

CHAPTER 44

The Killing of the “Clarence Darrow” Case

Of all the many people I met in publishing over a 30-year period I liked Richard Gallen most. He was a very good friend, the kind of friend of whom one never had to ask for help he could see was needed or could be useful. He was the most thoughtful of friends for all the years of our friendship.

From him I received small favors and big ones, some for me important.

Small ones like seeing to it that I got to a New York City railroad station of which I'd never heard in time and without being fleeced by a cabbie spotting an out-of-towner.

I'd spent the night with him and his family en route to Hartford and Boston, thence to Burlington, Vermont, for speaking engagements. That was during the winter of 1966-7. We awakened to a blizzard. He took no chances on a cabbie running the meter up on me and my missing the train. He went out into the blizzard and got the cab and rode to the New York Central uptown station to see to it that I got there in time.

Big ones like when he learned I would be in New York a few months after being hospitalized for venous thrombosis in my legs. He arranged with his internist who was also his friend to see me on a Saturday morning when he did not have office hours. That resulted in a more careful and detailed examination than I'd gotten from my HMO physician, in my learning more about that potentially fatal medical problem than I'd been told and how to live with it and with treatment I'd not gotten for it. It also resulted in my being given the name of an expert in that field near where I lived in the event I would need him, as several years later I did.

When it was deemed necessary to implant a Teflon artery in my left thigh to supply adequate blood

to my left leg, Dr. Charles Hufnagle, the chief of surgery or chief of cardiovascular surgery at the Georgetown University Hospital in Washington did that. When there were complications, the second of which I was not expected to survive, that one in the middle of the night, he performed them. Before he died he referred me to The Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore where over the years I was and am a patient in seven different specialties, including cardiovascular.

My local cardiologist did not expect me to survive the 1989 heart operation for which my legs could not provide the veins usually used to replace chest arteries that needed replacing.

It may well be that I am alive because of Richard's thoughtfulness in getting his internist friend to spend that Saturday morning with me.

Some years later when he visited us and saw the extent of the fact and other files I have in our basement and the difficulty I had in using stairs he discussed with me why I had no assistant to do that work for me. I explained that at our ages, with my wife and I then nearing 80 I believed we had to conserve our limited resources in the event either or both of use required a nursing home. Richard asked me if I could get a part-time help from among the students at local Hood College.

"I'm sure I can," I told him, knowing that some students are always in need of help.

"Do it," Richard then said, "and have them send me their bills for the time they put in."

That made a considerable difference, improvement in the condition of those files when they go to Hood College, when I can no longer use them. It was also very helpful to me because those young women also retrieved records from those basement files for my writing and then refiled them. They also made it possible for me to provide copies of those records to others working in the field.

We have always made all those records freely available to all writing in the field although I knew that most of them would write what I do not agree with. I believe that FOIA did not give me an exclusive

property right in those records and that in effect it makes those of us who use that law surrogates for the people. We have always permitted them free and unsupervised access to all those records and to the unsupervised use of our copier.

One of the many who have been able to use those files because as the result of Richard's thoughtfulness by using those young women were familiar with is John H. Davis. One of these young women spent much time over a period of a half-year or more searching, retrieving and copying for him when I knew he would write what I believed and believe is not true. In his Mafia Kingfish (New York, 1985, McGraw-Hill Publishing Co.) he not only wrote what I believe is wrong and is a commercialization of the subject, he defamed me with a complete fabrication. It took an enormous amount of time to persuade his publisher to remove Davis' complete fabrication from the paperback print.

That made no difference in our policy of providing free and unsupervised access to all those records. Regardless of the cost to us. Witness the later abuses of us by Harrison Livingstone and the theft of only copies by his thief of a Baltimore cop who worked for him and about the defamations of me by Gerald Posner who with his wife spent three days working in and copying those files.

Despite their unconscionable behavior we still permit free and unsupervised access to all those records.

One of these students provided copies to a major New York law firm that represented a foreign government. He wanted and needed confidentiality and like all others, he got it.

As with all others, without any charge from me for the sometimes considerable amount of my time they took.

And of them all, only one, that fine southern gentleman, Henry Hurt, who wrote Reasonable Doubt (New York, Holt, Reinhard and Winston, 1985) thought of a token gift and returned the favor by permitting

me to use the results of a scientific examination I recommended, of that Dealey plaza curbstone that is such important evidence in the JFK assassination (see Case Open, pages 57ff).

For Henry, as I would have for others, I read his manuscript and made suggestions. He did not agree with most of the suggestions I made for the second half of his book, his theory, and he did not ask me to read -- he kept secret his impossible "Easterling" chapter that ruined it. About this I've made no earlier comment.

Posner was so cheap, or perhaps ashamed, that he did not even send me the copy of his book he promised. Which would have been scant reward for three days of my time in any event.

But we continued to do what we believe is right in providing access to all writing in the field.

All of life is a learning process but most of us have no occasion to learn what we have to learn as we accumulate our later years. Even at 60, when I was able to mow our mountainside five acres by pushing a hand-mower -- and did -- I never dreamed that at 70 I would be under a medical prohibition against standing still as one does before a file cabinet. Nor when at 60 I began the day with a brisk climb of an hour or so up the mountain on the side of which we had lived since 1967, did it enter my mind within 10 years the use of stairs would become first difficult and awkward and then dangerous for me. So, by the time I was 70 I was aware of the possible need of rather expensive nursing-home care for my wife, for me or for both of us. We hoped we would have no such need but we did husband our modest resources for that contingency.

During those years I did little or no writing despite the wealth of information I had obtained through all those FOIA lawsuits merely because I could not get, use and then refile the records I'd want to use and cite. I had never done any conspiracy theorizing in my books and was not about to begin doing that when all I had written was entirely factual and almost all was from the official evidence itself.

Then, in 1992 the outrageously dishonest and unprofessional adventure into assassination politics and propaganda by the Journal of the American Medical Association, known as “JAMA,” provided me with a skeleton I could use for an assassination overview after more than 25 years. That would not require as much file searching, retrieval and then refileing. It was a simple formula and I was excited by what it could make possible. And, I think, in the end it did.

I had not gotten far in the writing when Richard visited again. That was when for the first time I had learned that he sometimes published in collaboration with publishers whose legal counsel he is. I’d known that he was counsel to some and to the publishing group through which they distribute what they published but I did not remember knowing that he was again publishing, as I’d known he was doing for a few years in the 1960’s.

I was telling him about this new book on which I was working when he told me he could be interested in publishing it.

That both pleased and surprised me because I had no agent and no publisher and was not able to travel to learn whether with the passing of years the curse of the first had worn off. Whitewash was the first book on the Warren commission. As indicated above, it got more than 100 international rejections without a single adverse editorial comment and I could not find any agent willing to represent any work on the JFK assassination not in accord with the official mythology.

It pleased me also because I had implicit trust in Richard, who had been so thoughtful and generous a friend, and because I’d learned the hard way how crooked book publishing can be.

As we discussed the book and what I believed its potential would be I told him what was a bit unusual but he seemed to understand it and to agree with a nod of his head.

“I’m 79 years old now, Richard,” I said, “and as you know I’ve been on borrowed time since

1975. While the heart operation (of several years earlier) eliminated the angina, it also left me weaker. I live and work knowing that any day may be my last day, as from my age alone it can be.

“Remember, I have had news and public-relations experience. I suggest the legitimate exploitation of my age and illnesses with this book.”

When he wanted to know what I meant by that I explained:

“This will be a controversial book, as every book on this subject inevitably is. It will be tough, it will be accurate and it will be documented, but there can still be and I believe there will be criticism of it.

“For this reason, and to be able to face any criticism, and because I do want to be alive when the book appears, I suggest that you say you restrict editing to the absolute minimum and in a publisher’s preface, explaining that you have done that and have rushed the book because of my age, the uncertain state of my health and my strong desire to still be here when the book appears. All of this is true. It is what in my newspapering was referred to as a ‘human interest’ story, what appeals to people, and most publishers in recent years have not given much thought to the potential advantages in advertising and promotion of telling a single truth and telling it straightforwardly.”

He agreed that there are not all that many eighty-year-olds turning out lengthy, topical and controversial books and that what I had done in the field is unique.

When I said that I wanted very much for the publishing to be rushed and why I did, Richard smiled and nodded his head. I took that to indicate his agreement. It was not until later that I realized he could have been indicating no more than he understood my feelings.

Because I recognized that what I was suggesting is not the norm in publishing or in promoting what is published, I reminded Richard of what he had once said that I regarded as a high a compliment as I’d never been paid.

“You are the most conservative man I’ve ever known,” he had said, surprising me. “What you say may sometimes appear to be extreme but it always turns out to be understated.”

I wanted his own opinion to be in his mind with regard to the reasons for rushing the book and how it could become a natural and honest promotion. It was a little unusual, how unusual varying with the publisher and his practices. The reason for haste were legitimate and there were others for which I did not take time. Rushing it was a “natural” and as I did with the writing, I expected him to rush with the manuscript once he had it all in hand.

As it turned out unexpectedly, he actually got the chapters as they were retyped.

For their information and files and for any comment or criticism they might make I was giving xeroxes of each chapter of the rough draft as I wrote it to Dave Wrone and to Jerry McKnight. Both are professional historians, each is a subject-matter expert who teaches it and each is a dear friend. In effect I thus also got the best of possible peer reviews while I was writing the book and while I was able to incorporate their suggestions, as I did.

What was quite a surprise was getting from Wrone his retyping of a few of the first chapters on his computer!

Along with his valuable suggestions.

It was a great favor for which I’d not asked. How he did it during the academic year I did not see but somehow he found the time for it.

My typing is pretty awful and it cannot be any better. I cannot use a modern electric typewriter and I’ve tried and cannot use a computer.

When I am not walking I am to keep my legs elevated. This means that when I type my typewriter is to be at the side. That makes my typing poorer. It also means that I because I cannot keep my legs

elevated when they are under my desk I have to hold what I have written in my left hand in a clipboard while I make corrections with my right hand. That makes my poor handwriting even less legible. So, Dave's retyping alone was a great favor, doing it so cleanly and neatly and on a computer, which makes corrections easier, and much faster made it even more useful.

It also meant that after he posted corrections Dave pushed the right buttons on his computer for it to turn out an extra copy he mailed to Gallen.

It was a long book, perhaps a quarter of a million words, written during the last half of and before the end of 1992. There was a slight delay in the last few chapters reaching Gallen because Dave had to finish up his semester's work. Most of the book was in Gallen's hands before then and he got the final chapters in January of 1993.

With normal publisher procedures, those that are not rushed or speeded up at all, it is usually about six months between the time the manuscript is delivered and the time the book appears. Such a schedule also permits considerable time for prepublications reviews to appear. But if a publisher wants to make use of a book's topicality he can easily speed the usual schedule up.

When it was possible for me to publish my wife and I also were easily able to speed the books up and we did that. And we did all but the covers and the actual printing. Thus we know what can be done with the desire to do what can be done. But without any special effort the book could have been out in July of 1993. And that would have been before the flood of 30th JFK assassination commercializations and exploitations every one of which was in some way flawed, most terribly so.

When some time passed and I heard nothing about the book I inquired. I was told that the editor to whom it had been assigned was given three other priority projects and that an outside editor, who would work on it part-time, had been engaged.

When more time passed I was sent a copy of the manuscript as he had edited it. With the normal editing I had few problems but extensive cutting for no apparent reason, eliminating important content when the only reason seemed to be to make a shorter book, did give me serious concerns. When I expressed them I was assured that there had been a misunderstanding that the outside editor had believed a shorter book was wanted, and that all those cuts would be restored. With that I was told that the manuscript would be given to the copy editor, the one who prepares it for the printer.

During all this time I heard nothing from Gallen. He did not reply to any of my letters. When there was a reply, it was from others in his office.

Then Gerald Posner's knowingly mistitled Case Closed appeared. That coincided with a visit from Wrone in late August, 1993. We often work together and there was work we'd discussed earlier for which he had come.

As I had in odds and ends of time I had returned to work on this book. Not because I expect it to be published during my lifetime for I do not and had no plans for any submission of it. I intend it as a record for our history, of the failure of those of us, including myself, who disagreed with the official mythology.

When we saw on TV that Posner's book was the big thing in the issue of U.S. News and World Report, then coming off the presses, Wrone wanted a copy. I drove him to where it is sold. I told him not to get me a copy because Posner had said he'd sent me one of the first books from the printer and I'd rather read the book than just selections from it.

Gerald had told me he was doing a book that would be on the nuttiness of many assassination books that commercialized and exploited it. I was all for that. In addition to giving them this free access that all others have had I took what time he wanted to answer his questions. As I later learned on reading

his “acknowledgments” in his book, he wrote of me there, “He allowed me full run of his basement, filled with file cabinets, and he and his wife, Lil, graciously received both me and my wife...I thank him for his generosity in the use of his papers and his time” (page 504).

When they were here the Posner’s were thoughtful and polite and we formed a good impression of them. My wife so much so that she invited them for Thanksgiving, nine months in the future. They accepted promptly and with seeming pleasure.

When Dave read that U.S. News version of Posner’s book he said, “This is the most terribly bad of all the bad assassination books. You should read this.”

I again said I’d rather work and read the book itself when it came.

The next day he went to Washington for his preplanned work at the Assassination Archive and Research Center.

He phoned me from Washington to tell me he’d gotten the book and that it had a number of uncomplimentary references to me, all without citations. So, I wrote Gerald, told him I had been told that he makes unsourced references to me in his book and asked for those sources.

He did not respond then and he has not since then.

When Wrone returned from Washington he had two copies of the book. Saying, “This is about as bad a book as I’ve seen. You should read it,” he handed me the copy he’d bought for me. I believe I began reading it the next day.

Many of the books that got attention I did annotate as I read them, the annotations, of course, being limited to that one copy of the book. That was what I intended for Posner’s book. But the more I got into it the more I believe that what I saw that was so very wrong in it, and not accidentally wrong, the more I believed that what I noted that was wrong with it should not be so limited in accessibility.

I phoned a friend, Lee, who had taken my friend, Dr. Gerald McKnight's course in The Politics of Assassination at Hood College. As does Dave, Jerry teaches that course not as a whodunit but as a course in government. Lee is a married woman with a grown son. I asked her if she would transcribe my notes if I dictated them. She said she would. So I went into town and brought a transcribing unit for a micro cassette. It had to be ordered. Before it came I read to the point where I decided that instead of merely making notes on the book I should write a book-length commentary on it.

That point was where I recognized a gross plagiarism deliberately obscured by tricky source noting.

That thievery, as we have seen, was from the work of a boy, David Lui, then 15 years old. He imagined he saw in the Zapruder film what is not there. Posner used it as his own work, attributing it to computer enhancement not available to the Warren Commission!

And his Random House editor Bob Loomis, who shares Posner's dedication of his book with his wife Trisha, Loomis, who is also its vice-president and executive editor -- had told Publishers Weekly the same lie, that this came from "computer and laser enhancements of the eyewitness Zapruder film" (Publishers Weekly, May 3, 1993).

My typing being so awful I asked Lee if instead she would retype the rough draft for me. She said she would.

When I had six, seven or eight chapters done I took them to Lee's house and left them for her.

Knowing that Gallen is counsel to a number of publishers and to the distributor for many I wrote him briefly about what I perceived in Posner's book and what I had by then written. I thought he might know one of those publishers who might be interested.

The title I had given the book is Hoax: The Gerald Posner/Random House/CIA JFK Assassination Exploitation.

In response to my letter he phoned and said he was interested, as was Carroll & Graf, whose counsel he is and which is officed in the building in which he is located.

“Would you mind if they are co-publishers?” he asked me.

Remember that they published that Livingstone atrocity, the self-descriptive Killing the Truth, with all the libelous lies it has about me, I replied, “If they can publish an author they have already accused of being part of the conspiracy to kill JFK, I suppose I can agree to them publishing it.”

The real reason, I agreed, of course, is that I had no means of approaching any other publisher.

Aside from weakness that gradually increased since my successful heart operation in late 1989, any travel is dangerous for me because I am kept alive by an anticoagulant that makes me a bleeder and because from age and medications my skin peels back on slight contact, even with a flat surface, and then takes a long time to heal and because I hemorrhage from slight contact, too.

And as my family doctor had warned me 18 years earlier, an accident that would be of no consequence to another, even a slight auto accident, could be fatal to me.

I never drive out of Frederick and when I had to go to Washington and Baltimore hospitals I was and am driven to them.

Gallen then got Herman Graf on the line in a conference hookup. Graf said when I asked how soon they would publish the book, “in February.” I agreed. I said I’d get what I had already written retyped and would send it to them promptly. Gallen said instead not to delay it, to send him the rough draft and they would get it retyped in New York and that they personally would do the editing. I agreed with the condition that is hardly any condition at all with computers and xeroxes, that I get three copies of the retyped manuscript. I wanted one for myself, one for Wrone and one for McKnight, for their files and for their reading. That would have been a second peer review because I made copies of each chapter as I finished

it, giving one to McKnight and mailing one to Wrone.

“I want it to appear like a lawyer’s brief,” Gallen said. Because that was what I had in mind for the writing I said, “Fine!”

I also welcomed their desire to do the retyping because the day before Lee had told me it would be a little time before she could get to it. Her son had just been operated on and a cancer removed. She was nursing him and would be doing that for a while. I’d have had to use a commercial typing service and those rates are high.

That conversation and verbal agreement to do the book and publish it in February was in September, 1993. I had the rough draft completed toward the end of October, except for some insertions of what I recalled but did not take time to research and write. I sent them up promptly, too.

When I received the first of the retyped copy, and it was a rather good-sized batch of it, I was stunned! What had happened was beyond belief. I later learned why from the fine woman who had never used a computer before and was told to retype it on that computer.

All sorts of symbols that meant nothing to me appeared willy-nilly throughout.

Suddenly there would be many lines of capital letters, sometimes italicized sometimes in larger type. Margins and spacing varied without rhyme or reason. I can’t now recall all that was wrong and was so upsetting. I do recall that the style I had indicated, a single consistent style on the many direct quotations, some lengthy, was never what I had indicated and appeared in six different styles.

Probably there was more that was deeply disturbing when I was, despite my impaired health and my then 80 years, bending every effort to have the book on sale when it could still confront Posner’s and when it would be most topical.

I dropped everything else and corrected that terrifying mess and returned it rapidly, with more

corrections than I can recall ever making in anything. As soon as it reached Gallen's office I got a phone call from the woman who had had such "dirty copy" as that rough draft was dumped on her. She phoned to apologize and to explain that it was the first time she'd ever used a computer. She seemed like and I soon came to believe that she is a fine and caring human being. She told me that she was beginning to learn the computer better and that the next batch would be ever so much better.

As I devoutly hoped it would be!

Weeks went by and there was no next batch.

I phoned Gallen. He was not in. His son David took the call while he was on another call. He said he would tell his father when his father returned that I was anxious that so much time had passed without any added copy being sent me.

I had seen David only twice since he graduated law school. He was with his father on both visits referred to above. On the first it was so I could be of help with a project on which he was engaged. I had a faint recollection of him and his brother Jonathan from when they were little boys of about five and six. When their mother had them in bed and I was visiting I would tell them real animal and farm stories before they fell asleep.

When Gallen did not return my call I wrote. I wrote several times, without response. And worried why there was no more copy for me to read and correct. My dear friend Richard Gallen has become a Trappist. With me, at least, and I wondered why.

Not being able to travel and when he did not answer or return calls and ignored letters except for a few he handed to others to respond to I could only wonder.

There was nothing else I could do.

I had evaluations of what I had written from Wrone and from McKnight, who read all of it and from

several others. One is a lawyer friend, Bill Neitchter, of Louisville, Kentucky. He and his wife Betsy had been helpful, she as a medical-records expert with NEVER AGAIN! He, among other things, with records from the archive left by former Kentucky Republican Senator John Sherman Cooper, who had been a member of the Warren Commission. Bill was trying to locate additional records for that archive at his alma mater, the University of Kentucky. Bill and my friend, Dr. Gerald Ginocchio, a sociologist on the Wofford College faculty at Spartanburg, South Carolina, considered what they read excellent and important. Gerry is also a subject-matter expert. He, too, teaches a course in political assassinations.

Wrone, the professional historian and bibliographer in the field, had told me after he read the entire manuscript that in his belief, “with normal editing Hoax deserved submission for the Pulitzer prize in history.”

And about such a book all I knew is that it was being delayed for unexplained reasons and I could not learn why.

It was additionally troubling because after I survived the second operation I’d not been expected to survive I decided to spend what time remains to me in trying to perfect for our history the record of the assassination and its investigations to the degree possible for me. Even the Department of Justice says I have unique subject-matter knowledge.

In response to my informing the federal court under oath in C.A. 75-226 that FBI SA John Kilty had sworn falsely to it -- and perjury is a serious business -- except for the FBI special agents -- the Department’s response what should certainly be unprecedented in a defense against a perjury charge, is that “plaintiff (I) could make such claims ad infinitum since he is perhaps more familiar with events surrounding the investigation of President Kennedy’s assassination than anyone now employed by the FBI.”

With the JFK assassination a subject of unending interest and with these unprecedented credentials from the Department of Justice, at that, and particularly because Richard Gallen had been a dear and a

cherished friend for 25 years, what I faced made no sense at all.

And despite my many efforts, I had not been able to get any explanation at all.

That made it even more perplexing, really baffling.

It made no sense at all to me. Why was a real mystery.

Then, without notice or explanation, what appeared to be the beginning of the book came neatly retyped, I read it, noted corrections, and returned it rapidly. There were quite a few typographical errors and a few others, aside from inconsistent style that might not bother the average reader but could be perceived and criticized by any reviewers. I noted them, too. One of the name errors was using as his last name the first name of the disreputable shrink, Renatus Hartogs. Posner had made the basis of his phony case that Oswald was a born assassin awaiting his historical moment to be the assassin. Hartogs had examined Oswald as a boy truant. In the typed copy he appeared as “Renatus,” rather than as “Hartogs.”

I did notice that after what I had sent Gallen initially a few of the later chapters followed, not in the sequence in which I had written them and had them in the manuscript. If there was any editing I was not aware of it. I noticed also that there were no conclusions and no table of contents. So, I awaited the rest.

It never came.

Instead, on a Thursday or Friday afternoon after some time had passed UPS brought an envelope with page proofs in it and a brief note that said the corrected proofs had to be received in New York not later than the coming Wednesday. That gave me less than three working days to read and correct the proofs that, with no other copy having come, I had to understand was the complete book about to be published. Published in the greatest of possible rushes, at that. Rushed with all the time earlier wasted. Rushed with only about 20 to 25 percent of what I had written. Rushed with all that work to do and

without time to do any real thinking. No time, for example, to consider whether I preferred not having the book printed to having a gutted version of it appear. Rushed with so many corrections still to be made.

There was little for me to think about so that in fact did not take much time. Given my age and the precarious state of my health the choice I had was between having a butchered book appear or none at all.

And all this without a word of explanation or my approval being asked.

I let everything else go, worked the entire weekend, long days of it, and first thing Monday morning I was at the post office to mail the proofs and a letter by overnight Express Mail, to get it there early Tuesday morning, a day earlier than the astounding deadline that had forced me to work much too hastily.

I had hardly gotten home when I got a phone call telling me that the proofs had to be in Gallen's office the next morning, Tuesday morning, rather than the unreasonably brief earlier deadline of Wednesday morning!

In reporting that I had already returned the proofs by Express Mail I also said that I insisted on a table of contents and on conclusions, that such a book, even in what to me was the terrible form in which it was, absolutely had to have stated conclusion not only because they are required but because no reviewer would consider any book on this subject, a work of non-fiction, to be a serious book without them and without any table of contents. I said I would Express Mail them the conclusions the next morning and I did.

Obviously the conclusions written for a book four or five times longer than what was represented by those proofs were inappropriate for the so much shorter one.

I did not make a page-by-page comparison of the proofs with the corrected typed copy I had returned but many if not most of the corrections I had made had not been made in the copy that was sent to the printer to be set in type.

I demanded that there be a table of contents. There isn't any.

A work of non-fiction without a table of contents?

No index either? Who, particularly what reviewer, considers a work of non-fiction, particularly on this subject or any one like it, to be seriously intended with no index?

In anything but an easy and untroubled state of mind I did get the Conclusion written and had it in the Post Office for Express mailing early the next morning. It was there by the unreasonable deadline imposed upon me.

Under date of February 2, I had gotten a short handwritten note from Gallen saying he believed it would be better if we had contracts for both books. He enclosed them and I signed and returned them. He also said that the book was being given to the copy editor preparatory to being given to the printer that day. So supposedly there had been no copy editing before the copy was set in type. He concluded it saying, "I think you did a great (his emphasis) job. You would have been a notable lawyer in the Clarence Darrow mold."

What better reason could there be for eviscerating what I had done that it was such a "great job" in that fabled "Clarence Darrow mold"?

Then, after a little more time passed, as usual, without notice, a small box of the published book came. It has an attractive cover with the fact of John Kennedy, the title Case Open, and the subtitle, The Omissions, Distortions, and Falsifications of Case Closed.

The same title appears on the inside title page, but there it has a different and an entirely inappropriate subtitle, the Unanswered JFK Assassination Questions.

The same inappropriate and factually incorrect subtitle appears on the copyright page, too.

There also for the Library of Congress classification appears only this one:

"1. Kennedy, John F. (John Fitzgerald), 1917-63-Assassination."

Not a mention of the fraudulent book or its author who had gotten that Clarence Darrow treatment for researchers of the future.

There was still no table of contents.

The conclusions had been cut severely -- leaving a dozen blank pages on which what had been cut out, without rhyme or reason, could have been included.

Without the unexcited, unemotional reading it should have had I noted and then counted more than 75 of the corrections I had made that had not been made. Most are simple typographical errors that do catch the eye and diminish the book and make it appear to be a cheap job.

The pictures I had gone to some trouble and expense to get? Not there. And some, all of them official, were actually exculpatory of Oswald while definitive in exposing Posner.

Posner's approach, that of a jerkwater prosecutor who expected no real opposition, provided a basis, in refuting his prosecution-type case, of using the official evidence he ignored or lied about to make a solid case for the defense. That is what I did, Clarence Darrow-like, in what was eliminated from the book. The pictures added materially to that "Clarence Darrow" case that no longer exists for the people who care or for the available record for our history.

Exculpating Oswald is something I never set out to do. Mine is a lengthy, detailed and documented study of the assassination and its investigations in terms of the official evidence and at the same time is also a study of how the basic institutions of our society worked -- or failed to work, as they all did -- at that time of great stress and ever since then.

This institutional failure is a great danger to our society and to freedom.

These failures should be known to and understood by the people and to those within those institutions who care about them and about our country.

Exculpating Oswald with the official evidence only and at one point, in a single book, had never been done before. Posner made that possible. But that is what was butchered out of the book.

With it, in what is publicly available, went the solid, factual case built only on the official evidence that the properly called “crime of the century” was not solved and was officially intended not to be solved.

With all that means!

This kind of content had to be meat-axed out of the first book ever to do it?

It is what happened. Without explanation or permission.

Without any explanation that suggests itself other than those that require the deepest suspicions.

Without a word about them since.

What a way to treat a “Clarence Darrow” job or our history or the right of the people to know!