

## **CHAPTER 35**

### **His Mentor Is A CIA Agent**

If there is any real organization to what looks like a book but lacks all the authentic characteristics of a book, it is not apparent. Although supposedly this was to carry what Livingstone regards as his exposure of the alleged conspiracy forward from his two previous works, the first 60 percent of his mishmash text is his self-promotion, his attempt at personalizing all that is known, to which he added nothing of any real worth but he did add the largest single mixture of disinformation. He considers "The Author's Press Conferences" worth a chapter, and his editor and his publisher apparently agreed because there it is, Chapter 5. Throughout these more than 350 pages of odds and ends that popped into his mind from time to time he indulges in various attacks on all who do not agree with him while making a virtuoso display of this subject matter ignorance, as we have sampled. The last 40 percent or so is where he intends to get his licks in. To him he is making the case of both the conspiracy he images I led against him and his exposure of the plot to kill the President he thinks he figured out for himself but was fed to him by those who found him easy to use for their own vengeful purposes.

In his concept of a book that supposedly reports a conspiracy he delays any effort at setting the conspiracy forth until his final chapter, "The Plot."

It is in fact a burial plot, where what there may have been of a reputation for him lies without peace, his being a mind for which there is no peace and in which there is no peace.

These six last chapters begin with his alleged case against his alleged enemies, his alleged fact about the alleged conspiracy against him in his alleged "breaking the case wide open" in which he alleges

we conspired to prevent his success. And so he has this explanation of his failure to do what he told Baltimore's City Paper and all who would listen what he was about to do, solve the crime.

First on his hit list is his last candidate for the alleged leader of this alleged conspiracy against his alleged "breaking the case wide open" of so many of his letters I have is me (pages 374ff). He titles this chapter "Treason and the Smoke Screen" (pages 368ff).

It starts off tough and to the uninformed seemingly reasonable, especially if as one is entitled to expect, proof follows. It does not, but this is what will lead the reader to assume that it does. Can it be imagined that such things would be written and published without the most solid documentation, proofs that would stand up in court?

It does not have to be imagined. It happened, beginning in the words that follow -- with no documentation at all!

What readers also should keep in mind is suppose what he says is not true, just character assassination to cover his own inadequacies and failures, his own unrealized self-concept, his own subject matter ignorance, his own unwelcomeness because of his own bad behavior of insistence on dominating all public gatherings?

What recourse has any of his victims? How can they reach into the minds of all those whose minds will be influenced by what he says in the book that begins with the rather large announced 50,000 copies of the initial printing? How can his victims reach all those who hear those words from him on his electronic and personal appearances? Or those who read what he says in interviews?

If he exaggerates, if he is wrong -- if he is just plain crazy -- how can the harm he does, made possible by his publication, ever be undone while his victims live or in the record for our history that begins with the 50,000 copy first printing?

There just is no way in which there can be any relief, any correcting of the false record made by an egomaniacal, frustrated and failed man who is sick in the head.

The first amendment grants him and his publisher the right to vilify and defame to their satisfaction and their own rewards, both sharing the money part of their reward.

The first amendment also presumed responsibility in its use. The redress possible in the era of its formulation has not been possible for years. To assure its viability and for other purposes the courts have for virtually all practical purposes made it impossible for any meaningful relief. Making the effort requires considerable wealth, and that few of us have. It also requires that we have the time to live through all the innumerable delays that almost any lawyer can contrive to delay trial, often to make it impossible. This alone means that the elderly are without any possibility of relief or of vindication. This is what makes publication of such obviously sick, mendacious and intentionally evil widespread publication of a man who clearly is a psychological case, a man who despite his denial of it in this book has precisely this history.

He once voluntarily admitted it to me, attributed it to a combination of having been born a "blue baby" and to being the victim of medical malpractice. This is what he told me. Also that his hospitalization was in Baltimore, I asked him no questions. This was long before he sought fame and fortune from character assassination as his substitution for any meaningful accomplishment as a writer and a self-imagined seeker of assassination facts and solver of that crime.

It is not possible to spend any time with him without realizing that he is a mental case. That is not a crime, any more than falling and breaking a leg is any kind of crime. But publishing the sewerage that gushes from so sick a mind without any effort at confirmation at all, without even the traditional publisher's peer review of the alleged fact of the book considered for publication, is not pardonable. It

may not under the current-first amendment interpretations be actionable.

It was only after he launched his campaign of defaming innocent others that copies of the Baltimore police mug shots of his two arrests were distributed. A copy was sent to me. What disposition of those cases there was as were the reasons for his arrests are not known to me. But given the nature of his allegations, I have no reluctance in reporting what I was told and, like his stories, may not be true. It is that at least in one case he made threats against a woman married to a reporter.

What he did to the innocent was made possibly only by the abandonment of all considerations of decency, morality, ethics and professional standards of any kind. And that for money and for revenge against no offense at all.

Even the supermarket tabloids would have made at least a gesture toward some sort of conformation at subminimal fairness, of some sign no matter how faint of self-respect and of personal and professional responsibility.

But if there had been any checking it would all have collapse. He would have had no book at all, no more of those dirtiest pieces of silver that he could expect based on his large profits from his earlier publication of such frightful trash.

As a result of these total abandonments of all traditional American concepts, we have this sick and evil record, this utterly false record of the most evil kind of vengeance-seeking by a man who, after all his years of effort in the field, has no real accomplishment of any kind to point to. He is a professional bankrupt. No responsible publisher would permit him to cross his threshold a second time.

There is much truth in Livingstone's first words in this first of his vengeance-seeking chapters but they are true only as they relate to him and his ilk and his claue. He could not have done more to protect those unpunished for the crime and those guilty of the second crime, of covering it all up, of lying

to the people about the worst crime possible in a society like ours:

As a practical matter, even if it is legally actionable, few if any can engage in this kind of costly and long-lasting litigation, even a victory in a lawsuit cannot and does not remove the defamations from the minds of those influenced by the book. As a practical matter, then there is no way of reaching them, by litigation or by any other means. There also is no way of removing the defamations from the record books made for our history. The victims of the published sick mind are vilified in perpetuity.

The absence of any peer review, the refusal to check such obviously outrageous allegations and publication of them after notification that they are not true, as in this case did happen, means that the only consideration, aside from the cheap fame sought, is money.

As the bible says, it is the love of money that is the root of all evil.

Money made this way is the dirtiest of pieces of silver.

How clean are the hands of this assassin of good names that he casts the first stone?

His hands are not clean when the only real complaint he has against those he defames is that they want nothing at all to do with him.

Then there is the fact that he has a police record. There is no indication of any conviction but he was arrested twice by the Baltimore police. After he started his campaign against those who want nothing to do with him copies of two different mug shots of him were distributed. Mine came by mail. His police number is 280 781.

Except for loud complaints he has been silent about this. He holds secret what led to those arrests and what led to their disposition, whatever disposition was. The scuttlebutt, which may not be true, is that he made threats against the wife of a reporter.

His making threats is consistent with so many threatening letters he wrote me and others, threats

in which he kept repeating the lie that "I am the law" and that he represented the police in an official police investigation.

When he was arrested he had a chance to be judged, if for some reason the charges were just not dropped. He denies his victims any judgement other than his own and it is irrational:

There is another side to the research in the assassination of John Kennedy, and what is the world of the researchers and critics themselves: what they do, what kind of people they are, how they treat each other, and what really motivates them.

This chapter is highly personal. I write it because by telling my own personal experience, it may have meaning for the reader and the history of what lies behind the masks.

I have come to the frightening realization that part of the research community (AKA 'critical community') is an operation of some kind and has co-opted the case. This chapter may be the most difficult thing I have ever undertaken to write. I feel that I have reached into Orwell's world where things are never as they seem. I arrived here after a torturous journey. Investigating the case is torturous, because few are interested in the truth. Many have built their careers on wild theories. And now, to protect themselves, they would rather kill the truth than have their pet theory disproved.

There is a smoke screen erected to prevent us from getting close to those who might know something about the actual plot's continuing cover-up. Those witnesses are in Dallas, and there is a wall of silence there to prevent us from learning what did happen and what is happening. There is an almost impenetrable smoke screen.

I penetrated this wall enough to know what was behind it. There must be a *real* investigation, and it should start with those involved in the cover-up. People have known for some time that there was something suspicious about certain researchers and the official investigations.

To determine such involvement, we look first at what some of the leaders of the research community have done, whether their behavior makes them consciously a part of the smokescreen.

I investigated these people because of the signs in their behavior and 'research' that what they were doing was not on the up and up for many years. Often what they accused others of, including myself, in their smears was a reflection of their own dark souls and acts.

The facts are that there is fraud and misrepresentation in the critical community: hoaxes, opportunism, territorialism, copyright violations, bootlegging, vendettas, misinformation, serious misdirection by critics of other critics, disruption, suppression of vital evidence for commercial purposes, slandermongering, and interference with other researchers and witnesses. These people have been throwing rocks for a long time. It's time to throw back.

Some prominent researchers use the case to mask their activities. Their method is to offer some believable evidence or theory to establish credibility, and then sabotage any real and objective evidence of conspiracy.

Remember his words, about those "witnesses" he says are in Dallas, about that "wall of silence" around then, the "wall" he says he "penetrated..enough to know what was behind it." We shall see how ludicrous this is, what kind of pathetic spectacle he makes of himself when he gets to that preposterous nonsense that is really all he has by way of indictment of us, of me in particular. Remember that he says he "investigated" us so we can see whether or not he did any such thing at all. Or could have. Or had any reason to. Remember, too, all those offenses he attributes to others, an entire paragraph of them, so that it can be determined whether it is at all real or exists only in his sick mind. And whether many of these allegations, beginning with the first, of fraud, do not apply to him.

It is neither masochism nor sadism that leads to repeating these of his dishonesties and those that follow in this monument to malevolence, mendacity, malice and what both extremes in so-called assassination writing also share, money-grubbing.

The thrust of my work, it should not be forgotten, is that in that time of great crisis and ever since all the major institutions of our society failed. Book publishing is part of the media. That such a book as this could be published typifies the failure of the media.

While it is, of course, true that all disagree publicly with the official account of the assassination and its investigations are not in any sense immune from examination, criticisms in this field ought be by the traditional standards of legitimate criticisms in all fields. Unjustified and usually baseless criticisms of those who disagree have always been welcomed by the media, book publishers in particular. Honesty and truthfulness were never a consideration and when the criticism is of factual work it has no basis in fact.

Livingstone's paranoia is perfervid. He refers to "personal experiences" that exist in his imagination only and that are not stated in this book. He talks about having penetrated "this wall enough" to reach "the frightening conclusion" that is never stated with any clarity. The complaints he makes are vague and where they have any contact with reality, they fit him perfectly and this book of his typifies that.

He writes about "investigating" those he does not like, the "these people" of his imagined conspiracy against him and he has done no such thing. He has accepted without any critical judgment, which is perhaps too much for him, the propaganda fed him and when from what he uses checking it was possible, he made no such effort. That is hardly an "investigation." It is being suckered and few are easier to sucker if they can see some exciting reactions redounding to their imaged favor (pages 368-9).

All of this vagueness lacks any support in what follows. He imagines what is not there in what he writes in a remarkable demonstration of cupidity, stupidity, ignorance and an abandonment of all the responsibilities of writers.

Nothing better describes his own role in what does not exist, "the critical community," than his own writing. It is from what he refers to (page 369) as a "mad-house" that he cannot see that he is pre-eminent in seeing to it that there is no "community." His own outpouring of paranoid self-indulgence is proof positive that the "critics," a description applied indiscriminately and improperly to all, and not in any sense any kind of "community."

Careful not to use names in association with such allegations he says of all other than himself, the prime candidate, as he soon proves, "there are people involved in this research with the worst character I've ever known" (page 731). He there attributes to these unnamed other failings of his own that are demonstrated amply: They will "take perfectly good, honest people and all but kill them, by ruining their



reputations with lies, walking over their quivering bodies to achieve their goal, and making others crazy with theft, dishonest and false accusation" (page 371).

There is no better description of his personal killing of the truth in this book.

He persists in referring to his blind acceptance of dubious leaks by those with their own agendas as his own investigations when he makes clear that he had done nothing that can be referred to outside the booby-hatch as investigating and he has nothing in this book other than what he accepted from his most dubious sources and what he imagines.

It is all so pathetic! Even when he prates about that "years" in which he says he was "the victim...of character assassination," he lacks a single specification (page 372).

But harken to him:

I know that what I write here seems extreme, but it is the truth. 'He's an agent,' or 'She's an agent,' Penn Jones said about this or that famous researcher<sup>5</sup> He ought to know, but those who revered him will quickly excuse Jones as simply being senile" (page 373).

Not merely senile. In poor Penn Jones Livingstone has an avid fellow paranoid.

When I first met him in the summer of 1966, virtually his first words were, "They are going to kill us all." I never knew him to stop saying this. Without doubt believing it, too.

Of him Livingstone says in his Acknowledgments, "Especially do I care about Penn Jones and his wife, Elaine for many kindnesses and much information and sources" (page xii).

Livingstone says that Penn "ought to know" when he says that someone "is an agent" but how he does not say. Livingstone does say that those who have the highest opinion of Jones also say he is senile, and thus the best of possible sources for Livingstone. Here is that full sentence that he begins by saying that Jones ought to know who is an "agent":

He ought to know, but those who revered him will quickly excuse Jones as simply senile!" (page 373)

While there is no way of knowing all those Jones from his paranoia of many years prior senility castigated as agents, Livingstone's ignorance serves him well here.

He has just taken as his own belief what he attributes to Vincent Salandria's philosophy and thus Salandria is both his mentor and his source. Where his permeating subject-matter ignorance stands forth is that this very same Penn Jones was the first to refer to any critics as government agents and Salandria was one of those two! I was the other one in that crazy editorial Jones had in his tiny Midlothian, Texas weekly Mirror when Jim Garrison fired Jones' pal William Wood, who used the name "Boxley" when he worked for Garrison.

Salandria and I were not only mere agents to Jones. He said we were CIA agents!

This is typical of Livingstone's scholarship at its very best.

One of his prime sources describes another of them, and are they prime! As an "agent." And, as Livingstone intoned, "he ought to know"!!!

From his private dream world in which he sees himself enthroned, Livingstone's ignorance is indeed bliss! And thus he credits with his philosophy a "CIA agent" to his best of possible sources to whom he expresses indebtedness for so "much information and sources." Knowing that those who "revere" say he is senile!

This kind of irrationality and stupidity, this kind of unrecognized self-condemnation comes naturally to Livingstone and for it he is indebted to his ignorance and his blind acceptance of all that he makes up and wants to be so no matter now it isn't so.

If he wants it to be, it is.

If Livingstone had been there, as I was, then Garrison fired Boxley and had heard Salandria hold forth to Garrison, who was enthralled by it, on Trotsky, Trotskyism and the parallels between Trotsky's and JFK's assassination, how much more he could have prized Salandria and his "philosophy".

Whatever at any time suits Livingstone is real no matter how unreal it is and he remains sublime in the ecstasy of the profundity of his ignorance, which naturally, makes him the expert.

Aside from brotherhood in paranoia, he and Jones are kindred spirits in other ways, not the least of which is in their contempt for truth and for fact.

Jones, before senility, the senility that made him more precious for Livingstone, who did not know him earlier, was a man of high principle. He had owed me about \$250.00 when I was broke and in debt back in 1967. Instead of paying me, he referred to me as an "agent." It was not until 1972, fortunately for me before his then-wife kicked him out of her Midlothian, Texas house, that when she learned I would be in Dallas she insisted that they both visit me and that he, personally, hand me the check for what he owed. The money was probably hers anyway from what Penn himself told me in 1966, that if on his little country weekly newspaper he could continue losing no more than \$200 a week he could keep going indefinitely.

The Jones family money then was from his then-wife's inheritance.

Jones invented the "mysterious deaths" fiction. When anyone that he could imagine had a connection of any kind with the assassination no matter how remote or merely imagined died, it was never anything but a mysterious death, caused by those conspirators. In his mind and publication, there was no such thing as a death from natural causes. Even a heart attack was an act of vengeance from "them." And no one -- not a single one -- had any relevance at all.

The one I liked most -- and remember, we are addressing Livingstone's most appreciated maven and sources of sources -- is the "mysterious " death of William Whaley. As Jones mourned in his then Midlothian Mirror, what made this even more sinister is that Whaley was the first cab driver to die on "active duty" in Dallas in 37 years.

Whaley is the cabbie who said he drove Oswald, after the assassination, to two different addresses neither of which was his alleged destination, Oswald's rooming house. Taken to a police lineup, he identified two different pairs of trousers he alleged Oswald wore and two different jackets neither one of which Oswald then wore as on Oswald when Oswald was his fare.

He saw almost twice as many men in the police lineup as were there. When confused in responding to questions he could not answer, he blurted out that the affidavit about which he was being questioned was really a blank sheet of paper when he signed it. No, he was not at all concerned about its truth or accuracy because he knew that the to-be prosecutor, Bill Alexander, would certainly tell the truth. Before he was finished floundering around he apologized, saying "I hope I have not wrecked your investigation by my ignorance."

(I went into this fiasco in considerable detail in Whitewash (pages 77-9, 80, 106-9, 208).)

If there was any one person giving less cause for any conspirators to kill him or have him killed than William Whaley I cannot think of any. So, why kill him?

Common sense has no future with the conspiracy theories, no place at any time.

So, Whaley joined Jones' list of those "mysterious" deaths by those assassination conspirators.

How mysterious was Whaley's death?

He was killed in a nighttime head-on collision -- by an 80-year-old man driving the wrong way on a divided highway!

I never heard of any CIA 80-year-old Kamikazes with the required ESP or mental radar to tell them when Whaley and Whaley alone would be in the proper position for offing him head-on, with nothing to prevent it. No cars in the way between them of all the cars on the road at that time in Dallas.

(Whaley remains enshrined in the greatly expanded listing of Jim Marrs in Crossfire, New York, Carroll & Graf, 1989. p. 560)

Jones was also a man of courage. He really was a crusading editor. He espoused worthwhile and essential causes and issues that made him unpopular with the "establishment." That, especially in that area, required more than just principle. It required a willingness to suffer for principle. He was honored by his peers for this, deservedly.

It was, to the best of my knowledge, only on the assassination that he was nutty.

Probably what makes him so superior a source for Livingstone now that he has mental lapses, senility, is that he let's his young wife answer questions for him while he remains paranoid.

How good an investigator Livingstone is is revealed by a September 30, 1993 story in the Times-Review of Cleburne, Texas by Peter Kendall. The headline tells much of the story and explains Jones' true merit for being so important and dependable a source on Livingstone's "SOLVED MYSTERY: Death notice of a stripper" was concocted by Penn Jones. Reference is to the Ruby stripper known as "Little Lynn," Karen Lynn Bennett Carlin. Here are a few excerpts.

She

did not die of a gunshot wound in Houston in 1964, Mrs. Jones said. She didn't die at all. She was killed off by Mr. Jones in his first book, Vol. I of 'Forgive my Grief,' to help her disappear and avoid those who might want to do her harm.

She danced for a short while after the assassination.

Then she dropped out of sight.

Then, some two years later, Jones published her obit in 'Forgive My Grief'

“The story has been printed” he wrote, “that Karen Lynn Bennett, 'Little Lynn' died of gunshot wounds in the head in Houston. She died under the name of Teresa Norton. 'Little Lynn' is the last known person to talk to Ruby before he shot Oswald.”

Numerous authors repeated and occasionally embellished the death notice.

According to Mrs. Jones, whose husband was recently hospitalized and suffers memory lapses, Mr. Jones spoke with Little Lynn and an unknown man in Houston in either 1965 or 1966 and was asked to report her death.

Mrs. Jones also said, *'Whoever it was told Penn that for her sake he was to say she was dead. She was going into the government protection plan. I don't remember much else besides that he was supposed to say she was dead. He did see her. He did talk with her. He knew she was alive, but the story was she was supposed to be dead''*

Livingstone is one of two who have examined this "Little Lynn" file:

Other researchers have examined the file, according to Mrs. Jones. Authors Harrison Edward Livingstone and Robert J. Groden visited Mr. and Mrs. Jones in the last year.

With Jones reduced to saying little and expressing himself with nods of the head, his new, young wife gives a somewhat different account of her husband's relationship with the greatest of all assassination investigators in a taped part of that interview:

T.R. - Has anybody else asked you about Little Lynn?

Elaine Jones - Only Harry Livingstone and Robert Groden.

T.R. - Do you recall what you told them?

Elaine Jones - We didn't tell them this. We didn't tell them anything. I didn't tell them anything because I didn't know them at all. I just let them look at this file, and they wanted to take it to town and make copies of everything.

C'mon now, Harry. Who is telling the truth? You in your Acknowledgments or the new Mrs. Jones to whom your thanks were so profuse and who says she didn't tell you anything "at all because I

didn't know them."? "Them," your enemy Groden and you.

Let us assume that Livingstone is correct. Is this not a remarkable tribute to his wisdom and perspicacity, putting all that trust in a man who faked a death because somebody on the phone, someone he did not even know, asked him to!

Can there possibly be a better, a more dependable and trustworthy source than one who fakes assassination evidence and keeps his fakery secret for two-and-a-half decades?

Not for Harry Livingstone, none better. He says this himself in expressing his appreciation.

Then he gets to me (pages 374-9) for this bit. I repeat it verbatim even though it has already been shown to be a less-than-honest or faithful account:

One of the most powerful leaders of the "critics," who aspires to be dean of them, 'former Senate investigator' Harold Weisberg, has a strange history. At the time of the assassination he and his wife, Lillian Stone Weisberg, owned a fourteen-acre place they called the Coq d'Or Farm, and raised chickens, ducks, geese, pheasant-chickens, and Rock Cornish game hens. Weisberg, before World War II, worked for the La Follette Civil Liberties Committee and was discharged for permitting certain information to leak to the press. Senator La Follette stated that Weisberg had been dismissed for a breach of trust involving the release of confidential information to a newspaper and the Senator was quite certain the newspaper involved *The Daily Worker*, former East Coast Communist newspaper.<sup>18</sup> Sound familiar? Weisberg is the man who leaked Oliver Stone's film script to *The Washington Post* in 1991, and all but wrecked the film before it began.

Harold Weisberg has followed a pattern of running power trips on people and asserting himself in their affairs for years.

He is the man who moved into Jim Garrison's investigation around 1967, and in his own words (which follow in this chapter) all but wrecked it.

"Weisberg was one of ten employees fired summarily by the State Department in June 1947 because of suspicion of being a Communist or having Communist sympathies. He was later allowed to resign without prejudice."<sup>19</sup> The fact that he was a member of organizations that were cited by the Department of Justice as subversive does not necessarily mean too much. But is it not passing strange that the same Department of Justice dumped tens of thousands of

files in the JFK and other cases on Weisberg and nobody else in the United States?

From the top, I do not have even a puppy dog to lead. I try my best to have as little as I can with most of those he lumps together as "critics," his quotes, the likes of him in particular, because I am virtually alone in eschewing all theorized conspiracies. I have always believed that the best they deceive and mislead the people. Unlike the Livingstone kind, who make it up, and then will it into reality, my work is almost entirely limited to the official evidence. I make what I have available to those I disagree with, Livingstone himself being a prime example, and when necessary because some are rascals again like Livingstone, suffer the consequences. I believe that the records I obtain under FOIA are not personal property, in the sense a suit, a car or a house is, although they are my property, but that in getting them I am surrogate for the people. I therefore allow all writing in the field to have unsupervised access. As a result, I am robbed by and for them, Livingstone is Case No. 1. After I discovered that I did not deny others access. And I have been robbed since then. But because I believe in principle and practice it, there will be endless opportunities to steal more from me.

It is unfortunate that there are in this sick world consummate sons-of-bitches, the most repugnant and indecent of them being those who are most self-righteous. But I undertook an obligation when I used FOIA, which makes me surrogate for the people, and the scurvy and the scum, the dregs of the intellectual sewers, will not make me change.

There are those who have other concepts of honor. There are, indeed, no end to those who flaunt their lack on any rational concept of honor. If they cannot understand this, and can it be more obvious that some do not? I have done and I will continue to do what I consider to be right.

But how preposterous this opening sentence of the loony nonsense that Livingstone believes because it is vital to his entire paranoid sickness that there is my "gang" out to get him! I cannot go



down to my basement to use the files to which I gave Livingstone and others free access. I am prohibited from lifting more than 15 pounds. It has been unsafe for me to drive out of Frederick since 1977 and I haven't. How in the world, should I want to, am I going to "lead" anybody?

Particularly when there are differences in varying degree in what we believe and what we work on?

Power? What power do I or can I have? None except in his sick mind as it gropes for some explanation for his utter failure can he live with his inability to come upon anything new and factual. Even his pet theories that the autopsy film was forged and that the back of JFK's head was blown out, both baseless, are not his own. He treats them as though they are but he knows very well that with these he does what he inveighs against others for doing, uses the work of others as his own.

There are those who respect me for what I have done. Those, too, who respect my openness, extending that even to rascals, those who engage in illegal activities, pests, nuisances, dopes, a variety of nuts along with the good people with whom I do not agree and with whom I never have any arguments. The latter is a way of living and obviously strange to Livingstone.

But power I have none, never did, never wanted it and could not have it if I wanted it.

I "aspire to be dean" of the weird assemblage of nuts, crackpots, zanies of all sorts that he regards as "critics," his quotes? What for? To have more trouble trying to keep the nuts from greater irrationality?

When at my age and in the precarious stage of my health that kind of tinsel has any meaning? Those concepts are for the phonies, the poseurs, the inept whose lives are the fictions of their own creations.

When I do not know when my time will come, but know it is closer than I would prefer, all I

want is for these slithering simpletons to leave me alone so that I can spend what time remains for me doing the work I want to do.

It also requires of me that I do some work I do not want to do. Like making a record of those who commercialize and exploit the tragedy, so that history can understand them correctly, for what they are and what they do.

In this regard, albeit with no such intent, Livingstone and his publisher are no end helpful.

The thrust of my work, utterly foreign to him, is that in time of great crisis and ever since than all the institutions of our society failed. The media is such an institution. Publishers are part of the media. And so also are those who write books and what for lack of a better name are referred to as books.

This says much about him.

First it says that he is so ignorant of the government assassination files, lost as he is in the mythologies that are so real to him, he does not even know how to cite them so scholars can locate what he cites. There could have been a hundred FBI reports in the White House that day. Those records are identified by file and serial numbers and this is a unique reference that preclude mistakes by the shoddy of mind or practice.

Note also that he gives no source for it where he got it.

For all his childish boasting he has yet to boast of having made the tiniest effort to obtain anything at all from any government agency.

He did not get it from the FBI whose record it is.

When then does he not give his source?

Because he is ashamed to and because he used it dishonestly.

He got that and probably more from me! More like it was readily available to him.

I made it all available to all who use my records.

They do not even have to ask for.

It and what this pillar of intellectual and journalistic integrity omits are in the "subject" files in which all who work here work and it is in more than one file so those wanting to obtain such information can do so more easily. It is a file with my name on it and it is in a file identified as "critics."

But also in those files is the truth, as I wrote it earlier in this book.

The truth that is also in the files I make available to all writing in the field — all public and all published — is that the State Department backed down, withdrew its action, issued a public apology, fired the man it said was responsible, and the reporter who did most to make the fact, the actualities public knowledge, Bert Andrews of the then New York Herald-Tribune, got a Pulitzer prize for his book.

It is a measure, it is Livingstone's own measure of himself, that he omits this and instead wrote a careless libel, which was the intent with which he began.

Moreover, what kind of hybrid is it of a stinking skunk and slithering snake who comes here all the many unwelcome times he came here and even sent a thief to rob me for him and for his enemy Lifton and has free access to all those records and to our copier and, knowing he intends to use records the partisan nature of which the stupidest working in the field are well aware of and asks me not a word about it?

It is not a man who behaves this way and lies with it, intending to lie and to defame on the basis of his lie and that alone.

It is not a writer who intends writing the truth.

It is a literary whore who makes those who sell their bodies look honorable, moral and decent

in comparison.

So, of course, he had to hide his source, as honest writers do not do or have to do. Or want to do.

Whatever he may have had in mind in placing quotation marks around "former Senate investigator," I was that. No only that, but I was also authorized to represent the Senate, to give testimony in its name, in a major Department of Justice case of its day, the "Bloody Harlan" country Kentucky prosecution of 1938.

As I began by addressing, I had no "information to leak" and I leaked none. I had the responsibility for making the public record available to not only reporters but particularly to reporters. I had nothing but the public record. I was instructed to do what I did, but had I not been so instructed, I would have done it on request, as I had been both paid and instructed to do for more than two years then. And it was not to *The Daily Worker* in any event but to a news service.

But what does this self-presented paragon of virtue mean -- what can be meant, when he interjects at this point, "Sound familiar?"

With what?

He may regard it as cunning, but it is childish.

He says next said that I "leaked Oliver Stone's filmscript to *The Washington Post*. Leaked hell! I did it openly and was credited with giving it to *The Post* in its story. It wasn't secret in any event. The copy that was given to me was made from one of the innumerable ones Stone gave way.

I have never, ever said anything to a reporter and asked anonymity for it. I have no need to. It is only those who live conspiratorial lives, real or fancied, or those who have secrets they want used, or those who can be embarrassed if what they give reporters can be traced to them, who seek anonymity.

Those who cannot stand on their own feet, too.

Whatever he may have had in mind, if his mind holds anything rational, by my alleged pattern of "running power trips on people" he does not indicate anything at all. The same is true of "asserting himself into their affairs for years."

What this intellectual child in a man's trouser cannot understand is that all are not like him, do not have his interests, and want only to be left alone by those he personifies.

One thing should be clear: I did not look him up!

And I did tell him at least three times not to come here again and not to write or phone.

Can it be that this egomaniacal fool considers that "asserting myself into" his affairs?

Well, probably not, because of all he said about me in this verbal garbage dump of his he did not say that his behavior was so bad that three times I told him not to come back! And allowed him to only from fear because of my medical vulnerabilities. A push can be fatal, as can a slight accident others could ignore or not even be aware of.

(And in an entirely different sense, is he ever pushy!)

What kind of man is he who says such things and offers nothing to make sense of them or cites any sources, meaningful or otherwise, for them?

We soon see more of what kind of man he is.

His next sentence is, "He is the man who moved into Jim Garrison's investigation around (sic) 1967, and in his own words (which follow in this chapter) all but wrecked it." When we get to that it will be seen that he lies, but I cannot resist noting that only an ignoramus could believe that what Garrison conducted could really be called an investigation or that it needed any help to be wrecked, which I neither did nor said I did in any event. Again, he gives no source, there being none.

We are, I remind the reader, addressing this man's honesty, dependability, truthfulness, accuracy, the meaning of his writing -- and its rationality or lack thereof.

We have seen the unfaithfulness to reality of what he says next, within quotation mark, about my being fired by the State Department, and that account is entirely unfaithful. There was no allegation of "subversion," no membership in any organization on that unconstitutional list of "those cited by the Department of Justice as subversive," no charges, no hearing, no "suspicion of being a Communist or having Communist sympathies." Save that I was fired, not a word of this is true. But then he does have it in quotation marks so he has a source. There was, I repeat, a pogrom and I repeat the intended prejudice of his not mentioning that State issued a public apology in rehiring us. That never happened before in any of those phony "loyalty" cases and as we saw earlier that was not a factor in any event.

My point is, what kind of man, what kind of writer, restricts himself to a quotation, a single one at that, and suppresses all else so his venom is masked from the reader and his outrageous indecency of intent cannot be perceived?

Is this the writing of an honest man?

Is it less a self-condemnation if he writes this way from ignorance?

Is it not the responsibility of a writer not to be ignorant of what he writes about?

Is this not even more true when the subject matter is controversial.

And is it not even more required when the writer alleges that those he criticizes have done injury to him -- even if in all almost 800 pages he can specify not a single act or a single injury about which he complains?

His final complaint in this quotation of his beginning of his deliberately, knowingly and intentionally dishonest assault on my reputation and on my work, comparison with which his cannot

survive, is against the Department of Justice. He suggests by his phrasing that it is not accidental, that I serve the government in what I do, "But is it not passing strange that the same Department of Justice dumped tens of thousands of files in the JFK and other cases on Weisberg and nobody else in the United States."

This is again one of those not uncommon selections from Livingstone in which he both lies and demonstrates his permeating ignorance, each a hallmark of his writing.

(And to what is he referring when he says "the same Department of Justice"? His prior reference is to the Department of State, not Justice, and he has made no prior reference here to the Department of Justice. Not only cannot he not keep himself straight but his publisher makes no such effort and has no such interest. What is the function of an editor on is writing anyway?)

Livingstone knows very well that those records were not just "dumped" on me. He knows there is the Freedom of Information Act. He knows and in his previous book made laudatory mention of the difficulty of the "struggle" I faced in many courts over many years to obtain those records. He knows, too, that it was over one of those lawsuits that in 1974 the Congress amended the FOIA to make FBI, CIA and similar records accessible under the FOIA. We quoted earlier his own inaccurate quotation from the legislative history of that amending. Of which he and the legion of others who lacked the guts or the willingness or the determination to file and fight such lawsuits so the records disclosed by them would be available free to those foul-mouthed, free-loaders who had the free use of them.

Moreover, again highlighting his ever-present ignorance of almost anything he writes about, it was not true and is even less true since my 1978 court victory, that "nobody else in the United States" got any real volume of records from the Department of Justice. It is not true on this subject and it is not true on other subjects. Others have fought and won cases in which the government was required to

disclose considerable volumes of records. But in all cases, fighting difficult, costly and time-consuming lawsuits was required. He lied on purpose when he said those records were just "dumped" on me and me alone. And in implying by the oddly inappropriate language I quoted that I have some kind of connection or relationship that led to that alleged "dumping" of all those pages on me.

Also addressing whether or not he can be honest is the fact that nowhere in all these pages does he mention that he is a free-loader in those records. In fact, only one writer had longer access to them. Each was too important to do his own work. Each had an assistant do the work for him. In Livingstone's case, he had his moonlighting thief of a Baltimore cop search and copy those records here.

Yes, he knew Waybright was a thief who stole from me and he admitted it to a then-close friend who informed me.

But with all that time in all those records, carefully suppressed in almost 800 pages, between the two of them, and in all the work Livingstone brags about having done, and for his pre-eminence in the field he claims for himself, neither he nor his cop/thief ever learned how to cite an FBI record so it can have meaning, so that who want to use this supposed non-fiction can go to original sources -- or even check him out. Some scholar!

He is even wrong on the number of pages. It was not tens of thousands. It is hundreds of thousands of them.

But what kind of writer, what kind of corrupt and dishonest mind is it, that at one and the same time, in the same book, slurs me here as a "Communist" or of Communist "sympathies," lies, and at the same time he has me so closely associated with H.L. Hunt, who is as far on the opposite political extreme and is also a lie? Common sense, not his hallmark, says one cannot be both.

What does his editor look for in his role of editor if not to catch such incongruities?



Or are their special considerations in editing his commercial trash?

There is no evidence of normal editing or normal editing considerations in this volume that could not have been published under normal standards of punishability.

But still again, what kind of person is it who goes into the home of another where he is welcomed, has free and unsupervised access to such a treasure trove of records obtained only at such great cost, effort and investment and of money and time, and then can bring himself to write this way about his benefactor?

What kind of man, if manhood is reflected, what kind of writer is it, and writer he claims to be, who seeing such records, does not ask a question about them? Does not ask the victim of official slander, his benefactor, if there is anything wrong about those records or about anything he wants to say about them?

Could there have been a misidentification?

In fact, another of the six of us in that carefully calculated FBI dishonesty -- remember, he pretends it refers to me only -- was a case of mistaken identity. As also was one of the ten with the State Department "firing." Mistaken identity is not at all rare. Neither are the standards of the craft of writing. There are, albeit not written or compulsory, standards of ethics and morality, and they are not those of a two-legged swine running loose in an uncleaned barnyard, happy in his own filth.

Here he has a man who, in his own words in this previous book, "who, having endured a painful triple by-pass operation and many serious infirmities of age, puts up with me and the many questions I should know better than to have asked" and he can write this way of him without shame, without a qualm or prick of conscience -- if he has one?

What kind of man or writer is it who, in his very next words, nothing omitted in quoting them,

says, "But we should also go to the father to test our sometimes incredibly wild or dumb 'ideas' and then does not do that?" Why then did he say it. Make false pretense

This is a writer's or a man's expression of appreciation. Again his words from the same place in the same second book, "I am grateful for his time and great help and friendship."

This is an expression of gratitude?

Of appreciation for "great help"?

Of "friendship"?

This is the real expression of the real Harry Livingstone. It is on his phony claim to a phony eminence that he is entitled to in his sick mind only and that he cannot pretend to have without the most unprincipled attempt to destroy the character of all others and the reputation of their work with it.

This is a self-characterization no enemy could improve upon or exaggerate.

It is only part of this self-characterization. We began with other of it and as he continues we with it, we also do.

Why else would he not do the very obvious, speak to me about it. Ask me "is it true" and "is it all, or is there more?"

He knew without having to ask, if in the state of his mind that occurs to him, and I think it did not. He did not do it.

What Livingstone imagines are the bright hues of appropriate paints he smears with so broad a brush is actually the revolting mud of a diseased barnyard, what comes so naturally from so sick a mind and is so essential to no less sick a self-concept which can exist in that sick mind no other way.

All this, with what precedes and what follows, is also a publisher's self-portrayal. That he publishes it without an effort at any confirmation, without what all who publish non-fiction know is the

norm, a peer review, without any concern for fairness, decency, honesty, ethics or factuality and without any regard for the intended hurt that he alone inflicts, says all that need be said of him.

They both are also symbolic of the failure of that failed part of the basic institution of the media, book publishing, that with this filth both make a more intended failure, a failure that in addition to their greedy ends also serves to protect official miscreants without whose transgressions and failures none of this would exist today.

The FBI in particular loved what they have done. It circulates these things, few as rare as by a supposed "critic" of just about all the others, and where it wants to have the message reach, says, "See, we told you none of these people knows what he is doing. None knew what they talk and write about. It merely proves all over again that we were right."

They do that. I have seen it in their records. And it is effective. Especially then they have a wide selection from which to pick a few items most to their liking.

I doubt that any such thought ever emerged in Livingstone's mind. If it had, he would still have done the only thing that remains for him if he is to preserve his self-concept, that he is somebody, somebody special, somebody so special all those terrible people conspired against him and his impending great success.

What they have done, Livingstone and his publisher, is what Kent Carroll addressed to their victims.

They are the real, the authentic killers of the truth. Their foul deed is not yet done.