

CHAPTER 30

Real Is Unreal; Unreal Is Real

Regarding the unreal as real and the real as unreal is pleasant to children but for adults it is abnormal. Writing about it presents many problems. These problems are magnified when what is written about that is so unreal is also as disorganized, as scattered as Livingstone's is.

This problem is magnified still more when anything written can be misunderstood to be retaliation against the foul, baseless and really irrational defamatory accusations he made about me and those others when our sole offense, in his sick mind, is that we did not humble ourselves in worship at his feet.

With me I cannot precisely date the beginning of this particular Livingstone insanity. In the past I believed it began when he had to find a way to explain to himself what is incompetence and ignorance in his writing earlier that the back of JFK's head had been blown out. More recently I've had reason to believe that it may have begun earlier, when he and his off-duty Baltimore cops were first in touch with those the H. L. Hunt sons had fired as thieves, those who had motive for blaming the old man with being one of those conspirators Harry imagined in their lust for vengeance.

Harry had an exalted opinion of himself, of his intelligence and of his work, modesty not being one of his faults, I avoided all such discussions with him.

Whatever does account for the beginning of his crazy ideas about half the world being out to do him in, me first among them and later its chief, there is no question but that his complete inability to face his own stupidities and errors, particularly with regard to the Zapruder film, marks his first manifestation of it to me.

That was only shortly before he made an unimaginable spectacle of himself at the annual Symposium on the assassination of President Kennedy, the ASK forum, held in Dallas in late October, 1992.

He expected to be recognized and crowned King Harry.

He wasn't and he behaved very badly about it.

Assuming that honor would be bestowed upon him by acclamation, he had taken with him a writer for the Baltimore weekly City Paper, David Dudley. The paper bills itself as "Baltimore's free weekly." Dudley's

lengthy account in the issue dated November 20, most of 14 tabloid-size pages, is headed, in very black type reduced to a letter page in xeroxing is still almost two inches high, “The Believers.” The subhead, also large and black, reads “The Fur Flies in Dallas when 400 Hardcore Assassinologists Get Together, Seek Justice for JFK, and Try Not to Kill each Other in the Process.”

Harry told me he took Dudley there and when I asked him about the story, he mumbled that he had been doubled-crossed. He then started writing me, demanding to know who had sent the story to me because he had to know who his enemies are!

He began proclaiming in public the Zapruder film, too, had been doctored.

From this article and from those who were there it appears that Harry had two basic complaints. One is that Mery Ferrell, Dallas grandmother and dean of the city’s researchers, was being honored by being asked to deliver the keynote speech. Harry believed and said that honor was his due. His other complaint is that the organizer had not included him on a medical panel. That in his mind, without any question, was his due. The whole thing he believed and said was a conspiracy against him.

This and a few direct quotations of what he said may help make what he wrote — and did not write — about the Zapruder film as comprehensible as it can be made. Dudley wrote: “‘I’m gonna break this case,’ he tells me by way of introduction.... ‘I am going to break this case,’ he repeats. ‘probably in the next few weeks.’”

“The research community is being manipulated by the people who are covering up the murder. They’re cooking the evidence.”

“I’ve been mistreated and abused by the media.”

“There are people here in the business of taking other people’s research... There’s a lot of criminality in this community. ...My Life ain’t worth a plugged nickel in this town. ...The whole thing is a stacked deck, and I am here to shake it up.”

That he did, thus the fur flying and the trying not to kill each other of the headline.

Dudley quotes him as saying he “thinks, for his part, that the autopsy photos themselves, in addition to the famous Zapruder film, have all been doctored...to throw researchers trying to make heads or tails of the

endlessly conflicting evidence. And anyone who disagrees with Livingstone is either a fool or — maybe — a part of the conspiracy itself.”

After additional quotes Dudley winds his lengthy article down saying that when Livingstone flew back to Baltimore it was after “having made good on his promise to shake things up.”

Consistent with his scholarship in all his writing, Livingstone writes about the Zapruder film long before he tells his readers what it is. It takes him quite some time to get to Zapruder and his film. That begins on page 319. He has a major leadin to it beginning on page 179, his “Diana Bowron” chapter. Throughout its 20 pages he from time to time boasts of his interviewing her as a major accomplishment and of himself as an extraordinary investigator for being able to locate her.

Diane Hamilton Bowron, then 22 years old and British, had been one of the Parkland Hospital nurses who assisted the doctors. She is one who rushed out to the limousine to help get the President to the emergency room and she is one of the two who prepared his body for shipment to Washington.

But it was not Livingstone who located her. His cops and their illegal uses of the police computer did that and they, not he, were able to locate Bowron under her maiden name. They had the assistance of the British police, for whom locating her was simple. She then wrote him and he interviewed her by phone. His impeccable scholarship is such that in part of the transcript of their conversation he prints he does not bother to provide the date.

He modestly describes what she told him as “in a way the most important of the medical evidence.” (Page 179). What is important but is not new in what she said for those who have an interest in fact and in evidence rather than in nutty theories and conjectures is, “I helped to cut away Mr. Kennedy’s clothing.” (Page 180) Having begun by stating forthrightly that proving that there had been a conspiracy is not the “real evidence of conspiracy” (page xv) Harry had no interest in that even though he knew its great significance from the extensive treatment of it, including photographs, in Post Mortem.

There is but one thing new in his transcript of his conversation with her and that presents two problems. One is how clear her recollection is after 30 years and the other is what he resented my cautioning him against,

leading her to say what he wanted her to say. This is the hallmark of all his interviews some of which might otherwise have had some significance if that had not been his practice.

He asked her, an obviously leading question, presuming a fact to which she had not addressed herself, “How much of the back of the skull was missing on the top of the head, would you say, that extended into the back of the back of the head region?” (Page 190)

Before she has said a word about it he tells her two times in a single short sentence that the back of the head is missing.

Her reply, “Oh, a reasonable amount,” did not satisfy him so he then asked, if asking it is, but he does have a question mark at the end of it, “So part of the top of the head was missing in the back?” Again, he is telling her he wants her to say, the back of the head was missing. In her response, she says what he does not want to hear, not that the back of the head was missing but that what was missing went close to it, which is not the same thing:

“Just trying to think how to put it to you. Basically almost the size of a saucer, and sort of from the occiput.” I add this emphasis to underscore that until he continued working on her to get her to say what all the evidence disproves what she said what is consistent with the evidence and with the Zapruder film that Harry says was on this, her very “evidence,” forged!

Not satisfied with her having said that the damage to the head was “sort of from the occiput, emphasis added to underscore what he really is doing, he then asks, “Was the occiput itself missing?” He interrupted her response, “I would say —” to tell a former nurse what the occiput is, “I mean the protuberance.” Conditioned by his leading questions she says, “Part of it, yes,” which is not what she had said unled.

Before this page is filled he tells her of the autopsy pictures a secret he does not share in any of his books, where those autopsy pictures were taken because “They’re not taken in Bethesda, you know.”

Where he believes they were taken, whether Kalamazoo or Timbuctu he does not tell her. Or anyone else, in his book or elsewhere.

Supposedly he is questioning her to get her to recall that grim day when she was so young a women

confronted with such harrowing duties. Actually he is propagandizing her, telling her she knows what she does not know and has no way of knowing. Would not - could not have any way of knowing even if it were true instead of another of his endless fabrications from his need of fabrication, truth, fact and actual evidence destroying his cockamamie claim to fame and fortune as it does.

In trying to put into her head what is not there, to get her to say she saw what she did not see and could not have seen, he lays it on pretty thickly.

That the autopsy pictures were not taken at the Navy Hospital became fact to him once he made that up, nothing else is real to him, and he tells Bowron that she knows what she does not and cannot know.

This is Hairbreadth Harry described — Hairbreadth Harry himself as it also is his own characterization of how he conducts an interview — and of how little credence there is in his so-called interviews and what he says about them.

After this obvious propaganda, this obvious falsehood to all but him and his clique of those who love his substitutions for reality, he continues his campaign to get her to say other things she does not say that he wants her to say, all of his leading questions relatively long with his explanations.

She mailed him a sketch he prints. (Page 196) It does not show the occiput missing at all! She has parallel lines to represent the bone of the head and it is not missing, damaged or in any way indicated as blown out on her sketch where he says it is. In fact, her sketch is to show not what he misuses it for, to claim that the back of the head was blown out and that the Zapruder film was forged, but to indicate, and it is quite clear on this, where brain tissue is missing. She even labeled her sketch that way, showing with an arrow and the word “Missing” where brain tissue was missing and where it was not missing.

He can’t resist repeating that he is the great investigator who found her when others could not, as he says on page 179 — and I know of nobody who looked for her or for any rational reason for anyone to look for her. There is nothing that can be credited after the kind of questions he asked that she had not already testified to before the Warren Commission (6H134ff).

So, he puffs himself up again saying, “I still can’t get over the fact of finding you where I found you

right now.” (Page 195).

He is not the one who found her, any cops willing to misuse the police computers could have done the same thing with ease.

He describes his partial rehash — she testified to more before the Commission — to which he added improper leading questions and a misrepresentation of the sketch she drew as “a historic firsthand account.”

In twenty pages he did not find space for referring to the fact she did testify to the Commission. He is too wrapped up in his theorizing he can commercialize to recognize the importance of a witness who might be able to provide the particulars of the President’s clothing have been cut off and he asked her no questions about what was used for the cutting and where they were cut.

But he does conclude this chapter with another claim to have found Bowron himself when all others failed to, “We are indeed indebted to the British authorities who assisted me in finding Diane Bowron.” (Page 199, emphasis added)

This, and this alone, is his “proof ” that the Zapruder film was “forged,” what he knew had to be the case when the actual film shows so clearly the exact opposite of what is so basic in all his writing, that in fact the back of the head is so intact there is not even a smidgeon of blood on it or even on the shirt collar.

Not one of the medical personnel who testified before the Commission testified to what he wanted someone to say, that the back of the head was blown out. The reason is obvious: that all knew it wasn’t.

Livingstone’s “proof” that the back of the head was blown out from Bowron consists entirely, from his own version of the phone conversation, of his leading questions and his misrepresentation of the sketch she made that does not show the back of the head blown out at all.

Most people would decide that if a witness’s recollections after almost 30 years were not in accord with what a photograph shows would not be inclined to believe the witness’s recollection over the photograph. But what Livingstone says is Bowron’s recollection is not that at all and, sublime in the stupidity that all will believe what he wants believed, he makes the case that neither recalled what he says she recalled and then is so additionally stupid he actually publishes her sketch in facsimile when it proves not to show what he says it shows

and in fact show the opposite of what he says!

And this is what he describes as “historic!”

But what is true of most people — perhaps almost 100 percent of the people — is not true of great investigators like Harry Livingstone. With his unique genius, his remarkable insights, his uninhibited imagination, to say nothing of his craving for fame, fortune and what he attributes to others but is true of him more than any other save perhaps one, “a good meal ticket,” he knows without question that anything other what he wants to be true is faked. If evidence shows or proves other than this special genius of his tells him has to be so, there was forgery.

What evidence was forged? No shrinking violet, he says just about everything!

He could not have been more forthright in stating this, although he does not bore the reader with when, where, how, or by whom all this forging was done or how it was kept so secret for so many years when it was so obvious to him. Such details are unworthy of the attention of truly great genius. He has no time for pettiness like details. He deals with larger issues, the vastest issues. But he does lay it all out with clarity and explicitness, all the pictures of importance to him were forged, not just those of the autopsy and Zapruder’s. And those who did this wholesale forging were legion. But again, true genius that he is, he reflects the contempt of true genius for the pettiness of those who want to know where, why, how and by whom.

For his special kind of investigation, from his rare insight and understanding and of course from his need they were all forged and with no word mincing he states this unequivocally. It is the first words of his chapter not limited to the Zapruder film but including it, “The Bronson, Zapruder and Other Films.” (Pages 312-342) For others this might be a rare display of unique genius, but not the greatest of investigatory and literary great, Harrison Edward Livingstone. For him it is the everyday norm, the norm that yields this and his earlier books. It is so everyday normal for him that he finds it not at all necessary to provide a single source for his unrivaled discoveries that somehow just managed not to make international headlines. He has no time for the trivialities of hacks who labor with facts, those he castigates as “purveyors” without troubling to say of what but what can be taken to mean of “the visual evidence of the case” from the last sentence of the first page of his book that is

so without precedent, even in his own towering works:

It is my opinion that there are two sets of evidence in the assassination of John Kennedy, and that evidence has undergone a process of continuing evolution throughout the years. When the House of Representatives established its Select Committee on Assassinations, new evidence had to be created. Autopsy evidence and other materials may have been burned or destroyed in 1963, and materials had to be altered, substituted, or created at once. Some material remained, but the gaps in the record had to be filled. Some call this the “Buffet of the Evidence.”

I think that there are two versions of the Bronson film, two Zapruder films, two sets of autopsy pictures, two acoustical tapes, and maybe more. Mistakes might have been made by the forgers, but the overall purpose was as much to confuse the evidence as to falsify it. We know that law enforcement in this case often wrote two sets of documents — affidavits that say exactly opposite things from the same witness. They were prepared for all contingencies.

Deobjectifying the evidence makes it soft, like a puff of smoke through which we poke our fingers. Things are amorphous, vague, and untrue. This is the smoke screen that hides the truth.

That is the goal of some of the leading so-called critics and researchers: to soften everything. Nothing has a hard core. Counterintelligence agents and provocateurs have co-opted this case, and are misleading the unwary and untrusting. The visual evidence in the case proves either nothing or almost nothing, but it’s a good meal ticket for its purveyors.

Because he is of this truly unique genius readers should not expect him to play around with the insignificant, like giving the proofs of the forging of a complete set of fake evidence when there is so truly vast an amount of the evidence, my incomplete set of mostly the FBI’s consisting of about a quarter of a million pages. Then there is what is for the ignorant only, the need to know what he means when he says, “We know that law enforcement in this case often wrote two sets of documents — affidavits that say exactly opposite things from the same witness.” He does not draw upon what he learned in getting his law degree, that affidavits are statements that are sworn to and if they are material affirmations, if what they say is true, “law enforcement” was felonious, perjury being the crime of swearing falsely to the material. To the man who sees and knows that all the evidence was faked, small things like details of felonies are not worth any time at all, and the true genius that he is, he wastes no time on them.

For mere mortals this can be a bit confusing. Against whom is he leveling this charge of not insignificant crime, perjury, manufacturing evidence, being felonies? “Law enforcement” happens to be one of his favorite references in his many letters I have. He even says of himself in them, “I am law enforcement.” But he does not mean to say that he is a felon, that he “wrote two sets of documents — affidavits that say exactly opposite things

from the same witness.”

For those with feet on the earth and minds that do not soar as his does there is wonder about who he means by “law enforcement” when there were so many agencies involved in the investigation, to him also in fakery. Does he mean the FBI? The Secret Service? The CIA? The various federal agencies not as well known, as drug-enforcement and immigration agencies? The Texas Rangers? The Dallas County Sheriff and his deputies? The Dallas chief of police and those under him?

To those of small minds so easily befuddled by details of which, true and unique genius that he is from his own modest self-portrayal are below his notice, the only real “law enforcement” was Texan. Killing a president then was not a federal crime. The Dallas police thus were the major “law enforcement” and there was slight assistance in the records it generated from the rangers and the sheriff.

But none of them ever had their cotton-pickin’ fingers on the films he ticks off or the pictures and x-rays of the autopsy or anything else connected with the autopsy. Or of the Commission’s testimony before it was published. So, how the only actual “law enforcement” could have created a second “set of evidence” from what it had never had in its possession can be perceived by only the most unique of the exceptional intelligences, like Livingstone.

It just happens that I have a file drawer of the documents the Texas Court of Inquiry in the assassination collected mostly from the Dallas police. I do not recall a single case of two different attestations from the same person in that file drawer.

In that quarter of a million federal pages I have, mostly from the FBI, there is not a single instance of this that comes to mind.

There is one instance of a short, unsworn FBI report saying the opposite, like “does” and “does not” but there is no way of knowing whether that was a typist’s error or whether the FBI agent said two different things about the same thing.

But that is not an “affidavit.” It is an FBI report, not attested to as affidavits are and must be. But that one instance is not something Livingstone would pay much attention to because it came to light as the work of one

of his favorite betes noir, one of those who to him engaged in killing the truth, Cleburne, Texas architect Gary Shaw.

Can it possibly be that the only known existing illustration of what Harry is talking about was exposed by one of his conspirators against him, against his breaking the case open? Can that be why he does not provide the only known actual illustration of what he pontificates about for most of a page at this point and what is so essential to his entire book?

Is true genius this inscrutable?

The one thing that in all my work and from all my records and knowledge that comes to mind, of swearing to the opposite, is in what Harry never paid any attention to all the many times he was here and never directed his policeman/thief Waybright to work in the great number of times he was here, was in one of my FOIA lawsuits, those little things that in his almost 800 pages Harry had no time for mentioning. He does devote some 43 pages to a chapter, "Firearms and Ballistics" (pages 200-244) and that one instance of that kind of perjury by "law enforcement" was in one of my two lawsuits for just the topic of this chapter of his, the results of the FBI's testing relating to "firearms and ballistics." Because neither looked at that case file or ever discussed that lawsuit with me, or any other, for that matter, such nuts and bolts being no part of what Harry was putting together, this single instance cannot be what he had in mind.

If anything, that is, other than one of those innumerable flashes of his unequalled instinct of which there are many illustrations in his chapter on the faking of the film so much of which he wastes no time or effort in proving.

But then having written only eight completed books on the JFK assassination and its investigations, one still to be published the year of this writing, and filed only a little more than a dozen FOIA lawsuits to get the withheld evidence, and read only most of 60 file cabinets of records, perhaps I am not in a position to judge what he means by such things as his always unnamed "some" who "call" what he says are "the gaps in the record" that "had to be" filled "what those "some" he says call "The Buffet of the Evidence." But then I am ignorant enough to believe that the real "evidence" is the main banquet dish, not any "buffet."

So we approach his “evidence” in his account of the alleged faking of the film, the film he identifies and the film he does not waste time identifying, somewhat inhibited by the contempt of his special kind of genius for everyday things like simple facts.

In reading this chapter of his I wondered again as I had in reading his two previous books if he has those 26 volumes of what the Commission regarded as evidence, those officially-estimated 10 million words of it. The same wonder returned when the City Paper story of him had a picture of what seems to be his living room, with what seems to be his working area in his house and in all that tumbled from the tables, hangs from the walls, clutters the floors and even can be imagined is obscured by all that is visible or can be imagined is elsewhere in that monumental confusion there is no set of that evidence. This need not mean that he does not have them. This is true also of his cited sources. He makes only rare reference to the Commission’s exhibits and they are so few they could have come from something he read that refers to them.

His own sourcings do make it apparent that despite his references to his career as an “assassinologist” it did not begin with the issuance of the Warren Report. His citations to it, also not very numerous, are not to the official version of that Report. It cost only a dollar at the Government Printing Office until all copies were sold. His citations are the New York Times edition. That means that those who might want to check to see if what he says the Report said is what it really does say, with him and his writing not a bad idea, they cannot do it from what most who consider themselves researchers have, the official copy of the Report. They have to somehow find what so long has been out of print, the version published commercially by the Times.

I for one do not have the version, so I cannot check his citations to it. I did buy, when the Report was first issued, four copies of it, two in paperback, two in hardback. When those 26 volumes were published two months later, I bought two sets of them. I used only one as a working set. Together with a mint-condition set of those hearings, still in unopened original cartons, I gave one of those hardbacks Reports to Hood College when I passed my 79th birthday in ill health so it would have as part of its permanent archive of my records untouched, spanking-new set of it all.

But then I am, I presume, one of those he reflects contempt for by his characterizing us as “purveyors.”

While he does not ever define his use of the word, he soon makes it clear that what he really means is those who deal with the official evidence. When he gets to that he is lost. He can't even repeat it. He finds it almost impossible to state a single true word about it. And when he resorts to a source, it is generally at the least second-hand. He has a preference for newspaper stories. And there then is substantial doubt that he ever saw some of those to which he refers. When he gets to what he says he did, personally, in his Sherlock investigation he is specific in saying that he did the impossible. He manages to twist names and identifications of such simple things as where a TV station is located.

This is part of his "buffet" of appetizers for the main banquet, his case of the faking of all the assassination film. He begins it with what he subheads on page 313 as "The Bronson Film."