hath been already of old time, which was before us."

It would be sacrilege to me to rewrite these words for those readers who do not from this book's title how I think these words pertain to what this book says, as I hope by the end those readers do; why earlier I refused to write much of it; and why I changed my mind and write it now.

The book I refused to write even though its publication was assured was an autobiography. What this book begins with is not intended to be that autobiography. It is not the story of my life. Not even all of those parts of my life that I recall in it. With very few exceptions it is limited to what in retrospect are among the learning experiences of my fairly long life- more than a third of the life of the United States of America- upon which I draw in doing the work I have done. What I have done is not taught. What is

required for it is more than education. Most important is what is learned from my life, from those who communicated to me some of the learning experiences of their lives and those of my own. It is for this reason and to give the reader some knowledge of me as the person who did what I did and how I was able to do it, plus giving the reader a means of evaluating whether my words and I can be trusted that I begin this book as I do. While it is of autobiographical content it is not my autobiography, I do not intend it to be, and a decade or more ago I refused to write that autobiography.

(As I recount those learning experiences, some vicarious, because of what they later meant to me, I remind readers, especially young readers, that whether or not they recognize it all of their lives are also learning experiences. Perhaps, as I learned from so many others older than I, from those who imparted what they had learned to me, readers may themselves learn from what meant learning for me that I recount in this book.)

Moreover, and the preacher's word is "vanity," I do not have that kind of ego.

I do not say this as a boast or seeking praise for it. It is merely that I have beliefs, have tried to live by them, see no reward per se in seeking and getting attention and I have often enough declined TV appearances. The most common reason was not to be misused to accredit the unproven, misleading and confusing theorizing of those who have commercialized and exploited these tragedies. When I have appeared on programs with those people it was because the promise I asked for and got before agreeing to filming and taping, that I would not be used that way, was not kept.

Again, Ecclesiastes says it so very well, "Wherefore I perceive that there is nothing better, than that a man should rejoice in his own works; for that is his portion; for who shall bring him to see what shall be after him?"

I am more than content with this "portion." However my work is considered now and however it may be in the future, it has enabled me, as the first member of my family ever born into freedom, to invoke Robert Frost's thought, he said we have promises to keep in the miles we go before we sleep.

Having been born into freedom only by accident and having done nothing to earn that great blessing, I feel that what I have done in part at least pays that debt.

What I have done is to write the first critical analysis of the Report of the President's Commission on the Assassination of President John F. Kennedy and, when more than a hundred publishers here and abroad refused to publish it, some confessing fear, I published it myself when I was broke and in debt.

It, as are all my books, is strictly factual, with no conspiracies theorized in any of them. They are based almost entirely on the official evidence, the evidence officially ignored, misrepresented and unfortunately not infrequently officially lied about.

I have, and this is a simple statement of fact, not a boast, brought to light most of the official records that were withheld, kept secret, by a series of a dozen lawsuits under the Freedom of Information Act. Several lasted for a decade, such is the power of the government to stonewall, such the reluctance, nay, the refusal of many courts to preside over justice, to make the government live within the law.

Some of these lawsuits were precedental. One led to the 1974 amending of the Act's investigatory files exemption to open to the Act the unexempt files of the FBI, the CIA and similar agencies. (Congressional Record, May 30, 1974, page S 9336)

It was the sole surviving Kennedy brother, Senator Edward Kennedy, who saw to it that the legislative history is clear and specific on this.

In a sense, then, Congress changed the law to make my work possible for me.

That part of my work is represented by about a third of a million pages of once-withheld official records. Of them about a quarter of a million relate to the assassination of President Kennedy and its official investigations.

So far am I from ego or vanity that despite the great costs of that litigation, despite what one judge referred to as my "poverty" when I did it; and for all that simply enormous amount of time, that required time I could have used for other work, especially writing, I do and I always have made all that information available, unsupervised and without cost, to all writing in the field- in a sense my competitors but only in a very limited sense- and I have always permitted them to use my copier.

I do this, too, as a matter of belief, of principle.

For one thing I do not believe that any of us has any right to make a property claim to our history. For another, I believe the Act does not give me such a property right. I believe it makes all users surrogates for the people.

I believe this and I practice it.

There has never been a single exception, even though I know in advance that I will disagree with what almost all those who use my files will write.

I do not know and I do not try or want to know what records they copy or have copied for them.

When it was physically possible for me I searched for what others asked for, made copies and mailed them. When that was no longer possible for me, for those who wanted it I obtained students at local Hood College to work for them. And what they did I do not know and did not want to know.

(All of my work, these many official records and my own work product, will be a permanent public archive at Hood College. There was no quid pro quo. I could have sold those records. I refused, preferring to give them away so they would always be available to all people.)

If there are those who do not believe this, and among those many who are supposedly working in the same field but in fact are of and live in a different world, they will find the deed of gift recorded with the clerk of the court of Frederick County, Maryland. It was both drafted and recorded by Hood's lawyer, not by me.

Most of those who want it believed that they write about the assassination of President Kennedy when in fact they write mythologies, many of those puttering around with what I regard as the greasy kid stuff, and they do that with what was known isn't so, are money-minded and suspicious. They cannot understand that there are those who are content with a "portion" that is not of fame and fortune. Those who are fame seekers or money-grubbers believe all others are or should be and if they represent they are not are lying and hiding the money they made. They are incapable of understanding that there are rewards not of money and fame and that there are those who seek no more than the "portion" of Ecclesiastes.

Perhaps this is as good a place as any to recall what may seem strange or foreign from the changes in our lives and attitudes since President Kennedy was killed in particular. To remind others, especially our youth, that he enjoined us to not ask what we could get from our country and rather to ask ourselves what we can do for it. To remind that the ancient verities are a preferred way to live, with honesty, with dedication to principles and beliefs that are not selfish, to seek to do what is right and to regard that as its own reward and all the reward there need be from it. That the despair and the nihilism and the cynicism so prevalent today is not what life must be or is for those who do not want them to be. There is more in life than personal profit from what we do and living that kind of life is living a good life, with rewards of greater real value than money, rewards money cannot buy. Living that kind of life can be living a very good life, but it begins by recognizing what is right and what is wrong and in not being suspicious of those who want to live lives of simple honesty, decency, fairness and unselfishness.

This is not a yearning to return to the past, to a society and a life of centuries past. From the time of the Old Testament what is good and what is bad, what is right and what is wrong, are concepts that remain essentially unchanged.

It is the attitudes of some toward what much of the world, the Judeo-Christian part at least, has so long regarded as the preferred way to live, to think and to act that changed.

But the change in the attitudes of some does not change the centuries-long recognition of what is right and what isn't in our lives and the way we live them.

It is much easier to look back over eight decades to see this than it is to look ahead without being willing to see.

Our lives are of learning experiences and of living with or outside of what we learn, of recognizing early that what the centuries teach us is right and good and what is not.

For us, for our country, for civilization.

This is I think inherent in what I write of those of my learning experiences with which I begin this book. What I there write is explicit in what over those many years helped prepare me for my work, in the broadest sense, on the assassinations and how to do it, what is not learned from a formal education.

But in fact, in life, the two are inseparable. If we are to succeed in a meaningful way in what we learn to do we also need to live as we should live, by proper standards and principles. Together, the two make a whole and a worthwhile life, a life in which that "portion" is earned and is meaningful.

We all have the right to live the kinds of lives we want to live. And we all have the right to criticize those who live other kinds of lives.

The second half of this book is critical of others, of other writers, of publishers, of the would-be Perry Masons who in fact are apprentice Keystone Kops, and junior grade at that. This is a kind of writing that to the degree possible I avoided for about 25 years. That was, I realize too late, a serious mistake in judgment. Whether or not exposure of what I now criticize could or would have made any difference in the unseemly money games being played with the great national tragedy of that assassination or with the cheap and taudy self-seeking, I should have made the effort.

Without the effort there was no possibility of discouraging or deterring those commercializations and exploitations of it. Not making that effort also turned that field over to the non-conspiracy theorists of the opposite extreme and enabled them to portray themselves falsely as those who alone told the truth. They did not and they did not intend to.

Because of the factual knowledge I had I should have made the effort based on fact but without forgetting common sense, the common sense ignored or forgotten by both extremes.

But, as Ecclesiastes says, there is a time and a place for everything, a time to cast away stones and a time to gather stones together, a time for war and a time for peace. In a different sense Ecclesiastes uses words that apply to those I now criticize publicly for the first time and for the reasons in each case given, "there is no good in them."

It is that simple.

After all these years of it, there is no good in those who make up conspiracy theories and present them as fact when they are not fact and are most often proven false and fraudulent by the fact most have no interest in or know and shun.

And then there recently as I write this has been wildly irrational talk about and there is to be at least one book that is advertised as an assault on this and on me and my work by the incredible nonsense, the absolute insanity of my public record so well known to that man. He is one of the two who have made the most money from fictions in which they pretend to believe or do actually believe, fabrications they presented as fact when neither is. He now castigates me as a "killer of truth." His title is Killing the Truth, an endeavor in which he can have only one peer, the other man of their mutual hate and their disinformations. As he sees it, I have "put out a lot of disinformation, furthering the conspiracy." I along with others who do not fawn at his feet. The quoted words are his publisher's. They make me and others out to be accessories after the fact of that assassination, a heinous crime.

If there is a more wholeheartedly unscrupulous way for a writer to make money and seek a synthetic fame, a more thoroughly reprehensible way to hurt others in the hope of enhancing his own reputation and increasing his already filthy wealth (or at least what was not wasted of it), a more completely despicable way for a publisher to make money, I cannot conceive it.

Not on a subject like this, a subject that gets to our nation's integrity and the integrity of its basic institutions.

That, while I live, I cannot ignore.

I do not!

Then, too, as I was writing NEVER AGAIN!, I came to realize those of us lumped together as "critics" when the others are conspiracy theorists and I am not, all have our share of blame, our responsibilities in what we have done and not done about the assassination and its official investigations.

I do include myself. I have made mistakes I should not have made. Mistakes that in retrospect I cannot and do not justify. I should have known better. In what follows I address one of my most serious such mistakes. Mea Culpa!

I suppose, although it was not in my mind when I wrote the first part of this book, it also is a kind of answer to him and his kind in giving the reader as well as history a means of making an independent judgment.

That certifiable mental case actually wrote before he finished his newest killing of the truth that I was part of two conspiracies both of his imagining. He actually cribbed from a fake book by the French CIA. In that imagined conspiracy, to kill, he had me helping it. The second that he invented every impossible part of, is a conspiracy to keep him from "breaking the case open in three weeks."

If his only means are what he has written about the assassination, he cannot break into Macy's or Gimbels during their business hours!

So, I think that the time has come for an exposure of the commercialization and exploitations of the self-aggrandizements of the great tragedy of the assassination of President Kennedy by those who have thoroughly confused the people with their mythologies they sell as truthful.

To address all of them is patently impossible. I here address these two in considerable detail, a few others to a lesser extent, and I spend some time on the one who can be properly regarded as the grandpappy of all the assassination conspiracy theorists, the late Jim Garrison.

When this book was largely completed in rough draft, the world- not just this country but the entire world- was saturated with the most cunning and indecent, the most thoroughly and conscientiously dishonest of all the commercializations and exploitations of the great tragedy of the assassination of President Kennedy, Gerald L. Posner's admittedly mistitled Case Closed. Condemning all others as conspiracy theorists and proclaiming that he is factual and not theoretical, Posner in fact theorizes in the face of all the established evidence that there was no conspiracy. His publisher, Random House, and the Central Intelligence Agency, lustily aided and abetted by the major media, saw to it that Posner's book that he knew was a fraud when he did it got more attention than any other book on the subject and they arranged for that to be world-wide.

Saying that there was no conspiracy, that Oswald was the lone assassin, is saying only what the Warren Commission said and that most Americans have never believed. At the height of this massive campaign behind Posner and his book, nine out of ten, according to a CBS-TV poll, believed there had been a conspiracy. So how did Posner get away with what few people believe, rehashing the official line? No big deal in that.

He came up with a formula that was not even his to begin with. It was the formula of the assassins committee of the House of Representatives of the late 1970s.

Posner's simplistic formula is that the Commission was wrong in everything it did but it somehow blundered into the correct conclusion, that Oswald did it all alone.

The media just loved that! For the media it meant that they were right in monolithic support of the untenable Commission conclusions, as it was from the September 1964 release of that Commission's Report. Posner's formula was more than merely welcome to the media. He said that it was right even when it was wrong. He also appeared to be critical of the Commission. But in fact he did no more than repeat its lone-nut conclusion with what he claimed, on all scores falsely, typical of him and his writing, is "new evidence" that proves the Commission was right even if it got to be right with what is wrong.

Snake oil? Sure. But he got away with it.

With this and with his snide and dishonest criticisms of those who do not support the official assassination party line.

This formula, skillfully shystered into what the major media wanted to believe and did believe, is what made him rich and famous. It became the most successful of the exploitations. It commercialized the great tragedy more openly and unabashedly than any other. It was, I decided after reading it and observing the simply enormous effort to have it accepted as the truth, worth more than being merely part of this book. I therefore rushed the draft of a book analyzing and exposing it and its author. I rushed because at 80 and in impaired health and having survived several times what my doctors did not expect me to survive, I wanted to get as much as was practically possible for me on paper. That comes to about a quarter of a million words. I titled it Hoax, which without any question at all Posner's book is, with the subtitle, The Gerald Posner/Random House/CIA Exploitation of the JFK Assassination.

When in September, 1993 I received an offer to publish it I also agreed for the publisher to do the editing.

In return I was promised the book would be rushed, that it would be manufactured by February, 1994 and on sale the next month. I wanted it in contention with Posner's book, I wanted it to confront an

announced NBC-TV/David Wolper mini-series on Posner and his book. That was scheduled for but was not a nationwide February showing. I also wanted to be able to go face-to-face with Posner if he disputed anything in my book. Not that I expected him to dare that. Rather so that he would have the opportunity of refusing and in that, too, would expose himself and his book as frauds. The book was in the stores in April.

The editing consisted of eliminating most by far of the manuscript. Most of what was eliminated is fact about the assassination that Posner had corrupted, lied about, or made up. It also included what is new facts about the assassination I had not had the opportunity to publish earlier.

I also agreed to a new title, Case Open. I had no practical alternative. With the lingering of the Wordsworthian curse of being the first, with all those publishers rejecting Whitewash: The Report on the Warren Report beginning in early 1965 when it was the first and the only book on that subject, and with so many literary agents refusing to touch work critical in any way of what I regard and refer to as the official mythology, I had neither an agent nor a publisher and it was not possible for me to seek an agent. I had grown so frail and weak that a single flight of stairs exhausted me unless I stopped and rested every few steps and then moved very slowly.

Half a loaf, I believed, is better than none.

A partial public exposure of the most blatantly dishonest of all books supposedly on that assassination and its investigations and the one with the most effective and successful efforts to promote it and to corrupt the public mind while it rewrote that most crucial event in our history, I believe was better than none.

In even that quarter of a million words I fell short of complete exposure of the intended fraud, the designed and fabricated lies that made the name Gerald Posner famous throughout the world. Startlingly famous in the most remote areas. My friend Dal McGuirk, New Zealand history professor, sent me a copy of an Australian newspaper from one of its less populated areas in which three full pages of ancillary uses of Posner's fraud were reprinted.

I used Posner's own publisher's unabridged dictionary's definitions of "plagiarism" and "shyster" to describe him as both. His only claim to newness in that book is literally stolen from the faulty work of a 15 year old boy on the one extreme to the mumbo-jumbo of pseudo-science employed by a reputable firm that analyzes failures for such tragedies as the explosion and fires at oil wells, Failure Analysis Associates. Posner presented Failure Analysis's work as his own, as done for him, so successfully and effectively that a major newspaper, the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, lauded him editorially for having gone to that expense.

Posner was so intendedly crooked that he hid from his book the fact that Failure Analysis did that presentation as a mock trial to the 1992 convention of the American Bar Association. He took and used as his own the prosecution side only and this not being enough for his intentions that were the personification of the perfect in dishonesty, he pretended that was all that Failure Analysis did- a scientific study of Oswald's lone guilt. In fact it presented two sides, the defense also, with the defense limited to establishing reasonable doubt about the prosecution case. This evil not satisfying Posner's corruption, he also suppressed from his book that the prosecution-case side failed. He presents it as beyond question. In fact the jury split, which means the jury did not accept the prosecution-type case Posner led the world to believe was an unquestionable scientific study, using the most modern of electronic marvels, prepared for him and for his book alone.

It failed without any of that "science" being used to prepare a defense case.

It failed because the prosecution-side scientific malarkey did not convince the jury, and that is all the defense needed to do to win, to defeat the prosecution.

This is what Posner presented as unquestionable work of the perfection of scientific advances done for him and for him alone and that proves Oswald was the lone assassin.

He is that unashamedly dishonest. So is his book and all the promotions for it, all the TV attention to it, all the adulating reviews of it, all the hosannas of all those columnists and oped-ers.

When in their earlier days Hitler and Stalin were a plague upon the earth I used to wonder how they could get those millions to do their evil. It is the Posners and others of their ilk I have come to see

who tell us that there is no people who cannot provide more willing people that the world's Gestapos and KGBs require.

Disquieting and uncomfortable as this is, it is the reality of recent generations.

We have had our White House housing felons and even more remarkable, they can be to be honored and respected with their crimes regarded not as deeply subversive crimes, which they were, but as acts of patriotism.

This is the known record of more than one administration.

And it was possible only because John Kennedy was assassinated.

How we have changed since then!

He is condemned for allegedly being in beds not his own and not with his wife while those who subverted our entire system, felons, are praised and respected- enriched in many instances beyond calculation. Even given nationwide voices.

Returning to Jim Garrison, who then was the most popular ever of New Orleans' district attorneys, I knew him well. As I also did the two most successful of the motley crew of those who found their unspeakable indecencies dignified by being called "conspiracy theories" most profitable. They are a strange pair, each with psychological problems, each coming to hate the other, each claiming to have done all the real work done in the field, as neither did nor was capable of, and both doing more than anyone other than Garrison to corrupt the truth for their side with their own unofficial mythologies.

"Though the heavens fall," as Garrison was wont to say, "let justice be done."

I refer to these seekers of their own kinds of dirty pieces of silver as of an industry. It is an industry, like organized crime is an industry, albeit on nothing like that scale in its crooked profits. Like organized crime it is an industry involving its own prostitution, a filthier kind of prostitution, of the mind rather than of the body.

The Mafia specialized in stealing worldly goods. these literary Mafiosi rip off the mind while they rip off the public purse.

These two in particular.

Like the Mafia or normal concepts of crime, they seek money. Unlike the Mafia or normal concepts of crime, they also seek personal fame and to a large degree, by their corruptions of truth and of reality in which they have personalized themselves, lustily aided and abetted by publishers whose sole and unscrupulous interest is in making money out of them and their evils by arranging nationwide appearances for them in which they are alone and unopposed, they have deceived and misled many people into virtual hero worship of them both. Each boasts, not without justification, that many of their claque actually work for them, free, with such normal concepts of work as spying and reporting to them on their spying. Stealing, too.

It has come to where each actually believes in what he did that was so dishonest, so wrong, such a prostitution of our tragic history, of the assassination and of the added tragedies in its wake.

And thus it came, also naturally, that each hated the other.

Without money-minded publishers to pimp for them their whoring with our history would not have been possible.

Book publishers are part of the media and the media is one of the basic institutions of our society. Without the failing of that institution, too, at the time of the assassination and ever since then, whether or not the governmental failing, and putting it this way is a rather large understatement of the reality, could have succeeded is a real question. Without the media's enthusiastic whitewashing of it and covering up for it, the subsequent official refusals to finally try to be honest with the people would at the least have been more difficult to pull off.

And without the failures of all of the institutions of our society, the thrust of all my work to be stated more pointedly in NEVER AGAIN!, this literary whoring, which confuses the people even more and tends to protect the official miscreants, would not be received, as often it is received with ecstasy, by

the confused, uninformed, deceived and misled people who seek truth that they can accept and understand.

For publishers this worse than trash is like printing money. Otherwise these two characters in particular would find publishers' doors closed in their faces.

But as money talks, it also deodorized as it covers a multitude of sins.

Imagine! One's publisher not only publishes a book in which his money-maker states that all who do not bow toward him as toward Mecca are, for that reason and for others he only imagines, accessories in that most terrible and most subversive of crimes, the assassination of a President!

And that when, if he does not know the man who writes this is sick in the head, he does not know up from down!

Peer review? Proofs? Fears of lawsuits for defamation? Why when there is money to be made from such outrageous fabrications?

The major publisher of the other of these two merchants of hurtful myth, while studiously avoiding any peer review, did send his mythologizer to school- to learn how not to respond and to frustrate embarrassing questioners when he was on the talk show circuit.

Yes, in this age of specialization, there is specialization in that kind of teaching.

And so, after delaying it too long, in this book that is so different from my other books, I try to give the people an understanding of how these multifaceted corruptions have deceived, misled and confused them, much as some may cherish those evils because they were not in a position to question them and because they were unquestioned.

In this book I also seek to perfect, for the historical record, another aspect of the overall of the assassination and of what did and did not happen in its wake.

Of those of my learning experiences I report I do not burden the reader with pointing out with each what it is that I learned from those experiences or from all those fine people believing that the reader will perceive the knowledge I derived from them on reading later in this book.

Some things that at first may seem not to have a point really do, as I hope will become clear.

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That part of this book is intended to give the reader an understanding of me and of how I feel, think, worked and some of the means by which I succeeded to the degree I did, which is far from the degree I had hoped to succeed.

I hope, too, that I am preparing readers to be able to read more critically in the future and, as they think of it and of what they read in the past.

For some I hope I have laid down a method of inquiry if and when there are other kinds of national tragedies into which they want to inquire.

A writer can only hope when he writes. Based on the reaction to my earlier books, more than 20,000 letters from strangers when once I moved it was not easy for those who had only the address on my earliest books to reach me; based on an incalculable number of telephone calls from all around the world; those letters and calls, both with more than merely welcome thanks and statements of approval and appreciation, lead me to hope.

I hope, despite the overwhelming odds against it, that the time will come when all the failed and failing basic institutions of our society, governmental and other, will decide to tell the truth to the degree it can be told and they can belatedly tell it.

As I document in NEVER AGAIN! when powerful men in the government conspired to see to it that the crime itself would not be investigated and thus that there would be no leads for private persons to follow, there is no real prospect of the crime now being solved.

But, with the passing of three decades, it ought not be too much to hope that, after all this time and after all those many involved in those many wrongs I document elsewhere, there can be a rethinking and a decision to be truthful with the people and with themselves.

All our institutions lost the trust of the people. They all deserved to lose that trust. That was a major disenchantment, particularly for the young.

How fine, how good for the country and for the people it would be for a halting step toward truth be made to justify the beginning of the end of that justified disenchantment!

Neither this nor any of my earlier books represents negativism.

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Perfection is not a human state. Governments and other institutions are composed of people and people do fail and the world knows people can and do fail.

Bringing what of the suppressed truth that can be to light is not negative.

The rectification of error is a strongly positive thing and the effort to make that come to pass is a strongly positive effort.

This should not be misunderstood nor should it be accepted if it is offered as criticism.

There also should be no misunderstanding, there is no ulterior purpose in what is autobiographical in this book.

It should be understood that I am not portraying myself as heroic. I am not heroic. Not in any sense. Nor is there anything heroic in anything I have done- ever. I have never done anything I have thought was heroic, either. Or anything like that.

Contending with the power of government is not any form of heroism.

Many people do that all the time and in various ways.

When men do what they think they should do, that is a form of being a man, not of heroism.

If it is from principle or from caring, that is no more than being what a man should be, caring and principled.

It is no more and it ought not be considered as any more than what it is.

If there were any danger of harm, any physical danger, that might perhaps change the situation some. But there never was any such danger. I never believed there was.

There is no special security on the home in which we have lived beginning in 1967. Before that our home had such primitive locks skeleton keys for it could then be bought in any five-and-ten-cent store for a dime.

We did get threats. Some were fairly sophisticated. Like playing the sound track of the movie Shane to me in the middle of the night. My wife was phoned when I was away and to the best of our

knowledge nobody knew I'd be away and she was asked if she did not worry about me. She said she didn't but that did not end such calls.

My mail was intercepted. That cost me publication of my first book in both England and Germany. Letters from the intended German publisher offering to do the book never reached me and when that publisher never heard from me and returned that copy of the manuscript, it never reached me, either. All my mail to an agent I had in England was intercepted and delayed for two months. He then got all of it in a single mail delivery. That delay was enough for the second English publisher not to complete the contract he was drafting when, as he later wrote and told me, he was fed false information.

There were other and domestic intrusions and they, too, entailed some costs.

But there was never any physical danger. And government intrusions, unfortunately were not all that unusual. In a country like ours they should never exist. They did. Yet they never posed any physical danger.

I did not go out and buy any gun. I never carried one. I saw no need to.

In New Orleans I went, alone, where Garrison's detectives and lawyers would not go alone even when armed. They had or could have had enemies I did not and could not have had. That I went everywhere alone and was never bothered and was not heroic. I was not in any sense in danger.

There should be no misunderstanding, nobody working in the JFK assassination, particularly not those who pretend they are when they are not, those who work on what really are novels, ever had any legitimate reason to fear physical harm from the work itself. The bad behavior of some is another matter. But if they had any legitimate cause for fear, it did not come from anything or anyone connected with the assassination or its official investigations.

No matter how others may portray themselves, this is true and it has always been true: we have never been in any physical danger from the work.

So, I hope it will be understood that I am not any kind of hero and do not present myself as one.

Citizens in a society like ours have responsibilities. Meeting their responsibilities is no more than that, meeting responsibilities.

Those who assume responsibilities and do not meet them ask that they be judged.

I do hope that especially younger ones can come to understand that all their lives they have learning experiences. These come from, among other things, problems, from meeting those problems, from learning how to meet and live with them, and they come also from everyday living. Life itself is a learning experience whether or not it is so recognized. Some of us have experiences common to most, some have experiences that are not everyday events. We are fortunate if we learn from them and remember what we learn from them. My own I think were helpful to me and were essential in the work I have done. I think also that without some of these experiences of what is now a long life I would not have been able to do what I have done. I hope others can perceive that this can be true of them, too.