

CHAPTER 27

"Trust Me, I'm A Thief": David Lifton

If Sylvia Meagher had been alive, Lifton would never have dared say of her what he did when for him she was safely dead. Not only was she remarkably articulate, when she was angry she added a rare eloquence to it. But had this not been true, Lifton would never have dared antagonize her to the point where she would have disclosed some of what he had written her. Like telling her how he planned to steal a good print of the Zapruder film and then, after he did just that, write and give her the details of how he pulled it off.

Meagher's files are deposited at Hood College, in Frederick, Maryland, where I live and where my records will also be. Lifton has already threatened two lawsuits over this, one against the college for observing the normal and traditional standards of scholarship and one against Roger Feinman for daring to make use, what the law describes as "fair use," of her records.

Feinman is a lawyer. Lifton's threat, delivered by his lawyer, did not cause Feinman to hire counsel. But the college had little choice. Lifton put it to the considerable expense of engaging counsel and paying counsel to research the law.

Lifton can't be crazy enough to go to court seeking damages. This is not only because the copyright law specifically authorizes "fair use" of such things as letters. It is also because when it comes to assessing damages Lifton's character, his record and his reputation are all a factor in any possible assessing of damages to him. That he is a thief he and his lawyer would hardly want to be before two juries, the one sitting in the lawsuit and the other the general public. That he has a record as a blackmailer would have been before those juries, too, because one of those he threatened to blackmail to get what he wanted from him is the same Roger Feinman. And Feinman is among subject matter experts who not only knows that Lifton uses the work of others as his own, he published it.

So if, as it seems clear he did not, Lifton had a cause of action, his own reputation would have assured that what he could hope to recover would hardly pay the costs of getting it.

On July 9, 1993, Lifton's lawyer wrote Feinman, under a caption indicating that a lawsuit had been

filed, as it had not been, "Re: Lifton v. Feinman," saying "We have been retained to file an action against you for copyright infringement, defamation, invasion of privacy and false light." In that letter Neville L. Johnson, of the Los Angeles firm Neville L. Johnson & Associates, also demanded suppression of the information Feinman had on Lifton. Johnson concluded his letter that is a combination of bragging about himself and cheap insults by saying his letter is copyrighted, too.

Feinman's reply told them what counterclaims he would make.

When word got around about Lifton's planned and successful theft of that excellent print of the Zapruder film, Lifton used the computer networks to explain it away by telling his cronies and clique that he had lied to Meagher. So, Feinman said it "would be fascinating, I think, to see Mr. Lifton present himself to a judge and a jury with his claim to credibility: 'Trust me, I lied.'"

Lifton's threats to me stopped when he got nowhere with them.

But not before he made a fool of himself, not before he disclosed that he just made up what he wanted to be, as he had so profitably with his mistitled book. As for example in writing me on June 10, 1993 that "I am now in touch with Hood College, because I think your behavior in sneaking around and going through Sylvia Meagher's papers in search of letters from me, so that you can feed Roger Feinman's delusions is really off the wall."

I did not make any search of Meagher's papers. Not ever.

He then chided me for violating the terms of Meagher's will with regard to "sensitivity" when I had not done that searching or copying and added, Lifton being Lifton and believing that all the world believes his sick prejudices and hatreds, what he makes up and then believes himself, too:

"I wonder, Harold, if the people at Hood- and not just the Director of Libraries, but the President herself- really understand what kind of person you are."

Lifton would have known if he had been at Hood three months later. He would have seen that the President invited my wife and me to be photographed with her and then arranged for the college photographer to give us pictures to send to friends and relatives. We then were among her personal guests at her dinner for

special friends of the college then commemorating the college's 100th year.

If he had been around some weeks earlier when the president phoned me to tell me that the trustees had voted "unanimously and enthusiastically" to award my wife and me honorary doctorates as part of the 100th year celebrations. He would have gotten a glimmer of how they know me.

If he had been there for lunch the day after the president's dinner for those who had been of significant helpfulness to the college he'd have seen that when I had to sit almost as soon as I got there, for medical reasons that keep me off my feet, he would have noticed that those who joined my wife and me when they came included the college's vice president and dean of academic affairs, its treasurer and its director of communications.

If this had been answer enough, he might have found all he needed in the college's recapulation of gifts to it over the century sufficient to be included in "The President's Roundtable." In that winter issue of the college magazine my wife and I are listed on page 45.

Years before we were honored at the college's 100th anniversary we deeded all we have, with no quid pro quo, to the college. This included all the records obtained by all those many FOIA lawsuits, all my work product and our home and land, five wooded acres near the bottom of a mountain. For well over a decade I have conducted seminars at the college, unpaid. I had already given it many cartons of records for which I had no more need and countless books, including collector's items. One of my gifts of books was appraised at \$5,000.

And, students have been free to and have used my records for honors papers and theses, with me taking what time for them they requested.

Lifton, who sees all as corrupt and money-grubbing as he is tends to think that all think and see as he does, including what he sees that is not there to be seen.

Administration, faculty and students at Hood reached their own, un-Liftonized "understanding" of what kind of person I am.

Lifton got no comfort from Hood but he did bleed money from it for the lawyers' fees he forced

upon it, money that could have been used for the benefit of students some of whom do not have wealthy fathers to, at least for years time, support sons that are no credit to them, as from reliable sources I know about Lifton's parents and him.

Lifton gives his own definition of scholarship and of freedom of scholarship when he threatens to sue those who examine his own, voluntary words in their scholarship. That is a right he arrogates to himself.

Yet while making threats to the college he actually wrote the director of its libraries, Charles Kuhn, "I welcome controversy about facts." (Lifton's letter of June 2, 1993, of which he distributed copies.)

Most people do not think in terms of restriction on scholarship, unless, like Lifton, they know very well that they have much to hide, to be ashamed of. Like stealing, and assassinations from papier maché trees strong enough to hold and hide assassins, papier maché trees that have the magical power to appear unseen and to disappear unseen and in between to be invisible to cameras.

I never dreamed when I was, not knowing it or anything like it might even be possible, responsible for what led, ultimately, to the gift of Meagher's papers to Hood.

There are no strings to my 60 some file cabinets of official records, my own work of more than three decades and innumerable cartons of records I've deeded to the college.

Nor, certainly, did Meagher even dream that her valuable papers could cause such problems and costs.

She had made her executor and heir a doctoral candidate in political science, Gregory Stone. He had been one of the students so attached to the late Allard Lowenstein, former college professor and former United States Congressman from New York. Shortly after she died, Greg phoned me in desperation from her apartment. He had to get all her things out immediately and had no place for all her records. He was also limited in funds, so he could not use commercial storage. I had no spare room for them. I suggested to him that he ask Hood if it could provide storage until he could make other arrangements for storage or ultimate deposit. It offered him six months of free and secure storage, asking nothing in return. He had a terrible, sleepless weekend getting all those files from lower Manhattan to Frederick in a van, but he did it, with a van,

and alone.

Greg had begun an ultimately successful campaign to get the Los Angeles police department to make all its Robert Kennedy assassination records available. He was in the midst of that when Meagher died.

His free storage greatly exceeded six months but he was never dunned or hassled.

Before he took his own life he asked me and I presume others what I believed would be the best home for those records. I told him Hood, where all mine would be. That is what in the end he decided to do, informing his sister. And that is how they got to Hood and remained there. Nothing devious as Lifton always suspects, and no deals or money involved.

But knowing that there is nothing about himself that is not devious, Lifton assumes the world is like he is and like him, tries to hide it.

Hood planned a new and modern library building. After it was completed my wife and I were taken on a most impressive tour of it. That is the one time I saw the files of Meagher's records. A special secure room had been built for the JFK assassination records. It had special shelving arrangements that then were bare. Meagher's records, all in steel file cabinets the college provided, had their contents identified on them and all were locked. I did not look inside a single one of them. And, addressing Lifton's allegation of my "sneaking around" in them, if I had wanted to that would have been impossible. They were doubly locked, in the cabinets and inside that special room.

The foregoing is a slight indication of the confidence one can impart in Lifton's words. As with his best seller, he makes it all up and then, having made it up, treats what he made up as the truth.

He insults people, engages in lengthy tirades against them and then if they dare respond he attacks them even more and more vigorously and at greater length. Before Feinman decided to write his book, Lifton's CompuServe Network tirade, of which Lifton sent others and me copies, were, in just two of the many, 48 single-spaced pages in length! When Feinman responded, Lifton actually attacked Feinman alleging a "vendetta" against him by Feinman!

Of those two longer of Lifton tirades that he distributed widely on both the CompuServe computer

library network, and by mail, the longer one, 32 pages of it, is so personal he headed it "Who is Roger Feinman?" In the second he addressed what he styled as Feinman's "Screwball Logic."

When Feinman could put up with it no more he wrote his book, Between the Noise and the Signal, with the subtitle, "Best Evidence" Hoax and David Lifton's War Against Critics of the Warren Commission. As we have seen, his use of the word "hoax" is more than justified and it is a fact that anxious to establish himself as the sole assassination property owner Lifton did wage war against all those he regarded as in any way undermining his claim to sole property rights to the assassination.

In all of this Lifton has brought to light nothing significant that is both new and factual. As of the time he wrote the New York Times, which had written news stories, not reviews, about two of my books to tell them that I lied, he had published only an article in which he claimed that there had been three assassins. He prefers to forget that now. With no provocation at all he told the Times I had misrepresented and he was so proud of himself he actually sent me a copy of his letter! He did not tell the Times that what he alleged I misrepresented is what I published in facsimile- an FBI report that he objected to.

Lifton's interest in bringing news and fact about the assassination is reflected in what led him to deceive the Times about me and my writing. It had greeted two of my books with half-page news stories featuring what was new that I brought to light in those books. It was written while Lifton was doing nothing except telling everyone how important he was and that he had discovered a big secret, his faulty basis for his fraud of a book. The man was just envious and frustrated, having nothing to show for all his supposed work.

That Lifton waged war against others is no exaggeration.

That is only one of the reasons he was so feared and that he could use that fear to get whatever he wanted.

Before going to law school, and as Feinman points out Lifton had even that wrong in his tirades against him, Feinman had worked for CBS News. While he was still at CBS and had obtained something of which Lifton wanted a copy, Lifton was quite explicit, as Feinman states in his book, in blackmailing Feinman to get it, threatening to tell tales about him to CBS.

I've heard many critics say they fear him and what he is capable of doing to them.

Those who have been his friends, including those who went out of their way to help him, often develop changed relationships and break off with him and sometimes come to dislike him very strongly. They do tire of his assaults, demands and accusations.

One of these is Harrison Edward Livingstone, author of High Treason, High Treason 2 and the aptly self-descriptive, Killing the Truth. Before long he and Lifton loved each other as did the Hatfields and the McCoys. Only they used real bullets.

Livingstone, a Baltimorean, got several city policemen to work for him on their free time. This is not to say they did not work for him, for his pay, while on duty, for at least one of them did, regularly. He told my wife and me about it so I have the best of sources.

On one of his many trips here, Livingstone brought Richard Waybright, one of those policemen, with him. He introduced Waybright to us as his helper and said he would like to have Waybright search our files for him and make copies of what he wanted, as we have always permitted all writing in the field to do, without charge. We agreed.

Waybright was friendly and helpful. He spent time with my wife, helping her with the heavier gardening chores that, as she neared 80, were too much for her. He'd take us to lunch from time to time, to a restaurant near here which had, he said, the best cheeseburgers. With which he always got two orders of french fries one of which he doused with ketchup. With his thoughtfulness and kindnesses he earned our trust. And he was always pleasant. He was never any kind of problem. For that reason alone I preferred him to Livingstone, who was inclined to hold forth at length on his theories and on the details of the work he said he's done. Neither of which interested me, and they took time I'd have preferred using on my own work and interests.

I had never written about Lifton and had not intended to. But as with other significant assassination-related developments, to the degree possible I did keep files for the future, for students and scholars who would become interested in what the United States appeals court for the District of Columbia stated correctly

in one of its decisions, would forever be of interest. Much of this is sent me from distant places, from publications I never see.

Some of the books I annotated. On a few I prepared lengthy analyses and commentaries. This varied with the book and the time I had. Some, like Mark Lane's second book, were of conspicuous dishonesty and ego-tripping. I wrote A Citizen's Descent based on his A Citizen's Dissent. It is book length and could have been longer, Lane's ego and dishonesty are such it enabled that length with ease. When a peer review was asked of me of a book by Philip Melanson I did that at length, too, so it would not be restricted to opinions but would also serve the record for history. I did not get very far into Lifton's before I decided that it was worth the time of detailed checking, analysis and commentary. Especially because Lifton's great "discovery" with which he had been exciting many critics for many years was neither his nor a discovery and was clearly a mistake. My belief is that when they saw the size of the section of the President's head that was missing one of the autopsy prosectors asked those in the autopsy amphitheater, who included some who had been in Texas, if there had been surgery of the head. After four days, unless in making a note of the words indicating that it was a question, those distraught FBI agents, deep in so unusual and unprecedented a tragedy, could easily have taken the words of the question they had in their notes to have been an observation. It just is not possible that those doctors said anything like that. They were baffled, they were out of their depth, and they were groping for answers and understanding. FBI agent James Sibert did tell the House assassins committee that it was a mistake.

And from that and the already published work Lifton presented as his own he built his reputation and his wealth.

The effort Macmillan made to promote the book also was exceptional with books on the assassination. What I had of that helped round out the file.

When Livingstone learned that I had done that big job he asked if he could have a copy of it. I took him to the file cabinet, showed him the file, pointed to the nearby copier and told him "help yourself." But first he preferred lunch, where he made a rather crude play for the waitress, a college freshman little more

than a girl. Then he wanted to talk about his interviews. He said he'd send Waybright to go over those Lifton files and copy what he wanted.

Before long Waybright came, he said, for that purpose.

Those particular files are in my office. Nobody ever works in my working files. Those who come here are interested in the once-withheld official records that are in our basement. Waybright did, however, have to use my office files to copy that Lifton information. What Livingstone told me he wanted and what Waybright said he's come for are what I wrote about Lifton's book and the duplicates I had of the records given to him by the Army's Military District of Washington. The latter were in the envelope in which I received them from the MDW.

After looking at the volume Waybright asked if he could borrow them and xerox them in Baltimore, where it would cost him and Livingstone nothing. For the first time I agreed. After all, he is a policeman. Some time later he was back, said he was returning those records to my file, and then went to the basement to work in those files.

Later Livingstone complained that he still did not have those records. I told him he did, that Waybright had copied them in Baltimore for him. Livingstone insisted he did not have them. We went to the file cabinet to get them and that is when and how I discovered that they were gone.

When I got after Waybright about it he insisted that he had returned them. I told him they were not here. He did not return to show them to me and I became convinced that he had stolen them. I then did know that he was double-crossing Livingstone by working for Livingstone's favorite enemy- at least his then favorite enemy- Lifton.

We had met and become friends with another Baltimore policeman, his wife and two fine boys who loved to ramble on the mountain side, collecting special rocks, bugs, crawfish, frogs and all the other things that interest little boys. Once when I had to be at the Johns Hopkins Hospital I asked this friend to ask Waybright to join us, for lunch at the hospital cafeteria. They both did.

"I returned it the first time I was back up," Waybright said. "I remember clearly where I put it."

"Where did you put it?" I asked him.

"Right where I got it, in the bottom drawer of the third file cabinet of the row nearest the bottom of the stairs."

He knew that was a lie, that he had not gotten it there, and he knew that I knew it was a lie, but his face did not reflect his guilty knowledge at all. He did not look embarrassed and he did give the appearance of believing what he said.

"You know the trouble I have getting into the bottom drawers of file cabinets," I told him. "Why in the world did you put it there?"

Unabashed, he replied with the same lie, "That is where I got it."

For years I have been able to do little file searching, as he knew, and with 13 bottom file drawers in my office do not use a single one for files I use, because of these medical problems.

Waybright then had an idea probably intended as some kind of diversion. He took a napkin and said, "Here, I'll draw you a sketch." Which he then did on the folded napkin.

At this point the other policeman said, "I'll come up the first time I can with the boys and I'll get it for you."

When he did neither my analysis of Lifton's book nor my autopsy-related Military District of Washington file was there. What was there was what was of no interest, a second Army envelope on the funeral arrangements. And even then that was filed where nobody would ever look for it, in a file of the Department of Justice's records. What Waybright had done with what he did not steal was to take a working file from my office files and hide it in the midst of about a third of a million pages of government records relating to the assassinations. That he stole it was established by two facts: he has borrowed that file, as the second policeman, Mick, learned from our conversation, and he did not return what I said he had not returned. And the second policeman was witness to that, having done the search himself.

But Waybright did not change his lie. He even swore it was the truth "on my mother."

But without filing a complaint with the Baltimore City Police Department and making a real stink there

was nothing I could do about it. And as we were not all that long in learning, that police department was deep into more than enough scandals and was anxious to wipe out all those it could privately, with no public attention to them.

Livingstone, however, was anxious to get what I had written about Lifton and his book. I had thought about this and when Waybright had access to our copier and was copying all he did copy for Livingstone, there was only one reasonable explanation for his stealing it. That was so that I would not have it. The only person who had any interest in my not having it was Lifton. So, it was apparent that Waybright stole it for Lifton. He had said that the only reason he worked for Livingstone was for the extra money. Why not work for Lifton for more of the same?

When Livingstone phoned me again about that memo and those MDW records on October 2, 1991. Waybright had been kicked out by his live-in girlfriend, a policewoman, and I did not have his new address. So I wrote the other policeman, Mick, whose real name I do not use not to involve him in what may yet become a public scandal, and asked him to speak to Waybright again and to ask him to get copies back from Lifton for me. And to tell me if he had stolen anything else because it is impossible for me to make all the searches that would be required. In fact, in so great a volume of records, it is impossible for anyone. In that letter I told him that I had asked Livingstone if he had any reason to believe that Waybright did work for Lifton. Livingstone's response was to ask me if I'd ever spoken to a man whose name I do not use not to involve him in some later public scandal. I said I had not. Shortly after we finished speaking that man phoned me from his then office in Pennsylvania. Our conversation was a long one. He confirmed that Waybright did work for Lifton. He had specific knowledge of payments Lifton made to Waybright and what they were for. What Waybright sold to Lifton included copies of even some of Livingstone's files to which he had free access! And he was supposedly working for Livingstone. And Livingstone knew he was stealing from him and selling what he stole to Lifton, too. Later, Livingstone gave me some details on this and how it had embarrassed him!

This man I had never met- I'll call him Joe- told me that he had had a long and close relationship with

Lifton until he had ended it that year, having had more than he wanted to take from Lifton. In what I wrote this second policeman, Mick, of that phone conversation, I told him that Joe "says that Lifton boasted of blackmailing Rick," who is Waybright. "Lifton said he had a friend in the DA's office and he told Rick that if he did not do what Lifton asked Lifton would tell his friend all about Rick's misuses of police computers and information and he'd be fired."

Both Livingstone and Waybright had boasted of Waybright's misuse of the supposedly confidential police computer system for such things as locating people for Livingstone so he could speak to them. If that became public it could be hurtful to the Baltimore police department and the people it is to protect.

There was little Livingstone could do because he depended on the misuse of the police computer network to be able to locate the people he wanted to talk to and he needed that for his second book under contract and, he said, with the manuscript due to be handed in the middle of April, 1993.

I don't know what opportunities Waybright had to steal but I do know that he was double-crossing everybody with whom he was involved. It was in the end so open that he was giving Livingstone handwritten reports on what Lifton was asking of him. I have a copy of one that Livingstone gave to someone else for a special purpose.

As Livingstone got further into his second book and he was in trouble he'd phone me about it. Once he told me what Waybright had stolen from him and sold to Lifton and how he learned about it.

The second of Livingstone's books, both titled High Treason, to me both High Trashes, was, he told me, aimed at Lifton. He does not make this clear in that book but he does devote much of it to saying the opposite of what Lifton had written and he used Lifton's own sources to do that. Then he started getting calls of protests from those people. They complained because Lifton was phoning them and raising hell with them for what they told Livingstone. Lifton knew because he had dubs of the tapes of those interviews and typed transcripts! Livingstone knew that only Waybright could have stolen those tapes to make dubs of them and he had known all along that Waybright was working for Lifton! And Lifton told them he was reading from Livingstone's transcripts.

Continuing to need Waybright, Livingstone just swallowed it.

Meanwhile, Waybright was traveling with Livingstone when he went to Dallas working on High Trash 2 and on his personal Killing the Truth. I have many reports of his telling people in Dallas that he was there on work for his police department. That and his own nuttiness got Livingstone to believe and to write often enough that he, too, represented the police. I have a number of his letters saying that quite explicitly. He even intoned, "I am the law!" in those letters. He has a degree in the law, of which he remains profoundly ignorant.

We return to aspects of this letter. Here I am addressing Lifton as a practicing, experienced thief, with a Baltimore policeman he blackmailed into doing it, stealing for him.

This point by point exposure of the fraudulence of Lifton's best seller with only Lifton having an interest in seeing that the only copy of my detailed critique was in his possession is not all that is missing from my files to which Waybright alone had access. About two inches of files on Oswald, the announced subject of Lifton's next book, also were stolen. These records were in the front of a file drawer all the records in which are on Oswald. It was an overfilled drawer. It was so overfilled that it was not possible for the folders all to be pushed down so that all touched the bottom of the drawer. When I discovered they were missing, that they were missing was hidden by the fact that the overfilled drawer had the same appearance. That was accomplished by jamming all that remained in that drawer forward from the back, with the keeper holding them that way, and with the back of that file drawer empty.

Not only did nobody else who used my files at all have no interest in seeing to it that I did not have copies of that Lifton had the only copies, nobody else had access to those files in my office. Only Waybright.

Only Waybright had any means of knowing that I had those missing Oswald files. And he worked for Lifton. Who did have a competitive interest in seeing to it that I not have that information, he had the interest in seeing that no copies of what I wrote about his best seller but that nobody else writing about Oswald had the information in those stolen Oswald files.

With a third of a million pages of previously-withheld official records plus my own extensive work

product, it simply is not possible to make any real search to try to learn what else has been stolen. I learn these things only when I look for files I know I had. These are not all that I have discovered were stolen. Others who may have had an interest in these stolen records would have been satisfied with the copies all who work in my files can make on our copier. It is apparent that Waybright did the stealing and that he did this stealing for Lifton. Lifton, who alone had any interest in what was stolen not being available to anyone else.

The Lifton who has a record of being a thief, of boasting of his scheme for stealing in his boastful letters. And then hires lawyers and threatens lawsuits over the completely accurate exposure of his boasting of how he would steal and then of boasting again about how he did it.

Here is what Feinman wrote that Lifton alleged violated his privacy and his copyright rights, on page 97 of his book over which Lifton went ape:

"In June 1970, he engaged in a plan to induce LIFE to afford him access in Los Angeles to a first-generation duplicate of the original Zapruder film, as well as transparencies. An inspection of the original in New York City was also arranged, but apparently never realized. The cooperation of a Hollywood film producer was secured in trumping up a phony bid to purchase the film from LIFE. The producer gave Lifton and his cohorts access to an office and letterhead stationary. (Lifton, David. Letter to Sylvia Meagher, June 17, 1970)

"On Monday, June 22, 1970, LIFE flew two copies of the film and many slides to Los Angeles by courier for the producer's inspection. Mr. Lifton and his associates headed for the producer's office. By pre-arrangement with Lifton, the producer was absent from his office when the courier arrived, but he placed a phone call to his office timed to coincide with the courier's arrival, in order to excuse himself and introduce Mr. Lifton and company as his representatives in the proposed transaction.

"As Mr. Lifton examined the 16 millimeter copy of the Zapruder film LIFE had sent, the courier left the room for several minutes. One of Mr. Lifton's associates then whipped out a camera and began shooting pictures of the transparencies arrayed on a light box.

"When Mr. Lifton and his associates left the producer's office, a 16 millimeter reel of the Zapruder film left also, and a reel of electrical extension cord wrapped in tissue was left in its box. (Lifton, David. Letter to Sylvia Meagher, June 25, 1970)"

It is not only by stealing and blackmailing that Lifton gets what he wants. He can be relentless in keeping after people, in making a persisting pest of himself. Even Oliver Stone was not immune when he was working on his movie "JFK," the movie that made a hero of Jim Garrison, who was one of Lifton's favorite hates.

When, as Feinman writes on page 91 of his book he learned from "a source close to the 'JFK' movie project" that Lifton had gotten \$50,000 from Stone, whose movie has nothing from Lifton in it, he asked Jane Rusconi, who was Stone's research coordinator on that film why Stone "would have done such a thing as give Lifton \$50,000 for nothing at all to do with his film," she replied, "Because he was making a pest of himself."

The degree to which he does this is hard for most people to imagine. He alienates even those who can seriously embarrass him over what he has disclosed about himself to them, like the "Joe" Livingstone had call me with the first-person information referred to above, the man to whom Lifton was heavily indebted for what he had given Lifton from which Lifton got so much use and money.

The degree to which Lifton can persist and make a nuisance of himself in trying to breathe life into his baseless theories was illustrated by his intrusion into the press conference of Dr. Vincent P. Guinn, the expert on neutron activation analysis, held after his testimony to the House assassins committee on September 8, 1978. Because I knew from what I learned from the private testimony I had taken from FBI agents in depositions in my Freedom of Information lawsuits that they could not validate the specimens of bullet metal they had tested in the JFK assassination and, in fact had seen to it that they could not, I suggested in advance to George Lardner, the *Washington Post's* JFK assassination expert, a Pulitzer prize winner and a friend of 25 years, questions to be asked of Guinn. But Lifton, not a reporter and not connected with any newspaper, dominated the press conference and regularly intruded into the serious questioning by the reporters for whom

the press conference was held, so they could inform the people. That the professional pest Lifton did this is again disclosed by his own boasting. He tape recorded it. He gave a dub of his tape recording to someone who gave it to me.

As Lifton did with other reporters he interrupted Lardner when Lardner was asking Guinn about not only being able to validate the alleged specimens in the JFK assassination investigation but had even been given specimens to test that he said were not the actual specimens. Legitimate reporters were not, thanks to the nuisance Lifton made of himself by interjecting in pursuit of his own crazy theorizing, able to conduct any real questioning of Guinn.

The degree to which the egomaniacal Lifton interfered with the disclosure of information that is important in the JFK assassination and its investigations, the degree to which he prevented the disclosure of real, factual information that is significant in authentic scholarship and in making the truth about the dishonesties of the official investigations known to the people is reflected in what despite Lifton Lardner was able to get Guinn to admit, quoted from his story in the next morning's paper:

"Elaborating to reporters later, Guinn said, for example, that he was presented a small container ostensibly carrying all the bullet fragments from Kennedy's brain. It contained two bits of metal, one weighing 41.9 milligrams and the other 5.4 milligrams. Yet, Guinn said, the FBI records showed four other samples from Kennedy's brain, all with different weights.

"In the same fashion, the FBI data indicated that it had tested three bits of metal from Connally's wrist at Oak Ridge National Laboratories in 1964, two weighing 2.3 milligrams each and another weighing 1.52 milligrams. The container Guinn got, which he said came with assurances from Archives that this was all the metal from Connally's wrist in its possession, had two other pieces, one weighing 16.4 milligrams and the other 1.3 milligrams."

How nice it would have been if the reporters could have learned more about the fact that this quintessential evidence in the assassination of a President no longer existing and having been substituted for when only government employees ever had possession of it could have been carried further.

But Lifton, the world-class nuisance, pest and ego interfered with that, when he had no business doing it, in pursuit of his zany theories that in and of themselves deny the people the truth about the assassination and create even more of the confusion that is so important to official miscreants. It serves to protect them.

This is a view of the real Lifton and how assassination best-sellers are made.

It is noteworthy that in his personal complaints and threats and through his lawyer in his threat of filing lawsuits there is not even the slightest suggestion that what Feinman wrote in his quiet, scholarly and understated book he made the tiniest of factual errors. What he wrote is truthful and it is accurate. Lifton knew he had no case at law. His purpose was to intimidate, to blackmail, to prevent further distribution of Feinman's excellent job of exposing Lifton as Lifton, and to let publishers know that if they publish Feinman they could expect to be sued. That alone is enough to discourage, if not prevent, publication. It is an exceptional book that can make enough to cover the expense of defending even a spurious lawsuit. Any publisher who might consider publishing Feinman's excellent job would know in advance that it was certain to cost him money and could result in a heavy loss.