

# CHAPTER 41

## No Source is the Best Source

The utter insanity, the total absence of reason or of proof of any kind, the story-book concept devoid of any reality that this product the sick mind of an incompetent who is the creature of those who used him is also apparent in his chapter "The Plot". He begins that by describing the plot he here imagines was spontaneous, that all those powerful men some of whom were rarely together just somehow "coalesced" perhaps without any initiative at all. But then, if there was any initiative for all his supposed inside information he does not know who it was. But on his usual basis of no basis at all he says that it was either Johnson or H.L. Hunt who took that initiative. No less sick is it that he says the reason his imagined plot is still covered up after 30 years is that Johnson's widow was still alive! He again has her a major figure in it with the firm support for that belief of utterly baseless of conjecture:

Meetings to discuss the murder of President Kennedy were first held at the Driskill Hotel in Austin and at Johnson's ranch on the Perdarnales near Austin, after it was clear that H. L. Hunt, Clint Murchison, Jr., Lyndon Johnson, and J. Edgar Hoover agreed that Kennedy had to be removed. They spontaneously coalesced together in an *ad hoc committee*, but if there was initiative by one person, he was Vice President Lyndon Baines Johnson or H. L. Hunt. The director of the FBI, J. Edgar Hoover, like Stalin's henchman the director of the NKVD, Laurenti Beria, in the Soviet Union- was with Johnson every step of the way.

Naturally, with Johnson's widow still alive thirty years later, there were more than enough powerful people who had reason to continue to cover up the case in our own time. We were often looking at some of the conspirators- those left alive- and everyone carried on business as usual, as though nothing had happened. Protecting a presidential image for history is also important.

But some Texans could not escape the nagging notion that Lady Bird Johnson, the widow, was the one who pushed the conspiracy into being.

Lady Bird also thinks that her husband was poisoned by the Secret Service guards because they despised him" (pages 543-4).

He has no source for any of this- obviously, there being none.

Her husband, to her knowledge, had a dangerously weak heart throughout most of their married life, its deterioration was monitored with care and by the best physicians, what was known to be the inevitable happened from that weak heart, and she therefore knew that he had been killed by poison!

Livingstone's plotters needed a motive. All the nutty motives of the well known conspiracy-theory "solutions" would not do. Political scientist par excellence that he believes he is, his writing reveals that he really does believe he is the best of every endeavor. He repeats it in his first paragraph in undertaking to make the reader believe is his own self-characterization. Referring to Kennedy he says:

His close watch over the Treasury and the National Debt gravely threatened the plans of the powerful people who wanted to run up the debt and hold it as an asset, and they needed a war to get the country to borrow.

That war, of course, was in Viet Nam.

Now - for the first time anywhere - and hopefully the last - we have the truth as he sees it of why John F. Kennedy was killed.

To run the national debt up!

For the private benefit of those he names as the plotters of the assassination - all of whom are safely dead or for his own benefit and that of his publisher who was indifferent to this the craziest of the torrent of crazy assassination books or they would not have dared publish those names in this atrocity of a book.

What is most pathetic of all is that the crazier he gets the more he seems to genuinely believe it.

He even throws in a Lady MacBird for good measure!

With this kind of childish supposed reasoning, untainted by the remotest suggestion of any evidence or rationality- even of the worthless kinds of sources he says he has when he indicates them - he meanders on for all the world as though he actually is the informed and understanding man he is not

until he gets to the "Planning" (page 545). And there it continues, what he imagines only, what is unreal except as his sick mind wills it into reality to the extent that he even has the Warren Commission selected by his imagined Texas plotters! The stupidity of this impossibility - there are records since public of all Johnson's phone calls, and they were taped and transcribed - until he spews this out about the chairman: "...Earl Warren, a California Republican connected to the Teamsters and perhaps other Mobsters but cloaked in the mantle of liberalism, as Lyndon Johnson was - could be counted on to cover up.

"So they killed John Kennedy.

"The plotters ..." and here he names 12 for sure and a few others perhaps, include Hoover and Johnson in Washington, along with the deputy director of the CIA and his brother in Dallas, and the Dallas county sheriff, chief of Dallas police and his assistant, a judge and even mob boss Joe Civello, an afterthought.

This dunderhead who imagines himself a genius and the most informed person on the subject has not the remotest idea of how the Warren Commission came to be decided upon or why or by whom of its members was chosen!

The Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court was named the head because of his imagined connection "to the Teamsters and perhaps other Mobsters" ?

The utter stupidity, the total lack of any understanding at all, the irrationality and the political infantilism of this self-conceived expert of experts is astounding!

He even has "Charles Harrellson (sic) of the Texas Mafia," used without saying why, how or by whom, on no basis at all other than the wild notion that he was in one of these "tramp" pictures that became and remained part of the assassination mythology from the time Garrison started making up his

series of all wild, baseless and entirely unsupported interpretations of them.

No matter that Harrelson was not in those pictures, or that those in them had nothing at all to do with the crime, or that what is without question about them rules out any possibility of it, Livingstone, the master takes as his own whatever makes him seem in his own eyes to be the master. And so an innocent unemployed man, one of three found drinking wine a block to the west of the scene of the crime and more than two blocks south of it, in a parked railroad boxcar, and then were photographed as they were walked from the railroad tracks to the sheriff's office, yielded one of this unique genius' "plotters" dumped in at the end so that he could claim to be master of all and to have brought all the "information" to light.

He rambles on for half a page about the irrelevant Harrelson for all the world as though he has the slightest idea of what he talks about - as he does not. As usual. He even quotes himself as asking one of his supposed sources of all of this, Deputy Sheriff Al Maddox, "'Was he a contract hit man?' I asked. 'Hell, yeah!'" was the response. Maddox even told him that Harrelson had been "held for several months" (page 546).

Long before this book was published those records were public. The men were identified, none was Harrelson, and they had been held for a few days only and then released.

He rambles and rambles, sourcelessly and irrationally on his imagined plot, bringing in a new name now and then and even assigning imagined roles for them, like (CIA Deputy Director) "General Cabell controlled events at the autopsy" at which he was not present, had no one representing him and could not even have been in touch with by phone (page 547).

His imagined plotters were everywhere, including in advance in Parkland Hospital, even at the Bethesda Naval Hospital when it was not known that the autopsy would be there.

His imagination is uninhibited and it is of rare irrelevance and endless error.

As he wanders and he recalls other names from the mythology, he works them in, as he had Joe Civello, the mob boss. He remembers the talk about Louisiana mafia boss Carlos Marcello and he adds him because "he knew something was going on" (page 549). The proofs and no need for proofs.

At this point he again has innocent deMohrenschildt as Oswald's "baby-sitter"- so ignorant he never did learn that for eight months that poor man had been in Haiti.

Here also he backs off a bit about mobster Civello, about whom he knows nothing at all except that he, too, had been included in some of the mythology. He says that Civello, about whom he can say nothing at all, not having invented anything to say about him earlier, "was probably not privy to the details" (page 550).

Here, as throughout to the degree I stopped keeping book on them, he misspells the best-known names. Like Mary Moorman. He spells her name with an "e" it does not have.

Thus he gets to "The Ambush" (pages 550-1), a single page for the nuts and bolts of his imagined plot.

He says that "shooters were placed all around the car, though not all fired." And he has shots coming from all around the place. Those from the presumed sniper's lair are all diversions.

Some of the mythology has shots coming from the storm drains, from street level, which is ruled out by the medical evidence, so he throws that in as his own, too.

In talking about a shot he says came from in front of the limousine and missed, he writes, "I, personally, observed the bullet strike on the sidewalk as coming from the manhole/storm drain on the bridge to the left of the limousine. The storm drain was in a perfectly straight line with the bullet scar..." (page 550).

What he said he saw he did not see.

I am the one who brought that scar on the sidewalk that was believed to have been where a bullet struck to light in Whitewash II, published in late 1966. Eugene Aldredge, the man who reported it to the FBI, wrote me and when I was on radio in Dallas phoned

In my C.A. 78-0322, for the FBI's Dallas records, I got a full account of the FBI's avoidance of any real investigation of that.

That pavement scar was on the north side of Elm. Street west of the Depository building. If it was caused by a bullet, it could have been fired from that so-called "sniper's nest" from an elevation. The line of that scar was from the western end of the Depository building to the area of the picket fence on the south grassy knoll, the one never talked about. It could not possibly have been caused by a bullet from the bridge or either end of it, as Livingstone says or from any storm drain anywhere.

It is all fantasy, all unreal, all imagined and in contradiction of the known and established fact about the shooting or the wounds, and in the course of what he imagines he gets lost and does not even give a rational account of the wounds caused from his imagined ambush.

Or, typical of Livingstone writing – wrong about even the most obvious.

He winds this brief section up with another of his endless self-disclosures when he explains how he knows where a shot from the front came from, a place not in any of the previous literature supposedly on the assassination:

"I was standing in the middle of Elm Street from the southeast curb of Elm and Houston," Dallas police officer J. M. Smith wrote. "I heard the shots and thought they were coming from bushes of the overpass." There is only one place where bushes and the overpass meet, and that is at the far western edge of the Grassy Knoll,, by the storm drain on the bridge at the juncture with the wooden fence. You can still see that and the drain today. It is not the Grassy Knoll area where we have always been told by researchers there were gunmen, allegedly seen in the vague Mooreman (sic) Polaroid

photograph. Far from it (pages 550-1).

True scholar that he is, his compulsive need to criticize all others usually gets him to make a fool of himself.

So, he tells us that there is one place and only one place that policeman could have been talking about, “the storm drain on the bridge at the juncture with the wooden fence.”

He did not ask himself what purpose is served by a “storm drain” on a “bridge.”

By the time his editor got this far the insanities were so endless there was no point in asking any questions. Without all his insanities he has no book, not that what was published can be thought of as a genuine book.

Aside from there being no need for any storm drain on a concrete and steel structure when the water can just fall to the roadway and be carried off by the road drains always there, how was there going to be any space inside any tubes or pipes for a man to be upright and to be able to aim and fire a rifle from there? How?

Whatever he imagined that assassin was in, and it was not needed for any real purpose at all, would have had to hang down from the bridge and to have been visible.

Not only that, he mislocates that drain's location to make it consistent with he interpretation of what that policeman said and had in mind.

There are two storm drains, both behind that north picket fence, one close to it and the other near the tracks. The one near the tracks was not on the bridge. It was, and probably still is, near the eastern edge of the tracks and to the north of that bridge, which is really three bridges.

I also was there. Unlike him I have photographs and because they were given to me, I also have the before and after blueprints of Dealey Plaza, how it was before it was redesigned by the

elimination of that vast expanse of tracks a grade crossing inside the city. These reflect all the sewer system and all the drains allowing the water to get into the sewers without local damage.

The need for two storm drains at that point comes from the flatness of a very large area. With the torrents that can fall in a short time there it was necessary that it not accumulate on or near the tracks of the area set aside for parking. It was this area, not the bridge, that could rapidly accumulate problem-causing amounts of water.

There is another problem if he told the truth. From the drain near the tracks where it actually is, relatively far from the bridge itself, it is behind that fence. So his imagined storm-drain assassin would not have been able to see how to or to fire from where that drain actually is.

In addition to all of this and more, where he says that drain was there were 14 people, including police. And they neither saw the assassin nor heard his shooting?

This character who has inveighed throughout against those he claims take and use other peoples' work as their own, did just that with his impossible change in what he took from his personal enemy of longest standing, David Lifton. Lifton outlined it to me in the late spring of 1966. Since then I have spoken and thought of it as the Jean Valjean theory of the assassination.

Then Al Chapman, a very conservative Dallasite, took pictures of several sewer inlets, including the one Livingstone mislocated to be able to make seemingly reasonable use of that policeman's testimony. Obviously, that policeman was not testifying that bushes grew in the concrete and steel of the overpass!

The childish fantasies Livingstone can make real in his own mind! I have letters in which he counted how his imagined assassins escaped from the grassy knoll through those storm sewers in which imagined that they fled through those buried pipes some distance to the west, to the auto dealership,

Downtown Lincoln-Mercury. (In the official testimony Oswald went there to test-drive an auto before supposedly intended purchase.)

Downtown Lincoln-Mercury - aha! Mary Ferrell's husband, then in terminal illness, immediately was imagined into a top honcho at that dealership. So, another aha! He, too, was an assassination conspirator. The connection? Before illness he had sold autos. But then, Livingstone had already imagined Buck's wife Mary was a conspirator because she had been a legal secretary at the law firm, Locke Purnell he had already imagined had partners who were part of his imagined top-level of his vast Texas-wide conspiracy.

He did not, however, abandon this "improvement" of Lifton's Jean Valjean theory as we soon see.

These flashes of Livingstone's unique genius, his sheer brilliance, his remarkable ability to see what others do not see because it is not there to be seen, continue under "Cover-up" (page 551). That is worth quoting in full, only in part because his publisher has so much trust in him he does not require even a hint of any sources, as few as a single one what comes from the mind of his sui generis author of best-sellers:

The murder was covered up because Lee Harvey Oswald worked for the government. He was a paid informant of the FBI and, in fact, a provocateur for them. He had gone to the Soviet Union as an operative of the Office of Naval Intelligence.

There is a paymaster, left in place, a lawyer who pays some of the researchers. Some are paid to collect information, others to plant false information or disrupt any serious investigation. A trust fund was set up to handle disbursements.

The shooters and others were paid with property transactions. They were given leases and options that could be cashed at a later date. Cash payments were deemed too risky. Oil, gas, and uranium leases were one means of payment.

And Ruby had to die because he was talking too much. "He would have been out on the street in another month if he hadn't died. He chose to die. A doctor gave him the needle. I was one of the first ones to come out with that," Al Maddox told us. "Ruby was writing too many letters." Maddox said that Dallas Police sergeant P.T.

Dane was "right in the middle."

"Dane?" Does he mean Pat Dean?

Al Maddox is one of those who know it all, who are sources of unquestionable dependability. Even when they invent policemen to be "right in the middle," whatever that means. He and Livingstone, if they are aware of it, are shrewd enough to know when evidence is faked, as all the important film of the assassination Livingstone told us was faked. If it exists and does not say or mean what Livingstone wants it to mean, invariably it is faked. He says.

Not that there is any reason to believe that the coroner's cause of death for Ruby was not cancer of the brain. Nor that the pretrial examination of him by Dr. Louis J. West, head of the department of psychiatry of the University of Oklahoma Medical Center had not indicated this was possible and strongly urged his hospitalization in his report to Dallas District Attorney Henry Wade after his detailed studies on May 7, 1964. Wade sent that report to the Commission May 29, 1964. Thanks to Bill Cooper, Archivist at the University of Kentucky in Louisville, my friend Bill Neichter got a copy and sent it to me. That a doctor did what had never been done before, the impossible, injected Ruby with cancer, allegedly "a doctor gave him a needle," is more than enough to justify Livingstone publication and his ignoring the coroner's report.

All who knew anything at all about it believed that Ruby would not "have been out on the street in another month" because he would have remained in jail at the least until after the new trial ordered by the appeals court.

If the unquestionable Al Maddox said it, it was without question true, to Livingstone at least. As to him it is absolutely true that the 1967 "needle" that unnamed doctor allegedly gave Ruby, gave him cancer although that had never been done before then - or since then that alleged injection of cancer,

and into a brain at that.

That the letters Ruby is known to have written are few and held nothing of any significance means nothing at all if Al Maddox said they were "too many." And if he identified a Sergeant "P.T. Dane" even if the police roster includes nobody of that name, all that means is that the police roster was also forged.

Yet perhaps, just perhaps, this is another manifestation of Livingstone's ignorance of the official evidence - why pay attention to that junk if you have an Al Maddox and a The Source? - because there was a Sergeant Patrick T. Dean and he did testify to the Warren Commission.

The "paymaster," the lawyer who was "left in place," a neat spook term, who pays those Livingstone enemies, the unnamed "researchers" who "plant false information or disrupt any serious investigation" somehow managed not to "plant" any "false information" that would "disrupt" Livingstone's "serious investigation" of "The Cover-up" is a minor, an insignificant detail. He has it all there, in black and white.

What he means - and does not mean - by "false information" is apparent in this study of his "investigation" that we are making. One not Livingstone's partisan might be able to see that there was much "false information" planted but in Livingstone's own account it was not planted by those he regards as his enemies. He swallowed it whole from those he says are his friends, his fabulous "sources."

Whether Livingstone's can be regarded as a "serious investigation" ought by now be clear enough, as also is whether it was necessary, if any of the enemies he imagines had such an interest, to "disrupt" it at all, given what it is and his own account of it.

Like all the others who enlarged upon my 1967 publication of enlargements of the background in a picture taken by AP photographer Ike Altgens, Livingstone also found in it what I apparently was

not bright enough to see when I published it merely as indication of how the crime itself was not really investigated (Whitewash II, pp 244-5). That Altgens picture was taken in the middle of the shooting, coinciding with Frame 255 of the Zapruder film, a part Livingstone does not allege was forged. It shows open windows in the Del-Tex building, on the northeast corner of Dealey Plaza. Unlike others who improvised on this and had shooters unseen in the windows, Livingstone says they "could chart the progress of the President's car and signal to the gunmen...in the two storm drains..." (page 551). He does not explain why there was any need to signal or how there would be this signalling, but it can be presumed that he does not mean by wigwag. And if he says just seeing the car and its occupants was not enough, then it just was not enough. If, to the Livingstones, a well-planned and well-executed plot requires signalmen, then abracadabra, there were signalmen and why they had to and how they did it are not at all important. If they were important, Livingstone would have had all that in here, under that to him so very important "The Dal-Tex Building." And here, in the very first paragraph of this section, he gets back to Jean Valjean, "The fallback area and immediate safe house for the gunmen coming out of the tunnels leading from the storm drains was Downtown Lincoln/Mercury" (551). Mary and Buck Ferrell again!

Livingstone is no ordinary spider when he spins webs. His are of the fibers used to fashion those wonderful new clothes of the emperor in the fable.

Why he had this under "The Dal-Tex Building" is not at all clear, not all that unusual for him. It is a block away from his non-existing storm-drain inlets and has no storm-drain connection. But maybe that others do not see this connection merely means that Livingstone's is that exceptional mind that lets him see what others cannot see because it is not there. He also has his Locke Purnell law firm part of his conspiracy here, although it was not official there, in the part of "The Dal-Tex Building" text that is on

the dealership.

In some unspecified way connected with the Dal-Tex Building in Livingstone's mind is how he concludes this section:

"I feel that the signs that we are in the middle of any intelligence operation, albeit private, is that there is so much false information in the case..." There is no question in Livingstone's expertise when it comes to "false information." He winds the section up, "I can see why this case has not been solved with individuals like the big-name researchers running things, obstructing real research every step of the way."

Perhaps it was the intensity of his Dal-Tex preoccupation, or of those storm drains or with all those stupid doctors who cannot see in X-rays what he sees in them that kept him from saying how his unnamed "big-name researchers" could "run things" or "obstruct real research" when he did interview what he clearly regarded as the best sources for "real research" like Madeleine Brown, The Source, Paul Rothermel, Al Maddox, and so many others, named and unnamed, that are the rarest of the rare for "real research," as we have seen.

But I suppose we can assume that he means they "ran things" by ESP or something like that because Livingstone does not say how they controlled him or interfered in anything he was doing. But he did say it. Isn't just his saying it good enough? It was good enough to be published, wasn't it?

That the book has "conclusions" (pages 544-62) aside from the bibliography, notes, and index, more than 130 pages remain. They are Headed "appendix" but most are text and in most books would be within the text. Some of what is under "conclusions" is almost word-for-word what is in the chapter preceding it. The rest, fortunately brief, is also rehash.

Of course he doesn't overlook Mary Ferrell and me, although he, or the publisher's libel lawyer

removed our names. His concluding account of our imagined sins is that "for thirty painful years" one of us, from his language, "pulls the wool over everyone's eyes." If in all these pages he was not able to say how, that does not mean one or both of us did not do that. All we had to do was tell the truth and that was pulling the wool over his eyes. He refers to two only. One he says is "a radical conservative" and the other a "private intelligence agent."

Somehow he does not include in his conclusions what he says in the text, that I was an accessory in the assassination from the relationship he never really defined he alleges I had that I did not have with H.L. Hunt that included, he says, taking money from him. Odd that he omits this. Odder still that when he had as both his source and his lawyer the only man with whom I had contact in that office, Paul Rothermel, Jr., he lacks any specifics at all because if that old conspirator Hunt had paid me anything it would have had to have been through Rothermel. Rothermel gave Livingstone copies of some of my letters but, it seems none that he wrote me.

But, one way or another, in no way specified or in any sense proven, even made reasonable or credibly, he has, in his own publisher's word all who do not agree with him, all who would having nothing to do with him when he lost any contact with reality and wanted only to be left alone by him, his behavior was that repugnant and abhorrent as accessories in the assassination. When he includes "fraud" with his other allegations he has committed a felony under Maryland law. It prohibits the allegation of indictable offenses.

Knowing that Mary Ferrell and I are not in a position to sue, his nonsensical and baseless libels remain in the book, if diminished from what he says in all those letters I have. With others who are younger his fanciful concoctions have no more basis than that they, too, wanted nothing to do with him and in at least one case also refused to give him anything or persuade others to do that. His book does

not say of them what his letters do. Perhaps the publisher or his libel lawyer diminished that.

But the fact does remain that he charges all of us with killing the truth when in fact, that is the one and only area of his own pre-eminence.

As in his title, in his book he is the greatest help to the government that covered the crime up and to the assassins who got away with it. That he can be regarded as a "critic," as all of the official and unofficial propaganda is strange. He labels all of us, so many of whom do not agree with each other, as liars, frauds and government agents who were accessories in the crime. That enables official apologists to say that one of us says these terrible things about the others to therefore it must be true.

Did he solve the crime as he said in Dallas and in letters in 1992? Ridiculous!

Was he ever close to doing that? Preposterous, save in his own sick mind and out-of-control megalomania!

And when did his imagined conspiracy against him and his imminent solving of the crime become real to him? When he realized that for his book he had nothing at all, that for all his self-promoting he was a bankrupt.

But of course, he then told himself, that cannot be. So, clear as mud, all the others conspired against him. Nothing else could account for it because he is always right and he alone understood this whole thing from the moment of his first interest.