

CHAPTER 29

Livingstone's Two Minds — Both Skewed

While this can be taken as a personal attack on Livingstone, as an attempt at revenge for the nasty things he says about me in a book the first hardback printing of which is of 50,000 copies, a size that requires advertising and promotions not only for a profit but to prevent a loss, it is not that. The fact is I feel sorry for him. He is only one of many who have made these kinds of personal attacks on me. Attacks of that kind, on me and my work, are what I have lived with for years because that is the only way my work can be criticized. Harry's nastiness is greasy kid stuff compared with what the Federal Bureau of Investigation did, and it included my wife in its infamies. When it could not make any legitimate criticism of my work it resorted to the same methods Livingstone resorts to and for similar if not identical reasons; but the intention of both was to undermine the work neither could criticize any other way because it is accurate and distorts nothing.

His is not the only irrational criticism and his is far from the only irrational book on the subject. He, too, does exploit and commercialize the tragedy, as do those who wrote other books. Because his and the others are seriously flawed and because of the irrationality and gross inaccuracies, they have the effect of confusing the people even more; of disgusting the major media and leading it to excuse itself by regarding all work as like their work, all books as bad; and of giving agencies like the FBI countless opportunities to pick a few of the more extreme of their innumerable errors and, along with comment pointing out these inaccuracies, distribute them where it helps protect the official mythology inside the government and by leaks. Their comments are to the effect, "this shows they are all wrong and that we were right."

In a very real sense Livingstone is a symbol of all that has helped preserve the official mythology where it is still believed and of discouraging any effort to establish the truth because of its grossest and crudest misrepresentations of fact and because, as he set out to do, he criticized all criticism other than his own and to those unaware of the truth, undermined the credibility of all criticism other than his own. Yet his own is so absolutely stupid, ignorant, incorrect and impossible that is one area in which in his personal killing

of the truth he does establish himself as pre-eminent. But it does and it would do no good at all.

Lies never do any good.

His unhidden objective is to establish himself as JFK Assassination King Harry. What he succeeded in doing is the exact opposite to those who are aware of the fact of the crime and the truth of what he writes.

His is actually so bad a book its badness is beyond adequate description. I cannot begin to address this fully.

Were his errors all to be addressed, with the fact reported or the truth told, that could not be done in the largest book presses can manufacture.

In a field in which the competition is not insignificant, he has produced what is far and away the worst book and at the same time, because of his efforts to undermine all books and their authors, the most evil.

No matter how convinced he is in his irrationality, his is also by far the most irrational. His book is as sick as he is. Because of his vigor in his personal attacks on others, attacks that fail in any sense to establish him as a legitimate and respectable authority in the field, it is necessary, I believe, to address his writing with directness and bluntness, not with polite circumlocution. When he lies he should be called a liar. There should be no pussyfooting because there are few who are authentic subject experts, fewer who know the truth about those and what he assails, and the record for history should be unequivocal.

In short, he is one of the two who by the commercial success of their genuinely evil books have been the greatest killers of the truth outside of official circles and official sycophancy, another form of exploitation and commercialization. (See, for example, my *Case Open*, which uses Gerald Posner and his mistitled *Case Closed* as symbolic of that genre. Richard Gallen/Carroll & Graf, New York, 1994). Livingstone's is by far the largest assault on the largest number of others writing in the field and in the diversity and number of his factual errors and outright lies.

In what he undertook to do for himself in his terribly bad book, personal attacks were his greatest need and he made them more widely than any other on any side of the controversy.

But despite the widespread distribution of them in his book, they do not compare in their effect with those of agencies like the FBI, in particular when the FBI's were addressed to the President.

In response to President Lyndon Baines Johnson's request of the FBI for what it knew about the few of us whose work had gotten some public attention by November, 1966, the FBI responded with character assassinations and that ended any White House interest in criticism of the Warren Report. Criticizing the Warren Report is really criticism of the FBI. In what is both the nastiest and the most effective lies about me that are substituted for criticism of my work is the fabrication that my wife and I annually celebrated the Russian revolution. This is the lie that the FBI told the White House. It said that our celebration was usually with 35 strangers, not the normal kind of celebration, with strangers and in our home.

This canard typifies the method of those who have to make up libels. When they are making it up they make it strong and effective. There were fewer ways of scaring the hell out of the White House than by a phony "red" scare.

As the readers of Livingstone's book have no way of learning the truth about those he regards as competitors when he wants to be recognized for what in his own tortured mind he really believes he is, the one who has done the best work in bringing fact about the assassination to light, so did the FBI want it believed where belief counted that we were a bunch of rascals and politically untrustworthy. Livingstone's work is at its best trash and the FBI's work on the assassination was a national disgrace and catastrophe.

What the FBI told the White House was our celebration of the Russian revolution was in fact an annual religious gathering. What it said was at our home was at our farm. The FBI did not have to tell the White House what went on in or at its nonexistent celebration. The allegation was all it needed.

It was at the same time every year and it was not at the time of that revolution. It was after the Jewish holy days, usually in September, two months early for the celebration of that revolution. What really happened was that a friend of ours who worked for the Jewish Welfare Board, brought Washington area service personnel up to our farm to relax after what are sometimes rigorous observances, with their children

to enjoy what was so attractive to the children that the University of Maryland copied it in the Washington suburb of Wheaton and called it “Old McDonald’s Farm.”

We were delighted on being copied and I encouraged it strongly when our friend, Professor George Quigley, of the University’s agricultural staff observed the delight of the children when they came and saw eggs hatch, could fondle the hatchlings, watch them run about, gather eggs from underneath the hens, even ride our tame farm animals.

Ours was a celebration of life for those who in the modern world never saw what they so enjoyed, a visit to a farm operated the old-fashioned way, where the wonder of birth was before them and they could observe the marvel of birth.

This kind of corruption of reality typifies criticism of evil motive and there is no way, we learned, of catching up with it or of undoing it. It has to be lived with and, if possible, survived if it comes from those of power and is addressed to those who also represent power.

So pleased was the FBI with the White House reaction to its made-up libel it spread that infamy around where it could serve the same purpose Livingstone’s infamies serve, to protect the FBI from legitimate criticism of it by assaults upon those who criticized it accurately. In a record I later got from the FBI — and I was able to get them only because the Congress amended the FOIA over FBI corruption in one of my earliest FOIA lawsuits — it became apparent that it did make wide use of its dirty lie. Copies were sent throughout the higher levels of the Department of Justice, to those involved in my litigation against it and to its components, to those in the Civil Division which represented the FBI in those lawsuits — even to the Congress.

Livingstone’s intent in his book is apparent when in almost 800 pages he has not a single reference to how the FOIA was amended and why, or to all the FOIA suits I then filed and fought that brought to light about a third of a million previously withheld secret records. Not once does he mention — even hint at the fact — that he and his policeman assistant had endless days of unsupervised access to those records and to our copier for leaving with copies of whichever of those records he wanted,)

There it was Barry Goldwater, then chairman of the Senate's intelligence oversight committee, who had the correction placed in the file with the false and defamatory fabrication.

But that was one correction for history only. There is no way of removing such vicious character assassinations from the minds of those contaminated by them. Or from the files from which in the future they are retrieved.

It is certain that these reached the lawyers representing the government in those lawsuits and some reflected the hatred generated by them. There are strong indications that ways were found of giving judges the same defamations.

And how about spreading the word that I allegedly conspired with one of the most virulent of the country's anti-Semites, that nonexistent conspiracy allegedly against the FBI, which represents itself as pure as Livingstone represents himself?

That I allegedly conspired with that racist was the FBI's version of my letting it know that its reports about him were reaching that man, Jesse B. Stoner. He started what he called "The National States Rights Party" when he found the Ku Klux Klan too liberal for him. The FBI reports he got were those that it gave the head of the Alabama State Police, Al Lingo. Stoner told me so himself.

Instead of appreciating getting information helpful to it the FBI saw the possibilities of effective police-statism against one it regarded as an enemy and converted this into me allegedly conspiring with Stoner against it.

There is more like this. I have more than a file drawer full of it. I even made copies of selections from it, because it is scattered in the FBI's files, so that genuine scholars can see for themselves how the FBI undertook to discourage inquiry into the assassination and its investigation where that counted. These selections are filed under my name in the special file I call my "subject" file to which I direct all who come here supposedly to study, for supposedly real research. There is nothing in my real life now of 81 years that I need to hide. And there is nothing I can do to prevent misuse of reality by the sick-in-the-head like the Livingstones or those who have the FBI's purposes in mind, like Gerald Posner, author of the most

deliberately dishonest book in support of the official version of the assassination, the mistitled *Case Close*.

Rather than try to keep these official violations of all true and traditional American belief secret, these practices so like those of the Gestapo and the KGB, I have gone out of my way to make them available to those intending authentic research.

It is there that the Livingstone/Waybright combo could easily find them without any interference from me and use my own copier to misuse those official lies as they do in this particular way of “killing the truth.”

Is there anything else in that file in at the least raising questions about the faithfulness to fact of the short fragment Livingstone quoted so prejudicially? Yes, there is. But that this killer of the truth did not want his reader to know.

Is there overt untruth in it? Yes, and that is secret from Livingstone’s readers and in the dishonest record he makes for history.

Of course it is obvious that having made so perpetual a pest of himself with all these phone calls, letters and visits he could have asked me. But if I had pointed out that the accusation was false then he could not have used it. So, intent as he was on killing the truth he did not write, phone, or come to find out or ask when he was here.

In this he is a carbon copy of Gerald Posner.

From both it is deliberate character assassination, not responsible or honest or honorable writing. It is killing the truth, by killing the reputations of those who write it.

It is not accidental killing. It is deliberate, by the two who most recently at this writing were the self-portrayed holiest of the holy — in their own books.

Even the supermarket tabloids make at least gestures at checking out. But to acquire riches and fame with assassination writing that depends on killing the truth sayers it is simply not done. Doing it can lead to serious consequences for such writers — the truth.

If either had intended telling the truth he would not have begun his book, either of them.

As each assassinates, how can their readers know or learn the truth?

They cannot.

This, too, we have to live with.

All of us who undertake to tell the people about the great tragedy that nullified their system of society, that had the effect of a coup d'etat, that turned the country round and with that turned the world around, must, in President Harry Truman's words, take the heat if we are to be in that kitchen.

We must be able to have our work examined critically. The event is too important in our history for this not to be necessary. We must also expect and be able to survive criticism of us and our work. One means of criticism being examined is to begin with an understanding of those who make that criticism.

This is why I began this examination of that very special killer of the truth, the book of the one who does that by trying to kill the reputations of all those he regards as his competitors, all those he thinks long to be recognized as the "leaders" of those who criticize the official mythology, and that includes a few of us with whose work his cannot survive comparison.

Reading and analyzing all the almost 800 pages of his childishly immature and grossly inaccurate pretense of authentic inquiry, his book that is really his disgustingly incompetent self-glorification, would be a depressing masochism. Reading this outpouring of blended ignorance and venom is that unpleasant. Moreover, it is not at all necessary to make a record of its totally trashiness, of its invalidity and its lack of contact with reality, of the totality of its being wrong and of its innumerable lies.

It is to make this clear to the reader and as a record for history that I do not begin by responding to what he says about me in his vain effort to destroy my work. Instead I give the reader a means of evaluating him and his work. I have begun with a partial examination of him. Enough of an examination of his work will follow. The volume of error, mostly simple error coming from ignorance, the rest coming from his self-concept that has no basis in reality, is so great, so detailed, so omnipresent throughout the volume of his book, as a practical matter assessing all of it is impossible.

It is also not necessary at all. The stomach churns in revolt against that with the mind on partial examination, it is all that incredible, that irrational — that sick and that wrong.

On a personal level, Livingstone is an insufferable, persistent pest, an ill-mannered nuisance so gauche that once with my wife and me present, greybeard that he is, he made the crudest advances to a girl who served us in a restaurant that he sent her several of his novels and \$20 he asked her to use for bus fare to Baltimore to visit him. He then kept pestering me to learn what her reaction was, what she had said or would do, even after I told him she was no longer there.

The embarrassed owners forwarded the books and the money to her.

On those innumerable times he forced his presence upon us he constantly sought praise for what he held forth on as his unique and major accomplishments and when none was forthcoming he then at no less boring length held forth on what he regarded as and boasted unstintingly of as his alleged investigatory achievements.

My first clear recollection of his pathetic paranoia — and I do not mean to suggest that paranoia encompasses all of his ills — was when he phoned me saying that he was in Maine and an unidentified “they” were about to kill him.

A few years later he came here with a duplicate set of his interviews with Dallas doctors. He wanted me to have them in the event “they” got to him or his tapes.

If there were any real “theys” the only interest they could have in him is thanking him. He is a boon to them, so is his book that confuses even more people, undermines all legitimate criticisms of the government and deceives and misleads all who read the book or who take in his promotions for it.

Then, time having passed, he sent me a printout of the so-called medical evidence, asking me to critique it. He did not tell me whether I could separate the pages or if he would want it back. I did take the not inconsiderable time that required, and not knowing whether I could mark the printout up, placed paper clips where I saw problems. One was his uncredited use of the work of others, one was his not citing original sources, and quite a number were on content.

Some time passed and I heard nothing from him. Then he did phone me about it. He said he was in Canada. I got the printout and as I picked up as best I could what I had in mind were I had placed those paper clips I went into it in detail over the phone. Once when he interrupted me I lost my place. I asked him to check his notes and tell me where I was. He then said he had no notes, that he was phoning me from a booth!

Thereafter I cut it as short as I could, leaving the remaining paper clips in place, as they still are. Unless his “chief investigator,” the Baltimore cop Richard Waybright stole that, too, when he was here supposedly researching for Livingstone.

While I have no way of knowing what all Waybright did steal and sell to Lifton, there is no possible question about that including the only copy of my analysis of Lifton’s mistitled book, *Best Evidence*. It is neither. Along with that Waybright “borrowed,” to save Harry Xeroxing costs, my duplicate copies of the records Lifton got from the Military District of Washington.

It made sense that with their blood feud Harry wanted those for use against Lifton.

But he never got them! I learned this when Livingstone showed up one day and said he’d like to copy them.

“Rick Waybright borrowed them to copy for you,” I told him. “You have them.”

He said he did not. I told him where that file is, he looked at it and reported that those files were not there.

They were not here! I looked myself.

That was how and when I learned that Waybright had robbed me.

And if he’d had no other reason to believe it, that is when at the latest Livingstone knew that “his” cop was a crook.

What Livingstone did take with my permission is a large collection of good-sized quartz rocks for a backyard rock garden. I thought the springs on his large car would break, they were bent over the wrong way that much. He is so careful a man that when we went to lunch together he passed me speeding on one of

Frederick's main streets. And, remarkably, did not break a spring, overloaded as his car was.

He is physically a strong man. Those were really heavy rocks.

The only thing I ever got from him in return for his wasting a very large amount of my time when he was here many, many days, and in calls and letters, is trouble. At my age, with my own work to do, merely the great amount of time he wasted was abusive. He is unthinking, uncaring, and unlearning unless one talks about his nutty notions. Nothing else ever makes any difference to him. He even argued his preconceptions when he did interview all those doctors, what could have had real value if he had just let the doctors recall and say what they remembered. But he wanted only what he wanted and because he wanted it nothing else made any difference.

What a fine person he is to criticize others!

Others who to the best of my knowledge wanted nothing at all to do with him when he persisted, as he did with me, three times after I told him not to write, phone or come here again.

And for never doing a single thing against him, for refusing even to talk to a reporter for the *Baltimore Sun* when he phoned to ask about Harry's High Trash 1, for never once saying anything about him in public, the monstrous false, invented and entirely baseless accusations are his repayment in his book, along with his distortions, misrepresentations and just plain lies about me and what I do and do not do.

Before getting to the specifics of his allegations against me that include being a party to the conspiracy to kill JFK through my alleged association with (in letters he said "help" to) the late ultraconservative oil magnate, H. L. Hunt who Harry imagines is a conspirator because in the French spook book that was alleged, an effort should be made to understand Harry. That he says he is a Harvard man is of no help at all. And what he does not often talk about, a rare display of wisdom, is that he also has a law degree. That could complicate his already convoluted outpouring.

He is a lawyer who consistently misspells "libel" and who persists in the very nonlegal belief that the State of Maryland has jurisdiction over federal military installations in the State. His letters are full of the bald statement that the State of Maryland has jurisdiction over what happened in the Bethesda Navy Hospital.

Those statements include that it is doing or is going to do something, he never says what. He says he is part of that even that “I am the police.” His false representations also amount to that he is part of a State of Maryland inquiry into the JFK assassination and his sole basis for this is that he had a couple of Baltimore cops in his pay for work they did for him illegally when not on active duty. If not also when on police duty.

These are but a few illustrations of what benefit, if the word may be used, he got from his legal education and what benefit, the same question, it is to him in what he believes is his investigation of the assassination.

What is really indispensable in any effort to understand him, not that understanding him is always possible, is recognizing that to him what is real is what is not real and that what is not real is what is to him real. What this boils down to is that only what he wants to be real is real no matter how unreal it beyond any reasonable question is. We’ll see examples of this including in his diatribes against me.

It may not be easy for those who have not suffered him and his books to believe the fact, but if he wants or thinks he needs what is not true to be true, in his convoluted thinking what cannot possibly be true becomes the unquestionable truth to him, and he really believes it.

This is sick but it is so true that without it he would not have this book.

It is the first indispensability to his personal killing of the assassination truth.

It is also an absolute essential in trying to make any sense at all of what he says to understand that he cannot understand that he does not want to be true and is quite obviously true.

Without any real proof at all that anything at all was forged he says in launching his assault on me (page 374ff) that “it appears that everything (his emphasis) is probably (my emphasis) forged.” He follows this with what by itself is false, that I put forward this argument: “Why would the conspirators forge something if it could be found out?” He does not quote me within quotation marks here and that, at least, is honest.

He gets closer to it with his reasonable version of what he says is “another question” when it is in fact the basic question I “posed” with regard to the reason I believe that what he imagines is forged is not

forged. This time he has quotes of one of the many times I tried to get this simple thought through all that murk in his brain of endless theorizing as a substitute for fact I may have used those words:

““Why would anyone fake photographic evidence to disprove what the alleged faking is supposed to validate? Until you can answer this question I see no purpose served in doctoring and of the film. As you will see in *Post Mortem*, it, the film (and X-rays also are films) completely destroys the official “solution”.” (page 375) His source is my October 23, 1991 letter to him. It was not the first effort to try to get him to understand plain English but it was at least that far back that he admits that I tried to.

What he says next, nothing omitted, demonstrates that I failed miserably: “I repeat this as an example of the sort of extraordinarily muddled thinking that has kept this nation in turmoil over the years.”

What is “muddled thinking?” That I “kept this nation in turmoil over the years” with?

He says the film is faked. I say the film destroys the official solution so why would anyone fake what would destroy the solution he says the faking was to protect?

It is simple enough. The film he says was faked disproves the official solution.

So, why in the world would anyone create fake film to disprove the solution they were faked to prove?

We discussed this often in all those innumerable hours he wasted for me. He does not know who did the faking, how or where it was done or even when it was done. He wants it to have been faked and *ipso facto*, to him it is automatically faked.

The answer is obvious and simple, but if he faces that he is forced to recognize that he is the nothing his work makes him out to be and that he cannot do. So, he says it is not comprehensible. He once even got a chum on the Harvard faculty to write him that my first book, *Whitewash: The Report of the Warren Report* is incomprehensible. Harry even sent me a copy of his Harvard chum’s letter.

High school children who write me about it and some not yet in high school have no trouble understanding it. It is used as a college text. It is still in demand 29 years after it was first published. But because it says and proves what Harry does not want to admit it is incomprehensible to him.

Not realizing, as apparently his editor also did not realize, unless by this point the editor was too numbed, he continues, with only a snide personal comment about me omitted in this direct quotation of his every word:

“I had written Weisberg the following: ‘Why did you accept so easily the Clark Panel report? That is, you just assumed that the new (sic) description of the autopsy photos and X-rays represent the authentic X-rays and photos.’”

The “new” description is in fact the first description if them ever by anyone at any time or place. This will return, alas.

In fact I did not believe the stated conclusions of that panel of experts. I pointed out that the evidence it cites disproves its stated conclusions. It is not its stated conclusions that I cited, it was their interpretations of the meaning of the film that I used, verbatim. These are contrary to its stated conclusions, the opposite of them.

It is a fact, difficult as fact is for him to deal with in any way, that this official reading of that film disproves the official solution to the crime. And he says it is faked. So, as I tried without success so many times to get him to understand, nobody in his right mind would fake for that result, especially not with all the risk inherent in it.

What he next says within the same quotes makes no sense at all and it is something I never said or believed, “You automatically assumed that the original (supposed) stuff was fake.” The “supposed” within parentheses is his, and I never believed that the autopsy and X-rays that nobody had even seen had been faked. Moreover, in writing about it that he also protested was incomprehensible, I treated it as genuine beyond the questioning of any of the nuts who dream up what they want to have been and cannot and do not prove it.

Still nothing omitted in quoting him, although I do interject a comment, [Author’s note: Here I quoted from one of Weisberg’s letter to Hunt Oil without telling him the quote was his own]:”

I never, ever, wrote to “Hunt Oil.” I wrote only to its chief of security whose name Harry omits in

his book. He has good reason for that — the man is his personal lawyer now and he says so himself.

Still nothing omitted in quoting him: “Clark did blow his cool. In the course of doing it, he made available for the first time two things: a reading of what the X-rays show and the fact that both X-rays and pictures have been eliminated.’ [Harold What does this mean?]”

Reference is to former Attorney General Ramsey Clark and to a panel of outstanding experts convened to study and report on that film. What it means is that the accounting of the film did not equal the number of film given. At least in part this was later explained. Here it is necessary to note that he is careful not to give the date of my letter to his since-then lawyer — who could not have that letter unless that correspondence was personal or he was a thief — as he had been charged with being.

This is getting too convoluted, his putting it to begin with being that convolutedly.

What he is trying to do is make a federal case as he tries again later on this same business, of my not knowing in 1969, the date of my letter to Paul Rothermel, Jr., fired by the Hunts as a thief, what then was not known but was by the time I wrote Harry in 1991.

Although this can be interpreted as dishonesty it is more likely Harry’s ignorance of the official fact. For example, in 1969 it was referred to as the “Clark” panel because he was the attorney general who arranged for it. But it was later known, by the time of Livingstone’s writing, that the idea was that of Professor John P. Roche, then the intellectual in residence at the White House. Roche himself said that the idea was his in a column he wrote after leaving the White House and that as a result of his recommending it the White House asked the attorney general, the norm, to convoke that panel for the purpose stated by that panel, to interpret the autopsy film.

Livingstone next says what is not true, “At no time did Harold answer my question, which was, ‘How can you say the Clark Panel Report disproves the Warren Report?’ He has never answered it.” And then he imagines that I always shifted my position on it.

What Harry protested often that he could not understand is specific pages of that report to which I repeatedly referred him. I even sent copies to his publisher. Elsewhere he even argues against what I cited to

him. So there can be no doubt about it I have xeroxed the appropriate pages of that panel report the Department of Justice had kept secret until it could use it the way it preferred along with a report by the Navy autopsists on their examination of that film.

Not only did I never shift my position on what I said about that panel report, if I had wanted to I would have had to deny my own published writing on it in *Post Mortem*. Neither then nor since did I have any reason to have any other opinion or make any other interpretation of the meaning of the panel's report.

What it is necessary to understand here and elsewhere is that Harry never does tell his reader what the basic conclusions of the Warren Report are. If as little as a single one of those conclusions is proven wrong then the entire Report is proven wrong. This omission and others like it need not be taken as dishonesty. It is more like his complete indifference to the conclusions that are so indispensable in addressing the official mythology because he does not even think that way. He thinks only in terms of what he imagines is real when it isn't, what makes him a knight in the most shining armor in his own sick and befuddled mind. Living in this special world of his own creation, the unreal world of fiction pretended to be non-fiction, he begins his Preface with what he intended for a meaning he denies it and would be false if he did not: that the world conspired against him. In his own mind as well as the minds of the uninformed readers he misleads, he really believes his condemnation of all others on the first page of his Preface: "...I have been suckered and misled by some of the above leaders."

There he names eight of us as "the Old Guard." Here he is dishonest. He knows that there is no such thing as a "leader" among us, that we are anything but unified in any way, and that some of us have nothing at all to do with some of the others.

"I think now that they have misled us all and that the real evidence of conspiracy does not lie in criticism of the single-bullet theory or most if not all of what they have put forward." (Page xv)

How profoundly ignorant of the basic fact he is!

If the single-bullet theory is proven to be wrong, as in my very first book I proved from the official evidence only, then that alone means and proves that there was a conspiracy. If that theory, and calling it a

theory dignifies it because the government knew it was impossible, is not correct, that alone means there had to have been at least two assassins firing at the President and that in itself is irrefutable proof of a conspiracy.

The official mythology is that three shots were fired, that the magical one inflicted all seven non-fatal wounds of both victims; that one shot missed entirely; and that the third is the one that killed the President. The Commission knew that it had not been possible for the best shots in the country to duplicate the shooting it attributed to Oswald, who was officially evaluated by the Commandant of the Marines as a “rather ‘poor shot.’” The Commission knew that its “single-bullet theory” was not even a theory but a fraud perpetrated upon the nation.

It is not a Harvard man, a man with a law degree but a man crazed with his baseless sense of his own importance who can write such drivel as “the real evidence of conspiracy does not lie” in what proves beyond any question at all that there had been a conspiracy.

Livingstone thinks and writes in terms of his sick self=concept in which all his imaginings alone are what is real.

Thus, what he actually says is that “the real evidence of conspiracy” is not what proves that there had been one!

What else then can “the real evidence of conspiracy” be if it is not proof that there was one?

This, too, is pretty sick!

Even his complaint about being “misled” is childish. He refers to words only. There was nobody with a club making him believe what he did not want to believe.

This nonsense is his sick way of trying to tell the reader that those who wanted only to have nothing to do with him conspired against him. His letters reek of this irrational fabrication.

It is as only part of this necessity for him, that the unreal be the real and the real not exist, that he is able to state so big a lie that that, returning to what we left for content, “At no time did Harold answer my question, which was ‘How can you say the Clark Panel Report disproves the Warren Report?’”

If he had not pretended first that he could not understand my writing and then that I never answered

his question, he could not have oozed out this volume of vapid self-glorification. I did it repeatedly, when he phoned and in writing.

And while I did not intend it that way, not knowing what Harry would write, I made his publisher witting in writing to tell him what the appearance of the book he described in *Publishers Weekly*, in its issue dated May 3, 1993, would require of me and as well as how I would do it. His words are “*Killing the Truth* is about who those people are. It suggests that many have, for one reason or another, put out a lot of disinformation, furthering the conspiracy.” (emphasis added)

This is pretty strong stuff, especially from a publisher who did not even bother to get the traditional peer review for non-fiction, especially on so controversial a subject and more, when he had to know his author was not really rational. There is no question but that the basic requirement for any who can be regarded as “public figures” if they file libel actions, that they show “malice,” is met for all by Livingstone himself, in the book, as any competent lawyer would have told him. This means that he was not concerned about being sued because he knew that for most of us, particularly the elderly, that is a practical impossibility. For the others having to file in New York in itself could be prohibitive. This is to say that he was not worried about being sued for libel. So I wrote the publisher telling him that while I preferred not to spend any time that way, if I had to I would defend my reputation and that of my books and that gruesome as Harry’s wild notions are, proving him grossly inaccurate is easy. I gave him an example based on what else he had told *Publishers Weekly*. He gave that letter to Harry to answer. Came the expectable tirade in which Harry claimed not to have said what I said he had. One of his milder complaints in his letter to me of July 15, 1993, is that I not only misrepresented him but “This proves that you not only did not read my last book, but you have never understood the medical evidence.”

In response I sent the publisher a xerox of that page of that *High Trash 2*. It says exactly what I said it did. It is Livingstone who does not remember his own fantasies.

To illustrate to his publisher how easy it is to prove that Harry does not know the fundamentals of what he writes about, I used precisely what from the fantasies in his head Harry said I never answered his

question about, what he had earlier said was is incomprehensible.

I published that panel report in facsimile in *Post Mortem*, (pages 580-95) the book Harry has and of which he said before he got his delusions of grandeur and his assorted assassination complexes that it is “a very crucial book on the medical evidence.” This is in his bibliography of his first book (page 413). A series of documents relating to this report begins on page 560 in *Post Mortem*. This is to say that for the Johnny-come-lately like Livingstone at one point in that massive book there are 35 consecutive pages of official documents, all in facsimile, leading up to that panel’s report, they all have free access to it.

In addition to disproving the single-bullet theory there are other simple means of proving the Warren Report wrong by refuting other of its basic conclusions. One of these additional means is proving that the Commission mislocated wounds.

Post Mortem is one book. What it says and the meaning of what it says is inflexible.

It is not possible to change the printed page. What that book meant and said 20 years earlier is precisely what it says and means as of the time of Livingstone’s gymnastics with that meaning.

Livingstone describes me in two mutually contradictory ways in one book. Both of these ways cannot be right.

He describes himself as of two different minds. Tragically, they are both skewed.