

CHAPTER 28

The Truthslayer: King Harry

Those who write conspiracy theories they claim solve the assassination of President John F. Kennedy, theories of their own concoction or in varying degrees taken from others and embellished or an assortment of or combinations of both, are by any normal standard an odd lot.

Most are of better than average intelligence. Some have advanced academic degrees. All are intense, firm believers in their rightness and righteousness. Most intend to be honest and believe that they are genuine. Some claim kingdom of the turf while accusing all others of that intent. A few have histories of mental problems and have been hospitalized for them. All are in various degrees contemptuous of what fact has officially been established. All are, also in varying degrees, ignorant of this officially-established fact. Some are authentic subject-matter ignoramuses. The most successful, at least in terms of sales, are vigorous in threatening and condemning just about all others while laying claim to purity of motive and performance. Each of them devotes great energy to destroying the reputations of all who do not bow down and pay homage to him as the preeminent of all authorities. These in particular brook no criticism. They respond to factual criticism only by vicious attacks because they cannot respond to factual criticism. Their personal attacks on those who do not agree with them or express criticism of them have been so vicious and so widespread among those generally and improperly lumped together as “critics” they have, to a large degree, stifled criticism of themselves. Lifton makes his attacks more effective by threatening lawsuits.

Two of the more lordly, Lifton and Harrison Edward Livingstone, are self-conceived lordly in any event, are superficially tolerant of the lesser mortals to who they preach down, and they have assembled cliques who do chores for them, some chores that are generally eschewed for ethical and moral reasons. These followings are worshipful, too.

Except for Lifton, who knew exactly what he was doing when he was doing it, they are utterly lost in worlds of their own imagining.

And, aside from their theories, theories that are not always consistent even within a single body of

work, they really are subject-matter ignoramuses. Some, very few, are relatively well grounded in some of the facts of the past, as published in the Warren Report and in that Commission's published records. But not a single one of those who have commercialized their fabricated solutions has any real knowledge or even any real interest in the vast volume of previously withheld official documents disclosed as the result of Freedom of Information Act (FOIA) lawsuits, mostly mine, that yielded me alone a quarter of a million pages of those records. I make these records freely available to all writing in the field, along with the use of our copier, and not a single one of those self-conceived experts has made any real scholarly use of this previously withheld official information.

Strangest of this odd lot, certainly the most sanctimonious and self-important, is Harrison Edward Livingstone of Baltimore, Maryland. He claims to come from one of the country's richest and most influential families (which makes mysterious the fact that he lived close to poverty for a while), the author of two books both titled *High Treason* and of the October, 1993 *Killing the Truth* (New York: Carroll & Graf). He applies this characterization to all others, blissfully unaware that he has only one competitor, Lifton, for that designation, the only championship to which he can rationally lay claim as a killer of truth about the assassination.

But then, from a long record, Livingstone and rationality do not often or long keep company.

As with Lifton, my earliest clear recollection of Livingstone is from a phone call.

Although he had been in touch with me earlier, and I do remember earlier newspaper stories reporting that he was trying to sell copies of the alleged JFK autopsy photos, which he denied now. My first, clearest and earliest impression of him is from his terrified phone call he said was from Maine.

"They," as usual unnamed and undescribed, were about to kill him. He just wanted me to know when they did, as they then were about to do.

Livingstone, like so many of the others, live their dreams. What they imagine becomes real to them. He imagines that this unnamed and mysterious "they" want to kill him because of what he has always regarded as his important assassination "discoveries" and his work in general.

Nothing is further from the truth. If the “they” are those behind and involved in the crime, the last thing they want to do is eliminate the obfuscators who among other valuable services to the assassination keep all who are interested confused and with their mythologies tend to protect those in government from their serious transgressions. People do not know what — or who — to believe.

When, and this is something they have in common, they get near reality, near those who have information, the theorists always impose their theories and try to get not impartial information but what they can use to give their theories the appearance of the legitimacy they do not have.

He has a remarkable capacity for not understanding what high school children understand easily and well, what does not conform with and more, what utterly disproves his fancies he regards as facts. When all else fails he denounces fact as phony, counterfeit.

This is his unvarying reaction, whenever a fact or a picture proves he is bananas. Once a picture proves him wrong in no time at all he declares that picture has been doctored or counterfeited. He says so loudly and often: they are faked pictures. Without his own fakery alleging the faking of these pictures, the little claim he can make having brought anything new and relevant to light no longer exists.

Photographs of the autopsy have been leaked and published, including by him. The House Select Committee on Assassinations in the late 1970s had a professional medical artist paint them as a substitute for publishing the actual photographs. It also published copies of the X-rays. Those autopsy photographs and X-rays were also studied and reported upon in secret twice at the request of the Department of Justice. First the two Navy pathologists who were autopsy prosecutors, Commander James J. Humes and J. Thornton Boswell, and then a special panel of the most eminent forensic pathologists and radiologists examined and filed reports on their examinations of these autopsy films. (*Post Mortem*, pp. 565ff) All of this is faked, according to Livingstone. Unless he claims they are faked he admits his books are in error, and that he cannot bring himself to do.

It is these two factors, his feigned lack of understanding and his firm conviction that the pictures that prove him wrong are doctored, that led him to decide that I am not only his enemy but, as he has put it in

writing, the leader of the “gang” determined to ruin him. His non-existing “gang” is of those with whom I have no contact at all and a few with whom I have negligible, infrequent contact.

In many violent letters and in phone calls he refers to his imagined gang as conspirators against him and his imminent “solution” of the crime and as coconspirators with those he imagines conspired to kill the President.

As his own publisher put it in *Publishers Weekly*, the primary element of the trade press for its issue dated May 3, 1993, his book “suggests that many have, for one reason or another, put out a lot of disinformation, furthering the conspiracy.”

“Suggests” hell! He is quite explicit about me in this third of his books that to me are all High Trash.

In it as in more fabricated detail he says in his voluminous outpouring of denunciatory letters he states the late right-wing Dallas, Texas oil magnate, H. L. Hunt, was one of the to Livingstone multitude of wealthy Texans who conspired to kill the President. I am an accessory in that crime by my alleged but non-existing “help” to Hunt. Finding this inadequate, Livingstone then fabricates, from nothing at all, that those of us who do not worship him and his work, those of us who want only to have nothing to do with him, to be left alone by him, conspired against him and in this also imagined conspiracy are all accessories in his fictional conspiracy to kill the President.

This is what is so publishable today, mendacious fiction.

This insanity was fed to him by an H. L. Hunt employee who had been fired as a common thief. That fired employee, Paul Marion Rothermel, Jr., now Livingstone’s lawyer. Livingstone says in his book was Hunt’s chief of security. (add citation) Rothermel got what he did not make up from me. It is the manuscript of a fake book created by the French counterpart of the CIA, SDECE, before New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison’s also imagined case against Clay Shaw as one of his many and also imagined conspirators, came to trial. As Livingstone also knows but does not say in this book, I was asked by Garrison’s chief investigator, Louis Ivon, to take a copy of the manuscript of that book to Rothermel because it names the late H. L. Hunt as one of those conspirators.

The content of this, Livingstone's Highest Trash, makes it obvious that in his quest for vengeance against Hunt's sons, who fired him, Rothermel makes full use of Livingstone's irrationality, cupidity and subject-matter ignorance; his unquestioning acceptance of the most arrant nonsense if he can contort it into what he thinks can make him famous or make money for him, without regard for fact, truth or even reasonableness.

The fake French spook book, originally titled in French, *L'Amerique Brule*, or *America Burns*, was at Garrison's suggestion retitled, *Farewell America*. It is the nipple on the nursing bottle of pap fed him by Rothermel that this subject-matter infant Livingstone burps into the false pretense of a book that is a monument to his incompetence, stupidity, ignorance, irrationality, irresponsibility and longing to be something he is not and cannot be that he seeks to make himself by the most vicious and utterly baseless accusations against his imagined enemies.

When it became apparent that Rothermel had suckered Livingstone into his dirty work that Livingstone hyped himself up into believing it is what he pretends it is and is not, significant assassination information, I remembered the reflection of the kind of fine, honorable and appreciative man Rothermel reflects himself as being.

He ingratiated himself with the Dallas FBI by reporting my visit and by giving it as my work and belief the ridiculous Garrison chart of his imagined nationwide conspiracy he visualized. It was drawn by the late William Wood, who used the name Bill Boxley and who had been fired by the CIA for alcoholism. I knew that Boxley had been vising Rothermel and that visualization of the conspiracy imagined by Garrison and Boxley had H. L. Hunt as a central figure in it. The FBI's records now falsely reflect that as my work, as Rothermel, a former FBI agent, knew it would. And, of course, I never dreamed he would do so despicable a thing or I'd not have been Ivon's messenger.

All my FOIA records are in our basement. For some time the use of those stairs has been difficult for me because of my age and my impaired health. If I return without stopping and resting every couple of stairs I am exhausted for the rest of the day. I therefore make few trips there and if I wanted to am not in a position

to monitor those who use those files.

Some few, like Livingstone's agent, Baltimore, Maryland policeman Richard Waybright, turn out to be thieves. When I had to go to the basement after reading Hotshot Harry's reflection of his gullibility, his lack of fundamental understanding of the crime of which he writes for all the world as though he understood it all as nobody else does or can, and his anxiety to wander into all sorts of irrelevant digressions no matter how obviously impossible and irrelevant they are, I decided to retrieve these evidences of the kind of man he is in actuality by using those FBI records Rothermel created to defame me for the favors I did him.

My Rothermel files have been gutted. Every relevant FBI page and every attachment is missing from it. Nobody ever asked me a question about him or asked me if I have any records relating to him and nobody had any interest in those records other than Waybright, for Livingstone. No others had any interest in stealing them rather than merely make copies of them.

Those copies are of duplicates in what I refer to as my "subject" file. Unless Waybright also went to the originals, which I have preserved precisely as I received them from the FBI for the accuracy of the archive that eventually will be a free, public archive at local Hood College, and removed them, I can in time, and with help, retrieve them. I know some is in my "Boxley" file.

This glimpse, and it is no more than the merest peek, is not atypical of the kind of people upon whom Livingstone depends and whose unsupported word is like the given word to him. He uses it without question or confirmation in his book.

Rothermel's falsifications and gross indecency are the sole basis for Livingstone's alleging that I am and accessory in the assassination of the President, as he does and as we come to.

It says much about Livingstone and his sources, in this instance Rothermel.

Livingstone and Waybright spent days on end here, Waybright many more than Livingstone, both taking and wasting much of my time, while having free and unsupervised access to the quarter of a million pages of JFK assassination records I got by all those long, costly and taxing FOIA lawsuits. They also had unsupervised access to our copier. These accesses we extend to all writing in the field. But they also had

access to much of my own work.

This scandalously baseless, this shameless and shameful attempt to ruin my reputation and that of my work is Livingstone's way of repaying me for all that time he and Waybright took and for all the information he got without having to do the work to get it.

Waybright also stole only-copies of some of my work and of official records. He could have copied them, as he copied others in great volume. But they were records exposing the baselessness of David Lifton's mistitled book, *Best Evidence*, and Waybright knew that Lifton would pay for them. Although then, if not also still Livingstone regarded Lifton as his major enemy, he knew that Waybright was also working for his enemy Lifton. I have some of his proof of that. But the illegal and improper services Waybright rendered for Livingstone, not otherwise available to him, were so important for him that he overlooked Waybright's double-crossing him with Lifton and in this new book refers to Waybright as a best friend.

Among the illegal and entirely improper services Waybright boasted of rendering Livingstone for pay are the prohibited use of the police computer and international police computer network for other than official purposes to locate those Livingstone wanted to locate and could not. He and another Baltimore policeman, Marco Moranda (page xii), conducted investigations for Livingstone. This is prohibited by the terms of their police employment. Without them and their illegal and improper work for Livingstone's money, he would not have had even this shabby pretense of a book and he would not have had the monstrously false accusations he makes against others.

Not later than February, 1993, the Baltimore police learned of this illegal and prohibited misuse of the computer and the computer network. It was then that Detective Joe Adams of the police internal affairs unit phoned me in its ass-covering false pretense of an investigation. I offered Adams personally or anyone he would send full access to my records and to help him in any way possible. I was specific in telling him that my file held numerous copies of the misuses Livingstone made of the information to which under the law he should not have had access, of records of Waybright's activities I later learned were prohibited and illegal, and that I was far from his and Waybright's only victim. Adams never phoned again. He did not ask me to

send him any copies of any of this evidence. He did not even tell me how to mail anything to him voluntarily. When my wife and I discussed this after Adam's call she remembered that Waybright offered her access to the police computer for which she had no need and that he had boasted of how he had used it for Livingstone.

As we see later, Livingstone's boast of his personal accomplishment in reaching a former Dallas Parkland Hospital nurse who had attended the President there, is actually Waybright's illegal use of those supposedly secret facilities, supposedly secret for the protection of the people against police-statism and other abuses. Livingstone boasts of as his own and personal investigatory accomplishment what Waybright and the police computer did for him.

In time, long before this infamous book was published, I did send by hand delivery a large selection of these Livingstone letters, which included many threats, to the police internal affairs unit. These included Livingstone's sick representation that he was part of an official police investigation of the assassination. In his written threats he even wrote, "I am the law." He represented in those threats that the cops working illegally for him were of that alleged official investigation. Waybright even displayed his police credentials to convey the false notion that he was in Dallas on an official investigation. This is what Livingstone actually represented.

The Baltimore police were more concerned about still another public scandal, of which there already was no shortage, that about the violations of law or the abuse of the innocent in these law violations. Even when it was given a xerox, if not the original, my source, the victim, not telling me which, of a violent letter Livingstone actually wrote on a Baltimore Police Department letterhead, the police did nothing. Other than accepting all of this in silence, all without a vestige of concern about its own integrity and reputation, without any interest at all in which its unpunished police employees did what was illegal and how it would hurt others. Even Waybright's thievery was of no interest to it.

One of Livingstone's friends — and I will not preempt his book — a man who did Livingstone the greatest of favors, told me that Waybright had phoned him and threatened to kill him. When this happened a

second time he was able to tape record it. He had correspondence with Livingstone on this, of which I have copies. Joe Adams' supposed investigation included him and I am confident that the records he gave me were available to the police, along with that tape recording.

There seems to be little doubt that the police did not want to cover all this up for their one purpose they had criminal charges to place against their own who, at the very least, should have been fired for it. But instead, to cover their own asses, to avoid still another public scandal, they obviously worked out some kind of truly nefarious deal with Waybright in which under which he wrote a number of us denials of having done what it was obvious and irrefutable that he had done, and he apologized for any allegedly innocent harm. He wrote us all similar letters all written on the same day.

When last I heard he was still a trusted Baltimore Police Department employee.

This is a large part of the real basis for the outrages in Livingstone's third book. It is a true reflection of the man who with all that sanctimony presents himself as so holy and pure, the victim in his sick mind of all those he defamed.

If the foregoing peek at Livingstonian/Waybrightian thievery is not Byzantine enough and the thievery that is indispensable in Livingstone's continuing quest for fame and fortune, then there also is Waybright's stealing from Livingstone for Lifton, his employer's most hated enemy. He knew what Lifton would want and would pay for. Livingstone himself told me about it before his inability to face himself and his carelessness, ignorance and stupidity came out of his tortured mind as proof that I conspired against him.

How he learned was embarrassing to him.

In his feud with Lifton he had tape recorded and then transcribed interviews with some of the personnel of the Bethesda Navy Hospital where the JFK autopsy was performed. Lifton used them in the most brazen and indecent of all the many made-up pretended "solutions" of the crime, that the corpse was kidnaped and toyed with prior to the autopsy. This made co-conspirators of the widow, Jacqueline Kennedy, and the loyal presidential staff always in attendance upon the corpse on the flight to Washington. The widow sat next to it all the time the plane was in the air and before it took off for all but a few moments of the LBJ swearing

in. Of the entire Kennedy party only one other left the side of the casket for that swearing in, the late Kenny O'Donnell. Lifton made them all accessories to the assassination in his very profitable but crudely and grossly mistitled indecency, *Best Evidence*.

Not long after those Livingstone interviews were transcribed those he interviewed started phoning him to complain that he had made those transcripts available to Lifton. At first, Livingstone denied it, saying he had done no such thing. Those he interviewed reported back to him what he said in transcribing those interviews. They also told him that Lifton had read the transcripts to them.

Livingstone then knew that Waybright and only Waybright could have made copies and given them to Lifton.

This is what "my cop," as he referred to Waybright in some of his letters that I have, did to him — for Lifton's money.

Of this accomplished thief in his employ, the man who repays hospitality with thievery and who stole from him, Livingstone extends special thanks in these words, "...Rick Waybright for his constant assistance and the risks he takes. Rick has been the greatest of friends over the past year (sic) and has produced much valuable work." (page xii)

Greater love hath no man than by his appreciation of thievery.

This reflects the real Harry Livingstone, if it can be said than in other than the sickness of his head anything about him is real. These are the kinds of people he prizes personally and professionally, those without whom he would have not even his fantasy of self-glorification for he really does believe has some relevance to the JFK assassination when it does not at all.

These are his ethics, his morals, his principles (may the use of the word be excused!), his methods in his phony claim to fame and fortune in this newest of his trashy books the title of which is so apt as applied to him and to his *Killing the Truth*.

There is no scarcity of rivals for top prominence among those who are the killers of the truth about the assassination, but those he charges did this and to whom it can apply are with very few exceptions not of

his ilk or in his class. He is alone in the size and number of the knives he drives into the body of the truth.

King Harry of the Killers of Truth he in fact is and this newest of his books is his unintended staking out of that claim, his proof that he has earned that Kingship.