

CHAPTER 36

High on the H. L. Hunt Hawg

Nothing is sick, more irrational than what follows, addressed in part earlier.

Weisberg resisted forgery of the autopsy materials as a viable explanation when it appears that *everything* in the case is probably forged. He always put forward this argument: Why would the conspirators forge something if it could be found out? He used this conundrum to damage important discoveries. His philosophical question simply evades the real questions that arise from statements of witnesses denouncing the autopsy photographs and X-rays (pages 374-5).

While this is not an accurate formulation of the question he cannot answer, that inability being one of the motivations he has for inventing the non-existing conspiracy against him, in even his formulation it is a legitimate question.

The real question and the real answer we have seen; the autopsy film he claims was faked actually destroys the conclusions of the Warren Report. Nobody, no official in his right mind, fakes film to disprove the official "solution" to the crime as, to all save the sick-in-the-head the autopsy film does do. The only purpose of faking would be to make the official story appear to be true. Nothing else makes sense.

Utterly oblivious to his underscoring of his dishonesty in what he thereafter wrote that is false and defamatory about me, my imagined and non-existing relationship with the man he says is one of those who conspired to have the President killed, H.L. Hunt, he follows this with what requires an honest writer to investigate, his allegation that in this I had "helped," the word he prefers in his irrational letters, Hunt, his "assassin."

How I did or could have "damaged important discoveries" in asking why anyone would create fake autopsy film to disprove what the faking was intended to prove, a rather obvious question, he does not

address. As with so much else, he merely assumes that the reader will assume that his irrationality is rationality. His editor did, anyway! Over and over again.

His writing continues, nothing omitted following the quotation from it above, with overt dishonesty that at the same time discloses that he was aware of the truth about my alleged "relationship" with Hunt.

The substitution of "Hunt's man" within brackets is his:

Weisberg wrote a letter to officer Richard Waybright of the Baltimore City Police: "... had jumped to the conclusion that I (Weisberg) was Helping H. L. Hunt. I did not go to Hunt to help him. I sought help, in an effort to kill the potential of the book *Farewell America*, and the film made of it. It after (sic) happened that I was able to do what I wanted to do without any outside help and the movie just dropped dead because of it and with it the objective of the French CIA in making it.

"(Hunt's man) used me to check out some of the right-wing nuts he knew were approaching the old man for money, so if they did something bad, the old man would not be involved.

"In return, he (Hunt's man) gave the Dallas FBI some of what I had given him, telling them it was mine when in fact he knew it was not and I gave it to him as a joke. So, the FBI files have a monstrosity I regarded as ridiculous and laughable as my theory of the assassination- and you know I have none and never did." He goes on with his threats: "There will yet be something big that Harry is onto and I hope neither he nor you is hurt by it. A big blowup."

This is no threat, not of any kind. It is a caution.

Although there is no relationship except in his sick mind, this is followed, again nothing omitted, by what somehow bugs him and that is followed with what again has no relationship with his Hunt baloney, the question I actually asked. Because he cannot answer that question he describes it as "muddled thinking" and that nonsense is his means of evading any attempt to face the obvious question to which he has no answer:

In fact, the whole issue of the government dumping tens of thousands of pages of crucial evidence in the murder of President Kennedy on an old and frail man without any staff at all in a private house ought to be an issue.

Weisberg poses another question: "Why would anyone fake photographic evidence to disprove what the alleged faking is supposed to validate? Until you can answer

this question, I see no purpose served in doctoring any of the film. As you will see in *Post Mortem*, it entirely destroy the official "Solution." I repeat this as an example of the sort of extraordinarily muddled thinking that has kept this nation in turmoil over the years.

This is the man who has been the so-called premier authority on the medical evidence for thirty years.

I had no communication with Baltimore police and there was no connection with Waybright that I had that was a police connection. Livingstone knows very well that he brought Waybright to me as a cop who was moonlighting as his, as he referred to him in High Trash 2, "chief investigator." My writing Waybright was in response to his writing me, on Livingstone's behalf, after I'd told Livingstone the truth, that I had no such relationship with Hunt as he was writing in his letters. What he quotes from my letter is the truth and had he any interest in being truthful he could have checked it for himself by merely phoning Louis Ivon, who had been Garrison's actual chief investigator and who asked me to go to "Hunt's man" to begin with, for exactly the purpose I'd told Livingstone and reflect in this letter.

"Hunt's man" was then his chief of security and as of the writing of this new installment of Livingstone's trash was, as Livingstone says later in this very book, Livingstone's lawyer. There was no rational reason for omitting his name unless it is to hide Livingstone's relationship as the client of "Hunt's man", Paul Rothermel, Jr. And why should an honest man intending honest writing want to do anything like that?

It is literally true, as any checking of the correspondence some of which Rothermel gave Livingstone confirms, the only "work" I did for Rothermel was exactly as I said and Livingstone quotes, to help him fend off right-wing nuts seeking money from the old man who might get in trouble if they did while using his money. Something sinister in that?

The nasty dirty trick Rothermel then played on me to ingratiate himself with the FBI -- telling it the Boxley-Garrison chart of their assassination conspiracy was mine -- is Rothermel's own self

characterization. If there had been any interest in honest Livingstone and his thief/chief "chief investigator" could have learned that for themselves by looking under Rothermel's name in my "subject" file in which they worked. There they would have found the FBI's own records on it.

"Would" is probably the wrong word. They are the only two who ever worked in those two file cabinets of my "subject" file who ever had any interest in Rothermel. And when this third high trash appeared and I went there to check that file, lo! those pages from the FBI are missing! When they alone used that file. But as the thief of a cop apparently forgot, those are duplicate copies. I have all the FBI records I obtained exactly as I received them.

The only people who had any interest in this record not existing in my file are this nut-thief combination. They alone had motive for that thievery - of what I can replace from the originals. That is because it exposes Rothermel for what he is, a liar who lied to curry favor with the FBI for his own purposes.

The problem both faced, however, is that with the truth about Rothermel they had nothing that could be twisted into any semblance of reality relating to me and their determination to cast me in the nonexistent role of the nonexistent leader of the nonexistent conspiracy against Livingstone who has no book without that baseless fabrication of a conspiracy against him.

Then, too, this newest claim to fame and fortune would be seriously undermined if Livingstone were to admit the truth to himself, that Farewell America is a fake book by the French counterpart of the CIA. This is because Rothermel et al actually got this strange and sick man so singularly without any real accomplishment to swallow that transparently baseless French spook book as the truth. It is the Texas conspiracy that the French spooks made up that Livingstone presents as his own!

Again, the proof was available to them - if either had the slightest interest in truth, the truth that

would have cost Livingstone his book and Waybright his ill-gotten, really illegally gotten, gains because what he did for Harry was strictly forbidden Baltimore policemen, and because his use of the police computer system for Livingstone was illegal. This illegality alone make Waybright indispensable to Livingstone.

Model of probity that he is, in Livingstone's quotation of my letter to his assistant he omits the part that makes sense out of who "jumped" to the "conclusion". It was not I. It was Sherlock himself Livingstone.

Livingstone's omnipresent paranoia is reflected by his referring to my warning that something could blow up on them as a threat.

Livingstone's quotation of my letter to Waybright is dishonest in a number of ways, beginning in what he omits for what he quotes without any indication of what he omitted. He omitted that I had for the third time told him I wanted nothing more to do with him because "Harry has behaved very badly with me." He omitted that months after Livingstone had written me and I others that I was an accessory in the JFK assassination as well as allegedly conspiring against him, he had Waybright write me asking for copies of the previously referred to Bronson film Dallas FBI reports. (They thought there was only one.) Their derring-do investigation did not inform them about that until January of 1993. Even then they did not know how to spell names or how many reports there were. Nor does Livingstone admit that even after this unspeakable evil he was spreading about me I still sent him those reports, the one he had a notion about and the one he did not even know about.

As I've said before about him, and it applies also to Waybright, he can't tell the truth even by accident. We can add, with many illustrations, that he also cannot be honest except by accident.

Waybright wrote me two days before my response. Although it was not possible for anyone else to have done it, he wrote me, his emphasis, "On me life, I did not take the Lifton file or the MDW file."

These referred to earlier are my analysis of Lifton's mistitled book, Best Evidence, an analysis I had made for the historical record only, and the relevant MDW records. Waybright had borrowed them from me to xerox, he said to save xeroxing costs, and he did not return them. However, nobody else ever had any interest in them until Livingstone, for whom Waybright told me we wanted them, came and asked me for copies! What a pair!

What is first omitted from my letter of January 22 is its beginning that is quite relevant. It includes a warning - Livingstone referred to it as a "threat" - that any professional investigator or any professional writer should heed, not the only one in that letter:

You did not level with me. The Bronson report for which you asked is not for you. It is for Harry. He has one of his crazier notions about that film and he did not listen when he spoke to me about it. As I've told Harry several times in trying to warn him so he can protect himself from himself, he is profoundly ignorant of the established fact of the assassination and its investigation. As are all those with whom he associates. Because of this ignorance he and the others can and do make up theories and become convinced of their unique genius. Harry is a prime example, as is the Bronson film. He told me that it and Zapruder were doctored. If he knew the history of the Bronson film. He told me that it and Zapruder were doctored. If he knew the history of the Bronson film he'd know that is impossible. But from the depths of his ignorance he knows it was doctored and once he told himself that it was, the last thing he thought of was checking it and himself out.

If he did not tell you he told me that he was wrong about the back of the head being blown out. After writing a book saying that it was. I take this time because you say you "honestly believe that he is on to something big." Are you, by the way, in any position to know whether or not this something big, which he described to me unless he has invented a newer and bigger one, is possible in the light of what has been established as fact?

This is what Livingstone omits so he can pretend that I said that he was onto something big and that what I wrote is a "threat." Actually I referred to it as what he "invented."

What followed next is a caution that was also not observed, as we have seen, against leading former Parkland nurse Diana Bowron into saying what he wanted her to say, what she did not say and is

not true, that the back of JFK's head was blown out.

With this better understanding of the reason for my writing Waybright, not on my initiative as Livingstone indicates, let us return to his pretend full quotation from what I wrote. One excision only is indicated and that is so contrived to deceive that it does not even say who had jumped to the conclusion that I was helping Hunt. It was Livingstone!:

Harry has behaved very badly with me. I've told him I do not want to hear from him any more. So he had to ask you to get the (there are two) reports on the Bronson film. If he's written me I'd have put them in an envelope and mailed them to him. In addition to making false charges to me about me, he actually has me as part of at least one of the two conspiracies he imagines he is going to prove. Months ago he said he would do it in 3 weeks. He jumped to the conclusion that I was helping H.L. Hunt. Or he may have had that fed to him by those he thinks have picked him, of all critics, out to help when help is the last thing they have in mind. He did not tell me Rookstool's name but when he refused to I told him. So much for reading and understanding him.

So far Livingstone, aside from the dishonesty of his omission, switched my "he" referring to him, substituting "had," which makes no sense but eliminates the fact that I had said that as usual he was jumping to invalid conclusions. Naturally he did not want his reader, editor or publisher to know that. But why be so crooked? Why not just omit the letter? The reason is again obvious: he has not case of any kind and needs something with which to at the least appear to have something.

At the end of his first paragraph as quoted above, here is what he omitted without indicating that he had omitted anything. The book referred to is that made up by the French spook, Farewell America.

Anyway, Harry told me that it is a good and solid book and he could not understand why I told him it is a fake. If a high school freshman could not pick that up, alone and unassisted, he is not very bright.

The only thing big that Harry is onto is his own ego. I'm very sorry for what it will do to him when he has to face the reality that he has made up or been fed the impossible.

He was actually investigating me. He sent me some of what he had and told me of more.

Why is he investigating me? I'm part of the conspiracy because I helped Hunt. Which I didn't. Maybe Rothermel told him I did but he also knows better. He also knows the ways in which I helped him and I doubt he told that to Harry. I may as well tell you the rest.

Farewell America is the sole basis Livingstone has for alleging any Texas conspiracy to kill the President (in which, I repeat, he casts me as an accessory) and this reveals that long before his writing I had explained to him that "it is a fake" that is so obvious a child should perceive it. So, soul of probity that Livingstone is, he omits this entirely, along with my actual reference to that "something big" he was onto: "The only thing big that Harry is onto is his own ego." This book more than proves me right! It is a disgraceful nothing as it relates to the assassination.

I also told him that Rothermel could not be trusted if he said I was helping H.L. Hunt because it is false and he knew it to be false.

Therefore, he repeats, without have spoken to me, those despicable libels he got from those in Texas with special axes to grind and a convenient dope to do their dirty work for them.

The "he" refers to Rothermel. Why Livingstone is impelled to eliminate Rothermel's name here is obvious: I told Livingstone in advance that what Rothermel said is not true and that he knew it as not true and that he and the others were gulling Livingstone. That is precisely what his book proves!

So, bankrupt without it, he publishes what he was warned in advance is false.

Using that to portray his greatness and his being persecuted. He regards such cautions that contradict his zany inventions or the lies he had been fed and want believed as threats.

Of course he would want to eliminate the fact that is obvious from the book, that he was being "fed" what he refers to as the result of his own investigations.

There is another omission he hides having made. It should be and is not where the quotation of me not having any theories to "solve" the crime is followed by his endnote and his paranoid belief that I threatened him:

I don't hate Harry. I've been silent about the books I do not agree with and in fact refused to talk to the Baltimore Sun about one. I know he has some serious emotional problems and when he is out of control, he can be terrible and he was with me and was more so with poor Mary Ferrell, who is not well and who is caring for a terminally-ill husband. She is part of two of Harry's conspiracies, as he told me. One of critics to ruin him and the other the one that killed JFK. How the latter? Because she was a minor employee of a big law firm he has in the conspiracy to kill.

There is more on Boxley in the Garrison section of this book. Just read what he says is my threat against him: refusing to comment on his first book to the paper where he lives, The Baltimore Sun. It is hardly a threat to repeat that he has emotional problems and "can be terrible" and then illustrating it. Or that he casts an innocent woman as involved in two nonexistent conspiracies.

Livingstone had to omit from what Rothermel gave him the copy of that Boxley chart because the utter insanity that I found so "ridiculous" is close to what his book says!

There is nothing than a sane person can call a threat in what he does quote. But again without indicating any omission and certainly the opposite of any threat, is what followed that he also omitted:

There will yet be something big that Harry is onto and I hope neither he nor you is hurt by it. A big blowup.

I'm astounded that he is so far out of contact with reality that he actually believes Rookstool would help him. Do you think he could keep his job if he did? Or do you think he has any contact with any critic without higher approval? Could he keep his job if he did?

At least I've had no recent reports of bad behavior by Harry. He has hurt others and himself much by what he did and said as reported to me by those I believe. He also has not given me a truthful account of what he said happened to him at ASK. Or how.

I've taken this time when I'd prefer spending it on other things because I do not want you to be hurt, so you can do some independent thinking, which may help you protect yourself and if you are still with the police, hold that job.

The "something big" at this point refers to what Livingstone said he would say in his book and apparently was removed by the libel lawyer. He told me the names of some living people he would call assassination/conspirators, including at a law firm. H.L. Hunt is dead. He cannot sue. Those who are alive can sue. And if they had been referred tot his way in the book, there without any question at all would have

been "big blowup."

Farris Rookstool III was an FBI Dallas employee. Livingstone had told me repeatedly that some of his information came from Rookstool.

Harry being as honest as this reflects, what he told me need not mean a thing and as I tried to tell him, if Rookstool valued his job with the FBI he'd give him nothing or only what he was told to give him, what the FBI wanted to misdirect him with.

He follows this in his contrived attack on me with another series of misrepresentations in a single sentence:

In fact, the whole issue of the government dumping tens of thousands of pages of crucial evidence in the murder of President Kennedy on an old and frail man without any staff at all in a private house ought to be an issue.

He knows he is lying in saying that the government just "dumped" those records on me. He also knows that I have them arranged for access and give all, like him, free and unsupervised access to them all. Despite my frailty and lack of staff.

He knew it was anything but a voluntary gift to me by the FBI. He knew it was the exact opposite, that I'd had to sue and those suits lasted more than a decade and were costly in many ways. As he also knows and does not say, he being one of the more pesky and unpleasant of the freeloaders, those like him who have done nothing to try to make the suppressed government records available, all have had unlimited access to them.

So, what rational reason is there for his complaint? Why be so dishonest when all in the field know it is dishonest, along with many in the media?

There is no reasonable explanation for this and so much like it. And it is permeating.

This is true also of his belief in the fabrication of those French spooks. What they made up is what

he likes so the unreal became real to him once again, as always happens.

Those French spooks had made a completely accurate appraisal of Garrison and those it planned to use to reach him. It worked as they anticipated.

They began with what only a Livingstone or a Garrison would believe, the story that the KGB had and would give to Garrison all it had, the truth about the assassination. This was fed, according to the Garrison records themselves, from a right-wing Santa Barbara, California commentator, through the liberal Stanley Scheinbrun, to the since-defunct Ramparts magazine. It enlisted William Turner, who had been fired by J. Edgar Hoover, a rare distinction, after a career as an FBI professional thief, a "black bag job" expert. (Hoover rarely fired agents. That reflected on his judgement in hiring them. So he banished them to places like Butte, Montana.) Before this Ramparts gang had many students and others helping Garrison talking about this sensation of the coming of the KGB assassination file. They used for it the code name, "The San Diego radio station" as they lived their spy thriller.

The CBS station in San Diego had the call letters "KGB."

Before long Turner and Warren Hinckle, then Ramparts editor, sent a man who claimed to have worked for the CIA and used the name "Jim Rose," down to Mexico City to pick up what the supposed KGB supposedly would deliver to him to give to Garrison.

I had picked up reports about a man using the name E. Carl McNabb engaging in some story-book stuff down there. In February, 1968, in Los Angeles, "Rose" admitted to me that he used the McNabb name on this Ramparts/KGB project. I did not embarrass him by telling him that I had a note he had written to two young Australian women, both school teachers, in the rather amateurish pass he made at them. As they traveled these young women were interviewed by the FBI because they had used the bus Oswald was said to have used. Patricia Winston and Ramela Mumford (FBI Dallas File 100-10461-1849a) told the

FBI the story encapsulated in a FBI headquarters memo, these "two school teachers said (through a third party) they met a (obliterated under a privacy claim to exemption) by the name of (same claim to withhold the same phony name) in Cuernavaca, Mexico, in February 1967 and that he predicted the New Orleans investigation and claimed `vast personal knowledge of events leading to the assassination.'"

This is what led to the decision to interview those two Australian school teachers.

Is it just Livingstone's bellyaching? Or is it that knowing he has no legitimate complaint he gropes for anything his clique may believe because it comes from him?

He then, as we have seen shows that he did understand my explanation for believing that the autopsy film was not forged:

Weisberg poses another question: "Why would anyone fake photographic evidence to disprove what the alleged faking is supposed to validate? Until you can answer this question, I see no purpose served in doctoring any of the film. As you will see in *Post Mortem*, it entirely destroys the official 'solution.'" I repeat this as an example of the sort of extraordinarily muddled thinking that has kept this nation in turmoil over the years.

This is the man who has been the so-call premier authority on the medical evidence for thirty years.

With this remarkable demonstration of his own "muddled thinking," reflected by his inability to respond to that, so hooked he on his own fictions, he gets into his false representations of my alleged connection with H.L. Hunt and the Hunt Oil Co. In that pretended criticism of what I had written about the Department of Justice panel that examined the autopsy film he again reveals his complete inability to comprehend any simple language that disproves his fantasy. Insensitive to the fact that he and he alone cannot understand that or is unwilling to face it because it disproves his emptiness he spends more than a page in pretending I have given him no explanation of how that panel's report actually did disprove the Warren Report (pages 375-7).

His lives in the fantasy land of his own creation, reflecting another aspect of it in a completely false

reference to my "gloating" over my alleged "destroying" of Jim Garrison. Not a word of it true in any sense and thus is unsourced. He quotes what I told him in trying to keep him from making a fool of himself in believing the fake French spook book Farewell America (page 377). It was all only too true but he has adopted that phony "solution" and alleged Texas-wide conspiracy as his own so he does not ignore it and he then proceeds with more fantasy in presenting that overt fake as genuine to his readers who are not in a position to know that he is not in contact with reality.

While the real, the actual story of that Keystone Kops caper is real fun stuff, I do not take time for it. There is more than enough in my files for any students of the future. Livingstone, gullible whenever there is something he wants to believe, cites as his authority those who fed all that nonsense to Garrison. And how utterly ludicrous and at the same time pathetic.

It goes without saying that "Rose" returned to the San Francisco Bay area without anything from the KGB and without having warned the beds of either or both of those school teachers.

Then, without warning and through the mail, with no return address, Garrison got a copy of the manuscript of a book titled, in French, America Burns. Even a single-spaced manuscript on legal sized paper gave him no pause, nor did the "KGB" using the mail and addressing him by name when supposedly all his mail was, he believed, at least monitored. Nor did it that instead of getting KGB files and records he got a manuscript that had nothing at all to do with the KGB. Like Livingstone Garrison and his own Keystone Kops were so anxious for something spectacular they lost all critical faculties. Particularly is this true of Turner, the FBI agent with a 10-year career in it and in getting away with its burglaries and his then sophisticate editor, since a successful and respected newspaper columnist, Warner Hinckle. And Garrison, too, of course!

He even recommends the change in the book's title to Farewell America!

This is not by any means all of that crazy business.

Garrison had it all figured out that all those wealthy men, mostly Texans, also had their own sado-masochist orgies. With men. With their wives all aware of it and silent. Supposedly they had a Los Angeles member, with parties at his mansion. Dope, the works in those orgies. These allegedly were the men who are those conspirators Livingstone took as his own from this fake French spook book he says is legit.

After "Rose" got word of this gay orgy theory of Garrison's, sure enough he turned up one morning where he planned to give his "proof" of it to one of the students supporting Garrison, one of whom worked for him. Rose had what he said he had stolen from the garbage outside that mansion, hypodermics. I got them, had them tested, and they were fresh from the drug store, unused. That took care of that sado-masochist branch of that alleged Texas JFK assassination conspiracy tracing to Garrison's embellishment of Farewell America.

All I did on this effort to inveigle Garrison into involvement with those French spooks an arrant stupidity I did with his chief investigator, as Livingstone knew and suppresses. The only apparent purpose of such a ploy was to get a mistrial in the Clay Shaw case.

I had no interest in Shaw when I worked in New Orleans. My interest was in Oswald and his career there. But I did, very much, want the Shaw case to go to trial, for there to be a judicial determination of it.

While Louis Ivon did not tell me why he wanted to get a copy of the manuscript of Farewell America to Hunt's chief of security, I just assumed it was for this reason, to keep Garrison from messing up over Farewell America. And, as I said earlier, this is how I came to take that manuscript copy - I had none - from Ivon to Rothermel.

I was the DA's office's messenger. And Rothermel was so anxious to get it - after all, it did cast his boss in the role of chief conspirator in the assassination - he paid my plane fare instead of Ivon. He offered more I did not accept.

And this is the total extent of all that money Livingstone has me getting from Hunt, who neither directly nor through anyone else gave me even a glass of water, and of all those trips, I did not make to Dallas that in Livingstone's sick cupidity comes out as paid for by Hunt and his oil company.

Once Farewell America was printed and well publicized those same spooks decided to go farther. They made a movie on it. The book was so libelous it could not get into the United States sale for Garrison to endorse it. But they could carry the rolls of film and show them in theaters. Garrison could have the film to endorse.

I just happened to be where the chief French spook on the project and his Garrisonian assistant, Steve Jaffe, called looking for a projector on which to show that movie to Garrison. I offered them transportation, they were glad to get it, and before I left to pick them up at the Pontchartrain Hotel, on St. Charles Avenue, I got a message to Ivon.

Whenever I was there, Ivon loaned me a souped-up Chevvy II that nobody on the staff would drive, it was that dangerous. Even getting it to start in that dampness could be an adventure. So from time to time was using the brakes. It had been taken from a gangster and then those vehicles were distributed throughout the city government.

That spook, then using a name he had used before in the United States, Herve Lamarre, asked me if I had time to drive him to 1029 Royal Street, in the French Quarter. Of course I did. They had told me the plane they had to catch and I wanted to use up all the time I could for them anyway.

He went in alone to visit the beautiful young widow Villarie, as I learned latter. I had to park half

a block away, blocking a hydrant. I tried to talk sense to Jaffe, to show him the whole thing was at best a farce, but his mind was almost as open as Livingstone's so I got nowhere. Lamarre returned and I proceeded to get us lost on purpose, driving taking a "short cut" into a part of the city I'd never been in before. When I'd wasted all their time I thought I could get away with I suddenly discovered that I knew where we were and I took them directly to the DA's building.

To be sure that I held them from Garrison long enough for Ivon to know we were there I first took them into the office of an assistant DA, later a judge, Jim Alcock, for him to see the incredibly clear transparencies they had, made from the Zapruder film.

When I started out to Alcock's office with them Ivon and one of his fellow detectives awaited. They literally gave Lamarre and Jaffe the bum's hush, even by the seat of the trousers. And that meant down a fairly long flight of concrete steps. I followed, opened the trunk of that Chevvy II, they got their luggage and fled.

And nothing came of the film. Garrison did not get to see and endorse it and lay the basis for a mistrial in the Shaw case.

After lunch I drove back to Royal Street. I took pictures of the place to which I'd taken him. My notes on the envelope holding those pictures dates it as December 16, 1968.

That beautiful young widow - her wealthy husband was killed in a motorcycle accident, I was told - had fixed her place up attractively. Her business was called, "Villierie's Coal Scuttle." It has a roofed-over sidewalk, with a porch on it, and from that roof/floor she had an old-fashioned coal scuttle hanging. Her's was an unusual business, if her purpose was for it to show profit in that, one of the warmest cities in the land. She sold bagged coal and wood, what people could carry home. Her hours for a business of any kind were unusual. They were even more unusual if she planned to sell bagged coal or wood for people

to pick it up going home from work. When most people needed heat could get to her shop she was closed, Saturdays and Sundays all day. The other days she opened, from the neat sign on the floor, at 9 a.m., which is after people had left for work, and she closed at 3 p.m., which is before people left their work for home.

A "business" more carefully designed not to make money, to leave its operator free, cannot easily be created.

That is where I drove the French spook and Jaffe when that spook film that with Garrison's endorsement could have laid the basis for a Shaw-case mistrial.

My files, in part thanks to Ivon, hold all the calling cards with which Jaffe returned from Europe when Garrison sent him to look into Farewell America. I also have the cable authorizing Garrison to represent the film in the United States and many, many other records on this.

If Livingstone did not have so much confidence in his unique, his unequalled intellectual investigatory and analytic powers, as he conceives his imagination to be, if he were not possessed by his contempt for fact, preferring his free-floating imagination, he could, when he was here those many times, have gone over all these related files I have. He could also have seen the lengthier memos I prepared, with the documents, as a record for history. But he believes he has exceptional capabilities and vision, those that rended fact below him, so he never did ask about any of the information I have, confident as he was in his own powers of invention and unaware as he was of his own extreme gullibility.

In his book he is not yet finished with Farewell America and these lies spoon-fed him about me and about others. So I add this about that masterpiece of spookery, Farewell America: with boasted-of access to the actual assassins from whom, would one not expect, the author could have gotten a first hand account of the assassination and the planning of it, full of direct-quote details, it has only parts of two pages on the

assassination, pages 358-9. All third person. Not a single quote on either page. Nothing in the text or footnotes that Garrison had not said often.

Like all the others suckered by all that irrelevant propaganda about oil magnates and their devious doing and devious bankers and devious connections of other kinds, Livingstone went for it big, overboard.

He actually believed that, as he says (page 378) the French spooks "real sources were the Kennedys and Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan," none of whom has or will confirm it because it is fiction.

He likes the "great writing" of the book so much he quotes from it what has nothing at all to do with the crime and could have come from a novel. He then intones, "This is great writing and absolutely the truth as I now understand the assassination."

So his "solution," in his own words, comes from the "great writing" of the French partner of the CIA. Why not the best writing they could produce? It was the best novel they could produce, that for sure. Without a scintilla of support of any kind for it. That alone has a magical appeal to the Livingstones, who live and write the same way.

Livingstone, whose earlier career must have included numerous purchases of the Brooklyn Bridge, is not troubled by the failure of the unnamed Kennedys and Senator Moynihan to confirm that they were "the real sources" for the French spooks. He has that much confidence in his source for this hooey. It is the sucker through whom the French spooks suckered Garrison, "William Turner. ('Farewell America', The Rebel, February 13, 1984. Reprinted by Prevailing Winds/Research, P.O. Box 23511 Santa Barbara, CA 93121.)"

Still again as is endlessly true, his ignorance is Livingstone's bliss.

When he confessed that "his" solution was that of Farewell America and I told him that it is a phony by the French SDECE, his scholar's reply was, "Well, it tells the truth, doesn't it?" When I said it does not

tell the truth, that it is fiction, that merely confirmed to him that I was leading a conspiracy against him. When I told him of my first-hand knowledge of that spook caper and of the records relating to it that I have, he had no interest in hearing anything more or in looking at those records.

Naturally. Without the fictions put together by those able and highly literate French spooks, he would have had no "solution" to the assassination in his personal Killing the Truth. Sublime in his belief in this fabrication, he never wondered why that book could not be placed with any American publisher or even imported legally. Unless, of course, he believed that also was part of the imagined conspiracy.

Not that it is so obviously false and libelous. Heavens, no - isn't it "great writing"?

He winds down a bit from these highest of soaring clouds to conclude this section on me with, "(H.L.) Hunt was one of the conspirators, put money in Weisberg's hands as though from other sources, and one of Hunt's men (he sure is hung up on not mentioning his own lawyer's name here, the name of Paul Marion Rothermel II) paid for his several trips to Dallas" (page 379). Not a single source cited. Naturally, there are no sources for lies - other than liars.

With nothing omitted following the quotation above that, not uniquely, is totally false and has no source given for it, he has a source, one only for these concluding words of this section on me:

On one occasion, Weisberg spent six weeks in Dallas at the home of Mary Ferrell. Weisberg spent a great deal of time with SMU law professor Charles Story (who was one of the judges at Nuremberg) and with Paul Rothermel and Henry Wade. Wade undoubtedly has a good grasp of what really happened in the murder of John Kennedy, but plans to take most of it to the grave. He told Weisberg nothing of importance.

Weisberg never again accused Hunt of being involved in the crime.

It is interesting that this critic, one of the revered idols of younger people in the research community, was trained in political warfare and intelligence operations. He worked for one of the ganddaddies of secret intelligence agencies, the Office of Strategic Services (OSS). So did Warren Commission members John J. McCloy, and Allen Dulles. Senator Richard Russell, for whom Harold Weisberg worked, helped supervise these intelligence agencies.

I was never in Dallas more than a week at a time. Broke as I was, I could not afford to. Once I was the guest of Mary and Buck Ferrell for a week, as Mary had been our guest earlier for a week or so.

That friends visit each other is sinister only to those who invest crazy stories and believe them. Livingstone has the utterly irrational belief that grandmotherly Mary is part of the two conspiracies he invented, the conspiracy to kill in which her alleged role was an employee of the major law firm he has in his Texas-wide gang of all-imagined killers, and of his also-imagined conspiracy to keep him from "breaking the case wide open." (After boasting that he was about to do that so often, he had to give himself some reason for not doing it, didn't he?)

The "Charles Story" Livingstone said I "spent a great deal of time with" was Robert G. Storey. He was not then a "SMU law professor." He was its dean emeritus. I do not recall that he was "one of the judges at Nuremberg" but there is nothing sinister in that other than to those of the unique Livingstone genius. What Dean Storey really was and the reason I went to see him was a member of the Texas Court of Inquiry into the JFK assassination. That "great deal of time" I spent with him was part of a morning at his Republic National Bank Building office and part of an afternoon at his SMU office, where his records are deposited.

Finally, at long last, Livingstone mentions the name Paul Rothermel. Livingstone has him as one of those with whom allegedly I "spent a great deal of time." All the time I spent with comes to considerably less than a single day. the longest of the three times I recall seeing him was the part of the morning or an afternoon on which I delivered the Farewell America manuscript copy Ivon asked me to give him. On my next trip he picked me up at Parkland Hospital, drove us to the Petroleum Club and there we chatted while I sipped a single drink. On my last trip to Dallas I took someone to Rothermel's then office to introduce them. I doubt we were there for 10 minutes.

Henry Wade, who was the Dallas County District Attorney for years, was and remains my friend. He did see me whenever I was in Dallas and he did permit me to go over his non-secret files on the trial of Jack Ruby by his office. Of Wade, for all the world as though he had any way at all of knowing, as he does not, Livingstone says he "undoubtedly has a good grasp of what happened in the murder of John Kennedy, but plans to take most of it to the grave."

The only case Wade's office investigated and took to trial was that of Jack Ruby. Wade had no reason to look into the JFK assassination and he did not. I'll be surprised if he has any JFK assassination information to take to the grave with him and knowing Henry as I do, I am confident he never told Livingstone any such thing. If they ever met, as Livingstone does not say. He does say that Wade "told Weisberg nothing of importance." This is more of Livingstone's making up what he wants to be true. He knows nothing at all about anything Wade told me - even if he told me anything at all - because he never asked me. This also involves what Livingstone considers is important. From his books and innumerable letters I have, he would not recognize importance if it smacked him in the face. He lives in a dream world of his own invention.

The actuality is that I gave Wade information. His files disclosed that both the Warren Commission and the FBI did not trust him because even when he was prosecuting Ruby they had withheld from him what was freely available in the National Archives. It was not until after Ruby died that I skimmed Wade's file on that case. I then sent him, not for him to take to the grave with him and not for use in the case that never went to retrial because Ruby died, copies of the innumerable Commission and FBI records I had that I did not recall seeing in his file.

Perhaps Livingstone can see something sinister in this. He surely would have found some sinister interpretation because my friend Henry, when he knew I was going to see his friend and Texas Court of

Inquiry associate Dean Storey, and it was raining heavily, had his driver take me there. (And my what the fertile Livingstone imagination could have done with the fact, few facts as he has in his imagined mishmash, that when it was still raining when I left Storey's SMU office Mary Ferrell's husband Buck picked me up.)

Obviously, Henry cannot take his file to the grave. He gave them to Dallas county or he has them for some college of university deposit.

Because I never "accused Hunt of being involved in the crime" it is certainly true, a rarity with Livingstone, that I "never again accused Hunt of being involved in the crime."

I did work for the OSS and I was honored for my service in it. My, what Livingstone could have extrapolated from the honor I was awarded if he had but known. But as his book reveals, there is nothing he knows and nothing he needs know to write about anything at all. The OSS was not "one of the granddaddies of the secret intelligence agencies." It was succeeded by the Central Intelligence Agency, which Truman created shortly after he liquidated the OSS. But it is, if there is any rational way of using the word with Livingstone, pure fiction to say as he does that in the OSS I "was trained in political warfare and intelligence operations." He did not learn this from me because he never once asked me about what I did in the OSS. He just made it up, with no basis for it. In fact it gave me no training at all, and if fact it had me transferred to it by the Army because for the work General Donovan had waiting for me I had all the training and experience needed. The OSS never trained me in anything and I had nothing to do in my work for it with either "political warfare" of "intelligence operations." But for this complete false series of statements Livingstone has the one and only end note for all that I quote from him above. It reads in full, "Back cover of Weisberg's Photographic Whitewash (1967)!"

So, he lies again.

None of what he made up is there.

The back cover of my third book does not say that the OSS trained me in anything at all and obviously, it does not say that it trained me "in political warfare and intelligence operations." I was never a spook and needed no such training anyway.

What Livingstone uses as the basis for his saying that the OSS trained me for spooking is that "I am a former Senate investigator and editor, investigating reporter, OSS intelligence & political analyst..." (Emphasis added)

This self-conceived expert on any and all subjects is so ignorant of anything real about any intelligence agencies he does not know that there are separate and distinct functions and responsibilities, the gathering of intelligence, some of which is done by spooks but most comes from public sources, and analyzing the intelligence that is gathered. I never, ever said what Livingstone attributes to me, on that back cover or anywhere else.

Moreover, the several components of the OSS in which I worked had no such functions as spooking or "political warfare." I got no training in it never spent as little as a single second in any such role.

What also serves to illustrate that for his writing Livingstone has no need of fact because he is so adept at making it up is that he says I "worked" for Senator Richard B. Russell. I never did and Livingstone has no reason even to suspect that I did. I certainly said no such thing in what Livingstone has and could have read, Whitewash IV. In it I set forth the relationship I did have with Russell and only an assassination "expert" whose expertise comes exclusively from what he imagines could conceive of the interpretation Livingstone gives to that relationship.

The truth is that for reasons stated in that book Russell encouraged me in my criticism of the work of the Commission of which he was member until his dying day. As his staff assistant in such matters wrote Russell at the beginning of our relationship in a memo that is singularly commendatory of both my work and

my method in my work, "He completely agrees with your theses that no one shot hit both President and the governor." There is more but this is enough to portray Livingstone for what he is, a faker, a liar and an incredible subject-matter ignoramus and one who has only what oozes from his sick mind for what he "knows" the crime and its investigations.

The plain, simple and published truth in the book he has is that Russell disagreed with that basic conclusion of the Commission, the single-bullet theory.

That makes something wrong and in some way sinister my relationship with a Member of the Warren Commission?

Only to the Livingstone to whom what is real is not real and what is not real but he wants to be real is what then is real. No matter how unreal it is.

This fool of a self-conceived expert is so ignorant of the fact, the public fact in his hands, that he does not know that Russell refused to agree to the most basic of his Commission's conclusions and, as my book also establishes beyond question, Rankin and perhaps not Rankin alone saw to it that the record of his disagreement that Russell thought he made for our history was wiped out.

If Livingstone had ever thought of contaminating what oozes for that sick mind of his with fact, he could have seen in my files the copy of the statement Russell prepared and did read at that September 18, 1964 executive session he forced for his presenting his absolute disagreement with that conclusion to his associates. It is in my Russell file, along with other of his records relating to this.

There is more, much more that can be said about this section of Livingstone's infamy he made up for fame and fortune, but this is more than enough to leave it without question that he and fact are strangers, that he was and remains determinedly a subject-matter ignoramus, and that the thing he feels he needs most for his own reputation is to do what he can to destroy the reputations or all other.

Noble man!

This nincompoop, this (to borrow from his fellow Baltimorean with whose standard, of morals, ethics and honesty are not a whit inferior to Livingstone's) nattering nabob who in his infrequent better moments nudges nonsense; this Harvard man with a law degree who in both educations learned less about the law and our own government than the average informed layman; this ninny who beats his chest like an intellectual Tarzan with all the wit, style and subtlety of a fishmonger touting his wares in a back alley not only cannot spell "libel" and has not the remotest concept of jurisdiction. He is ignorant of the division of powers in our government and thus, so impressed is he with his own omniscience he believes that whatever pops into his head is true, he actually has a United States Senator, Richard B. Russell with the responsibility and the authority to "supervise these intelligence agencies."

The simple fact is that Russell has neither that authority nor responsibility and our Constitution establishes the independence of each of the three parts of our government. Russell then was chairman of, as I recall, the Appropriations committee and it had "oversight" responsibilities that were essentially meaningless. But oversight and supervision are not identical. With two other members, Russell could exercise very little oversight and that in any event was after the fact. They could exercise so little oversight because among many other reasons, there was so much else that required their time.

They also had no oversight staff. That was years before the exposures of intelligence improprieties by the Senate's Church committee led the creation of its own intelligence oversight committee that is staffed with many specialists.

Contrary to Livingstone's belief - and with him belief becomes reality as soon as he wants that belief to use, for it be to be real - that Russell and the spooks were tied together, Russell left a record of not trusting them at, among other places, the Commission's January 27 executive session. He told me he was

"satisfied that they have not told us all they know." So this ninny, this simpleton who believes himself a towering intellectual giant and the wisest of deep thinkers, once again, blissfully unaware of it, reflects the ignoramus he really is in his exposure of it in what he says about Russell. Livingstone is in fact remarkably uninformed and displays that throughout his 800 agonizing pages of trash.

The foregoing is by no means all of his completely fabricated defamations or of the utter insanity that made him a book that could be published without any effort at all to check anything at all in it.

Which, of course, is the only way it could be published.

There is, alas, more of this vilest filth. That is his structure of his mismash, all mixed and all mixed up.