

The Unknowns

When John Kennedy was shot down in broad daylight in the streets of a major American city and thereafter consigned to history with what may, with extreme kindness, be called ^{the} a dubious epitaph of a fake official inquest by the government that came into power by that murder alone - in short, by the government which established its legality and purity by lies and deceptions - all of United States society started to come apart.

Men have learned, through the ages, to suspect their governments. In representative societies, the problem is always to keep the men in power honest, for power truly corrupts or to throw the rascals out in the hope, often futile, that the next batch will be less dishonest. We have learned that governments regard self-perpetuation as their first obligation and most sacred trust, and usually they regard every compromise with truth and honor as justified and vital because they regard themselves as indispensable, and these departures from integrity accomplish the, to them, legitimate purpose of keeping themselves and their lofty ideals and high principles in control.

Lyndon Johnson was a consummate, if shortsighted, politician when he selected and, often over their refusals, appointed the members of the Warren Commission. He chose men who could not possibly perform the duty, men who by any civilized standard should have been disqualified (like Allen Dulles, former CIA head, whose agency was immediately suspected of having had a connection with the murdered accused Oswald), and men an overwhelming majority of whom were of the minority party. This is a political rarity that served but a single purpose: to forever forestall political criticism of the ~~future~~ ^{failures} of his Commission.

Johnson also appointed a major ^{by} of pro-CIA men. This, in itself, should have raised the most serious questions. It did not because questions were not asked by those whose voices could be heard.

If the immediate purpose was to achieve domestic tranquility, in the phrase so liked by the professional political scientists, or to immobilize opposition

every radio and TV "talk" show.

Never in history has any government action been as deeply mistrusted as the Report of the Warren Commission. Imagine what the situation would be if on this subject the press could be impartial, could or would perform its traditional responsibilities in a society such as ours! Imagine what popular feeling would be if there were a single major element of the press-TV-radio, newspapers or magazines, that had made and presented any kind of a decent, impartial investigation and reported to its audience what it found. Not one has dared tell the truth, which is opposed to the official fairy tale. Not one has and, still today, not one will.

In the seat of power, Washington, when I did a three-hour TV broadcast one night, a spontaneous poll showed that, where most of the people live on the government, more than 96% of them do not believe it and its Warren Report. In Indianapolis, a rather conservative area, a similar poll was more than 85% against the Report. Even in Dallas, beset by guilt and dominated by Meenderthal politicians and press, the tide was 75% against the government.

And this with only new voices being heard, new faces infrequently seen, no national figure to lead, *and with the major media opposed.*

It could and did happen only because there was total abdication by those to whom we ordinarily look for leadership. When Lee Harvey Oswald was systematically and so publicly denied all of his legal rights (and each of us with him), no lawyers clamored for an end, demanded his fair treatment. None proclaimed what was obvious to me and first interested me in what I have done to the exclusion of all other things since, that the end result of this open violation of the law was to make it impossible for the only accused to be tried! Had he not been murdered, Oswald could not have been convicted. This, of course, the evidence could have accomplished. But it would never have gotten that far. It would not have been possible to impanel a jury. Had this been done, illegally, prior to the inevitable reversal on appeal, it would not have been possible to use against him all that junk and trash that so cluttered

the airways and the printed page. Even if it had been good evidence, its misuse before trial was prejudicial and would have eliminated it in the courtroom. The searches were deliberately illegal, which meant that none of their fruit could be ~~used~~ ^{used} by the prosecution.

He was deliberately denied the lawyers of his choice, even when they were in the jail and asked to ~~see~~ ^{thru} him. They were lied to and told he had refused counsel, these men from the American Civil Liberties Union, at the precise moment he was calling for them on radio and TV ~~and~~ ^{and} was withdrawn from the microphones and cameras the instant he uttered this appeal.

To say that this cannot happen is meaningless. It did happen.

And it happened to an accompaniment of silence.

The lawyers were silent.

The newspaper reporters and editorial writers were silent.

Radio and TV were not silent; only on this were they mute.

And ~~those~~ ^{those} begowned finks of the Eastern intellectual community, corrupted by ~~acceptance~~ ^{acceptance} and the comforts of a rich life, something new in academe, first had nothing to say and then took up the cudgels (well-paid) for falsehood and dishonesty, ~~for~~ without troubling to learn what they spoke and wrote about and without care or concern.

Yet, when all upon whom society has and properly does turn for leadership, direction and information, failed their sacred trusts, we were not entirely lost. It is, perhaps, an endorsement of the basic viability of that society that it speeded up the unknown to assume the task.

Of those few who have investigated the Kennedy assassination and its fraudulent official explanation, there is not a single one who had any previous reputation, who was in any significant way known to the people and the country. We are all unknowns. And our ranks increase.

That those whose responsibility it was to do what we now do failed to do, we will do ~~we~~ ^{we} are doing.

If there was no American Zola, there were other Americans, and now there is a Canadian, Gary Murr.

In the frightful story of the murder and the terrible history of its official accounting, there is this hope: the unknowns will rise, like soldiers in a vast advancing army, and there will be victory. Here it must be the victory of truth, for free men can not live free under lies, particularly not under official lies, and most of all not when those lies keep a government in authority and explain how it got there.

Partly because I was the first, partly because I am on this subject an irreconcilable man, partly because I write on it with unshamed passion, believing any other expression emasculation, many of these unknowns and strangers have become my collaborators and friends, even those I have not yet met. Often they read my books, get the 26 enormous printed monuments to untruth that are the appendage to the Warren Report (and that cost an initial \$76), and then write me to ask how they can help. Help they do. These are better investigators than the FBI or the Secret Service. They seek truth and they find it, and they will abide nothing else. Unsung as they are unknown, they are the guarantors of the future, if future there is and guarantors there can be.

But if there is no freedom in the future, alone among those denied it not to have been responsible will be these once-unknowns whose unsided quest for truth might have saved it. They will, and they should, be the honored of any future of freedom.

And they are a motley crew!

Among those who work with me are photographers, artists, professors of the arts and medicine, insurance agents, housewives, graduate and undergraduate students, reporters whose medium will not present their researches, clerks, an accountant, a lawyer, retired people, and even those who have been misused witnesses before the Warren Commission. The plural is not a figure of speech. Each of us is independent, each does his own work, his own way, following his own beliefs. Each of us, for the most part, helps the others

when he can. Without asking it, in some cases I have been the beneficiary of fine help from once-strangers.

Gary Murr, whom I have never met, is such a once-stranger. He wrote and offered help and provided it. His is excellent, careful, painstaking work. I would ^{wish} ~~hope~~ he had been on the Warren Commission if I were not certain he would have been wasted there, for there no one sought only truth. Gary does.

As a Canadian he was fascinated by the abuse and misuse of a Canadian witness to the assassination and his fact and knowledge and, as it turned out, and he pictures, until they were the target of corrupt officialdom. My fourth book first brought to public attention the sad history of the pictures taken by Norman Similas, now of _____, and the incredible official misdeeds by which it was accomplished. Here let me interject that it was a California free-lance writer who called Similas to my attention. I pursued him through the slime of the official files--or rather those that still exist and are not suppressed.

So Gary added to the many researches he had already done, competent, thorough studies of the most basic evidence ignored by the Warren Commission, like all the vehicles involved in the assassination and their identifications, all the weapons reported near it, and other work that will bring truth nearer and make history more honest, the story of Norman Similas and his pictures. It had to be done. There was no one else to do it, no one who would carry further what I had to leave really undone in my fourth book, PHOTOGRAPHIC WHITEWASH: SUPPRESSED KENNEDY ASSASSINATION PICTURES.

All of us, in every country, are in ^{Gary's} ~~his~~ debt. There is no country anywhere that today is independent of the United States. Anything that affects the United States and its integrity affects every other country. Gary, therefore, is an authentic Canadian patriot in having undertaken this unpaid, unthanked obligation. Conversely, if Canadians owe him thanks, so do we all.

Looking back, as I do, on almost five years of the most difficult, painful, disagreeable struggle against entrenched evil, official lies, professional literary assassins, a few defections and organized, powerful sycophants who defame the glory of the free press and the free writer, there is no greater joy, no more exhilarating encouragement, than to welcome and praise those previously unknown who never investigated and became investigators, who never analyzed and became analysts, ~~and~~ who never wrote and became writers.

Gary Murr is the newest, ~~and~~ He will not be the last. And it is the real and the coming Gary Murrs to whom history will be in debt, by whom our freedoms may be restored, by whom they can be preserved and assured.