

CHAPTER 37

That Little Contact with Reality

On his own or more likely, on the insistence of lawyers concerned about libel, Livingstone used no names when he picked up again a few pages later with his authentic libels:

What we are looking at here is a criminal conspiracy by certain people in the city of Dallas in alliance with some of the alleged researchers, some of whom are highly trained in intelligence operations. What we get is a wall of silence and many closed doors....

There are also those researchers and authors who came to Dallas seeking to be paid off. Yes, there is big money in this game. The police officers with me during one trip heard of offers as high as \$35,000 to buy the "research time" (page 380).

I am the only one who was ever in intelligence. He therefore has to be referring to me. He never spoke to me about this, asked me a single question about it. The truth is as I said earlier, I was never a spook, never did any spooking, never got a minute of any kind of training, and was taken by the OSS direct for Walter Reed Hospital in which I'd spent the four previous months, for work in which I was already a specialist with an established reputation.

"Operations" are the spooking part of intelligence agencies. The CIA used the word in the name of that component.

He made this up out of nothing other than the sickness of his mind and his perceived needs, for him imagined need for vengeance and for the needs of his book that ordinarily could not have been published even with the defamations not in it.

There was, as he confessed in his second book, not that that would preclude his saying the exact opposite in this book, which he does over and over again, no "wall" or any "closed door" or even closed

filing cabinet here.

Complaining bitterly about all those imagined obstructions as he seeks to learn about that conspiracy that did not exist but was made up for the suckers like him by the French counterpart of the CIA, he finally gets to his demonstration of his manliness and sense of decency and honor to have the septuagenarian grandmother Mary Ferrell part of his imagined conspiracy.

Her sins, her guilt, her part in his imagined conspiracy, started to become clear to him when she, who had been selected to be honored by the 1992 Assassination Symposium on Kennedy, known as "ASK," declined to step down as the keynote speaker in his favor. His due as he saw and stated it, because of his unique, his unprecedented, his spectacular achievements in his first two books. Those that are based on two fictions both essential to this one, that the autopsy film was faked and that the back of the President's head was blown out. If this was not grievous enough, Mary had for many years been a legal secretary in the prestigious Dallas law firm of Locke, Purnell, Boren, Laney, and Neely (page 380).

But with that special genius he has Livingstone had no concern about Sue Fitch, to whom he devotes several pages (379-80) even though she is of the Boren family of that firm and was a lawyer there. But then this is what he attributes to her about me, that she "hated" me, to begin with. No doubt the reason she looked me up and drove me around, her idea, and could not have been more pleasant. That was many years before some of those Dallas slickers saw what they would do with him. Her reason for her "low regard" for me is that I was fired "for associating with Russian nationals believed to be espionage agents" (page 379). Not even the FBI or its false records of me say any such thing. And they then expected perpetual secrecy too. They were all open to Livingstone and he misused some of them as the result of his own work, as we have seen.

Where she, or he if he made it up, got such awful lies I cannot imagine but in his book that is not strange.

Naturally, no source is indicated, other than Fitch, the Boren of the firm that in his many letters he says was a major part of the allegedly successful conspiracy to kill the President. Instead he just omits the Boren name when he refers to that firm.

That from his own account he has no rational reason for even suspecting that firm of Ferrell also is no surprise (pages 386ff). He does try to weave imaginary threads into an imaginary cloth of their guilt and of the crime as he imagines and took from Farewell America, the fake.

Unless one is as great as he. Those of that greatness can see and understand what mere mortals cannot.

So, what is his case against her? In real, real words, not conjectures, slurs and what he imagines, not his particularly irrelevant cracks that have no basis, like "Ferrell and Mark Lane were both from Memphis, where Martin Luther King, Jr. was assassinated" (page 386).

Lane is not "from Memphis." He is from New York. And the King assassination, five years after the President's, was many years after the Ferrells left Memphis. But what is it connected to here? Not a thing and it has no real meaning even if true.

Senior partners in the law firm for which many worked were prominent in our national life, ranging from highest officials to ambassadors, like Eugene Locke.

The one who was ambassador to Viet Nam was also a member of the Petroleum Club.

So, as Livingstone does not say, were many others, including his source/lawyer Rothermel. The ambassador was a close friend of Texas Governor Connally.

He also was State Democratic Party chairman and on the committee for the JFK reception. Thus, "...the decision to route the car and the parade past the Texas School Book Depository Building was made by the group meeting in "his office."

That it was the usual route for such motorcades Livingstone does not say. Nor that it was the Secret Service that decided on the route, according to the Secret Service's own records in the Archives and in my files.

None of this relates to anything like an assassination conspiracy. Nor does the chit-chat, gossip and Fitch's alleged likes and dislikes. This is the first two pages of his proving his conspiracies and Ferrell's alleged involvement in them (366-7).

There is no more substance on the next two pages. If there is a single relevant fact of any kind. There is not.

Finally, he reaches a conclusion: "My informant, a former editor at The New York Times, went on to say, 'I discovered no absolute proof that Mary Ferrell had anything to do with the assassination, but it is indeed odd that she has become the grand old lady of the assassination research effort.'" So the Times teaches its "editors," which it is my information that man was not, non sequiturs? And over-writing? Lies, like referring to no proof at all, not the tiniest smidgeon of it, as in "no absolute proof" when there is none at all?

And other than nastiness, wild conjectures, and bits of irrelevant gossip, is his case through page 390 - not a blessed thing, not even enough for even a nut like him to justify a suspicion over.

And this after the most vigorous and weeks-long efforts by him and his cops.

Then he has what he calls the period of "the Garrison circus." What case does he make out against

her? Not a thing more. But he does hint, like "she collects everything" that she thinks might be somehow connected (page 391). That is wrong? Most do not do that? Is that any kind of conspiracy?

Or that she worked for an oil company, or other lawyers?

This inflamed stupidity continues to the middle of page 392. There he has this:

"George De Mohrenschildt was Oswald's case officer, reporting to Jim Moore (J. Walter Moore) in the CIA in Dallas" (page 392). Source, endnote -even a basis for suspicion?

Nah! Real genius does not need such everyday liabilities.

So he just says it, whether or not DeMohrenschildt was thousands of miles away and has been for months. No sweat. There is always ESP, isn't there?

Moore headed the CIA's overt Domestic Contact Service Office in Dallas. He sought out those who returned from abroad seeking information from them. That is normal, as would his collecting petroleum information and sending that to headquarters would have been.

Collecting economic and political information is not spooking, no matter how much this incredible ignoramus makes on he knows all there is to know and makes up so-called evidence at the same time, like that by remote-control Oswald "case officer" in Haiti all those months before the assassination.

With no more real connection with Oswald than that he, his wife and other members of the Dallas Russian emigre community who sought to help Marina, who had so very little, not even decent clothing until those women sent and took her some.

That to this zany makes a "case officer" and Oswald a CIA employee of some kind. Thus accounting for his family's poverty?

So, there are two more pages of emptiness except for what he imagines and makes up.

Then in the middle of the next two pages he gets paranoid about her telling him that people are looking into his medical history, as he has been doing of others.

He denies that he has written a letter on Baltimore Police Department stationery. I was told that he had by one who had it shown to him by the person to whom it was addressed.

Why not? Did he not write so often, "I am the police" when that was in his sick mind only when he had cops moonlighting for him in unpunished violation of the regulations and a few laws, too?

So, after all this disreputable running off of his fat and empty mouth about others

"Do I have to explain why I dislike these people? How come the case has collected such riffraff?"
Look who's talking about riffraff! (page 397).

Total irrationality! Nothing at all of any meaning. Not a single fact that has any relevance at all.

Except that still angry over what her regards as his true eminence not getting what he consider the recognition his automatic due, he makes what he intends to be a slighting remark.

"We're talking about the organizer and keynote speaker at the 1992 ASK conference in Dallas..."
She was not the organizer, as he forgets he says earlier because he does not like them, either, they not having made him their keynote speaker-and then having threatened him in writing to have security throw him out of that conference if he continued to behave badly. (Yes, I have that in their writing, too.)

So, here we have his imagined case about his other imagined leader of that single imagined group out to prevent his imagined closing of the case in three weeks as of October 1992, perhaps his way of seeming to explain his blustering big but empty mouth away.

As he mumbles his way through more of his mental murkiness for a few more pages he reports a sudden divinations:

"I woke up. I realized that a lot of this is crooked. Some of the biggest hoaxes of the century are being perpetrated by so-called assassination critics. It's an open field. And a lot of it is because we're amateur, half-baked and untrained investigators" (page 399).

Nobody ever spoke truer words about himself.

Well, maybe not quite half-baked.

And before this one he had published two prior hoaxes, so he should qualify as a hoax expert anyway.

But as an investigator, he could not even get the name of the street on which his pet enemies the Ferrells he bedeviled so often and for so long live.

Well, nobody is perfect.

His feuds with others like him who became his enemies - there are few he does not made enemies - take up most of the rest of this chapter. They are boring, they not relevant and to any conspiracy theory he advances and he can fight with them to his heart's content.

He begins to wind down (what a blessing that is!) with a slightly less inaccurate account of what he said about me earlier but based on the identical record, that for the White House Marvin Watson had asked the FBI for information on six of us. He had to be less dishonest this time to get Mark Lane's name in with a red innge, his objective. He apparently has not kept up with his enemy, in his eyes, Lane, who switched to as far right as he can get in this country without falling off the edge (pages 416-7).

And this, under the title, "Reason and the Smoke Screen" is his "case" of being conspired against. And it not only could be published-it was published!

He does have conclusions (pages 418-9). I am one of those he disguises thinly as "powerful." It

is all talky-talk, nonsense with no substance at all. But he loves to show how he is persecuted and he even thinks he does that. He doesn't.

With his career of it he condemns others of mudslinging at him, too! (page 419).

The file I had to collect to be able to defend myself when he told me I was a part of two conspiracies shows him writing that I was part of his imagined conspiracy to kill the President through my non-existing "relationship" with H.L. Hunt, including taking his money through fronts to hide them, and from his security chief, 100 percent false.

And that to keep him from "breaking the case wide open." That needed no conspiracy, but what better way to explain away failure, his bankruptcy?

He even says of all others, attributing the word to an anonymous friend, "They're all lunatics."

Look who's talking!

He does have a moral at the end: Bearing false witness is a terrible thing.

Look who's talking!

It is all so unreal, yet it is so real to him and so acceptable to his publisher and his adoring claque.

All others are lunatic and all others bear false witness.

Not him. Against him, of course.

That with this kind of paranoia-inspired irrationality to which he adds a little baseless gossip, not a little that he makes up sick imaginings, preposterous nonsense fed to him, he actually believes he makes a case that exists in his head only to begin with.

He is unerring in his self-indictments and unaware that he is doing it. He has that little contact with reality.