

COINTELPRO LANE, or CONGRESS INVESTIGATES ASSASSINATIONS

Mark Lane is an exceptionally gifted man.

In ten years I have never known him to be on the wrong side on a question of principle.

Nor to have been these out of purity of principle.

He is sharp. He knows a good thing when he sees it. His vision is then of himself as a Galahad.

To countless thousands of the college generation of the past decade, he is an authentic folk hero, a crusader, fighting official demons.

This has meant a fortune to him so he pretends poverty, as befits one who would present himself as selfless in championing causes he alone - listen to him, he says it - has the perception, imagination and fortitude to defend.

He is a Horatio of words always at the bridge of decent concern holding off the hordes of official evil. All alone.

Sometimes the words are his. When they represent fact, they are the work of others.

Truth and accuracy are taints to him. When he knows truth, he improves it. His ego requires this. His ego requires much. It compels him to invent footnotes to nonexistent sources and to repeat footnotes without need so footnotes can become his hallmark of scholarship, his credentials of authority.

In fact and as a symbol, he is disaster to every cause that brought him fame. Most of all to political assassinations.

Each soiled cause, however, makes him more famous and provides wealth he says he does not have.

Lane is a man for all seasons. He was the model in the mind of the phrasemonger who told us consistency is the hobgoblin of small minds.

When Jim Garrison proclaimed the CIA killed JFK and was dredging the swamplands of the right for candidates for assassin - notwithstanding he had a liberal charged as a conspirator - Lane was milking the campuses with a campaign against the CIA. His reported 1967 and 1968 fee was \$1500 up. He gave the kids their money's worth, too.

When the Los Angeles Free Press was the bible of the disenchanted, Lane was all over it with what is typified by this Freep headline of August 7, 1970: "CIA Killed JFK to Keep War Going."

In those early days Lane was virtually a one-man disinformation operation. Most of the subject nuts are his natural children.

After the Garrison debacle, this collegiate teat ran dry. There were others. One was Vietnam. That horror was no cause to Lane until others made it safe. Safe for exploitation, not for work. Real work and Lane are strangers. His easy formula was Conversations With Americans, a book so flawed it did not survive the first factual assault upon it. Thus, the second teat dried.

Lane then took refuge with the Indians in Idaho - long enough to let some of their cause rub off on him, as he had with the blacks of the south during the civil-rights marches.

Early in 1975, Robert Groden decided to show his excellent and faithful enhancement of the Zapruder film, the best of the amateur movies that show the top of JFK's head blowing off. This was at a gathering of the nuts around the trunk of the biggest nut tree of them all, a self-described "gig," the "Assassination Information Bureau" of Cambridge, Massachusetts.

In the babel of all those paranoical excesses, a new Lane appeared to be born, but it was the same old Lane. He changed his clothes. No more denims. Business suits again. Fearing association with those who counted conspirators by the hundreds, he then declared, "I don't know who killed John Kennedy."

Nobody remembered his by-liners headlined "The CIA Killed JFK."

He had a new teat and new college audiences for the milking. There will always be colleges and they will always pay entertaining speakers. Lane is nothing if not entertaining - to the uninformed.

By the time of that Boston mitchatch, the FBI's and CIA's abuses of Americans in the name of "national security," generations of velvet-gloved Gestapoism, had been well exposed. Times had changed. People would - and did - believe anything. Even Lane. His time had come again.

Indians? Who are they? Vietnam? Where is that?

It was the time of assassins again, the place Washington. Lane was there, with a newly organized "Citizens' Commission of Inquiry."

This took me back to the old Lane who, except for superficialities, is identical with the reincarnated one. When he had his first book to promote, he formed chapters of an earlier CCI, a "Citizens Committee of Inquiry." The "Committee" lasted as long as it could help Lane's book. When the book needed an Establishmentarian touch, he abandoned his "committee" to wither and die.

A major house published the unintended but aptly titled Rush to Judgment. It could not spring to life, like Eve, from long-haired ribs.

This break from his past, a part of which I have personal knowledge, was a low hurdle for the high-jumping Lane.

When JFK was killed, no major publication would print other than the government line. Having no choice, Lane turned to the socialistic weekly, The National Guardian. It printed Lane's first article and he was in with the left. The Guardian helped with a staff and with publicity. Others did what work was done, Lane made the speeches and got the attention.

In 1965 Oscar Collier, who had been Lane's agent in those early days, told me why Barney Rossset of the leftish Grove Press would not even look at my first book, WHITWASH: The Report on the Warren Report, which was completed in February

1965. Rosset had given Lane a \$1,500 advance for a book to appear before the Warren Report was out. Lane could not and did not deliver. You would never know this from his second book, the personalization A Citizen's Dissent. In it, Rosset is the villain who broke the contract and suppressed Lane, one of the media legion, all of whom persecuted him - and him alone - he says.

After Rush to Judgment was drafted and rejected about a dozen times, Lane gave up. Then by accident he met Sally Balfrage, daughter of Cedric, the editor of The National Guardian who had been driven in to exile by Joe McCarthy. Sally was then with a publisher, the New American Library. She also had connection with the Bertrand Russell people in London. She sent Lane to them. They arranged for a British publisher, The Bodley Head, to do Lane's book. It required extensive editing, presided over by Sally's former boy-friend.

Recognizing the requirements of commercial success in the United States, Lane forgot Sally and The National Guardian. For all the thousands of footnotes in Rush to Judgment, he makes no mention of her or it. J. Edgar Hoover's publisher and Lane's, then known as Holt, Rinehart and Winston, knew better than to expect commercial success from hippies and peaceniks.

The man who was responsible for bringing Lane and Sally together is Jerry Agel. Jerry then published an offbeat weekly called Books. I met him after I met Sally, in June 1966. We became friends. Jerry phoned me when Lane's book was about to appear. He was horrified. Someone he described as one of Lane's closest had just told him that Newsweek was doing a long article on the book, which was designed to persuade Earl Warren that all that remained for him was suicide!

Remarkable parallel. This is exactly what Hoover tried with Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.

Most people do not read critically. Almost none ever saw or have seen the 26 volumes of supposed backstopping for the Warren Report. The first 15 of these tomes are verbatim transcripts of testimony. In each case, without exception,

the name of the questioner and the name of the witness appears.

1 But not in Rush to Judgment. There those who did the real work on the Warren Commission and always do on all such bodies, the staff, are faceless and nameless. As most of these transcripts are quoted in Rush to Judgment, they are altered. The names of the Commission Counsel are removed, replaced by a "Q".

This is not the case with those Lane wanted to get, like Warren. Here the supposedly verbatim transcripts are verbatim. In Rush to Judgment, Warren's name is one in which the reader can focus.

Consistent with this in his text, Lane avoids the names of the Commission's lawyers, who did most of the questioning and just about all its work. He refers to them as "counsel," as in "counsel said" or "counsel asked."

In this, the real cleverness of the real Lane, Warren is almost the lone villain of the lone assassin theory invented by J. Edgar Hoover and willed into reality by the Commission and its lawyers. Lane wanted to get even with Warren and J. Lee Rankin, who would not recognize him as the lawyer for the dead Lee Harvey Oswald. (Rankin, Commission general counsel, also is a liberal Republican.) The reader's eye cannot leave Warren as it looks down the barrel of Lane's rifle.

None of my subsequent meetings with or readings of Lane dissipated the horror I felt on reading his National Guardian piece. It was long on skilled propaganda and long on factual error. This, too, is the real Mark Lane.

My first view of his exceptional and dominating ego was in Rush to Judgment.

The elaborate advertising and public relations campaign began before publication date. Most bookstores are reached through the publishing house organ, Publishers Weekly. Holt, Rinehart announced the book with a double-page ad in it. The ad featured all the pictures the book would hold in its appendix. When the book appeared, long after WHITEWASH broke the ice as the first underground book and after Viking's strong promotion of Edward J. Epstein's Inquest, there were no pictures in it. They were replaced by fragments of text taken from Epstein's work

and mine. Rush to Judgment is the only book I've ever seen with text in the appendix. This is easily explained.

First of all, Lane believes, as one believes in the Deity, that he owns the JFK assassination. Owns like property. Thus he owns a witness, Helen Markham, even though what he represented on his work on her was prepared by Vincent Salandria, a Philadelphia lawyer. Lane had testified about Markham before the Warren Commission. This led to a scrap with Warren and Rankin. Lane had taped a phone conversation with Markham in which she said other than she had sworn to. This Lane understood. He also refused to give the Commission the tape until he had no choice. What Lane did not understand is Markham's testimony. He got his understanding of it from WHITEWASH. So he cribbed from WHITEWASH. But with his book ready for printing, he could not make textual changes. The cost would have been enormous. It also would have delayed the book. All those thousands of repetitious footnotes would have had to be changed, renumbered and repaged. (The first ten footnotes, as an example, are all the same.) The index would have had to be done over. Much paging would have to be changed, too.

So the pictures went out and Epstein and I went in, at the very end, where all these changes were avoided.

I was fortunate in having been baptized on talk shows before my first personal contact with Rush to Judgment, Lane and Holt, Rinehart. That came on what as a result made a popular figure of Alan Burke, then starting a TV talk show on Metro-media's Channel 5 in New York City, WNEW.

The doyen of the right in talk shows, "Long John" Nebel, had sprinkled me earlier that summer on WNBC, NBS's clear-channel station in the Big Apple. Nebel was as impartial as his producer promised me by phone he'd be. His dispassionate panel consisted of Victor Lasky, later of Nixon-Watergate fame and then the author of the anti-Kebbey JFK: The Man and the Myth; and ^{Kieran} Keiriz O'Dougherty, Bill Buckley's righthand man in his Conservative Party. Quickly, with my survival hanging thin,

they taught me how to handle a gang-up.

When I walked into the Burke studio, expecting a book-and-author show, I found an audience packed with four erudite lawyers, each of whom held the more expensive of the official editions of the Warren Report. As a result of their vicious attack, replete with all the dirty tricks of the courtroom, that show grew into a one-man special two hours and 20 minutes long. Daniel tamed the lions. People spent the late-night of airing phoning friends, waking them with, "Hey, ya gotta see this!" My phone started ringing off the wall as soon as the show went off, about 2:30 the Sunday morning after the taping.

The experience was an ordeal but that show opened the subject.

These four barristers were entirely out of place in that working-class studio audience. I asked producer Paul Noble, how come? He said they always had opposition in the audience and that time it was provided by the American Trial Lawyers Association.

The week of the airing of the show, however, a friend with a book-and-author show phoned me to tell me that Holt, Rinehart had rigged the deal through its flack whose name I remember phonetically as Bergonzolli. His, their and Lane's ethics were to kill the competition before Lane's book was out. I was told that when it backfired, as it did, Bergonzolli was fired.

There were no copies of WHITENASH in New York bookstores when the Burke show was aired. Orders started pouring in before that Sunday's dawn. By the end of the week, it was the best-selling work of nonfiction in New York City.

That winter I was on another talk show with Joshua Fuksberg, head of the Trial Lawyers Association. When I chided him for that gang-up, he told me that he had in fact refused to have anything to do/^{with} it w that the lawyers' association had refused to supply a panel. A Holt, Rinehart lawyer had done it.

My next direct connection was through some of Lane's Hollywood friends. One of the Commission's lawyers, Wesley Liebeler, then teaching law at UCLA, had a crew

of students analyze those well-advertised footnotes. They reported extensive error. Based on his own work, Liebeler was calling Mark a liar. Lane reacted with a mistake he never repeated in public: He said he would sue Liebeler for libel. Liebeler then laced the airways and the platforms with taunts of "when will I see Lane in court?" Lane's friends, who had a genuine interest in seeing the truth about the JFK assassination established, asked me to take Liebeler on.

This was before I learned about cohabiting with the octopus. My second book was just out. Believing that we had to stand together in unity against the great federal power, I abandoned that book for the chase of Liebeler. He never stopped running. Ultimately he fell silent.

Without Lane filing the suit he could never win, for being called a liar. Truth is a total defense.

When that week in Los Angeles was over, Maggie Fields and Bill O'Connell were happy. Liebeler was off their backs and Lane's. Bill is an actor. He put me up and fed me. Maggie, an actress, was married to a partner in Eutton & Co. They lived in a Beverly Hills mansion in which she served me a limp ham sandwich. I was stuck for all the other expenses of the trip on which I could not promote my own second book because no copies had been able to reach the west coast.

Mort Sahl was happy, too. He and Lane then were close buddies. Mort had a TV talk show and one on radio. He reserved the TV for Mark but he used me for three hours on radio to defend his pal. The one call-in I would not field was from a man who had retired from a New York City clothing store. I think he said his name was Harry. He said he knew Lane and would never forget him because every time Lane came in, he lost a suit. I told Mort to handle that one. Sahl denounced Harry and flipped to the next call. Later Sahl and his wife came to know Lane better. As Mort reports in his 1976 book, Heartland, his wife finally threw Lane out of their house.

If Lane did not hate me beginning with the first of his many plagiarisms,

8

he did when I saved him from Liebel's torment. Self-esteem required this of him.

When the story of Garrison's Mardi Gras look at the JFK assassination broke, Lane was selling himself in Europe. His hegira to the New Orleans bog thought can be traced across Europe through interviews in which he told the world he was rushing - with press stops - to bestow his unique knowledge on Garrison. Once Lane met an ego as great as his own, his mental cash register counted up his immediate future. He became a neophyte at the feet of The Master. He left The Presence in seeming humility, to announce that Garrison had told him all, that Shaw was guilty and the ultimate unveiling would shake the world.

It shook serious attention to the official mythology for years.

Meanwhile, this new new Lane was off and running, reportedly at \$1,500 a night, speaking several times a week as though he spoke for Garrison.

He moved to New Orleans, to be with the action - and pick up the loose chips.

There came a time when Lou Iyon, Garrison's chief investigator, and Andrew "Moo" Sciambra, the assistant D.A. closest to Garrison, asked me, "Can you make that lazy bastard Lane do any work?"

I urged them to count their blessings, that they had few enough.

After one of Lane's college speeches in New Orleans, an FBI clerk named William Walter came up to him and told him a story that was not as good as Lane and Garrison could make it. It was there right afterward and was privy to their improvements.

Walter actually said he had seen an FBI teletype reporting a plot against JFK. He said it was over a weekend. The first embellishment converted Oswald into an FBI hero. That was Oswald's unaccounted weekend. This, naturally, meant Oswald had learned of the plot and that Oswald had warned the FBI.

If there was no such teletype, as the FBI was later to claim, the FBI was indeed negligent. Warren Commission records not included in its Report overflow with plots against JFK, three by one extremist group of the far right within that time frame.

In the fall of 1975, Lane smeared his Walter egg on the face of Congressman Don Edwards, who used Lane as an expert. By then the FBI had defenses against all variants of the Walter story.

Lane had gone for another official disinformation operation. He arranged for Edwards to be clobbered on TV over that, too.

The FBI's Oswald expert was one James Patrick Hosty, Jr. Hosty suffered the Hoover wrath after Dallas. He was punished, including by transfer to Kansas City. Gordon Shanklin was Special Agent in Charge of the FBI's Dallas field office at the time of the assassination. He remained in that post until retirement in the summer of 1975. Once Shanklin's retirement was secure, a nonstory was floated to the Dallas papers. Its nonnews made a sensation ripe for Lane's exploitation. The big deal is that Oswald gave Hosty a threatening letter and Hosty destroyed it.

According to Abby Mann, inventor of "Kojak" and Lane's companion in their then current ripoff of the King Assassination, Lane is possessed of great "investigative powers." Only such a man would not know the reality or if by odd chance knowing would not care.

Hosty, the FBI agent, destroy evidence? Galahad to the rescue!

Oswald write him a note? The living end!

Except to those who read my earliest work. This Oswald note is not all that Hosty destroyed. He destroyed all his Oswald records.

Naturally, I had to have some secret means of knowing this a decade earlier, some "inside" source? Yup, inside the covers of Hosty's testimony. He testified to the destruction of everything he had after the assassination. Natural as breathing because the Warren Commission asked him no questions about it.

Whence the secret of that Oswald note? It, too, is in the Warren testimony - this time of two people, wife Marina and Ruth Paine, with whom Marina lived, as Oswald did weekends except that one made briefly famous by Lane and Garrison.

By the time Lane finished filling its hopper, the FBI's mill was grinding out the finest corn. It had taken affidavits from everyone in the Dallas field office

of the Hosty period. Sure enough, they divided into know-nothings and know-contradictions.

A certain defense against perjury is not being able to establish a truth/ when there are sworn contradictions. The FBI had this all prefabricated, awaiting the foundation Lane built for it. The FBI was not about to go into its destruction of evidence any other way. Lane's way assured that nobody in the FBI had to confront any of its other significant destructions of evidence, like all Hosty's notes and other records. Not having to, thanks to Lane, the FBI responded honestly to Edwards about the nonsecret note. It cited Ruth Paine's and Marina Oswald's $\frac{1}{2}$ published testimony. The Warren Commission did know all about it. Only Edwards' expert of those unprecedented "investigative powers" did not.

Poor Edwards! Former FBI agent that he is, he went into a lengthy public silence. I have not seen his name in the papers or his face on the tube in a year.

What got lost in all this Kojakery is the quintessential question: Why did neither the FBI nor the Warren Commission investigate Hosty's destruction at the time?

This is the way of all the "investigations" on which Lane bestowed his "investigative powers," beginning with Garrison's. Lane gets well-paid speaking engagements, much public attention, and they get cl9bbered.

His is not a Quixote if his lance never pierces a windmill of fact. I should have learned this before the early summer of 1968, when I had agreed to do a series of Washington TV shows on the JFK assa-sination. They were interrupted by the killing of Dr. King. The week before that murder, I had been asked if I'd agree to let Lane share the first show after the printing of his modestly titled second book, A Citizen's Dissent. I agreed. When King was killed, I feared that public discussion would fuel the incinerating of the cities that follow'd it/ I immediately disappeared into New Orleans, where I pursued my investigations. Not of Clay Shaw, who never interested me more than as I published in OSWALD IN NRE ORLEANS. Of Oswald.

That week has three Lane importances.

He went to Memphis, where with his arcane "investigative powers" he could not even find an egg to lay. While I was in New Orleans, a photographer friend on assignment in Memphis gave me leads on some of the untold stories of the King assassination, those Lane could not fall over.

Jones Harris happened to be in New Orleans that week. Harris was born rich. His real reason for being there was to be with a boxer a hunk of whom he owned. The boxer had a fight there. Harris and I stayed at the same motel. He had always claimed to be a Bobby Kennedy man and to have the closest connections with Bobby's staff. Bobby was running for the Democratic presidential nomination. He had just uttered famous last words under the prodding of Lane-influenced students at San Fernando State College. Bobby said he had seen all the alleged Archives secrets and they entirely supported the Warren Report.

This is as impossible as it is untrue. I needled Harris about it over his late breakfast, the size of a dinner to most men. Harris finally came up with this explanation: Bobby knows there are ~~two~~ many guns between him and the White House. Whose guns? The CIA. If I didn't believe it, I still had to tell Garrison, as I did, immediately.

Just before the TV show/ I shared with Lane, I obtained and read A Citizen's Dissent. It is vintage Lane. There he is Prospero, bedeviled by the Caliban of the media. (In actuality, the media made Lane famous. It goes for the showman, not the expert.)

Two of the multitudinous samples of the real Lane throughout that book exemplify the showman and his "investigative powers."

Presented as his own investigative derring-do, on page 14 is an account of how the FBI foreclosed the Secret Service from investigating the JFK assassination within the first 24 hours. His commercializing of footnotes presented a problem because by this time I had come to expect plagiarism. In printing this part of the

formerly suppressed Secret Service report, as I did in facsimile on page 39 of the second of the WHITEWASH series, I did not identify the Commission file in which I found it. With facsimile reproduction it was not necessary. So Lane could not reference to the Commission file. But he just had to build those footnotes for synthetic authenticity. So he made one up. To an entirely nonexistent source: "See index to Basic Source Materials in possession of Commission, National Archives."

The greatest single impediment to research in the National Archives is the total lack of any index of any kind. Such is the true scholarship.

The British Broadcasting Corporation is foremost among Lane's foreign devils (pp.58-71). It asked him to appear in a package deal with a movie made for him by Emile de Antonio. Lane's account begins with his expression of hope that his BBC appearance would be worth his "sacrifice of time and money" (p.61). There was a gag-up on him. Although nothing can be more helpful to the sale of a book than controversy, he resented it, as anyone would.

For this great travail, as our wounded hero tells it, "I was not paid a farthing." True.

A farthing then was a tenth of a cent.

What Lane really got was the highest price BBC had ever paid, as The New York Times reported in quoting the jubilant De Antonio. It was \$40,000.

Certainly not a farthing!

It happened that the TV show I gave Lane was earlier on the night Bobby Kennedy was killed.

Until Lane was stealing my own work to my face on my TV show, I let him alone. Then he came out with a typically exaggerated account of that Jones Harris incident in New Orleans. Lane said that Bobby had said that the CIA was going to kill Bobby. When Bobby was killed later that night, it launched Lane on a new career of self-proclaimed prophet. His embellishments by then included a fiction, that Bobby had sent an emissary to feel out Garrison. No such thing had happened, of course.

Harris, in fact, was a long-time Nixonian, as I provoked him into admitting

after Watergate, in November 1973.

Lane, to sell himself, has not been unwilling to propagate long-lasting mythologies. Some linger. This is one of the durables.

When Lane persisted in this kind of audience deception, I taunted about his theft of that Secret Service report on camera, its being footnoted to a nonexistent source, he said, was a mere "printer's error." (It is true the typesetters could have done as scholarly a job of footnoting.)

When the cameras stopped for a commercial, Lane promised to punch my older nose after the show.

"Why wait?" I asked him.

I still wait.

Seven years later he made another physical threat.

I was still weak from pneumonia when I went to the press conference he held in Washington on his newest OGI. Zodiac News had asked me to cover it for them. Lane, in their words, "came unglued" when they told him. "I'll throw him out!" he exclaimed.

He didn't.

After the AIB insanities at which Groden showed his film, it became apparent to me that Congress was going to get interested in the assassinations.

Lane also sensed it. He had the means to try to recapture what he regarded as his personal property. I used the occasion of an April 1975 speech at New York University Law School to urge caution lest the Congress be deceived from the other side. It then would be misled by both sides. Care and caution were as welcome as an unwanted bastard in a genteel home.

What a gang! Some were a bit much even for Lane. Others without doubt had spook connection of the past. Their conduct could not better qualify for projection of the past into the present. Each was off on his own ego trip. It was so many years Lane had to break with longtime friends. Temporarily only with some.

The well-intentioned but overanxious and underinformed Groden became the means of dramatizing both fact and fiction.

His technical work, a great labor, was faithful and magnificent. His trouble started when he began to talk. He didn't know when to stop. With his words he had assassins everywhere. One TV show had him claiming to see six assassins in that one film.

Without stealing it, he came into temporary possession of a superb print of the Zapruder film. Fast as he could, he duplicated it. He brought it to me and asked what he could do with it. I suggested slowing the motion by duplicating each frame the same number of times and studying the area known as "The grassy knoll" for any sign of motion.

Over the years there were many more trips. Each time Groden completed a new project, he drove down from near New York City. We studied it and planned further. After the slow motion there was person-by-person isolation so the eye would not be distracted from study of the motions and reactions of each principal. Groden did all the work the official investigators should have done and did not do.

Our interest was in learning what if anything new the film showed. Officialdom had an opposite interest. To it this film was a major problem. It held evidence that had to be circumvented to palm off the official preconception of a lone-nut assassin.

Aside from the horror of seeing the President's head explode - literally - what grips eye and mind is the violent backward motion of his body. The fairies-and-needles boys of science can prate all they will that this is normal reaction to a shot from the back. Almost nobody believes it.

Dick Gregory's mind blew when he saw this. He has means. All the attention he gets entices more speaking engagements. So he went after Groden's film. Ralph Schoenman, Lane's Bertrand Russell connection until the aged philosopher died and Schoenman was kicked out by the rest of the foundation, was knighted into expertise by Gregory.

They barnstormed, wherever Gregory figured they could make the tube. Before long they were on Geraldo Rivera's Good Night America show, coast-to-coast on ABC. Between what Schoenman purloined and the improvisations of all, they became a superspectacular road show. They even had Howard Hunt and Frank Sturgis, those then-jailed Watergaters, in Dealey Plaza at the time of the assassination.

They didn't make that one up. Other nuts did. The kinds of nuts who regard anyone not in agreement with ~~as~~ them as ipso facto CIA. One A. J. Weberman et cetera. fabricated that newest in an apparently endless series of unreasonable interpretations based on newspaper pictures taken long after the assassination.

Three winsos picked up four blocks away from the scene of the crime were snapped as the police walked them in front of the building from which it is claimed Oswald did the shooting. These winsos have been everything, in the various accounts, from Lyndon Johnson's former farm manager to a Navy intelligence man known to the aficionados as "Skinny Ralph." Now, courtesy of the self-styled garbologist Weberman, they became the CIA's finest, Hunt and Sturgis.

(To Lane, "Hunt" was Edgar Eugene Bradley, west coast representative of the far-right preacher, Carl McIntyre, another long-lived myth.)

The longing in CIA hearts when this Webermania reached Langley! Imagine rifles and bullets that shoot straight north three blocks and then turn right and become fatal!

All these zanies set up a cozy deal for Unselected President Ford, the one Member of the Warren Commission still in public life. He had created another Presidential Commission, one to take the heat off the CIA. Ford's Rockefeller Commission, working entirely in secret and having nobody but Ford to answer to, issued a report clearing the Warren Commission of all these fake charges.

Clearing Ford, too, of course. Of the wrong accusations.

What survived all this exaggeration, distortion and invention is that violent backward motion of the upper part of JFK's body. Nobody forgets that. Groden showed his film to anyone and everyone in Congress who would look at it. The

sophisticated ignored all those invisible assassins Groden saw and all the impacts nobody else could see. Groden went broke showing his work. But coming after Watergate and the exposure of spook domestic excesses, it had an impact on the Congress. (Through the flip of a microphone, Groden's work became Lane's through the editorial "I" - "we" did this work. Groden says Lane stole one of his prints, Lane then sold copies through his CCI.)

These self-promoters like Lane and those he gathered around himself had a simple philosophy: If the pot boils long enough, it will boil over.

They didn't fret over who it burned.

Congressman Edwards is not the only one scalded by these characters. Others include the Church committee's Senator Richard Schweiker. He became a theorist, too, as his irrelevant, one-day-wonder report shows.

Two Congressmen, liberal Henry Gonzalez of Texas and Conservative Thomas Downing of Virginia, introduced resolutions to set up an investigating committee. Gonzalez had written an introduction to the Webermania. Downing went for one of the least credible of the palpably fake books, for all practical purposes still another spook "black book." Robert Morrow called it Betrayal. They became Lane's last JFK shot after he helped all the others burn themselves out. But Gonzalez and Downing and their respective followings were at loggerheads. They could swing neither the House nor its leadership.

Whether or not Lane realized the mess he'd made of his JFK efforts, he knew they had failed. This left only King's assassination. There lane had a running start with his usual normal thievery. His old pal Don Freed had been trying to steal my work for several years. Freed has his own weirdo hangers-on.

Dame Fortune showed up in the form of the Kojak inventor, Abby Mann. Mann had a TV contract for a King "special." This led to an instant alliance based on what the Freed part of the Lane axis had already started to filch. Most dramatic was the work of a great reporter, my friend Les Payne of Newsday.

When it comes to crookery, the Lane-Freed axis has had its commercial successes.

Riseast

Biggest was Executive Action. They ripped it off from a French CIA "black book," designed to wreck Garrison if he did not go Kamikaze, as he did.

Lane knew the fake came from the French SDECE. One of the losers he planted on Garrison's staff, Steve Jaffe, had been sent to Frank⁰⁸ to pick up the proofs. Jaffe was then a movie major at UCLA. He took his camera and a girl-friend. He came back with footage of the French student riots and calling cards of the French spooks but no proof. Naturally. There was none.

Jaffe is living proof of the danger of feeling fatherly about the young. I saved his ass from Ivon's wrath three times. Jaffe went around getting into minor escapades, as happens with boys. But as should not happen with grown-up boys, each time he flashed his Garrison credentials. Reports that got back to Ivon came from traffic cops and Playboy clubs.

Last time I saw Jaffe he was in the company of the French spook who went by the name of Herve Lamarre. These types shed names like ~~skins~~ strippers drop clothes. As "James Hepburn" Lamarre is on the cover of Farewell America. He had a true Frenchman's thing on Audrey Hepburn, he told me. (J'aime Hepburn.)

Abby Mann is the hope of another Farewell America for Lane.

Lane flew to Los Angeles to pick up what Freed's brigands had stolen. He then flew to Memphis to duplicate what he could of Payne's copyrighted work and mine. Still again, truth was not good enough. Nor did a copyright mean anything. By the time Mark finished jazzing up my work of 1968 and later and Les's of November 1975 to February 1976, he had the FBI assassinating King. In boasting of this on TV from Chicago, Mann explained that nobody else had the "investigative powers" to understand.

The FBI does not love me. My "Freedom of Information" lawsuits against it go back to 1970. Right now I have it in court on two cases. One is my second for suppressed King assassination evidence. I've done all the original nonofficial investigating of the King assassination, first for my book, FRAME-UP, then as James Earl Ray's investigator and more recently for another book. On the basis of these

thousands of hours of work I say there is no proof the FBI killed King, no rational reason to believe it and abundant reason to suspect an entirely different origin and execution of that crime. ^{are} This is an FBI involvement, a very embarrassing one. But it was not the assassin.

Lane's timing was very good. The CIA had enjoyed an assassin monopoly long enough. The time of the FBI had come.

The time had also come for Reverend Walter Fauntroy, Delegate of the District of Columbia in the House of Representatives. Fauntroy, who had been close to Dr. King in the SCLC, would not even talk about the unsolved crime in 1968 and 1969. He would not even return my phone calls about it. Between the changed situation, the sudden unpopularity of the FBI, and the magic ~~and~~ of a prime-time TV audience through Abby Mann, Lane had Fauntroy.

Fauntroy was had. The garbage Mann and Lane fed him moved him to swing the Black Caucus behind a compromise between the Downing and Gonzalez resolutions. The King assassination was included. The King family also became active for the first time. They put their pressure behind the motion. When this black pressure was added to the existing dissatisfaction with all the official solutions, the House leadership gave its support and the resolution passed.

Lane's disinformation did it, a poor augury for a Congressional investigation.

I know it is disinformation because what he stole is my work and Les Payne's, of which I was part.

If Lane reads this, he'll know what he could not steal because I did not publish it, that while he was jackassing around in Memphis the week of the King assassination and could find nothing, my photographer friend was being a good investigator. He gave me information I published and leads to which I later added. My last clue came from the FBI in its successful deception of the Church committee. In having James Adams, a Hooverite in Hoover's lifetime, confess Hoover's sins, the FBI had Adams confess an uncommitted sin for the safely dead Hoover. Doping that

one out was child's play. The FBI was hiding a greater offense. This, too, was a snap.

A month earlier I had been hospitalized with acute thrombophlebitis in both legs and thighs. Travel was not easy. By phone and mail I made an initial investigation, based on analysis of Adams' successfully misleading testimony. In this I used dependable Memphis sources developed during earlier work. Les took over and proved his earning of a Pulitzer Prize for investigative journalism in 1974 was not an accident.

What the FBI had to hide was not interred with its founding saint. It is a continuing FBI curse. Through its Cointelpro operations, jointly with the Memphis police, the Invaders, a group of militant young Memphis blacks had been penetrated with provocateurs. On March 28, 1968, the same day Hoover wrote a memo designed to motivate his faithful to see to it that there would be no black messiah, these provocateurs were responsible for a serious riot. This violence forced the non-violent King to return a week later when he was shot. Without this Cointelpro provocateur violence, King would not have been in Memphis^{this} to be killed there on April 4, 1968. Akx

At the time King was assassinated, Memphis' public-safety director was Frank Holloman. He had worked for the FBI. Based on Lane's improvisations on Payne's stories, it came out that the FBI was responsible for the assassination through Holloman because one of two black policemen had been removed from what Lane called King's security.

Memphis had no security for King. Those two cops were members of the "red squad." If they had wanted to, as I'm sure Ed Redditt did, they could not have protected King. They were hidden, as I reported in FRAME-EP, half a block away and across the street, in a firehouse from which they noted the names of all those who entered King's room in the Lorraine Motel.

Les Payne learned that Ed Redditt had recommended what Memphis did not have, a simple but effective "perimeter" plan. There is no way of stopping a determined,

assassin. His escape, however, can be prevented. If the Memphis fuzz had employed Redditt's plan, the assassination might not have been prevented but escape would have been.

What is sinister is not Lane's and Mann's fabrication. It is the reality. Harmony had been restored between the Invaders and the rest of the black community. Those bright and brave young blacks, at the request of King's people, did move a protective squad into the Lorraine, next to King. There were six in that group, not the four of the Lane-Mann story. Two were women. As Les learned, the four men were armed. One of these four was a fink. In my initial investigation I did not learn his name. It is a great irony that one of those who caused King to be in Memphis to be killed there wound up as part of King's only bodyguard.

When I was able to travel again, in April 1976, Les and I went to Memphis, where each of us conducted further investigations. My work established that this Black Judas later framed his black brothers so incompetently in narcotics cases that they were acquitted. He went on to a fink's ultimate reward in Washington's spookery.

Minutes before the killing the Invaders bodyguard was told that the local police were resentful of their presence and were providing protection. They were asked to avoid another incident by leaving. The six had reached their car. They did not have time to leave the parking lot when with a single shot there was the fulfillment of Hoover's dream that there be no black messiah.

Payne's work on this part began with what I knew the week of the crime, that Redditt had been yanked several hours before the killing and that black fireman had been shifted away from the firehouse that provided the "red squad" with its lookout post. This is in FRAME-UP. Les' investigation established all the details of a real plot designed to cover Redditt's removal. This also is sinister but not as Lane gilded the lily of truth. Lane says Reditt was King's only protection. He was no protection. He was King's supporter. If he had been in that firehouse spying on King, he would have seen how the crime was committed. He was not a witness to

the killing because he was removed by the Memphis police who did not replace the Invaders. They also could not have prevented the crime. But they, too, would have been witnesses.

Payne published the reality seven months before Lane connec Faurtroy with fiction. I put the truth into evidence in court six months before Lane and Mann launched their disinformation campaign. It was anything but secret. It was syndicated by Newsday.

But Faurtroy went for the fiction, all over NBC's network, with Mann all agleam over Lane as a real-life Kojak.

"I uncovered" all this, Lane says in his less modest moments, those he believes will not get back to me.

This is how the House investigation of the JFK and king assassinations was finally voted, after more than a decade of national agony over the unsolved JFK killing and eight years after Kings.

There is abundant irony. All the fact in the world did nothing. Thievery embellished with egomania and madness made the difference. The House investigation was approved on the basis of what is usually restricted to barnyards. Years of hard and successful work that brought out solid, factual evidence were ignored by the Congress. Made-up nonsense is what persuaded it.

This is Lane's forte. Not doing original work, he has plenty of time for making up what he does not rip off. By the law of averages, he could almost expect to fall into the right formula, especially when he could tailor it to suit the need of the market.

The way he does it he appears to be unselfish and principled. The college set loves this pose.

The way he did it raises questions about the judgment and responsibility of those who made the investigation possible and those who are members of the committee.

Their first sign of good sense was not making Lane counsel. As an investi-

gator he could not find public hair in an overworked and undercleaned whorehouse at rush hour.

But the end, the bottom line, the results of this new investigation, is years away.

Sufficient unto that day is today's evil?

The assassinations are now commercial, as they have always been with Lane. If they are treated this way by the Congress, as leadership from the supporters of the Morrow and Weberman fabrications and the Lane/Mann ripoffs and madness forecasts, the only hope for an end to this great national suffering may lie with the courts, where with Jim Lesar as my lawyer I took the King assassination a year before Lane saw and exploited its commercial possibilities.