

CHAPTER 42

A Crazy Book By A Crazy Man

There is a special kind of sickness to the strange dishonesty of Livingstone's suppression of the name of that particular one of those he describes as "gracious, kindly southern gentlemen" (page 519) who took a leading role in suckering him, especially in his silly chapter "Treason and the Smoke Screen." That vicious chapter is also more stupid than most of them. Elsewhere his name is given and Livingstone even identifies him as his lawyer. That just goes to show that Paul Rothermel got Livingstone to pay for getting screwed in the head.

In the text Rothermel's name is replaced by [Hunt's man]. Why is not immediately apparent unless that screwed-up head thinks that helps make my non-existing connection with H.L. Hunt. This is true also of the source notes, where a lie is substituted, that I wrote the Hunt Oil Company. I did not do that even one time. I wrote Rothermel only and, naively I trusted, and he phoned and wrote me.

After this cheapest of shoddy propaganda tricks to make a connection I never had with Hunt, Livingstone does later refer to my letters as "to Paul Rothermel," not to Hunt or the Hunt Oil Company in his notes (page 606). Those two, in 1969, were dated January 14 and February 22.

In with his typical personification of the best in honest journalism Livingstone quotes selectively again, and then asks what I meant (page 376). I explained what he says he cannot understand. That letter was addressed to Paul Rothermel personally, not to the Hunt Oil Company, as Livingstone misrepresents, and it begins, "Dear Paul."

Rothermel was interested in the medical evidence. I began that letter by telling him that I had just completed the draft of what I later published as Part II of Post Mortem. The fourth paragraph

begins with what Livingstone says he cannot understand:

Briefly, it is this: the official accounting of the two acknowledged wounds of the President is in both cases false and was, from the very first, knowingly false. The "fatal" shot to the head (and there are indications of two) was at the top, not the back. The non-fatal shot did hit bone (eliminating all over again the fiction of the single-bullet theory) and it did leave fragments, plural, in the thoracic area.

From his response, Rothermel was interested in that comment on the report of the Department of Justice panel that was Greek to Harvard-man Livingstone.

And, despite Livingstone's slighting and disbelieving references to it, that letter, as he knows from having a copy of it, also refers to what I learned from sources I had and Rothermel did not have in a part of the radical right. And lo! as I'd forgotten, at the top of the second page I referred to the Dallas chairman of the so-called National States Rights Party, Jimmy George Robinson.

My how I do love to be reminded of what that greatest sleuth of them all regards as my nefarious past, the FBI's favorite word for it, of what I was really telling Rothermel for his file he was keeping on the JFK assassination.

The very first tip to the Dallas FBI from any area police department, as soon as they got word of the assassination, was from the very police department who were Rothermel's good friends, where he lived, in Richardson. And the message from Sergeant H.C. Sherrill is that this self-same Robinson and that extremist group "should be considered possible suspects...due to their strong feelings against" JFK (DL 89-43-84).

So my information was not bad on what kind of person Robinson was. And this does confirm what Livingstone did not believe from the way he used my words, that I gave Rothermel information about those he did not want to touch old man Hunt for money because of the evil uses they might make of it.

What is so terrible about my letter to Rothermel of January 14, 1969? That it reports more on the fake Farewell America book. That was more than 20 years before supersleuth Livingstone used the contents of that as his own work. That letter held more about the French spook honcho on that job, Herve Lamarre, on the Swiss front it used, on others on that project and on other French spooks. Even the office of the New York law firm where messages could be left for Lamarre. Wasn't that terrible of me? Bad enough to justify having me as an accessory in the President's assassination?

Perhaps then it is the evil he sees in what I was up to in my letter of February 22, that Livingstone also cites? Could it have been that I believe it possible that the intent of that French fake was "a mistrial in New Orleans?" Or that I believed that if by an chance Shaw were convicted (the trial then was ongoing) "it will be reversed on appeal."

And then there was the purpose of my letter. It was to report to Rothermel what could parallel a burglary in his office he had reported to me.

If that were not, how about trying to deter Garrison from some of his wildly irrational public statements? Or about his insanity in dropping his suit for the autopsy materials and what relates to them to be shown to his Shaw jury the very day that he won that lawsuit?

Or is it that for another to be right and to tell the truth, both rarities to him, is in itself all the justification he needs for making up defamatory stories about truth tellers and calling them truth killers?

That natural-born Sherlock Livingstone, he sure picks the good ones! Without telling his readers the truth about them.

Then there is what I referred to earlier that he also kept secret from his readers, more on those "gracious, kindly southern gentlemen" sources of his.

I did say earlier that the Hunt's accused those "gentlemen" of thievery and fired them. That they

were fired Livingstone nowhere indicates. He has two references to Rothermel giving the opposite impression. Not only is there no indication of this truth in the book, if it is not in the book can it be that he told his publisher so that the publisher would be protected, and then that the publisher not insist that the book be honest and say so, tell the truth about his "gentlemanly" and unbiased sources?

It can hardly be believed that Livingstone did any real work in Dallas that in any way involved the Hunts or these men they fired without learning about that, the charges, and the fiasco when the Hunt sons hired bungling wiretappers and got caught. If Livingstone had wasted less of my time telling me how great he is and less with the utter nonsense of all his silly questions, as he admitted in his second book, and if his thief of a cop he referred to as his "chief investigator" had been interested in the truth more than in stealing records from me, they surely would have known of all those public scandals. They are in my files that were open to them.

As Newsweek dated March 24, 1975 reported, just after the old man's death this "Scandal for the Hunt Clan" headlined story says of the "gentlemen," "The Hunt brothers, meantime, had accused the three wiretap victims of embezzling huge sums of money...Eventually a Federal grand jury indicted two of those men - former Hunt executives John W. Curington and John H. Brown, for mail fraud in connection with the losses...."

Livingstone does not mention any of this in extolling Curington as so virtuous and so wonderful and impartial a source.

That story also quotes Bunker Hunt as placing the losses at "over \$50 million," but indicated some of that might have been the bad management of those he accused.

Later in the story this appears: "In November 1970 the Hunt brothers filed a \$932,227 civil suite charging embezzlement by three old Hunt retainers, Curington, who had been H.L. Hunt's personal

assistant; Brown, former sales manager of HLH products; and Paul M. Rothermel, once security chief for Hunt Oil. The three argued that the elder Hunt allowed them to withdraw money from the company for the old man's personal activities, his right-wing propaganda."

My friend Martin Waldron's story on the federal trial of the Hunt brothers published in the New York Times of September 22, 1975 under the headline, "U.S. Inquiry of 'Theft' of \$50-Million From Hunt Foods Reported Rejected."

So, whether those convicted fine southern gentlemen really did make off with all that loot or did not, they were charged with it, very publicly charged with it, and that Livingstone does not say, much as his book and all of his outrageously false charges against me and others he does not like, as accessories in the crime, has them and only them as his possible source.

Can it be that his "George Healey" is that third man, John H. Brown?

With the earlier quoted omissions from my letter to his cop/thief/ chief investigator Waybright and these few illustrations from my letters to Rothermel there is an adequate representation of the dependence that can be placed upon Livingstone's quotations, even within quotation marks. It ranges from little to none at all.

With the entire omission of the firing of these three by the Hunts and his oddly phrased charge on which Curington went to jail, there may still remain what kind of person his source/lawyer Rothermel is and what he wrote me and represented thinking of me and what he conned the so connable Livingstone into writing, Livingstone being Livingstone, the one and only, without any checking at all so he could hype himself into believing the foul libel that I was an accessory in the JFK assassination through that contrived but non-existing connection with H.L. Hunt.

Aside from his misrepresentation to the Dallas FBI about me to make his Brownie points for

reciprocal favors, what is reflected in a few later items of my file.

On May 22, 1975 he called me at midnight to get an address and a phone number. He had just returned from his second honeymoon in the Grand Tetons, where they had been snowed in immediately. He actually asked me about a Dallas lawyer about whom I did have some information going back to his graduation from a Dallas law school in 1954.

There is his letter of June 18, 1974 about the mess in which he was involved with the Hunts. It tells me to "keep up the good work." He expresses satisfaction that I had taken my FOIA lawsuit for the FBI's scientific testing to the Supreme Court, regrets that it did not take that case, and says he thinks that "a sign of the times."

That is the suit over which later in 1974 the Congress amended the investigatory files exemption to open FBI, CIA and similar files to FOIA access.

His files may not have had for Livingstone to see, if he saw the files, rather than Rothermel's selection from them, a handwritten letter to me of "Sun 4/18." I think it was of 1975 from its place in the file. Among other things he says he wants me to go on a lecture tour and "will try to contact some people here" for it.

So, perhaps like Livingstone, he is two different people. Two at least.

He and the others who fed all the nonsense that so pleased Livingstone apparently also fed his paranoia, his paranoia that needed no feeding. He went out of control with it at the October 1992 Assassination/Symposium on JFKennedy (ASK), then held annually in Dallas. He actually believed that it should single him out to honor and that he should be able to dominate it, to do whatever he wanted. When that did not happen he accused them of being "authoritarian fascists" merely because he had not been included in the program.

As Livingstone later wrote of it in an undated memo of which he sent me a copy, insensitive to the self-refutation in it, "Dallas is the origin of massive amounts of disinformation, much of it coming from the bum steers this group (ASK) initiates."

Because I had not been away from Frederick for other than medical reasons, with one exception, since 1981, because he makes the identical charge against me when I had not been in Dallas for more than a decade, it is apparent that truth and fact are never a consideration with him.

By the time of that ASK gathering, although he was hiding it from me with his innumerable requests for help and information, Livingstone had already begun his campaign against me. He disclosed it to me shortly after that convention in his irrational phone calls and letters. I later learned that he had before then sought through a mutual friend to have a member of Delaware's DuPont family search that corporation's records on me. This silliness reflects his constant jumping to baseless conclusions.

I had never worked for that corporation and had never said I had. I had worked for the newspaper that was wholly owned by one member of that family. Livingstone just assumed that I had worked for that vast corporation and he expected to find some kind of dirt by his rejected request that its files be searched for anything at all on me.

His crazy notions about me became well known. This is reflected in a December 3 letter to me from Wallace Milam. Wallace is a Tennessee school teacher who has long been interested in the subject. We have had very little contact. He was in charge of the medical panel at ASK. His letter amplifies what I report earlier from the Baltimore City Paper about Livingstone's self-concept and his very bad behavior:

I am writing to you because I heard via the grapevine that Harrison Livingstone

has been giving you some grief. This is very disturbing to me. I have recently had some personal dealings with Mr. Livingstone, and you have long been an idol of mine. I want to thank you for the wonderful early work you did, for your ground-breaking lawsuits and research and for the life you have given to this case.

At the same time, I have nothing but contempt for Harrison Livingstone. I had heard of him, read some of his writings, heard the horror stories about what he did and said....

Then I met him in Dallas last May (1992), at a medical forum. I was appalled at his manners (or lack of same) and soon convinced that he suffered from paranoia.

When I was put in charge of the medical panel for the ASK convention scheduled for October in Dallas, Livingstone began to ask me to get him placed on a medical panel. He approached Mary Ferrell and Gary Shaw also. We told Livingstone from the first that if he wanted to organize his own medical panel (He had threatened to do so, if he was not included in the scheduled panel.), he would be given unlimited time at the convention. As time went by, he was unable to recruit any panel and continued to badger.

You may have heard of his antics at the ASK convention. Some of that was at my expense. He met me on second day of the convention and noted that I was doing a medical workshop on the next morning. He said he had been denied opportunities to speak and asked if he could have 10 minutes to address medical issues after my initial presentation on the following day. I felt that everyone who had paid had a right to speak, so I told him he could have 10 minutes and that he must stick to the medical issues.

On the following morning, I did an introductory presentation to start the workshop, using slides and video. I then recognized Livingstone for the 10 minutes. He asked if he could use some of my slides in his presentation. He thanked me publicly for giving him the opportunity to speak, praised me for my fairness and then I left the room to get some medication (I had flu during the entire convention) in my hotel room.

And all hell broke loose. Livingstone began a tirade, attacked individuals, refused to yield the floor, pilloried the organizers of the convention, became a raving maniac.

So, you see, when I heard that Harrison Livingstone had been on the attack concerning you, I could empathize. Again, let me tell you that I hold you and your work in the highest esteem. Those of us who are out lecturing and writing today know (or sure as hell should know) that we stand on the shoulders of giants.

This is unsolicited, from a man with whom I have had little contact and with whom I do have disagreements, reflects what Livingstone's own behavior causes others to think about him. It also reflects how he reciprocates when granted favors.

If nothing else accounted for it his own bad behavior at the preceding May's medical forum was

more than enough to cause the ASK sponsors not to have him behave that way at their October convention. It coincides with all I have heard from those not part of his clique of the underinformed and misinformed who go for his crazy notions he and they regard as established fact.

My file of our correspondence and of the letters he wrote about me and others with whom I have only very slight and infrequent contact as conspiring against him and as accessories in the assassination is too voluminous to review. But there were a few duplicates on which I draw to make clear what kind of man, dominated by what kind of irrationalities, irrelevancies and plain stupidities he is. He said I refused to help him and he says this in several different ways, all false. He asked my help in a long letter of November 19, 1992, which was after he had started his campaign against me as his alleged enemy. In his book he quotes from my response of the next day. In his letter he revealed his hatred of Mary Ferrell and the insane notions he had about her, beginning with his standby for having no quotable source, "Some say she is one of the richer women in the U.S. Not just moderately wealthy by dint of saving. ...I believe at this point, that her connection goes back into the conspiracies..."

His opinion of that infamous French spook book of which he was entirely ignorant for all those years until his Texas exploiters conned him into believing it is a solid and dependable work is revealed in his question to me about it:

"Could you tell me why there was such intense interest in the story behind Farewell America? It seemed to me that the book gave a rather accurate accounting, did it not?"

Telling me he was going to Dallas again, he added, "I'm taking Rick (Waybright) with me, and you know very well the problems with that (Waybright had double-crossed him in helping his enemy Lifton), but I feel safer this way. Something has happened to make me think I can trust him this time."

(On Thanksgiving Day 1993 I discovered additional thievery of my files that could have been by

Waybright only. What I then discovered missing is in files to which nobody else had access. They are files of great importance to the book Lifton had announced on Oswald.)

Far from what he was soon writing about me in his book but with a slight indication of it, he sent me a copy of his Author's Preface to the book then titled High Treason 3 and asked my comments on it. He had later removed passing reference to me because I "did a certain amount of work with the visuals as well in those early years...." In those "early years" I had made and published the only detailed studies of the Zapruder and other films and reported that at great length in my second book, published in late 1966, and devoted my third book, of May 1967, entirely to the photographs.

A "certain amount" it was and that was before he and the other rabid irrationals tried to take the subject over and make themselves rich and famous thereby.

Despite his apparent animosity I used about 2,000 words in my response. I was blunt in it, trying to get him to take stock of himself and the insanities he regarded as fact. I quote from that letter what he omits and does not even suggest exists as he quoted from it. It was the grim truth as he has since proven, but it did not make him love me. I began:

I could not possibly make full and adequate response to the questions you ask in your 11/19 in less than a couple of books, I'm snowed under with mail and my own work, and I've also had a viral bronchial infection for several weeks that has me more tired and less able.

That you have to ask some of these questions ought prompt you to back off and take stock, ask yourself how much you really know about the established fact rather than theories. They should also get you to ask yourself if there is anybody you do not consider a possible conspirator. I fear for you because increasingly you reflect a lack of control and spread yourself and your suspicion all over the place.

Some of your questions are really paranoid. One catches my eye: Did I know that McCloy was in Dallas 11/22 when Nixon was and what do I know about "the 'party' at Murchison's...."

This is solidly sick and I'm going to ignore all that kind of rubbish with which you disgrace your intelligence and make unreasonable demands of me.

Ignoring what I told him about one of his prized sources he quotes some of what I told him about Mary Ferrell. This is what he omits:

Where she worked and for whom is irrelevant and she is hardly independently wealthy. I used to work for Pierre duPont and Walter Annenberg. What does that make me? Get off that kind of irrational kick, Harry, before you hurt yourself!

(He did take a few liberties in quoting my letter, inserting what is not there and not indicating what he omitted, pretending that what he quoted is a single uninterrupted direct quotation. His page 377.)

I referred to Rothermel, warning him. The incredible stupidities he went for in his book establish that I warned him correctly:

I took the manuscript of Farewell America to him so he could be prepared for what it says about Hunt, for which I know of no basis in fact at all and because it was an enormous dis-information by the French CIA, then SDECE. I also gave him one of the crazy Garrison/Boxley charts of the assassination conspiracy as they imagined it the time they made that chart up. Rothermel gave it to the Dallas FBI. According to the report they wrote that I have, he said it was my chart, that I believed that guff. I sent him a copy of that and of several other FBI reports and he was then and since has been silent. Not a word from him. You will be foolish not to anticipate that he may be doing something similar with you.

That is exactly what happened. They used Livingstone for their own purposes and in his writing about it he makes himself a fool and an idiot in his own book in which he took it all seriously, unaware that in his book he has not a single fact to support any of this disinformation he loved so dearly.

I had just received that article about him in the City Paper:

As I feared, you have made a mark of yourself by your boasting and other excesses. You may some day be confronted with a collection of such sillinesses and be seriously embarrassed or have a book undermined by it. You are childish when you say that you are going to "break" the case shortly and if you believe this then you should really be taking stock. As I've told you often and you ignore, there is established basic fact of the assassination and you are not really familiar with it. Any theorized solutions must conform with what is established - and you don't know what that is.

I gave him further explanations about a number of his requests, particularly about the fake book, Farewell America, but it was all wasted time and effort. Truth and fact are of no interest to him when they refute what he wants to believe, what he thinks forwards his absolutely insane conjectures he really regards as solving the case.

The caution with which I concluded was, as all time and effort with him was, entirely wasted.

To him what is real is what is not real and what is not real is what he loves and treats as real:

Harry, I'm trying to be your friend and to be helpful to you but I cannot again take this kind of time to respond to utter foolishness and that is what all you ask and I go into is. It also reflects your lack of knowledge of the fact of the case itself, a major inhibition and one that can lead you into real trouble. You just do not have your feet on the ground on this. You are trying to live a novel, and that won't work, except as against your interest. Your letter tells me that you are utterly lost in a wild dream and that you have gone out of your way to make enemies who can hurt you with no basis at all, only childish suspicions, as of Mary Ferrell.

In all of this you are also wasting time you could put to good use if you were not so intent on being Perry Mason and so inextricably tied to an untenable theory you could entertain only from a lack of knowledge of the basic fact that has been established.

Frankly, I am aghast that you reflect this by your not understanding what the DJ panel report really says and means - and this after I spelled it all out for you and for others.

It is of minor importance but the last paragraph quoted above proves he is a knowing liar in the book when he says I never answered that question. I had answered it often but he detests truth so he pretends I did not answer it.

In responding to his asking me about the draft of his planned preface I called to his attention forcefully that he is really ignorant of the basic facts officially established, and that on the shooting itself:

I do not mean to be insulting but if I am going to get you to try and understand where you are I must be blunt. You say that "the car came out from beneath the tree" at Frame 210. In all respects this is wrong - really ignorant of the basic fact again. It was not "beneath" but was obscured by the tree to begin with and at Frame 210 it was not

"out from beneath" it. For that one frame there was a clear space through the branches and leaves. This according to the Warren Report.

What a self-important dope, determinedly ignorant of what is most basic in the Warren Report!

And that after publishing two books supposedly about it!

Blissfully oblivious of all reality, he began his letter of December 13, 1992 this way: "First of all, a personal matter, I am genuinely sorry for this strife between us." He started that with his foul and baseless accusations against me and kids himself into believing otherwise. He continues with a threat:

But I mean business and I will get answers to a lot of things. Yes, I will continue to investigate Mary Ferrell and the other **bastards** down there.... (His emphasis) Why are you both so afraid? Have you something to hide?

So maybe you can tell my why you are so tight with this terrible bitch, and reporting my movements to her?

This, too, reflects his utter insanity, making up what he wants to believe.

Before that tirade could reach me he phoned me the next day. From my notes his ostensible purpose was to deny that he had threatened me. I again warned him about taking Rothermel's unchecked word on anything, and he denied, in an obvious lie made more obvious by his book, that he was getting any information from Rothermel.

He never did answer my question, how did investigating me fit in with his supposed investigation of the JFK assassination. His lying was not necessary but he did it again in denying that he had outlined his Farewell America fake concept of the assassination to me. He also repeated what he had said often before, he was "on the verge of breaking the case open," with the help of present and former FBI agents and a judge.

I had not had time to reply until I got a Christmas card from him! He said all those terrible and false things about me yet sends me Christmas greetings!

To show how far gone he was, how far past rationality, I quote most of my December 19 response: I addressed him as "Dear both Harry Livingstones,"

From whom I've just gotten an attractive Xmas card from one and another sick tirade from the other, to whom I've written several times recently and not mailed those letters because he dances the twist with whatever is said that he does not want to believe or face.

Tirade Harry begins his two-page letter of the 13th, pages 7 and 8, expressing regret for "this strife between us." If so, he should not have started it.

Rather than being "tight" with Mary Ferrell, we have hardly been in touch with each other once a year for years. We are friends. We have visited each other. We are friends despite many disagreements, which is normal, among normal people, and rather than "reporting my (your) movements to her" I wrote her for the first time in years after you started investigating me under the prompting or influence of those who are manipulating you. I've known nothing about your movements to report, so you might wonder about your sources, if you are capable of it. And in the same graf you have me "consorting with" Gary Shaw, with whom I've had no contact for years and little in all, and David Lifton, which you know is a lie.

Tirade Harry says he is "working closely with the FBI...And the police."

If he thinks the FBI wants anything better than the dissention and the distress he is causing and has any interest at all in the truth about the assassination, he has answered what he wrote on the outside of the envelope, "Just keep calling me crazy and we'll see who is the craziest (sic)!" He then boasts, with the italics indication, "I am the police. Just go ahead and keep trying to knock out Rick and me and see what happens," which he says is not the threat it is. And is in addition false because I'm not trying to do any such thing. Is there anything at all Tirade Harry does not believe when it is fed him? Or when it oozes from the murk of his mind?

He tells me that Groden's "own publisher has set him up." I did not know that Groden had a publisher, other than Tirade Harry.

He says that when I went to Dallas I "bought a cover story." Since I came back with no "story" at all and never went there seeking one, I can only wonder what stupidity he has been fed and believes.

I "get information from people by accusing them of something with every sentence that comes out of your (my) mouth. Fuck that, pal." Show me a word of anything like this in any of my writing. And if you are referring to yourself, you and I have different concepts of "information."

Poor befuddled Tirade Harry says of me, "I had to inquire what you (I) knew about certain things in order to protect myself." This is a sicker lie. I had no interest in you or what you are doing from which you needed any "protection" and there is no way for you to know what I knew "about certain things," whatever that may be, from getting copies of some of my correspondence of decades ago. Or whether I'd learned more

about any of those "certain things" since then. For example, in 1975 I referred to "the Clark panel" yet in recent writing, before your present adventures, I wrote extensively about it without mentioning Clark's name. This is because after 1975 I learned more about its antecedents.

You say "You have never given me a single file I asked for" and "You have basically given me a run-a-round." You have always had unrestricted access to my records and to my copier and you had two men here exercising that access and that freedom and they made copies of whatever they wanted for you. I tell you again that when Rick borrowed my analysis of Best Evidence and the MDW records Lifton got under FOIA, which I duplicated with MDW, and took them to Baltimore to copy because he could use a xerox free there, they never came back.

Much of the rest you wrote makes no sense at all other than as a reflection of bruised megalomania and an offended out-of-control ego. For one thing, there is no way I or anyone else can be of "constructive help" in what you are up to, which is at best destructive and had done and will yet, I fear, do much more evil while bringing nothing factual to light. You know nothing about why I went to Dallas or what I did there or took from there when you say they "fooled" me. Again, where in any of my writing do you see this? About what was I "fooled" in Dallas? Or as you will not dare say, by whom and how?

Your penult sentence is "I don't care to discuss it with you any more because your filthy game is to get information from me and use it against me, trading it with that gang of killers you are in with." Whatever it is, you have never discussed it with me. You indulge your sick ego when you say that you have information I want and I do not consider what you published to be information save where you ruined what could have been of some usefulness by imposing your incorrect preconceptions on the responses you got. I cautioned you against this when you told me you were to see Bowron. I don't know who you mean by "the gang of killers" I am supposedly "in with" because I have no such relationship with anyone in any of my work and those you mention have nothing I regard as "information" and I've sought nothing from them and gotten nothing from them. What sewer are you dredging, or who is toying with your mind and feeding you such nonsense?

I have no idea what you refer to, if you do and I doubt that, when you say you "will win in the end....Because I already have. I have the story. And it is out."

I can wait for it, Dick Daring. I'm sorry you are so lost in all of this....

Harold

This was all a tragically accurate forecast of his book and what he would do to himself in it, establish himself as both ignorant about the assassination and a sucker for those who misused him for their own ends. When he was frustrated because what he was after did not exist and when others

wanted nothing to do with him because of his very bad behavior, he immediately invented a conspiracy against him. His irrational notion that I wanted any "information" from him is also disproven by his book; it has no "information" of any kind in it. It is all his sick megalomania and his infamous and baseless accusations against others whose only offense is wanting nothing to do with him, his bad behavior and his really irrational beliefs he equated with proven fact. There is none in his book and for the awful rot in it he has he has no legitimate source or any proof at all.

He merely made up what he wanted to believe, that in Dallas I had "bought a cover story" whereas in Dallas, what little time I could spend there, is utterly removed from his sick invention. It is fully reported in Post Mortem. It was in an aspect of the actual medical evidence rather than the nightmare he presents, his total fakery.

That he could lie so brazenly in all those allegations of what was done against him when nothing at all was or that I was doing anything against him is a clear indication of his mental deterioration. In every instance he knew, if he was capable of being aware of any reality, that he was lying.

That is tragic, as is all the personal harm he did to justify to himself that he was a total failure, without nothing real to show for all the time and money he wasted.

If what he had is reflected in his book, there is nothing in it anyone would or could have any use for. It is without substance, is usually irrelevant, and it is just plain crazy.

From time to time I heard what he was saying and doing from others. This is in a letter from the Dallas area of December 25, 1992. That friend said that Livingstone had asked for and accepted information and that he "took stuff rather than discussing it, started talking about his new book to be published next year. He asserted, 'I'm going to blow the lid off all this crap and name the people that are cooking the evidence.'"

But it was not until February that he started his tirade up again from these duplicates in the front of the file. There may have been earlier such indecent tirades but I am not taking the time to search that file for them, or to read all the vehement craziness in them, or to be reminded again of his great abusiveness under circumstances that made any meaningful use of them impossible.

With his typical childishness he began addressing us with last names only.

He denounced Mary Ferrell saying she was subject to charges of "actionable and tortious offenses," that he was going to sue her, and that she was engaged in a criminal conspiracy against him. His apparent basis for this is that she would have nothing to do with him, as he put it, had her chance with him and to cooperate in a criminal investigation by the police and others. He repeated such infamies, addressed to all who would have nothing to do with him. He repeated that he represented the law. He also invited her to dinner, as though after those dastardly accusations anyone would dine with him. If she did not, he threatened, all of us would be plastered all over The New York Times for his mythical offenses that boil down to wanting nothing at all to do with him.

That exhausted him for a day. The next day he wrote me a similar letter.

Aside from calling me a "son of a bitch" and scattering an assortment of threats, warnings and accusations with wild irrationality he demonstrated how he wasted the years in which he got a law degree, at the same time giving me the one demonstration of any wisdom I can recall by not even trying to pass the bar exams. Aside from the accusations I here quote his remarkable flaunting of the deepest ignorance of the law:

You better take notice of a number of things. The police officers and myself are conducting a criminal investigation. You are interfering and committing a number of crimes. You are committing many torts against me, and I will have you arrested and sued. I did all I could to make a friend out of you and what I get is political warfare from you, along with very many false accusations and interference in my operations.

You are hereby warned that the next letter will come from a lawyer, and I *will* sue you.

The State of Maryland and the County have concurrent jurisdiction in the Kennedy case. The forgery of the autopsy materials is well established. There are two suits in court prosecuted by powerful law firms and dealing with the autopsy pictures. I am making affidavits this week in one of them, which I have been instrumental in. You are interfering in a criminal investigation. Your failure to admit that you might have been wrong, and your concomitant necessity of attacking those who are succeeding along an investigatory line you are ignorant to the validity of is morally--and in every other way--wrong. I doubt that you truly have any sense of right and wrong, as apparently many of the so-called leaders of the "critical community" of assholes lack any moral sense at all.

I heard from no lawyer. No practicing lawyer believes his insane ravings. There also is no "concurrent jurisdiction" on federal military bases and as he well knew, no "jurisdictions" were at all interested in anything related to the JFK assassination.

After more such silliness and imagined acts against him he did threaten, with emphasis to say "I will retaliate." His publisher made that possible. He then "warned" me, his emphasis, to, with bold face type and italics, "make no further communications with anyone in Dallas about me....and to no one at all about me or any of the police officers working for me." Sick as this is, it was not enough for his irrationalities he indulged in words: "We know beyond a shadow of a doubt that the conspirators left a mechanism in place to pay people like you, to plant provocateurs among us, and to derail objective investigation."

He then told me I had "one chance" to escape the horrors he forecast for me: "You are required to ask those in Dallas, including Ferrell, to meet with us and cooperate fully....You personally and all those involved will pay a terrible legal price....I will see you in jail."

His other threats include that if I do not abandon my work I would be "plastered all over every paper in the world for the fraud you are."

After three pages of such indecencies and threats he actually concluded asking for me to help

him, "I need your help in getting those people in Dallas to understand...we want their cooperation in the case."

This raving lunatic really talked himself into believing that I had some influence over them, as he said in another letter of that period, they were part of my "gang."

Not a word of it is true but to this raving lunatic, whatever pops into his mind then becomes true.

At about that time, I knew about it that month, the Baltimore police internal affairs unit began what it referred to as an "investigation" and never was anything other than a whitewash, to cover up another of their too many scandals. It was Detective Joe Adams who phoned me. I invited him here to go over all the letters and other records I had, he did not accept my invitation, he told me of no records that he would like to have, and just to assure that he got nothing he did not want, he did not even tell me how I could address to him anything I thought he might want to have.

Adams told me straightforwardly at the beginning that they had discovered misuse of the confidential police computer system. That is a serious offense. It also could have them excluded from that system, I've been told. And aside from the improprieties and illegalities of Waybright and others, these allegations are a violation of a provision of the Maryland code that makes alleging indictable offenses a felony.

I sent the last letter I quote above to the postal inspectors. They are so anxious to see to it that the mails are not misused or are used for illegal purposes, to protect the innocent, that after many years, I have from those so diligent enforcers of the law only their acknowledgment of receipt. I saw to that in any event by having my letter with its enclosures handled through the local post office. It made a record in forwarding what I gave it for the postal inspectors.

This is the merest peek at the vehement irrational man whose utter insanities are put into crazy books that can become best sellers because they are insane. His work speaks for itself: it is worse than worthless because it misleads and misinforms. It is a major part of the genre of books theorizing conspiracies that have befuddled the people and serve to protect the official miscreants who failed in the official investigations as they also serve to protect the actual conspirators in the assassination.

The crime being beyond the capability of any one man from the official evidence alone, there is no question about it, it was the end product of a conspiracy.

In his book he denies that he has ever had any emotional problems. Either that is a lie or what he told me is. He told me, voluntarily, that he has been hospitalized for them in Baltimore and that they were caused by a combination, in his accounts, of his having been a “blue baby” and of medical malpractice. I asked no details and he offered none. But it is not possible to be with him for any length of time without his sickness in his mind being apparent. More than the obvious paranoia he has never hidden.

My purpose has been to get this on paper as a record for the future. I hope to return to reading and correcting it by at this point, 11/28/93, is has wasted more of what time remains to me than I want to waste on such insanities.

This is a crazy book by a crazy man.

[Resumed five months later]

But is it all that he is just plain crazy? Is the intended evil only from some form of mental illness? When he lies with what ranges from pretended piety to gusto, is that also no more than his fervent irrationality?

At the time he was heaping all his utterly baseless abuse upon me and others, I did believe that it was a manifestation of whatever his sickness is. I believed he was not aware of his dishonesties in speaking, in his letters and in his books. But it did become clear that the more he got into his books the less inhibition he manifested and the greater his megalomania became. His is a gross subject-matter ignoramus yet with that he gave the impression of being sincere in his many loud proclamations that he was about to break the case open. Even though he was utterly lost in it, had no concept of what evidence is despite his law degree and was utterly indifferent to what had been established as fact -- officially established as fact.

Can he be that crazy?

To him, incredible as it may seem, all the officially-established fact I had accumulated and made freely available to all writing in the field was not worth even a glance. In all the time he was here lousing our lives up for hours and days at a time he never once asked me, for example, to see the results of the scientific testing in the case by the FBI. He never once asked me where and how I had what I had gathered on the medical evidence. He did not once ask to see any of the official pictures of the evidence that I have.

Disproving the official “solution” meant nothing to him. He regarded that as a waste of time, hardly what he should have learned in law school. If he learned anything there, which he constantly reflects he did not. Witness, for example, what I quote from his letter that is so illuminating on those above. It is not just crazy threats. It is stupid and a reflection that after his education in the law he remains ignorant of it.

There lingered, in all of this, the question did he know he was being so dishonest.

I finally decided, as best one not experienced with the mentally ill and those illnesses can, that

while he is mentally ill, he is not without recognition that he was also being dishonest.

Dishonest as is the quotation above from that tirade of entirely false allegations and threats, and much like it, that can be attributed to his mental illnesses and it can be believed that in expressing them he believed, perhaps sincerely, all that he said. But of some things this cannot be true. Even though that is a first-rate illustration of his dishonesty is saying that he never made anything up. He made it all up. The question with that is was he aware of the fact that he was making it all up or was he then dominated by, among many things, like his innumerable failures and mistakes, his illnesses?

Illness alone does not explain what is so important in his book, his pretended solution to the crime that he boasts he “dug up” and that he got from those Texans who use him for their own purposes none of which was in any way decent or honest.

He knew what he was doing when he ignored their animus and the accusations against them that he could not have spent any time in Dallas without learning. Any honest writer intending to use a word from them had to begin by asking them for their accounts of the allegations of thievery made against them in court. Curington was, after all, a convicted felon. I did tell him about the charges made against that trio, of stealing, by the Hunt sons. He knew. He knew I had records. He neither asked to see them nor got copies of them. Those few I cite above, from the public press, are only some. I used them because they are what was published in major publications and would show on the most cursory use of a library.

He knew, when Rothermel gave him copies of my letters to him, that Rothermel had written me. Whether or not Rothermel gave him copies of his letters and memos, he knew I had what I wrote and what was sent me and he had no interest in seeing any of that. That is not craziness. That is dishonesty for a writer.

He knew that he did not “dig them up,” however he came to know about them. While that is not unlikely because his cops learned and told him, how he first learned is immaterial from his own writing, from his book. That proves his intent to be dishonest, at the very least with regard to Curington and Rothermel.

He knew that when he said he “dug up” Curington or what Curington said that he uses in his book that least citable of sources, The National Enquirer, had published it a decade and a half earlier. He knew this because he cites that story in that rag as a source, as I indicated above. He had read it. Regardless of the disgustingly unacceptable content of what he used from Curington, using what no honest writer or honest man would use, that he did not dig it up he knew, and that he was not publishing what he presents as new in his book he also knew.

That is not just craziness. It is dishonesty.

With Rothermel the same is true.

However he first learned about Rothermel he knew he did not dig him up, either. Although with Rothermel in particular, digging him “out” would be closer. As from out of the woodwork or out from under a rock.

Rothermel, too, had gone public and that, too, was a decade and a half earlier.

And that, too, Livingstone knew.

And as his own book discloses that Livingstone knew about Curington going public with what Livingstone presents as what he “dug up” from him, so it does with him and the same misrepresentation with Rothermel.

Jim Hougan interviewed Rothermel for his book Spooks, a study of former official spooks in the private sector (New York, William Morrow and Company, 1978). In terms of Rothermel’s charges

against the Hunts and their intended violence and counterrevolutionary plans, those charges are much more serious in Hougan's book (Bantam edition, pages 33, 55-57).

Did Livingstone know about that? Not only did he know -- he recommended that book to those who read his! In his bibliography (page 567), where intellectual slob that he is, he can't keep even a simple listing correct and, not satisfied with the title, he changes that!

Here is that listing:

"Hougan, Jim, Spooks. The Haunting of America -- the Private Use of Secret Agents. New York: William Morrow, 1978. Recommended reading. Secret Agenda, Random House, 1984, Ballantine pb, 1985."

Secret Agenda is not part of Spooks nor is it a book Hougan wrote. As Livingstone makes clear with his very next listing, "Hougan, Jim, Secret Agents. New York: Random House (Ballantine) 1985."

Secret Agenda is the superlative study of our protection, use and enrichment of Nazi war criminals by the much-honored TV news reporter and producer turned college professor, Linda Hunt. It has nothing at all to do with what Hougan or Livingstone wrote about.

Livingstone's incredible slothfulness, and it permeates the book, is further illustrated on this one page of the bibliography with his first listing. There he falsely refers to Gaeton Fonzi as the "only field investigator" of the House assassins committee. There were quite a few others. It is illustrated again with his longest listing on the page of Farewell America. Important as it is to him -- and he does use that fake book as his own work -- he has almost nothing correct. He says it was "Printed in Canada and Belgium," when it was not printed in Canada and by a "fictitious publishing company." It was not "fictitious." It existed, as my file on Lamarre would have told him if he had any interest in truth and fact.

(He recommends it as “very important” and as “written by someone with an intimate knowledge of the CIA and the United States.” Livingstone has no way of knowing whether any writing about the CIA is accurate or dependable, but being expert on all there is, he makes this recommendation based on his own story-book concepts).

There is much else in this thoroughly bad book that can be attributed to dishonesty but these two examples, of Curington and Rothermel are, I believe, enough to make it clear that all that is so crazy in the very crazy book, by far the craziest supposedly on the JFK assassination, cannot be assigned only to whatever his mental illnesses are. Those illnesses can be as innocent as breaking a leg by falling down. Dishonesty, knowing dishonesty, is not subject to any such pardoning of what is otherwise intolerable.

It is a crazy book by a crazy man, but it is also a very dishonest book in ways that cannot be attributed to his illnesses only.

There is the separate question, how does a crazy book by a crazy man get published, how can it be considered publishable.

The short answer is greed. For money.