

The JFK Monologues

Archer Crosley

Prologue

JFK's assassination is first a story of murder.

The story is simple. An American, Lee Oswald, arrives back from Russia with his Russian wife, Marina, and integrates into the DFW community in June of '62. He is a surly, abrasive, wife-beating know-it-all. He remains in the DFW area for ten months, touting his communist credentials to anyone who will listen. He works here and there at menial jobs. He and Marina befriend many Russian expats who live in the area. These people are called the White Russians because they oppose communism. Through their White Russian friends, Lee and Marina befriend Ruth and Michael Paine who live in Irving, a Dallas suburb, situated fifteen miles west of Dealey Plaza.

In March of '63, Lee purchases a gun and rifle through the mail. The weapons are delivered to his PO Box, and he takes them back to his residence in Oak Cliff, two miles southwest of Dealey Plaza. In that same month, Marina takes pictures of Lee holding the weapons in their backyard.

Weeks later, Lee allegedly tries to kill General Edwin Walker, a popular right-wing army general, at his home in North Dallas. Lee isn't caught, so he decides to skedaddle out of town to New Orleans, the town in which he grew up as a boy. Marina soon joins him. While he is in New Orleans, much of his belongings are stored in Ruth Paine's garage in Irving.

Lee hangs out in The Big Easy and works for a while at a coffee importer located near The French Quarter. Mainly he spends his time, again, touting his communist credentials.

After five months of much politicking and little work, he decides to go to Mexico City for ten days, in late September of '63, where he tries to defect to Cuba. Failing at this, he returns to the Dallas area.

Lee, who has been having marital problems with Marina since arriving back in the United States, rents a boarding house in Oak Cliff under the name of an alias, O.H.Lee. Marina, chooses to live with their friend, Ruth Paine, in Irving. Ruth Paine helps Lee get a job at the Texas School Book Depository. Lee begins work there in October of '63. He visits Marina in Irving on weekends. His coworker, Buell Frazier, lives just down the street from Ruth with his sister, Linnie Mae Randle. Buell routinely gives Lee a lift to Irving on Fridays and takes him back to work on Mondays.

On 11/21/63, a Thursday night, Lee visits Marina in Irving. On Friday morning he hitches a ride to work with his coworker, Buell Frazier. On that morning, Lee carries a rifle into work and at 12:30 PM shoots the President of the United States. Then he

leaves the Texas School Book Depository taking a bus then a cab to his boarding house in Oak Cliff; he changes clothes, picks up a gun and walks around Oak Cliff where he encounters and shoots a police officer, JD Tippit. In a panic, he runs to a movie theater where he is captured.

Evidence swiftly pours in. A rifle and spent shells are found in the Depository. The FBI descends upon Ruth Paine and Marina in Irving. They discover the backyard photos, Lee's radical magazines and other incriminating evidence in Ruth Paine's garage. In no time at all, the Dallas Police believe the case is "cinched."

Two days later, while in police custody, Lee Oswald is shot by Jack Ruby, a local girlie-club owner. The case is closed; Oswald shot JFK.

#34

I planned the hit on JFK, and I know that I am mortal.

Roger Craig, on the other hand, came by the hand of God.

Only God could have done this.

God said to me: I saw what you did.

I saw you kill the President.

Nothing escapes my sight.

I can take you down any time I want.

Such is the power of God.

You can plan all day, and you can plan all night. You can visualize your success, but if God doesn't want it to happen, it won't.

So am I saying that God wanted JFK to die?

Well, that is philosophy.

I am speaking of Craig.

If you have never heard of him it's only because I and the Warren Commission prefer that you never do.

Roger Craig was an inconvenient person.

He was a Deputy Sheriff who was standing in Dealey Plaza that Friday afternoon.

Who was he?

He was a regular guy who nearly destroyed my work in an hour.

Let's review.

1. After the shots are heard, he runs behind the knoll and intercepts a lady in a car who is trying to leave the parking lot behind the pergola. He arrests her and hands her off to a colleague.

2. He walks across Elm and notes a 0.45 caliber bullet being pulled out of the grass beside a man-hole cover.
3. He looks across Elm and sees a man who he later identifies as Lee racing down the slope of the knoll to get into a car and race off.
4. He moves up to the sixth floor and sees three bullets aligned near the “Oswald Window.”
5. He then moves over to the northwest corner of the TSBD¹ and watches while the sniper’s rifle is lifted out from between a stack of boxes. He notices the inscription 7.65 Mauser on the rifle.

Did he bake a cake as well?

He is proof that talent comes as it comes. You don’t have to come from nobility.

Roger Craig ran away from home at the age of twelve.

Twelve?

How do you run away at the age of twelve?

He got married at age sixteen, joined the military and was stationed in Japan. I wonder if he knew Lee. No, Roger was older. Lee was born in ’39, Craig in ’31 or ’32. He fathered one child and raised two.

After his honorable discharge in ’55, he came back to Dallas and hooked up with the Sheriff’s department in ’59. In 1960 he won an award for officer of the year.

Well, if he didn’t earn it in ’60, he sure earned it in ’63.

How come I can’t find guys like this?

Whatever you think of the guy, you have to give him credit for living a rough life and making it.

No silver spoon there.

How do you run away and survive at the age of twelve?

I admired the guy, but his Horatio Alger story would not deter me.

No way.

Roger Craig got in the way of the wrong hombre.

¹ Texas School Book Depository

I tackled the problem methodically.

I never panic.

First I consulted my alter ego, Harry, to handle the problem.

Harry's my mechanic, my technical side. I named him after Harry Houdini, the famous escapologist. I talk to Harry and Harry talks to me. We talk so much, I forget who is talking.

Harry got Weitzman to change his testimony about the Mauser.

We buried the affidavit he made.

Seymour Weitzman was a colleague of Craig. Weitzman also noted the Mauser inscription.

But why was the Mauser up there on the 6th floor in the first place?

First things first.

Lee put it there.

Lee set up the decoy nest.

That's why Lee was there.

That was Lee's job.

Lee arranged the boxes, set down the shells and positioned the Mauser rifle.

That's what I told him to do.

I couldn't have Lee lay down a Carcano.

Why would Lee lay down a Carcano if he knew he owned one? He would have immediately suspected a set up.

Did Lee bring the rifle into work that Friday morning?

No, I shipped the rifle into the building the night before.

The rifle was a near duplicate of Lee's Carcano with one exception.

I stamped the rifle as a Mauser; and I instructed Lee to check the rifle stamp prior to placing it between the boxes at the head of the stairwell.

That's how we practiced it.

I needed to gain Lee's confidence.

The rifle would look like a Carcano when photographed.

I switched it out later.

I switched it with a duplicate of Lee's rifle that carried the identical serial number that was on his original.

We picked up his rifle later at the Paine home where he had left it.

Of course, Lee didn't take a rifle in that morning. What kind of an idiot would do that?

Lee wasn't stupid.

You know what?

People forget that I'm CIA.

I don't buy rifles off the rack at Sears.

I've got my own machine shops - the best in the world.

It's all first class.

I have all the money in the world.

I have your money, Mr. John Q. Citizen.

I can make anything.

I can do anything.

And we're magicians too, said Harry.

#35

Much of Craig's damage was contained.

Everything is information.

That's my business.

I'm a CIA man.

That's what I do.

That's what's we do.

We're in the information business.

We collect it, store it and disperse it.

We manipulate it, we spin it, we repackage it.

Illusion, baby.

That's why we did MKUltra.² That's why we put our people in newsrooms.

That's why we run our own men in political campaigns.

Roger Craig running into the lady trying to leave the back side of the knoll in the brown '62 or '63 Chevrolet was not addressed.

When Craig alluded to that, we had our people gloss over it or not even ask about it.

That was a good move.

Ditto with that story of Lee coming down the knoll and getting into a car.

We could not permit that narrative. If we did, how would we ever sell the story of Lee's bus and cab ride back to his boarding house?

² Project MKUltra was a mind control program the CIA conducted during the 1950s, 60s and 70s. The project involved the administration of drugs designed to influence a subject's mental state under interrogation, the goal being to develop a methodology to attain more reliable confessions with less effort.

If you'll recall, the official story says that Lee, after shooting JFK, took a bus, then a cab back to his boarding house in Oak Cliff, changed clothes, picked up a gun, meandered around Oak Cliff, ran into a police officer, JD Tippit, killed Tippit, then ran down to the Texas Theater where he was captured.

That's the story we were pushing, therefore Nixville to Craig's story of Lee getting into a car and racing away.

That was a no-brainer.

The striking of the bullet against the manhole cover was more problematic.

Roger Craig had been correct.

A .45 caliber bullet *had* hit that manhole cover on Elm Street.

Well, close enough to it.

The deLisle carbines, that two of my assassins used, fired a .45 caliber bullet.

The discovery of that bullet made the three bullet theory tougher.

Maybe not. Ha ha.

Buddy Walthers was down there where that bullet hit.

Buddy was a friend of Sheriff Bill Decker.

We had the ability to influence him.

I sometimes speak in the royal voice. Doing so makes me feel less guilty.

If we couldn't control Buddy, we would use legal tricks when he testified in order to minimize the event.

We were not going to lose.

We never do.

If we don't like something, we make it go away.

The deLisle carbine was used in WWII. It was and still is an effective weapon that shoots subsonic rounds. Very quiet.

That was a good choice to use that.

Yes, thank you.

Nobody would find the real bullets from those rifles or the others that were used.

Or the shell casings.

Do people think we are so stupid as to not pick up the shell casings?

Plus, four of the shell casings were in the Dal-Text building.

That's why I used the decoy nest.

Fine, what about the shell casings that Craig saw?

Craig said he saw Carcano shells. Was this possible? And could he have seen them aligned against the wall?

I asked an associate to construct a comparison of the Carcano and Mauser shells.

They are quite similar. The tapering on the Carcano is slightly steeper.

They are 1 mm apart in length and girth.

Mauser 7.65 x 53 mm

Carcano 6.5 x 52 mm

Let us look closely at the two types of shell casings.

Can I tell the difference between the empty shells?

Would Craig be able to recognize the difference in the empty shells if they were laying on the floor a few feet away?

Does anyone have eyes that sharp?

You'd have to pick them up.

Deputy Sheriff Luke Mooney who discovered the shells testified he could not identify the shells when they were laying there on the floor.³

Mr. BALL - Those were empty shells?

Mr. MOONEY - Yes, sir.

Mr. BALL - They were turned over to Captain Fritz?

³ Warren Commission Testimony

Mr. MOONEY - Yes, sir; he was the first officer that picked them up, as far as I know, because I stood there and watched him go over and pick them up and look at them. As far as I could tell, I couldn't even tell what caliber they were, because I didn't get down that close to them. They were brass cartridges, brass shells.

Mr. BALL - Is this the position of the cartridges as shown on 510, as you saw them?

I think Craig was retrofitting the BS that I had engineered.

Of course, Lee laid down Mauser shells.

Why would Lee lay down Carcano shells if he was being asked to lay down a Mauser rifle?

That's right, Lee can read the bottom of a shell.

All I had to do was switch the shells.

Why would people think that a magician can make a switch on stage in front of everyone's eyes but not be able to do it at the police station, or even there on site?

Hah!

Have they never seen a magic trick?

I love people. People are good, but sometimes they are too good.

The reason people do not believe that a switch was made is because they do not *want* to believe a switch was made.

People can not go down that road.

People need Walt Disney.

They need to believe in the goodness of mankind.

It would kill them to know the truth.

Therefore, people need tall tales.

I do not.

It was easier for me to switch the shell and rifle in the evidence room than it was to place another gun on the sixth floor to frame Lee.

That's right. If I had placed a guy on the sixth floor to frame Lee, I would have needed to get that guy out of there without being seen or noticed. That's much tougher to do.

Of course, I could have had him hang around and be seen as a member of the Sheriff's Office who had gotten to the crime scene first.

That was considered.

Boone, Craig, Mooney and Weitzman were not the first officers up there.

What about Craig seeing the shells stacked in a row? Could he have seen that?

#36

Roger Craig was a one-man wrecking crew to the Warren Commission, the CIA, and me.

He said he noticed three spent shells aligned in a row beside the so-called "Oswald Window."

I think we should call it the "Dulles Window."⁴ Ha ha.

Was Craig confabulating this?

Was he lying?

Why would he make up something that could be so easily refuted by photographic evidence?

Only two of the shells are in alignment, and they are hardly parked next to each other.

Why would he stick to a story that other officers were refuting?

The officer who got there first, Deputy Sheriff Luke Mooney, testified otherwise.

The picture that was taken by Lieutenant Day that day clearly refutes Craig's story. Two of the shells are about three to four inches apart but aligned. The third is at least two feet away and unaligned.

Was Craig misinterpreting the aligned position of two shells?

Did he innocently expand this to three shells stacked in a row?

Or did Roger Craig and Luke Mooney in fact see three shells parked in a row?

And was Luke Mooney "convinced" to see things differently.

Suppose Lee, in setting up the decoy nest, got suspicious and decided to buy himself an insurance policy by stacking the shells neatly in a row.

The shells stacked neatly in a row would cause doubt that a real assassin had been at that window.

Was Lee smart enough to think of this?

⁴ After Allen Dulles, the head of the CIA.

Clearly, with an IQ of 118, full knowledge of how the CIA operates, plus the desire to not be a patsy, he would have considered it.

After being shown the shells by Officer Mooney, suppose Lieutenant Day spoke to Captain Fritz.

Suppose Captain Fritz, knowing full well what this would mean, scattered the shells for the photograph.

What do you think, soldier?

Let me tell you what I think.

Will Fritz was a good man in my book, not one of these modern pussies who obsesses about ethics.

Will got things done.

He'll give Lee the Tommy Lee Walker treatment.⁵

Will was a walker, not a talker.

He didn't require much prompting.

⁵ Tommy Lee Walker was a black man who was railroaded into the electric chair by Henry Wade and Will Fritz in the mid 1950s.

#37

It was me, the Director, who drove Lee to the Texas Theater.

I wasn't going to delegate that to anyone else. I didn't trust anyone else.

Lee's job was to set up the decoy nest. The real snipers were over in the Dal Tex building and the knoll.

Misdirection is an essential part of magic.

What made this particular job difficult for me was getting Lee to set up the decoy nest without Lee feeling he might be implicating himself.

I had to make him feel that he was integral to the mission so that he would do what I wanted him to do.

At the same time, I had to get him to leave the TSBD so that I could implicate him.

Why would Lee leave the TSBD if he didn't fire any shots?

Why would he leave if he had been seen on the second floor?

Why would he bring suspicion upon himself?

Why not just hang around?

He would only leave if he had been told that he was going to be extracted out of Dallas.

It was a con.

Lee was told that everyone was going to be extracted out of Dallas for good.

Perhaps this is why he left his wedding ring with Marina.

Or, maybe he felt nervous about the mission.

Why would he leave his kids? I had to think hard about that one.

I told him he would be given a new identity. At a later date, Marina and the kids would join him.

He was lied to as part of an elaborate con.

This is why he was moving from seat to seat while in the Texas Theater.

He was searching for a contact.

He thought he was going to be extracted.

Maybe he did think he might be set up as a patsy.

If so, why didn't he bail?

He didn't because I had profiled him well beforehand.

This is what we in the CIA do well.

I knew that he had an emotional need to be part of a group, a team.

He lived in front of that TV set as a kid.

His favorite show was, I Led Three Lives.⁶

He loved the secretive life.

He ate that secret agent stuff up.

He was only twenty-four. Emotionally, he was still that little boy.

No one wants to believe they are getting taken.

We are primarily through evolution emotional creatures.

Our emotional needs reign supreme over what our cognition tells us to be true.

This is why love is blind.

We remain too long with people who mistreat us badly.

⁶ I Led Three Lives was based upon the true story of Herbert Philbrick, average citizen, Communist Spy, FBI counterspy. The show depicted Herbert Philbrick infiltrating communist cells in the small-town America. The show accurately depicts the obsessive paranoia about Communism that gripped America in that era. It's a good show, with cheesy music. The characters playing communists refer to each other as Comrade.

#38

Why was JFK killed?

If you're asking what motivated people to kill him, I can answer that.

If you're asking why they chose to kill him, I don't know why.

I wouldn't have gone that route.

I'm in the CIA, but I'm not necessarily in the loop.

I am a strange bird within the CIA, and I know it.

I am one of those guys who fits in but does not fit it in.

I can talk to the patricians who rule the CIA, but I have another side.

I can go uptown and downtown.

But home is always downtown.

I didn't like the politics within the CIA, and I knew that I never wanted to be one of those guys who had to testify before Congress.

Keep me away from that, I told the uppity-ups, and I'll do my job.

They did.

I operated in the shadows.

I was the perfect guy to plan the hit on JFK.

I was perfect because they needed a guy who had the clout to get things done and the regular-ness to mingle with the people.

A patrician couldn't have planned this.

A patrician would have stuck out like a sore thumb.

I hate suits.

I like regular clothes.

That was one of the perks I got within my niche in the agency - I didn't have to wear a tie.

I feel like I'm dying while wearing one of those things.

I can't think with a tie.

And I love to think.

I can sit around all day and think of things.

Like why JFK was killed.

This is how I sketched it out at the time.

This is how I saw the world.

Take a look at my diagram in my archive.

Here are some points.

1. The New World Order is another name for Corporatism.
2. Corporatism is run by atheist oligarchs posing as Christians, Jews and Muslims.
3. Zionism and Wahhabism are programs that Corporatism employs to steal the oil of the Middle East for themselves.
4. Corporatism employs suckers who truly believe in their religion to fight false battles.
5. Corporatism makes money off oil and war.
6. Corporatism also makes money after war when rebuilding is necessary.
7. If there were no oil in the Middle East, Israel would not exist there.

Now, here are some rules.

I love rules and maxims.

Francois de la Rochefoucauld⁷ is my Jesus.

1. God is great.
2. Religion has nothing to do with God.
3. Religion is about training people for war.
4. Man fights wars over money and uses religion as an excuse.

I had reluctantly come to the conclusion that the state of Israel was created to establish a presence in the Middle East for the purpose of getting oil.

Rich atheists posing as Christians and Jews thought it was a good investment.

JFK got in the way of that.

Rich guys don't bet on social justice.

Social justice doesn't bring a return on the dollar to them.

Peace doesn't bring them money.

Peace only benefits the regular people.

That dog won't hunt.

That's what it's all about, babe.

⁷ 17th century French author of maxims.

#39

Who am I?

I'm sure you'd like to know.

But guess what?

The people in hell want cold beer. That don't mean I'm selling it to them.

Ha ha, cold beer here.

Maybe you think you'll find a picture of me somewhere in a library or whatever fancy gadget you have.

Well, good luck.

My brothers in the CIA will assure that you never see a picture of me.

Well, I take that back. You might find one or two, but nothing that is going to help you.

I checked it out myself a few years ago. I found one when I was young and another one that was grainy and taken at a distance.

Incidentally, that cartoon that is supposed to me, you know, Maurice Bishop,⁸ don't make me laugh.

That looks like a guy who pitches Camel cigarettes.

Please.

Does that look like a guy who can fit in with the *gente*, people like Jack, JD and Lee?

Obviously not.

As I told you before, I'm not a patrician.

I don't like ties.

I'm a regular guy.

⁸ Maurice Bishop is reportedly the alias of a CIA officer who allegedly knew and handled Lee Oswald.

A very simple man am I.

I don't call attention to myself.

I buy my clothes at Sears and Korvettes.

I am quiet, and I like to read.

Tradition is reassuring to me.

Baseball is my favorite sport.

I drive an old car, a dump quite frankly.

I hate cocktail parties.

There are too many people there, and it messes with my brain.

I have a mild case of what doctors call minimal brain dysfunction.⁹

I get distracted by too many people.

I'd rather sit down with one or two people and enjoy a quiet dinner.

I'm very conservative and careful.

Many people think I'm paranoid.

Well, that's just the way I am.

You have to take the bad with the good.

Paranoia is why I have my job in the first place.

I trust no one because I can't afford to.

I'm always waiting to get fired even when I've done nothing wrong.

Yogi Berra was that way.

He was always first at the ballpark.

That's me, baby.

⁹ Minimal Brain Dysfunction is now known as ADHD.

I don't want anybody to take my job.

I always have to be thinking of how I can get screwed.

I think that makes me better.

That's why I was tapped to do this job.

Of course, it was more of a demand than a request.

But I did get to put in my own two cents.

They gave me that much.

I said: Don't do it. Figure out another way. Rig the convention in '64. Anything.

I knew they wouldn't listen.

Big mistake.

And now here we are.

PS I hate to see you suffer, so I'll throw you a dog bone. I did use that name, Maurice Bishop, but that picture isn't me.

#40

I needed to find a way to connect Lee with the rifle found on the sixth floor.

Look, forget about all this Lee Harvey Oswald stuff. Nobody called him that. His name was Lee.

Now, of course, I have no objection to the media using three-name-status because that serves my purposes.

Lee Harvey Oswald sounds so much more ominous, does it not? How could you not shiver when you hear that name?

That's one of our tricks in the CIA. We always refer to our patsies with three names.

If we called him Lee Oswald, he would sound too human, too likable.

Better he be a monster, bigger than life itself.

To you he's a mysterious, unknown killer. To us he was Lee.

He was a nice guy too.

The stories you hear of a brash, unlikable wife-beater was the identity that I and Lee had created for him.

Well, maybe he did get out of hand and hit Marina on his own, but let me tell you this: She gave as good as she got. She was no perfect wife. She had a sharp tongue and could chop Lee down in nothing flat.

Anyway, I told him to act surly with other people.

I told him to act like a pompous, self-absorbed know-it-all.

The fake objective I gave him was to infiltrate the White Russian¹⁰ community to ferret out communists.

That's what he thought he was doing.

Evidently some of the people in the White Russian community suspected as much.¹¹

¹⁰ White Russians as opposed to Red Russians who believed in communism.

¹¹ Not only did they suspect Lee of being a spy, they suspected Marina as well.

My real goal, though, was to establish him as a despicable, wife-beating commie so that I could demonize him later.

I began that process back in '62 when he got back from Russia.

Yes, my plans to kill Kennedy began way back then.

I was told to begin planning a mission right after the hard embargo of Cuba took effect in February of '62.

But I'm getting off the mark. I was talking about the rifle. I needed to find a way to connect Lee to the rifle found on the sixth floor.

How was I going to get him to bring a rifle in there? I couldn't.

There was no way Lee was going to bring a rifle into the depository that day or any day.

To begin with, Lee was smart. He himself would have asked: Why don't we just ship it in at night when nobody is there?

Of course, that is what I did.

No way was Lee going to implicate himself.

He wouldn't have brought in a baguette that day.

So I had to find someone to say that Lee brought in a package.

Which is what I did.

It's not too hard to get people to believe something.

To begin with, most people are intimidated when the FBI shows up.

It's not an everyday thing.

Truth be told, most people want to cooperate with the FBI.

People want to be patriotic. They want to do the right thing, sometimes too much.

I take advantage of that.

It's very simple to suggest new memories for people.

By the time we are done, we can make you believe anything.

Remember, it was Buell Frazier and his sister Linnie Mae Randle who saw Lee bring the rifle to work that day. Linnie Mae and Buell lived a few houses away from Ruth Paine where Lee stayed the Thursday night before the assassination.

I'm sure that Buell and Linnie Mae, after we got done with them, *did* believe that Lee carried that rifle into the depository.

But in reality, Lee wasn't carrying anything. Well, maybe he had an umbrella. That makes more sense, right? I mean, it had rained the night before. Maybe Linnie Mae saw Lee walking with an umbrella. Maybe that was what she saw Lee throw into the back seat of that car.

Of course, how could she see that through the garage? The car was on the other side, right?

No matter. Memories can be shaped.

It might have worked like this:

LMR: Well, I didn't see anything.

FBI: Are you sure he didn't have an umbrella. It had been raining.

LMR: Well, maybe he did.

FBI: You know umbrellas can be mistaken for other things.

LMR: Well, I guess so.

FBI: And a rifle could easily be mistaken for an umbrella, right?

LMR: I guess.

FBI: So, it is possible Lee might have been walking up the street with a rifle.

LMR: I'm not sure. Maybe.

FBI: You know, Linnie Mae, we know Kennedy was shot from the sixth floor where Lee worked. It would be a terrible thing if Lee got away with it. We have his fingerprints.

LMR: Really?

FBI: You know, nothing is going to bring JFK back.

LMR: Uh huh.

FBI: The nation wants to know what happened. Not knowing could hurt the nation.

LMR: Well, um ...

FBI: Anything you can remember to help the nation out of this tragedy would be helpful.

LMR: I'd like to be helpful, but ...

FBI: Your testimony is vital, Linnie Mae.

LMR: I see.

FBI: So do you think it's possible Lee was carrying a rifle.

LMR: Well, yes, I think it might be possible.

FBI: Or maybe he was carrying something, right?

LMR: Yeah, maybe something.

FBI: We found a paper sack up there on the sixth floor. Maybe he could have carried something in that?

LMR: Maybe. I suppose it's possible.

It's called selective bending of the truth.

Just as men can bend metal, we can bend truth.

It's what we do.

After four or five sessions, I can have you believing that Jackie Kennedy herself was on that sixth floor.

#41

I guess I should back up and give some background.

People hate me when I say, I guess. They want me to be authoritative and speak with clean, crisp action phrases. Correct. Affirmative. Precisely.

Military guys speak this way, and it sounds great.

I wish I could speak that way.

I can not. I'm too insecure.

So, I guess I should give some background.

People who don't know the Kennedy assassination can get confused, especially when they hear all these names.

There are so many people.

That works in my favor.

The best way to understand the assassination is to **not** get too close to the details.

Details are what I use to confuse you. I throw in many details.

Lawyers like to say that the devil is in the details.

They are absolutely right.

Details can be a living hell.

To an attorney, global context means nothing.

If you play Sudoku, you understand that all the pieces of the puzzle must fit.

Not to an attorney, though.

An attorney says that you can solve the puzzle if only each individual nonad, or row or column is correct. You are not ever permitted to look at the entire puzzle.

A skillful attorney can create a Frankenstein monster out of individual parts that work.

That's why I hate attorneys and why I love them.

That's why I suggested a few clever ones to serve on the Warren Commission.

I needed people to get lost in detail.

To understand what is going on, though, we must take a step back.

Ruth and Michael Paine lived in Irving, a suburb of Dallas, 15 miles from Dealey Plaza. Ruth was a friend of the the Oswalds, Lee and Marina. In fact, Marina was living with Ruth. Lee stayed the night before the assassination at Ruth's house. Supposedly he took a rifle to work with him that morning. He left the Paine residence on Friday morning and walked a short distance to the house where Linnie Mae and Buell were living. Buell gave Lee a ride to work that morning. Lee did not know how to drive.

Now, did I put Lee and Marina together with Ruth so that Ruth could keep an eye on the Oswalds and, of course, agitate them?

Maybe.

I needed Lee and Marina to fight a little, not that they needed too much help. The fighting was to make Lee more three dimensional, more believable.

At least that's what I told Lee.

Linnie Mae Randle and her husband used to live across the street from Ruth but then moved down the street, on the same side of the street, about 150 steps away.

Say, who moves down the street?

Linnie Mae and her husband were "friends" of the Paines.

Linnie Mae's brother was Buell Frazier. He was living with Linnie Mae. He had moved up to live with his sister not long before Lee arrived.

Do you find that to be an amazing coincidence?

Buell Frazier worked at the Texas School Book Depository. Who got him the job there?

Was it Linnie Mae? Ruth? Or was it the employment agency?

I was the one who got Buell his job there.

I was the one who got Lee his job there as well. That job was going to happen no matter what.

Anyway, there they were. You couldn't make this up if you tried, right? Actually, you could because I did.

Is it a coincidence that the Paines happened to have Lee's wife living with them; and that they have a friend 150 steps away who has a brother who works in the Depository where I need Lee to set up a decoy nest?

Now, it might seem reasonable if you thought like an attorney who likes to separate each detail out of context and evaluate it on its own merit.

That's one of the big flaws in our current legal system, and I take advantage of that.

Let's not get into the details. Instead let us place these happenstances within a larger context.

If this is a conspiracy, which you can bet your sweet bippy it is because I planned it, then you know that I had to have scouted Dealey Plaza well ahead of time.

I had to get the lay of the land to know where to place my assassins.

This means I knew that the Texas School Book Depository was going to be used well before Buell Frazier began working there.

Now considering this, I will ask the question again:

Is it a coincidence that the Paines just happened to have Oswald's wife living with them; and that they have a friend 150 steps away who has a brother who works in the Depository where I need Lee to set up a decoy nest?

I've got a better idea.

How about if I engineer a con by creating a little CIA village in Irving where everyone plays their part?

Everybody works for me whether they know it or not.

You know, they don't have to have a badge that says CIA Officer.

And I like working with husband-wife teams. If I can't find a husband-wife team, I'll go for a brother-sister combo.

Why?

Because they're emotionally linked to each other.

They have a reason to support each other's story.

I once worked for this guy who told me to never hire a husband-wife team. He thought they were more likely to steal.

Of course, that advice would apply if you were running an honest business, not the CIA.

There is a built-in collusion to husband-wife teams and brother-sister combos.

This works well in our business as they are more likely to support each other, especially if I put pressure on one of them.

I get two heads for the price of one.

They back each other's story up. They corroborate each other.

Honest people forget that Linnie Mae and Buell are brother-sister, and that Ruth and Michael are husband-wife.

Honest people make this mistake all the time, and married people know it.

Honest people may see the husband as a crook and think that the wife doesn't know her husband is a crook.

Hell, yes, she knows. She's the one who put him up to it.

Ha ha.

Married people work as a team. Brothers and sisters *también*.

The other thing you need to know is that I often assemble my pieces just before I need them.

Buell started working at the TSBD one month before Lee.

Of course, that doesn't mean that Buell was in the loop.

He wasn't.

Why would I want to create more people who could expose me?

Nor does it mean that I planned it out on the fly.

No way.

I don't take chances. I'm very conservative.

The first thing I do is write the whole plan on paper like a Hollywood script. Then I analyze it obsessively to make sure it makes sense.

You see, the purpose of Linnie Mae and Buell from my perspective isn't to get Lee a job at the Depository; it's to see him taking that package/rifle to work that day.

And, of course, they did.

Now, think about this, Sherlock. Did it happen this way by chance?

Ruth
Linnie Mae
Buell
Oswald
TSBD
JFK

Or this way on purpose?

JFK
TSBD
Oswald
Buell
Linnie Mae
Ruth

If you believe the latter, then you are concluding that Buell and Linnie Mae were working for me, because it would be odd for me to connect Oswald with Ruth, who is with me, and that, just by happenstance, she knew Linnie Mae whose brother, Buell, worked at the TSBD which just happens to be the place I need to place Lee. I'm not going to waste my time on chance. I need a "done deal." And I'm not going to pray and hope that Ruth finds somebody.

What's the likelihood that Ruth Paine was chosen as an operative who just so happened to have a friend within walking distance living nearby who has a brother who works at the Texas School Book Depository?

What's the likelihood that Ruth Paine was chosen as an operative who could recruit a friend within walking distance living nearby who has a brother who works at the Texas School Book Depository?

Remember, Lee has to walk to the Randle house so that Linnie Mae can see him with the package/rifle.

Otherwise, it's just Buell who sees Lee carry the package.

Of course, there was none. Ha ha.

Now, before you get all hot and bothered here, I don't want you to think that I told anyone of them what was going on.

I like to keep things compartmentalized.

I'm the only one who needs to know.

I don't want them sitting around a table comparing notes.

I'll do the thinking.

Note: Edgar Allen Poe wrote The Raven backwards. He knew how he wanted it to end before he wrote the rest.

PS So now you're thinking: "That's BS. He can't force all these people he needs to be living there on that street? It had to happen by chance." And my response to that? Hey, baby, I'm a magician. I can get you to pick any card in the deck. Look, honey, if it hadn't been Buell, it would have been Ellwood another block away. I would have shifted to Plan B, Plan C, Plan D. If I needed to, I would have used the Good Humor Man. Somebody was going to see Lee carrying that package to work. You get my drift, Cooter? It's only a matter of me and my operative being on the lookout for people who might be used for our purposes. We keep our ear to the ground, get to know folks and what's going on. By the way, who got Buell that job at the Texas School Book Depository? Do you *really* believe it was that Massey agency? Uh huh.

#42

Was Ruth Paine mine?

I can't say.

I won't say.

Whatever you think, don't get the idea she knew the full scope of what was going on.

Remember, she was only thirty-one years old.

I'm not going to trust the big picture to someone so young.

Young people may have the smarts, but they don't have the experience.

I use young people.

To be truthful, if she was mine, she would have been a lower mid-level operative.

I was higher on the scale.

Her job would have been to follow orders.

Quite frankly, maybe she didn't even know who I was.

Maybe we didn't even meet.

Maybe, baby, I ran all my instructions through official channels of the agency.

And maybe my operative was someone else.

Maybe I used an intermediary via typed instructions.

I'm sure I mentioned to you earlier that I have a fractured personality, which was the product of my tortured upbringing.

There were two people working inside of me.

I use my vanilla wafer personality to deal with my operatives. It's all straight cookie-cutter methodology.

Do this, do that. Go here, go there. Find me this, find me that.

I knew Ruth was going to end up taking a lot of the heat among the conspiracy crowd. There was no other way.

Somebody had to say the facts that we're going to incriminate Lee.

What *did* she say, anyway? That Lee had a gun in the garage? That the garage light was on from the night before? Big deal.

That's a zero-burger.

Oh, yeah, there were some militant magazines and photos of Lee in the backyard with his guns.

So what? I told Lee to take those pictures.

The main thing you want to know is this: How can you know that Ruth was one of mine?

You want that secret piece of evidence, don't you?

Well, ha ha, baby, you're in hell and you want a dip in a nice cool swimming pool, and you're not gonna get it.

I'm going to torture you, baby.

Nah, I wouldn't do that.

If you need a piece of concrete evidence in order to believe something in this world, you're not gonna believe in too much.

Not every action or event leaves a footprint .

I believe in God, and I know God exists, but I can't produce a solid piece of evidence that will convince you.

So it is with Ruth Paine. I can't point to anything that will convince you, but you can still believe that she was mine.

The whole is greater than the sum of its parts.

The only thing you need to remember is that two people who were closest to the case didn't trust her and felt there was something wrong there.

Marguerite may not been the best mother, but she was a smart, old bird. Lee had to have gotten his intelligence from somebody.

Marguerite didn't trust Ruth.

Robert, Lee's brother, was just as smart as Lee, and he didn't trust her either.

There was something not right there.

Now, of course, they could be wrong.

People do get things wrong.

I made some mistakes in this caper.

#43

Well, of course, all of this will be blamed on Lee. None of this will come back to me or the CIA.

History is a big lie.

Oswald did it.

He's the reason society does not work.

Don't worry, Mr. and Mrs. America, you're okay.

We'll repeat the lie obsessively.

Our controlled puppets in corporate media will do it gladly.

Why not?

They make millions. Of course, they'll do it.

Plus ...

Lies are necessary.

Lies are necessary because people don't give a damn.

People only want to sit back and drink a beer.

Because people want to sit back and drink a beer, economics rules the world.

If people cared primarily about issues and social justice, then issues would rule the world.

Social justice would rule.

Life would be fair.

Life isn't fair because people want to drink a beer, and they don't care how they get it.

Just get me that beer.

Ha ha. Cold beer here.

Beer and circus.

Maxim: There has never ever been a war that has been fought for social justice. That gives too much credit to the banker who must finance the wars. Bankers care about profits not fairness. Wars are fought on economics.

If I told people that I killed JFK to make their beer cheaper or more possible, they wouldn't be able to handle the guilt.

They'd get upset or depressed.

This is bad for the economy.

So we make up BS to make them feel better.

People love BS.

People love BS so much, they continue to interpret the world socially instead of economically.

They delude themselves.

Why did we go to Guatemala?

Cheap bananas, baby.

Why are we in the Middle East?

Cheap oil, baby.

Can you imagine the uproar if we told the American people JFK was killed because he was bad for business, that he would increase the cost of their living?

How about if we told them that he was killed because greedy people wanted to make more money?

That kite won't fly.

So we pick Lee, and paint him as a disgruntled, surly, pompous, obnoxious, cop-killing, wife-beating commie.

That sells like pancakes with a side of bacon.

Who doesn't like pancakes and bacon, especially with syrup and butter?

People need a bad guy to unload their sins upon.

Aha, that's the bad guy right there. He's the reason why things are so bad for me.

People love to unload upon a bad guy.

They can talk for hours about these guys.

They imagine themselves as Aristotle lamenting about society's decline.

It makes them feel better.

It's a catharsis of sorts.

It works all the time.

PS I'm going to prove to you that no war was ever fought for social justice.

People say we fought the Civil War over slavery. Okay. Fine.

After Reconstruction, in the early 1900s, Jim Crow laws were instituted in the South.

Now, I don't want to bust your bubble, but Jim Crow existed in the North as well, but that's beside the point. For the sake of argument, let's say it didn't.

The question I want to ask is this: If unjust Jim Crow laws existed in the South in the first half of the 20th century, why didn't the North wage war on the South again?

Think about it, Buster.

Let me help you along. The North didn't because the Northern Bankers and Men of Industry got what they wanted the first time around - the elimination of competition from England's factories.

Plus, they got all that cheap black labor that they used in their Northern sweat shops.

Why?

To increase their profits.

To break the backs of emerging unions.

So much for social justice.

#44

I began to target Lee in '62 when he got back from Russia. It was in '62 when I got the orders to begin the program to assassinate JFK. The final decision to kill him had not yet been made.

Rumblings had begun right after the Bay of Pigs fiasco.¹² That was the first straw in April of '61.

To be quite frank, that operation was ill-conceived.

There was no way an invading force that small was going to beat Castro.

1,400 troops? Don't make me laugh. Size matters.

I don't care how much air support was available.

You still have to win the ground game; and to do that, you need troops.

Allen Dulles should have taken the blame.

JFK was right to sack him.

Nevertheless the agency was upset because people had died.

Like we always do, we never blame ourselves. We blamed it on Kennedy.

Many wanted instant revenge.

Others in the agency were more patient.

Time passed.

Tension escalated.

The second straw was the expansion of the economic blockade in February of '62. Think of the blockade as a noose gradually tightening.

Kennedy expanded it to include ALL imports of Cuban goods.

It's called the hard embargo to distinguish it from the soft embargo which included products like sugar. The soft embargo had been instituted under Eisenhower.

¹² An attempt by the CIA to take back control of Cuba from Fidel Castro.

Ha ha. That's going the wrong way, my dear President.

There's a lot of money to be made in Cuba.

Don't mess with our money.

The final straw, the third strike, so to speak, was the Cuban missile crisis and Kennedy's 'No Invasion' policy. That was in late October of '62.

That's when I got the orders to get moving - quickly. That's when the decision was made to kill JFK.

It was around that time that I moved Lee down to Oak Cliff - my staging ground for the assassination.

I needed him away from his brother and mom.

Lee had been living in Forth Worth.

I needed him closer to Dallas.

It was in Oak Cliff that Marina would take those backyard pictures that would incriminate him.

Of course, he was told to use those pictures as commie credentials when infiltrating any left-leaning groups in the area.

At the same time, I arranged for Lee to start working at JCS - Jaggars, Chiles, Stovall.

JCS is a photo shop of sorts. They did photo retouching for newspapers, magazines and such.

They also did work with the CIA which was fine because Lee was CIA.

How convenient for us, right?

So I got Lee in there to act the pompous, surly lout.

After he had worked there a while, I told him to get himself fired because I was getting ready to move him down to New Orleans.

But before he left Oak Cliff, I had one more chore for him. I told him to take that shot at General Walker.

General Walker, if you remember, was a popular right-wing Army general during the 1950s. He was a hero to ultra-conservatives of the John Birch mold. He made many controversial statements during his tenure in the Army and ultimately resigned his commission.

After his resignation, General Walker began his political life. He had run as a candidate for Governor of Texas in 1962, but lost to John Connolly in the primary.

General Walker was the perfect person for Lee to take a shot at.

Again, more commie credentials.

That was in April of '63.

Of course, I didn't want Lee to kill the guy. Lee wasn't a great shot anyway, so it's doubtful he would have hit him.

What I always found funny was why people never asked why a guy who could supposedly kill JFK couldn't hit General Walker?

It wasn't like General Walker hit the ground after Lee took that shot.

Indeed, General Walker, who had been sitting in his house at his desk, doing his taxes, thought a screen had come loose from the window.

He walked out from behind his desk and ambled over to the window presenting himself even more clearly to his would-be assassin.

You'd think a man like Lee, who, according to the Warren Commission, with ice water running through his veins, with the ability to fire and re-cock the rifle bolt within 2.5 seconds, would get off another shot and kill the General.

But no.

Apparently the bullet deflected when it hit the window sash. Lee panicked and left. Supposedly, according to Marina, he buried the rifle within the city limits of Dallas in the dark of night, then returned later to recover it.

Sure.

I'll tell you where he buried the rifle - in the back of my car. I was the one who drove Lee to General Walker's house.

Do you honestly believe that Lee would carry a military-grade rifle on a city bus? If Lee had walked the distance it would have taken him two hours.

Get real!

After that caper, I told Lee to get the hell out of Oak Cliff.

I needed to get him out of town so I could work on things here.

It was in April that I found out for sure that JFK was coming to Dallas in November.

I was running out of time, and I had to figure how to do the kill and how to further demonize Lee.

An obnoxious, surly, wife-beating commie didn't seem enough.

Maybe I could make him a cop killer also.

That's where JD came in.

As I say, Oak Cliff was my staging ground. All my prep work would be done there.

Oak Cliff was what made the assassination possible.

You drive for show and putt for dough.

Oak Cliff was close to Dealey Plaza.

If you want to know what happened in Dealey Plaza, you must go to North Oak Cliff.

I was living there.

Lee was living there.

Hell, so was Jack Ruby.

Now, JD didn't live there, but he knew it like the back of his hand.

That's why I targeted him.

#45

Well, I felt bad about killing JD.

Of course I had to do it.

But I still felt bad.

I knew my bosses were Roman in their hearts.

And I knew the empire they were building was diseased.

I'd known that for a long time.

I had been deluding myself.

You don't want to believe that kind of stuff.

Apple pie is what you want.

I love cognitive dissonance.

Cognitive dissonance will always be my soulmate.

Yet part of me knew how evil the world can be.

There was always hope, though.

I knew that their empire could never last.

Psalm 37, baby.

The Lord laughs at the wicked, for he knows their day is coming.

Everybody talks about the rise and fall of the Roman empire, and everybody has an opinion as to why it fell. And there's no shortage of opinions.

Everybody's a doctor. Ha ha.

Here is my take.

The rise of the Roman empire was not caused by discipline but by immorality.

Sheer brute killing for money and power.

Raw dominion over others for no other purpose than to satisfy a deviant sexual lust.

And the fall of the Roman empire? What caused that?

Christianity.

Christianity accomplished what no army or nation could achieve.

Christianity freaked the Romans out.

What is this BS, the Roman elite must have asked themselves.

Who doesn't want to get rich?

Ha ha. Christians.

As its heart, true Christianity is an economic program.

It was the economics of Christianity and its renunciation of wealth that brought the Roman empire to its knees.

Wars are won and lost on economics.

It will be the same for our empire.

Any empire that kills an innocent man like JD for the sake of demonizing a patsy is destined to fail.

So why did I do it?

As I said before, there are two people living within me.

I'm a hybrid.

I am only thirty percent corrupt, thirty percent like the ruling elite. Seventy percent of me is like you, yet that alien thirty percent is enough to allow me to mingle with them. If I focus, I can jack up my effective alien percentage another ten to twenty percent. I will never be one of them, and I will never be allowed into their elite circles, but they need me.

They need me because I can relate to you and they can't.

Yes, I am weak.

I am who I am, and I cannot change who I am.

#46

People always like to know how I get people to go along if they aren't in the loop.

I do it the same way a prisoner traps a guard in a prison.

I begin small.

I ask the guard for a cigarette which he's not allowed to give me.

Then I use this transgression against the guard to get more stuff.

Then I use that transgression to get even more stuff.

Do you see how it works?

Let's use an example.

I've cleverly maneuvered you to take Lee to work in the morning. You are now involved, only you don't know it yet.

You don't JFK is going to die.

You only know you're giving a guy a lift to work.

After the President is dead, the flour hits the fan and the FBI is on your doorstep.

They begin interrogating you.

The implication is clear that they are after you for helping Lee.

But I step in and help guide the the interrogation.

The FBI is not after you; it's Lee they want.

Can you help us?

We are *pretty* sure he carried a package in that day. You must've seen it, right? That would *really* put our mind at ease.

It'd be a shame for the nation if he got away with it. We know he did it.

What do you think?

Could he have been carrying an umbrella?

How about curtain rods?

Is it possible I can persuade you into giving valid alternative truths?

Okay, you ask, but how were you able to maneuver me into taking Lee to work?

That seems difficult to do.

You might even ask whether I've brought you in on the plan to kill JFK?

Not necessarily.

I heard a mobster say once that he had 101 ways to get you inside a car.

Well, I have 101 ways to get you to go along with what I want you to do.

Let me give an example.

You have a sister, right?

I might get a friend or neighbor of your sister to approach her thusly:

Your Sister's Friend: You know, we have this friend of ours living with us, and her husband, Lee, is currently in another city. He is going to be doing some work downtown, but he doesn't have a car. And he doesn't drive. He would need someone to drive him into work and back on the weekends when he is visiting his wife here. I know you spoke of your brother, that's you, living in Dog Shit, Texas. Is he currently employed? Our friend's husband is doing some special work, and his company will pay \$1,000 for any inconvenience. They'll pay \$500 up front if your brother can start a month before Lee gets here. What do you think?

Your Sister: I'm sure my brother will agree.

Your Sister's Friend: Well, your brother would have to live with you. That's important. Also, it's important that he not ask Lee any questions about what he is doing. It's also vital that you not talk about this to anybody. The company would like this very confidential.

This is but one of many techniques that I might employ upon you.

Yes, you.

And should you talk after the fact, who are you going to talk to?

We control the media.

We also control many people who will snuff you out, and we will let you know what will happen to you if you continue to talk.

Nobody wants to die.

It's a game, baby.

And I'm better at the game than you.

#47

Of course, the saddest thing about me killing JFK is that we're never going to get a genuine President again.

No one will dare to be authentic.

He, or she, sure won't think of the people.

That might get you killed.

What we'll get are puppets of the Illuminati.

Ha, what a joke that is.

The term Illuminati was first coined by Adam Weishaupt in the 1700s.

Since government is an institution that looks better on paper than reality, Weishaupt felt the need to create a mechanism whereby society could still work without the people knowing.

He desired to instill rational enlightenment within men to yield better fruit.

I'm sure his heart was in the right place.

Unfortunately, he trusted secret societies to prosecute his philosophy.

Today such societies are hidden in plain sight.

They're called Harvard, Yale and Oxford.

We can include twenty or thirty more schools.

Anyone can join provided you have the right aptitude and attitude.

They're always looking for a few good men. And women.

They don't discriminate.

They exist to train the future officers of The New World Order which, by the way, is the same as The Old World Order.

We love to BS ourselves that we're smarter than before.

Ah, yes, we were stupid then, but we're much smarter now.

Sure.

Our modern media controlled by these "enlightened men" does its best to disguise its true nature by painting pictures of a mysterious cult into which hooded members are initiated. Such a ritual usually takes place within a cavern illuminated by candlelight.

What credible builder in any era would connect a structure with a rat-infested cave? The truth is far more mundane.

The Illuminati, let's call them something else, please, receives its power through self-referral. If you're in the group, you're 'in' and the group works for you.

It doesn't matter how dense and stupid you are.

Illuminati.

It's anything but.

Illuminati is another name for Corporate America, Corporate Britain, or Corporate Internationale.

It's all the same.

Well, who knows? Maybe this is the best way to go.

I doubt it.

You know, at some point, somebody is going to have to say no to this way of doing things.

Father Abe said that no political change is possible until public sentiment has changed.

Corporatism? People must want it.

They sure don't want the truth.

Now, JFK, he could give you the truth.

And he wasn't afraid of it.

In one press conference, he was asked by a reporter about the space race and why the United States and its peoples were behind the Russians.¹³

He didn't dodge the issue.

He didn't pretend that we weren't behind the Russians.

He admitted the truth.

I sensed frustration in his voice.

He candidly stated that the US was behind, that we were working on the issue, that it would take time.

We're never going to see that candor again.

What we are going to get in the future are polished self-promoters who can't admit a weakness.

They'll deny their shortcomings and mistakes.

They'll strike up the brass band and talk endlessly about their accomplishments.

Why would a person brag like that?

A President, by virtue of his position, strikes an important note for the nation.

This trend has crept into sports where stars now strut, brag and predict instead of producing.

I say this: If you are that good, why do you feel the need to bark about it? Why not just do it?

Maxim: Walk softly and carry a big stick.

Pride precedeth the fall.

If you can't admit your own weakness, you can't excel beyond mediocrity; you only succeed in fooling yourself.

This is bad news for us.

Leaders who fancy themselves as illuminated are not.

¹³ It was the Russians who were first in space. They launched the first satellite, Sputnik on 10/4/57. The first man to orbit the earth was Yuri Gagarin on 4/12/61.

#48

As I told you earlier, I had to get Lee down to New Orleans so that I could take care of a few things here in Dallas.

It was more than a few things.

Planning to kill someone is not just a matter of showing up with a gun.

Your success in pulling it off is directly proportional to the amount of planning that you put into it.

I did a lot of planning.

I was out there every day in Dealey Plaza, sitting by the reflecting pool, staring at the buildings.

I did a lot of staring.

I had to look at old pictures of Dealey Plaza that were taken during different months of the year, particularly November.

I had to examine the angle of the sun in the sky.

I had to consider weather patterns. What would I do if it rained?

I dug up old pictures that FDR had commissioned decades earlier.

One picture intrigued me. It was a shot looking eastward at Dealey Plaza when they were constructing the drainage system in the late 30s, I believe. It could have been the 40s. I can see the pipes lying on the ground. They were large pipes, almost big enough for a man to walk through.

Other thoughts ...

Where would I place my assassins? How would they escape? Where was the kill zone going to be? How many assassins should I use? How many bullets would be fired? Who would the assassins be? CIA? Mossad? Joint venture?

There were 8,000,001 things to think about.

I was frightened out of my wits.

Here, let me read you this quote from Napoleon.

"There is no man more pusillanimous than I when I am planning a campaign. I purposely exaggerate all the dangers and all the calamities that the circumstances make possible. I am in a thoroughly painful state of agitation. This does not keep me from looking quite serene in front of my entourage; I am like an unmarried girl laboring with child."

At the same time, I had to pull off the killing of JD.

The only way you're going to meet a police officer is to hang out, integrate into the community and get to know people.

In time, I ran across JD.

I can't remember where I first met him. Maybe it was at Austin Barbecue. Or it could have been at Top Ten Records.

I'm a friendly guy.

I can strike up a conversation with anyone, and I know how to not focus on myself and instead let the other person do the talking.

That's one of my strengths.

You can't have any ego in this job.

If you try walking around like you're somebody in what I do, it comes back and slaps you in the face.

I swear, sometimes it slaps me in the face before I start thinking I might be somebody.

I look at God, and I say: Gosh, God, what in hell's name was that for?

And God says to me: That's for the prideful thoughts of tomorrow.

Well, to make a long story short, JD seemed like the perfect guy.

He knew North Oak Cliff well and had worked at several places.

Austin Barbecue.

The Texas Theater.

That seemed appealing to me.

#49

This is the way I sized up Dealey Plaza.

I'm going to make this short and sweet, and then I can go into my reasoning later if you want.

Here are the bullets.

No way was I going to use one guy. What if he has a bad day? No, I need to spread risk.

I need a team in front and a team in back. I have no idea if the limo driver will get spooked and speed up. Plus, I want a close-up shot.

It's more important that the President die; it's less important that we get caught.

I'll use two shooters in back and two in the rear.

8 bullets, 8 shots.

4 bullets subsonic and suppressed, 4 bullets supersonic. That makes 4 shots heard. I can dismiss 1 shot away as a firecracker or someone's vivid imagination. I can't explain away 8 shots.

My kill zone is 10 seconds centered on the south pergola.

My rear assassins are in Dal-Tex. I can disguise the shots from an interior window.

My front assassins are women hidden in plain sight behind the knoll. No one in 1963 will suspect a woman. Annie Oakley died a long time ago.

I'll use periscope guns behind the stockade fence.

I'll machine all my own weapons. I'm not buying what Ted Williams is pitching at Sears.

The subsonics will be modified from the deLisle carbine that shoots a .45 caliber. Very quiet.

Lee will set up the decoy nest.

I'm using Israeli assassins. They're the best, and I need foreigners not emotionally attached to JFK or America. It's a reciprocal deal; we take out Israelis that are problematic for them. Everybody's a winner.

Okay, I've seen these conspiracy theorists doing all sorts of tests in Dealey Plaza.

Let me tell you something, honey; whatever they've done, I did five times over in preparation for this hit.

I knew exactly how many shots a reasonable shooter could get off in ten seconds using a Carcano.

I ran up and down that staircase myself at the Depository. I know how long it takes to get from the sixth to the second floor.

I measured out all the elevations of Dealey Plaza, the overpass, the corner behind the stockade fence, the works.

I had a giant map of Dealey Plaza on the wall in my flophouse.

I estimated the President's limo would be moving at 11 feet per second.

I admit I was off about 10 feet from where the fatal head shot occurred. I'm not perfect.

The reason I didn't shoot from the overpass where the stockade fence meets is because of elevation. My assassin at that position has to be at ground level which means I lose 5 feet.

Plus, that corner near the overpass is too close to the overpass itself. There might be guys up there. How am I going to break down a weapon in fifteen seconds? I figured I needed at last one minute, maybe seventy seconds.

Admittedly, the front shooters were the hardest part of the mission to figure out.

I had to be careful because front shot equals conspiracy.

I thought about placing them in the trees or on a platform behind the fence.

Ultimately, I decided on hiding them in plain sight as women.

They used specially made periscope guns to give them height and obscurity.

We stabilized the tops with a customized ground-supported strut.

Then they broke down the weapons and stashed them in the nearby vehicles behind false taillights.

Each team of assassins had a ground manager standing behind them to pace the shots.

It's all choreography, babe.

It took us one minute to break down the guns. Then they walked around like citizens who had gotten behind the stockade fence first. That's right; they were dressed in ordinary dresses.

Did you think I would dress them in camouflage suits?

No way.

The front assassins were the toughest part of the mission to plan; they would be most exposed.

The rear assassins were a piece of cake.

We controlled Dal-Tex, 100%.

Two assassins lying side by side on special-built platforms.

With the shooters retreated within the room, an observed muzzle flash was less likely.

Our ground spotters were, of course, the guys on the street.

You've already figured them out.

The gentleman and his accomplice. That's what I called them.

Notice how they were aligned with each other, perpendicular to the street.

They framed the kill, and they marked the half-way point of the mission.

Four bullets before they raised their arms and held them there.

Four bullets after.

I couldn't have my assassins fire eight bullets in too short a time. The shots needed to be spread out.

As I said, each team of assassins had a team manager standing behind them, pacing them.

They were in communication with a wireless.

We rehearsed this 10,001 times.

Pop-pop, front-rear. Pop-pop, front-rear. Halfway point. Pop-pop, front-rear. Pop-pop, front-rear.

There's a rhythm, a cadence. You have to feel it, sing it.

Pop-pop, front-rear. Pop-pop, front-rear. Halfway point. Pop-pop, front-rear. Pop-pop, front-rear.

Training is everything.

I trained my team obsessively.

I trained them so close by you wouldn't believe it.

I used your taxpayer money to build a full-scale Dealey Plaza.

It was hidden in plain sight, right there in North Oak Cliff.

I'm not joking.

Look closer and think.

Of course, it's not standing anymore; we tore it down. But it was there, and many people in Dallas had been in it.

#50

Hey, what's your favorite movie?

Guess my favorite movie.

I'm an older guy, much dead to you, so it's an oldie.

Hmm.

Casablanca?

No.

The Big Sleep?

Nope.

Don't get me wrong, I love those movies, but they are not my favorite movie.

How about the Maltese Falcon?

Uh uh.

My favorite movie was made in 1943.

Johnny Eager, starring Robert Taylor and Lana Turner.

What, you've never heard of that movie?

Why would I like that movie?

I can watch that movie every day of the week.

Robert Taylor plays a sharpie gambler posing as a regular Joe.

My favorite scene is early in the movie.

Robert Taylor first appears as a cab driver.

He talks the talk of a law-abiding citizen, then walks into a nearby building through a set of double doors, sheds his cabbie jacket and transforms himself into a criminal kingpin.

That's what made me want to join the CIA.

Lee was the same way.

We had a connection there. We both got a sexual thrill out of posing as something we weren't.

Why do you think Lee did the work he did anyway?

For the love of country?

To help people?

Get real.

You can do that a million different ways.

Lee loved putting people on. He ate it up.

That whole surly, know-it-all routine, please.

Lee's favorite television show was *I Led Three Lives*.

If Lee had been given a desk job at Langley, he would have quit and been a comedian or an actor.

Me too.

In the movie, Robert Taylor, that's me, plays a ruthless, unconscionable criminal, Johnny Eager, who sets up Lana Turner, that's Lee, as a patsy to get what he wants. Ha ha.

It's a giant fake, a con job.

Does that sound familiar?

The plot has many twists and turns and Johnny wins out against everybody until the end when he gets shot by a cop who he had screwed over years before.

I don't like the ending because I like bad guys.

I always root for the bad guys.

But I knew I had it coming.

My only weakness was Lana Turner.

That won't happen to me in real life.

I don't get that close to people.

That's why I was able to kiss so many people off.

Hey, I did it to Lee.

And I liked Lee.

He was a good worker, reliable, dependable, smart.

#51

Well, I have a thought before I begin. These things come to me, and I have to get them off my chest.

If Lee was so calm and collected after killing Kennedy, why was he pale and freaked out after taking a shot at General Walker?

It hardly seems like the same person taking both shots.

Of course, that's the point. Ha ha.

Okay, as you remember, I had sent Lee down to New Orleans to get him out of the way.

I had to focus on JD.

It's not hard to recruit people.

They don't need to know why they're doing things.

Let's say that I plan to rob a bank at 3 PM on First Street. I'd like to get away, right?

Well, one way to do so is to ask you, Mr. Unknowing, to pick me up around the corner, and out of sight, from the bank.

I'll tell you to pick me up on Second Street at 2:55 PM.

I'll inform you that I might be late.

Before I walk into the bank, I'll make sure that you are in position.

Once assured of that, I'll rob the bank, walk out the back through the alley, change my shirt, place a cap on my head and head toward Second Street where you are.

I'll get in the car, and you'll drive away as calmly as you please.

You won't call attention to yourself. You don't know what I've done.

Everybody's a winner.

In the case of JD, he's not picking up anyone.

His only job is to drive from here to there within a certain time frame.

The toughest part is to condition JD to ignore significant events that he doesn't know are going to happen.

How do I get him to not respond to what will obviously be heard on dispatch?

Well, that's why I recruited a man who was NOT supposed to be in North Oak Cliff.

His designated area was Southwest Oak Cliff which was far enough away, a few more miles, to not be recruited into the assassination melee; yet it was close enough for him to drift over.

And it would be near lunchtime anyway.

I tell you, I plan all these things out as much as I can ahead of time.

By nature I'm not a great planner.

Outside of my chosen profession, I tend to be quite terrible.

My next-door neighbor who does woodworking has convinced me that planning is everything in life.

Before building a project, he sketches a plan on paper.

Can you believe it?

Not me.

I am one of those guys who grabs a couple of 2x4s and starts nailing them together.

In another life, I thought I could be a professional carpenter.

I wanted to build this outdoor enclosure to my porch. I had to nail a 2x4 into the concrete. You have to use a special gun that shoots nails into concrete.

Now, the nail gun was invented by this guy, Morris Pynoos, who built the Spruce Goose for Howard Hughes.

Well, we in the CIA had contacts who knew Howard, but that is beside the point.

I'm rambling.

That's my minimal brain dysfunction.

I paid a small fortune for the nail gun and the other tools. It took me *all* day to nail one board into the concrete.

It looked crooked, so I called my neighbor to look at it.

He tapped it with his foot, and it came loose.

Then he asked: Did you use treated wood?

I said to him: Well, the guy at the hardware store said I didn't need to.

My neighbor looked at me and said: You need to use treated wood outside.

I sold my tools the next day.

Planning is everything. So is expertise.

Do yourself a favor and make a sketch, and get the right people for the job.

JD was the right guy for the job.

You may think it horrible for me to talk like this. How can a guy make jokes when he is using people, people he is planning on killing?

It is what it is.

I'm being brutally honest.

You justify it. You tell yourself that the world will be a better place.

We're fighting a war here.

Lee and JD are soldiers in that war.

Aside from that, both men will achieve a fame the rest of us can only dream of.

Their names will live on.

#52

Well, you know why we killed JFK, and I'm telling you here in this confession how we killed him, but you may want to know what made it all possible.

Have you ever wondered about that?

To understand what made it possible, we have to go back in time.

The American Constitution was always the problem.

How were we going to circumvent it?

This was a problem for us, and, trust me, we began working on it the day the Constitution was written and presented.

I tell you, that piece of paper presented an immense roadblock, and there was no way it was going to be circumvented overnight.

It would take centuries to put the common man in his place.

But that's OK. My bosses had infinite time and patience.

The main stumbling block the means by which your US Senators were elected.

We had to take that baby down.

We did it through the 17th amendment.

It was all downhill from there.

We figured that if we could make your US Senator a representative of us, instead of you, our job would be easier.

The Founding Fathers had envisioned that your US Senator be selected by your state legislature.

This was better for you because you would know your state legislator who would in turn know your Senator. You were thus one person removed from your US Senator.

This was better representation for you.

What we did was make up a bunch of BS about Senators being chosen in smoke-filled rooms by good-old boys.

This was true, but you got to choose the good-old boys who chose your Senator.

We took that away from you through direct election of Senators.

While this seemingly gives you greater choice, it gives you no choice at all because, by doing so, we have increased the cost of elections, which puts us in control.

We have more money than you to contribute to campaigns, which puts us in charge.

The man who writes the checks rules.

Secondly, you don't know anybody who knows your Senator.

Your Senator is now completely unhinged from you.

Your Senator doesn't give a damn about you and doesn't have the time for you.

Your Senator now only has time for Hollywood celebrities and us.

Since he doesn't know you, he has to base his opinions on what he chooses to believe the public desires, and guess who controls that?

That's right, us.

Once we owned your Senator, it became that much easier to change the Republic to an Empire.

Well, the Romans did it, why not us?

We were able to create the Federal Reserve, ha ha, National Bank, which prints money for endless wars which effectively transfers money from you to us.

Much more than that, though, we were able to institute federal control over every single state institution.

We were also able to control the judiciary. We do that through the Senate Judiciary Committee, or as it is properly known - The United States Senate Committee on the Judiciary.

We always make sure that the Senate Judiciary Committee is controlled by our people.

Nobody who thinks differently from us will ever get to the Supreme Court.

Although we do not control the Presidency, we can greatly influence it through our think tanks who provide advisers to the president.

Plus, we can furnish a steady diet of Senators available to run for President.

The only governors who stand a chance are people we control.

We control that through the media who will dutifully report every foible and peccadillo of our enemies as if a nuclear weapon had been dropped on Hiroshima.

Now, every now and then, somebody like JFK comes along who we think we control but don't.

We're not perfect.

By all rights, JFK should have been ours. He was a Harvard man; his dad was a Harvard man.

He came from money.

We miscalculated.

We failed to consider life events that had shaped him.

The loss of his brother, Joe; the tragedy of his younger sister, Rosemary; the chronic back pain he suffered his entire adult life; that time he spent on that island in the Pacific with regular guys; all of that gave him an empathy with regular people who had suffered.

Plus, JFK never took after his dad; Bobby was more like his dad.

A leader has to be ruthless.

JFK was too kind. Too noble.

We did not like his vision of the world.

The only crime we humans do not forgive is betrayal. We say we do. We lie.

Nobody likes to be betrayed.

JFK betrayed us. He began to look out for regular people first, not us.

It was all there to see on that last stop in Dallas that Friday morning. He got out there, back pain and all, the last time he would ever stand, and shook hands with those regular folk.

He *really* enjoyed them.

#53

I know this may seem a little strange, but you have to be a positive guy to successfully kill the President of the United States.

This isn't like the old days when any casual lunatic could walk up to the President of the United States in a train station.

Those days are gone.

A negative, morose attitude will get you nowhere.

I laugh when I hear people say that a guy like Lee, as he presented himself, could have pulled this off.

The world doesn't work that way.

Success in any endeavor requires a clear thinking mind, unfettered with hangups.

If you are unhappy, if you are rude to other people, if your mind is closed to ideas, your work is going to suffer in whatever it is.

If your marital life stinks, your work life will suffer as well.

I don't care if you're a butcher, a baker, a candlestick maker.

When achieving a goal, you have to be happy in life and you have to trust that whatever you need will come your way.

First, you get the lay of the land to approximate what you want to accomplish, then you justify that goal as a moral act.

Putting aside the often problematic question of what is a moral act, ha ha, you then place your trust in God.

I believe in God.

Do you believe in God?

I asked God to help me in this mission.

Sure, I knew I was on thin ice here, but I justified killing JFK by telling myself that it was an assigned mission.

Yes, that was morally dubious, I know, but I instructed myself that great economic harm would befall millions if JFK were soft on Communism.

We couldn't have the world go Commie, could we?

Isn't that what JFK was enabling? Communism.

I hate Communism.

I'm not sure why it differs so much from the tyranny of the NWO,¹⁴ ha ha, but that's beside the point.

When you justify an action morally, then commit to your goal, commitment is key, the tumblers of the universe align and the solution reveals itself.

If you have a negative, morose attitude, that's not going to happen.

Your negativity will prevent the machine from working.

God will never help you.

Now, of course, Lee and I *were* working together.

I told you before that Lee was not who he presented himself to be.

Let's take a look at his positive traits.

He was a Marine.

He served his country.

He paid his bills.

He paid his debts.

He loved and doted on his children.

He showed up to work on time.

His boss at Leslie Welding, Tommy Bargas, thought he would make a "pretty good sheet metal man."¹⁵

¹⁴ New World Order

¹⁵ Warren Commission Testimony

Mr. JENNER. What kind of an employee was he, or what is your impression and present recollection?

Mr. BARGAS. Well, as much as I can remember of the short time he was there, it was a very short time he was there--he was a good employee. I imagine if he pursued that trade, he might have come out to be a pretty good sheet metal man--I don't know.

Mr. JENNER. But at least that's your impression?

Mr. BARGAS. That's my impression.

He learned the Russian language fluently in a few years. You try doing that as an adult. Marina, when she first met Lee, thought he was native Russian.

He didn't smoke.

He didn't drink.

He didn't do drugs.

He took an interest in world affairs.

He took a ton of abuse from Marina about everything.

Even her women friends thought she went too far.

Here speaks Elena Hall, one of the White Russians.¹⁶

Mr. LIEBELER - Did you ever have the feeling that Marina was a good wife to Oswald, or did you have the feeling that she was not particularly a good wife?

Mrs. HALL - Well, she is a little bit lazy one, and she can sleep 48 hours a day. That is the only thing. And maybe they had trouble because of this and little things, like I said about the peppers and so on.

Mr. LIEBELER - Did you ever see or hear of Marina making fun of Oswald in front of other people?

Mrs. HALL - Who?

¹⁶ Warren Commission Testimony

Mr. LIEBELER - Marina making fun of Lee?

Mrs. HALL - Oh, yes; she would do it.

Mr. LIEBELER - Can you think of any specific examples?

Mrs. HALL - She always was complaining about him. He was not a man. He is afraid. I don't know, not complete, I guess, or something like that. Not complete man.

Mr. LIEBELER - This may not seem to be too important, but we are not just curious, it might have a bearing on the Commission's determination of what kind of man Oswald was and what kind of person he was. Did Marina make fun of Oswald's sexual inability in front of other people, or was it a more general thing?

Mrs. HALL - Generally. I never heard sexual nothing; no. Only when I asked her about this, she told me. And that was, we don't talk any more about this. I didn't hear it. Maybe somebody else did. I didn't.

Mr. LIEBELER - You had the feeling, I gather from what you said, that if there were difficulties in the Oswald marriage, they were not entirely Lee Oswald's fault? it also would be some of the fault of Marina?

Mrs. HALL - Yes.

Mr. LIEBELER - What is your opinion?

Mrs. HALL - I think that she is stubborn, real stubborn, and she would pick up something little and go on and have an argument for nothing.

Of course, that was all part of the con.

Do you honestly think that any man can put up with that kind of abuse and do a good job at anything?

Look at the pictures of Lee when he was a boy and a young man.

He is almost always smiling.

That doesn't look like a chronically unhappy person to me.

Even when he was caught, did he whine and cry? No way.

Did he act nervous?

No. He was cool, calm and collected.

Losers don't act that way.

Losers freak out. They break down and cry.

Lee never ratted anyone out.

He kept a positive attitude, possibly hoping to the last moment that I would rescue him.

The only remotely negative thing he ever said was that he was a patsy.

Which was true.

#54

Here's a primer on ballistics according to me.

Do I own a gun?

No. I am afraid of the things.

If I owned one, I might murder half the people in my neighborhood.

Friends invite me all the time to the gun range. I guess I have that look.

I politely decline.

Minimal brain dysfunction and rifles don't mix.

Do you find this surprising that I don't own a gun?

I do too.

I bought this piano a few years ago.

I did my due diligence and asked the salesman so many questions he probably wanted to kill me.

I'm one of those guys who has to know everything about everything before I buy it.

I wanted to know about the parts of the piano - the sound board, the pin block and the hammers. I had to know about the different types of pianos. I needed to know which were considered the best brands but which ones *were* the best.

Trust me, it's not always the same.

I needed to know which woods were used and how they were glued together.

I had to know which artists used which pianos.

I don't like snobs, so I needed to know what the snobs played on.

Snobs rarely know. They go for the prestige. I go for the dough.

I must've gone back to that store five times over a year's time to ask that salesman questions.

But I forgot one question.

It's a good thing I didn't ask.

After I had put down the money for the piano and had arranged delivery, I asked the salesman, his fake name was Mack, "Which piano do you have in your house?"

He looked at me and matter-of-factly replied, "Oh, I don't play the piano."

I was stunned because he had told me he had been selling pianos for 30 years.

He had even worked in the Baldwin factory.

He had to have played the piano, right?

But he said he did not play.

Why not, I asked incredulously.

Mack: I never had the desire.

On that day, I became a smarter man.

A person can be more objective about an area of endeavor when they aren't personally participating in it.

Anyway, I was talking about guns.

What makes a rifle supersonic is the bullet it fires.

How much punch does the bullet pack?

You can't silence a supersonic bullet.

There are two sounds a supersonic bullet makes - the sound behind the bullet and the sound in front of the bullet.

The sound behind the bullet can be silenced. That sound comes from the explosion of gun powder that propels the bullet through the air.

The sound in front of the bullet cannot be silenced. That sound comes from the Mach cone that is produced as the bullet exceeds the speed of sound.

Think of a Mach cone as a partially unfolded umbrella with the tip of the umbrella where the bullet is.

As long as that bullet exceeds the speed of sound, the sound of the Mach cone will be heard.

A person will hear that sound as that Mach cone passes by his or her ear.

The human ear can not localize where a supersonic bullet is shot from.

Other points to note are the following:

A supersonic bullet does not produce a shock wave that will make a building or a window shake. A jet plane with much more mass may do that, but not a bullet.

For some reason, mixing together supersonic and subsonic rounds in the same rifle does not work optimally. I don't know why.

The muzzle flash that comes out of a rifle in real life is not as bright as it is in the movies. Hollywood engineers the muzzle flash to look brighter in the movies because it looks neat.

Gun smoke usually pours out of a gun after firing multiple rounds not one or two.

Rifle manufacturers such as Mauser have made multiple iterations and variations of their rifles over the years. They do so to achieve different effects. Does Ford make one car?

Rifles are often bought and reworked by various nations to fit a different bullet depending upon the needs of that purchaser.

Finally, the DeLisle Carbine, invented by the British, fired a .45 caliber bullet. It was an extremely quiet and effective subsonic rifle.

Naturally, that attracted my interest.

#55

Do you pray?

Do you pray at night for deliverance?

I pray for a good night's sleep, for release of mental anguish, for deliverance from my solitude.

Of course, there can be no deliverance for me.

I play the role of Superman.

I sit in my Fortress of Solitude, and, as such, solitude defines me.

I retreated there when my father died.

It was a safe place from which to peek out.

The world is a horror, an absolute horror.

I must accept who I am and live within those confines.

You have no concept of the small indignities I have suffered.

Casual backhanded compliments.

Open ridicule.

Public humiliations by smug professors.

Snide remarks by know-it-alls at large.

Official relegation to junior varsity status.

Did I deserve this?

Perhaps.

I must renounce vengeance.

I can not perform optimally if I am consumed by anger.

Admittedly, this is difficult.

I am most decidedly not Jesus Christ.

I despise the pain of anger, the pain of not forgiving, the pain of rehashing old insults.

I need God, and I need Jesus.

I was not brought up to believe in Jesus, yet I immersed myself in his teachings.

He was there, and I have to know people. I have to know their mind. I have to know why they think the way they do. I can not just accept things. I can not happily follow while eating dogma pie.

In a pure world I could adhere to the principles of Jesus.

I do not live in a pure world.

I wonder.

Did Jesus fully understand man's inhumanity?

Do you think Jesus was lonely?

I think so.

Planning your church, your magnum opus, requires solitude.

Solitude can make you angry, you know.

The rest of the world is happily eating a burger.

Was Jesus an angry person?

Could Jesus have killed JFK?

Would Jesus have killed JFK?

I pray to God every night.

I pray vigorously for strength to accomplish my mission.

Does God hear the prayers of a killer?

#56

OK, let's get to the nitty-gritty.

To begin with, as I stated previously, I drove Lee directly to the Texas Theater.

That was the safest way to get him to where I needed him to be.

Plus, the Texas Theater is a soundproof room. He won't be hearing any sirens in there.

The Texas Theater sits in North Oak Cliff

Of course, you can look at a map, but the best way to imagine North Oak Cliff is to see it as a football being teed up at a 45 degree angle to be kicked from right to left across your television screen.

This is a simplified version, babe. Don't call me Amerigo Vespucci.¹⁷

The top of the football is where you enter Oak Cliff; that is where the Gloco gas station sits. Dealey Plaza is just north of that. On the other side of the football, at the bottom, just to the east, is where the Texas Theater and Top Ten Records sit. The top arc of the football is Zang Blvd, then Beckley. The bottom arc of the football is Jefferson Blvd. Oswald's boarding house sits on the laces of the football, near where the Zang turns onto Beckley. JD Tippit is killed on the bottom arc of the football near where a kicker would boot the ball.

Lee was a dead man the minute he walked into that theater. I had guys inside and outside ready to shoot hm dead if he got spooked.

In that event, we'd move to Plan B.

As I was leaving Dealey Plaza, Fake Oswald was getting on a bus, then a taxi, to go to his boarding house.

While we were doing that, JD was waiting at the Gloco gas station near where Houston crosses the Trinity River.

That's where I told him to be.

Indeed, when I passed him with Lee, I saw him there. A few minutes later, I called him on my wireless and told him to start moving into position.

¹⁷ Italian explorer, navigator and cartographer. America is named for him. He pointed out, what was not initially obvious, that the New World was not the eastern outskirts of Asia but instead a separate landmass.

All three of us we're going to the first synch point on Beckley and Neely.

Did you think it was an accident that Fake Oswald went five blocks by his boarding house?

Come on now.

If that had been Lee, and Lee was supposedly this rude and surly person, don't you think he would've snapped at the cab driver, William Whaley, or at least cursed loudly, especially after having killed the president?

He didn't because he wasn't Lee. And he wasn't intending to go to his boarding house, at least not yet.

If you look at the timing, you will see that JD was moving down Lancaster headed toward Top Ten Records.

He radioed his position from 8th and Lancaster at 12:54 PM.

Notice how JD was driving right near the intersection where Fake Oswald was being let off by William Whaley. Do you think this was a coincidence?

No way.

JD was moving to the first synch point at Beckley and Neely.

After I dropped Lee off at the Texas Theater, I doubled back to the first synch point.

When I got there, I waited until Fake Oswald and JD were in position.

I knew them, and each one knew me, but they didn't know each other.

They were watching me.

I gave a neutral signal at which point all three of us proceeded to the second synch point.

JD traveled to Top Ten Records and then made a phone call to me which was patched through to my wireless.¹⁸

I followed Fake Oswald back to the boarding house on 1026 Beckley.

¹⁸ Why didn't JD use his wireless? Because I needed to establish his position at Top Ten Records. If he was going to get spooked and boogie out on me, I needed to know. Timing was essential. If JD boogied, I would move to Plan B immediately.

I waited down the street while Fake Oswald walked into it.

I spent a lot of money training Fake Oswald to walk and talk like Lee, although I told him to say nothing.

When JD called me, I knew that it was Oklahoma for Fake Oswald to come out of his boarding house.

I made a quick call, and a police car that I'd prearranged pulled up in front of the boarding house and honked twice.

Fake Oswald walked out of the boarding house and into oblivion. Of course, he waited until Earlene Roberts wasn't watching him any more.

I moved down to 10th and Patton and waited for JD.

How did I know JD was going there?

We practiced it.

That kind of timing has to be rehearsed.

That's why the people in the neighborhood knew him there.

That's why Acquilla Clemons knew him.

That's why Scoggins, the cab driver, knew him.

Yes, yes, yes, I know; he worked Oak Cliff; you're saying that's why they knew him.

True enough, but rehearsing the pickup refreshed their old memories, wouldn't you agree?

Think about it; why doesn't JD turn on his siren or police light if he is approaching a suspect in the assassination of JFK?

Because he recognized the man walking down 10th Street.

Because he had practiced this pickup.

Of course, JD did not know that he was going to get killed. I didn't tell him that part.

Nor did he know about JFK and my plans.

It was for a good cause, though.

I needed to demonize Lee.

Nobody likes a cop killer.

People might appreciate someone killing the President, but nobody appreciates a cop killer.

That's why JD had to die.

The synch points were necessary in order to get the timing down.

The first synch point got everyone in alignment in Oak Cliff. Who knew what the traffic would be like in Dallas?

The second synch point was necessary because we couldn't do one synch point at the boarding house. We couldn't have Fake Oswald waiting around at the boarding house too long, nor could we have JD waiting outside the boarding house until Fake Oswald got there.

That would bring suspicion.

Do you see how it works? It's a simple handoff. It's like a football play. Here let me show you a diagram.

I'll place it in my archive.

Questions, people?

Now, ask yourself this: What are the odds that JD and the man who killed him are going to be synched up at three points at or before the time of his death?

Houston Street Viaduct 12:40 PM

The vicinity of Beckley and Neely at 12:55 PM

JD's death on 10th and Patton at 1:15 PM

Further consider that both men are involved in a mysterious signaling at 1:05 PM.

Remember, time is a little fluid in 1963.

That, my friends, is conspiracy.

#57

After I left the boarding house, I went down to 10th and Patton and waited for JD.

Of course I wasn't the one who killed him.

I don't like guns.

I used a man I'll call Tippit Killer for that.

He was a professional assassin, a short-range killer, as opposed to a sniper.

It's a different set of skills.

It was not essential that Tippit Killer look precisely like Lee.

In fact, it was better for me if he was a little different. I didn't want neighbors phoning in a possible suspect to the President's killing, at least not before I killed JD.

I tried to match him up as best I could based upon what Lee might have been wearing that day or what clothes Lee had in the boarding house.

Remember, according to the official story, after killing the President, Lee went back to the boarding house and changed.

I wonder why he didn't change into his smoking jacket, ha ha.

Oh, I forgot, Lee didn't smoke.

Polite laugh.

At any rate, the light-colored jacket was the important part.

Nobody on the street there knew Lee or Tippit Killer.

JD knew Tippit Killer, though.

As I mentioned previously, we had practiced this run.

JD was a family man, chronically short of money.

He needed some extra cash, and I recruited him to do some work for me.

It's nothing illegal, I told him. It's the easiest cash you'll ever make.

You just need to follow this program.

Don't get the idea, though, that JD knew anything about the killing of the President.

Why would I tell him about that?

JD was heading down 10th to rendezvous with Tippit Killer.

They knew each other.

Isn't that obvious?

JD slowed down as he approached Tippit Killer. He never put on his lights or siren, nor did he radio anybody.

What does that tell you?

If JD had thought that he had found the assassin to JFK, don't you think he would've called for back up?

Of course.

The police dispatch report of Lee's description went out on Channel 2 at 12:45 PM like this:

Attention all squads, the suspect in the shooting at Elm and Houston is supposed to be an unknown white male, approximately 30, 165 pounds, slender build, armed with what is thought to be a 30-30 rifle, - repeat, unknown white male, approximately 30, 165 pounds, slender build. No further description at this time or information, 12:45 p.m.

Armed and dangerous.

Not only did JD slow down, he spoke to Tippit Killer through the side vent window.

If he thought that this man was the killer of the President, having received this dispatch, why not stop at a distance even with Helen Markham, who was standing up the street, get out of the car, stand behind the door and draw his gun?

Clearly he knew Tippit Killer.

Tippit Killer leaned in on the window and spoke to JD just as Helen Markham told you he did.

What did he say?

I can't tell you precisely what he said because I wasn't close enough. But it might've gone down something like this.

Tippit Killer: Well, JD, I've got good news and bad news.

At that point JD gets a little nervous, especially when he sees the gun pointed directly at him.

Tippit Killer: The good news is that we thank you for your service, and we're going to take care of your wife and kids.

Now, JD really starts to squirm.

Tippit Killer: The bad news is that I'm going to kill you right now, but I'm going to give you a fair chance to defend yourself. I'm not going to dishonor you by shooting you in your police car. I'm going to give you a chance to get out. And don't think of speeding away or we'll kill you and your wife and kids.

And so JD got out, but he didn't have much of a chance, did he?

You know the rest.

JD got out of his car.

Tippit Killer stepped to the front of the vehicle and shot JD.

He made sure he was dead and then took off, as I told him to do, down Patton to Jefferson to Crawford, then half a block back up.

Basically, he walked half-way around the block.

I'll place a good diagram in my archive.

It was more or less a "J" type pattern with the top of the "J" the starting point.

After Tippit Killer killed him, I stared at JD, then took the back way over to Crawford behind the Texaco Station.

I walked the other way around the block and met Tippit Killer half-way.

Do you remember that other guy across the street from JD, the guy who Acquilla Clemons saw?

The tall, skinny guy in the light khakis and white shirt.

That could have been me.

Or maybe not.

I met Tippit Killer over there behind the Texaco, grabbed his jacket, placed it under the car and sequestered him away never to be seen again.

His mission was over.

Oh, yeah, I took his gun, I was going to need that.

Did you think I was going to have him run down Jefferson in broad daylight and have him be tackled by a citizen-hero?

Get real.

I waited a little bit until the cops arrived, slipped into the background and at the appropriate time pointed out the coat under the car.

Hey, what's that, I said.

That was Lees jacket.

When that was done, I slipped away.

I still had work to do at the Texas Theater.

#58

So what does it take to kill the President of the United States?

A good attitude.

One has to be a positive person.

I'm a positive person.

I make the best of my situation.

I have no other choice.

I complain a lot, but that's only about politics, sports and money.

I love baseball, and I love to complain about it.

My team never wins.

I'm a glutton for punishment. I keep rooting for a team that has no chance.

Okay, runners are on first and second with one out. The ball is hit to medium-deep right-center field. The base runners will tag up and run. You are the outfielder. You catch the ball for the second out. To which base do you throw the ball?

You throw the ball to second base. You're not going to get the runner going to third. If you throw the ball to third, the runner from first will go to second and you will then have base runners on second and third.

My team throws the ball to third.

Jesucristo.

I can say that in many languages - English, Polish, Russian or Spanish - but truth is truth.

You have to play smart. You have to think. You have to play small ball.

I complain to relieve stress.

When it comes to my own life, though, I take responsibility for anything that's gone south on me.

It's a bad idea to blame the world.

Even when it isn't my fault, I find it best to take responsibility.

This enables me to think of ways to surmount the problem.

I wasn't always this way.

When I was young and undergoing much stress in my family, I felt helpless.

I was helpless.

I was a child.

I came to believe that worrying about a problem would make it go away.

It doesn't.

So when things go against me, I write a list of the positive things that can come of this experience.

I don't care how bad things are, things are never as bad as they seem to be.

A negative state is largely a creation of the mind.

I have to wipe that away and tell myself it's not real.

Such an attitude is critical in planning an assassination.

Glitches are going to arise.

I have to look at those glitches as a good thing, a blessing in disguise.

Otherwise I'll get sucked into the maelstrom of negativity.

I've been there.

I've been to the bottom of the abyss.

They reserved a room for me down there.

Here's a secret. There is a Gideon Bible in that room.

Well, there used to be.

I stole it.

I think they want people to take those bibles, right?

Let me tell you something: Whoever wrote that Bible was a genius.

Of course, you'll never know it until you need it.

The power of positive thinking is enormous.

Faith that things will work out well is paramount.

I needed that Gideon Bible.

I was in a bad way.

So I took it.

#59

The truth of the matter is that, yes, I killed JFK, yet I did not.

I work for the CIA, and the CIA works for you - at least on paper. Ha ha.

You killed JFK.

We take the pulse of the people, the business community, our leaders, the sentiments of our foreign allies, and then we make decisions.

This is the way things work.

Ultimately we work for you.

When JFK was killed, it was because you ordered it.

You ordered it through the decisions that you as individual citizens make every single day.

JFK was too noble, too good.

His actions affected the food on your table.

Your discontent filtered up to us, and we made a regime change.

That's the way it is.

#60

The Texas Theater is only minutes away from where JD was shot, but I needed those minutes.

I stopped by the shoe store to make sure that all was okay. That's the store where Johnny Brewer worked. He was managing the store.

I needed to re-zero for the final lap.

Then I set the wheels in motion.

Of course, there was no Lee Oswald on Jefferson. That was all BS.

Lee was in the theater.

I didn't need to be in there just yet. I had my guy in there keeping an eye on Lee.

He was there to make sure Lee didn't get spooked and leave.

If Lee had tried to leave, my guy would have killed him right there; then we would have moved to Plan B.

Later, my guy told me that Lee had been moving from seat to seat; Lee was looking for a contact.

That made me feel worse when I heard that. As I say, I liked Lee.

I don't like to get too close to the people I have to do in, but Lee I got close to.

He was a nice boy who hadn't had the ideal life.

I could have been Lee.

Okay, so Johnny Brewer goes down to the theater and points out Lee in the back.

I was in the back of the theater keeping an eye on matters.¹⁹

I like to get a wide-angle view.

It was darker than hell in there even with the lights on.

¹⁹ Theaters are funny aren't they? Or are we funny? When we stand outside the theater, we look at the marquee and call that the front. When we walk inside the theater, we look at the screen which is generally situated at the back of the building and call that the front.

As Nick McDonald approached Lee, Lee surprised me. He didn't put up a fight and run.

So what happens is this: Lee raises his hands and says: "I am not resisting arrest."

Nick probably took Oswald's raising of his hands as a provocation, because Nick clocked Lee and gave him that mouse over his left eye.

Lee fell back; and as Nick fell over him, he cut his right cheek on Lee's bracelet.

We used that cut later to say that Lee had cut Nick's cheek with the gun. Ha ha.

After they fell backward, a melee of arms and hands reached in to restrain Lee.

One cop even got handcuffed by accident.

A gun misfired.

That wasn't Lee.

Lee had no gun.

I brought the gun down, but the mother misfired.

Damnit!

You see, Lee was supposed to die right there in the Texas Theater.

That he didn't die forced me to use Jack.

I had recruited Jack earlier as a contingency.

I plan everything.

I'm always waiting for the other shoe to drop.

I'm always waiting to get fired.

When I was a kid I climbed every tree in my neighborhood.

I never fell of a tree.

Never.

Other kids fell out, but I never did.

I always built back-up systems into the boards I nailed into the tree.

I'm a super-paranoid wreck.

Jack was only one of my out-pitches.

Jack, of course, didn't know diddly.

I would need Jack now.

But for now, Lee was mine.

Lee was a dead man from the moment he stepped into that Texas Theater.

#61

By the way, before I go any further, I was the one who set up Ruth Paine's garage with all that evidence.

Did you figure out what I did, silly boy?

I juxtaposed two capers.

I had Lee play the surly Commie, wife-beating, Walker-shooting lout so that I could gather the evidence I needed to frame him for the JFK caper.

Lee's job was to infiltrate the White Russian community and ferret out any commies.

I made him surly to give him three-dimensionality.

That was how I got the "Walker" letter,²⁰ the backyard photos, the rifle, the gun and the radical mags.

Lee a commie? Give me a break.

After getting this evidence, I then planted it in Ruthie's garage to use it against Lee in the JFK caper.

The link between the two capers, Walker and JFK, is the rifle and the blanket it was wrapped in.

None of this means diddly in court, mind you. In fact, there is no court, and there never will be one when it comes to Lee.

I'm the originator of the modern-day witch hunt.

I wrote the book on how to do it.

²⁰ The Walker letter is a letter that Lee Oswald wrote to his wife in fluent Russian explaining the steps she should take should he be arrested or killed. It was a living will of sorts and was presumably written in April of 1963 about the time that Lee allegedly took a shot at General Walker. This letter was conveniently discovered by Ruth Paine and turned over to the FBI. Alongside the letter were radical magazines that Lee would read. There were also the backyard photos of Lee holding the Carcano rifle.

#62

After Lee was hauled away to city jail, I took a minor breather.

It had been a busy day.

I had to lay down for at least a few minutes. I'm getting older, and I like to take a short nap in the middle of the day.

Before I did, I hustled down to Parkland to see what was going on with JFK and his body.

Just as I arrived, they were getting ready to haul his body back to Washington.

Good.

I sure didn't want Earl Rose doing a legitimate autopsy.

Earl Rose was the Dallas County medical examiner.

No, that was the very last thing I wanted.

JFK's body left Parkland a few minutes after 2 PM.

Secretariat couldn't have gotten out of the gates faster.

I went back to my tiny flophouse and laid down for 15 minutes, only 15 minutes.

I still had much work to do.

I had to review the films, and I would have to get down to the police station and exchange that rifle.

Of course I had access to the station.

People don't what I'm planning. They don't even ask me why I'm there when I show them my badge. I get first-class service.

#63

The purpose of the film, you can call it the Zapruder film if you want, was to help me reconcile the autopsy findings with the narrative I had imagined for JFK's assassination.

Plans rarely work out well.

I had planned for three shots to be heard over roughly 10 seconds.

There were four shots because the first was perceived as a firecracker.

The film, thank the Lord there was no audio, would help me refine the narrative I wanted to put out.

I studied that film.

I had always wanted to be a Hollywood director.

Well, now I had my chance.

The magic bullet theory took its form that very afternoon.

People think it was Arlen Specter's idea, but it was mine.

I could see right away that I needed to figure out a way to have JFK and the Governor be hit by at least one of the bullets.

Complicating the matter was that an innocent bystander, James Tague,²¹ had been struck by another one of the bullets.

Quite frankly, I was less concerned about the number of bullets being perceived than I was about the direction from which they came.

I could not have anyone suspecting a frontal shot.

This was going to be difficult to achieve.

The problem was the film itself.

It would have to be suppressed for decades.

²¹ James Tague was standing under the Triple Underpass. He was struck by a chip of concrete that was sent flying into the air by a bullet that had struck the Main Street curb.

I needed that time to sell my narrative, to entrench my BS in people's minds.

The film clearly demonstrated that the fatal shot came from the front.

I decided to alter the film.

I changed one frame and one frame only: Z313.

I didn't want to make too many changes. One was enough.

Focus was paramount.

Concentrate all your energies, I told myself. The great generals bring all forces to bear on one focus of attack.

One change only.

The purpose of the change was to help sell the single bullet theory.

The change was necessary because the real Z313 frame supported a shot from the front.

What I did was move JFK's head a little forward.

This slight movement forward would support a rear shot.

I also had my "art guys" reconstruct JFK's head and blood flash to further support a shot from the rear.

The "art guys" minimized the rear blood flash.

I was worried about changing that frame, but it had to be done.

Look, if you examine the frame I changed, you will conclude, as I did, that the frame, Z313, makes no sense whatsoever.

I don't want to get into all the details.

Macroscopically speaking, how can you blow someone's head open and have a full mop of hair there?

You can't.

I hear you, babe. It was a flap of skin. The bone extruded to the front or rear depending upon which story you want to believe.

Sure.

Look, baby, there was no flop of hair there. I saw it. The scalp had been reflected down revealing brain tissue.

It was a chasm in there. The Grand Canyon, baby.

I wasn't going to let John Q. American see that.

People get angry when they see that kind of stuff.

Angry.

Angry people produce angry committees.

I don't want angry committees; I want friendly committees.

My job is tough enough.

#64

Thank God my job was coming to an end.

I reviewed the film, made the change and sent my report upstairs.

“It” was beyond me now.

Sure, I would get consulted, but the deed was done.

The suits would take over now.

JFK would get his political autopsy.

There was no point in getting too pushy beyond this point.

The uppity-ups like to feel important.

They also have a different agenda.

I’ll be honest; I get as confused as you do.

Suffice it to say that you and I and the American people are not in charge.

Money rules.

That’s not the way I want it.

It’s just the way it is.

#65

Jack was the last point on my list.

I met with him that Friday night at the synagogue.

He was distraught.

It's tough to confront your mortality, your demise.

He had been crying that day; I could see it in his eyes.

He had called his brother, his sisters. He was wrapping up his affairs.

Acutely he knew that these would be his last days as a free man.

I calmed him down and kept his eye on the big picture.

When Jack said later that he had done it for the Jews, he was partly right.

I put it in his head that Israel would be harmed if the truth be known.

This was true but not entirely.

There were plenty of Christians involved in this caper - or at least people who thought they were Christian.

Nobody's innocent here.

I reminded Jack how Abraham had been called by God to sacrifice his son, Isaac.

Biblical stories sell.

Jack in his heart was a good boy.

Sure, he threw some unruly humans down the stairs of his club, so what?

They deserved it.

Jack loved dogs, you know.

He adored his dog Sheba.

I appealed to Jack's nobler nature.

We all have finer points, and Jack was no different.

Jack had served in the military; did you know that?

He was also generous with his money; truth be told, he had no concept of it.

He would keep his money in the trunk of his car.

What, you don't believe me?

Hah! Take a look at this. Here is Jack's best friend, Ralph Paul, talking about Jack's money-handling skills.²²

Mr. PAUL. Well, if I be there on Saturday night or Friday night, at the end of the night, he would say to me, "Clear the register." So, I would count the money. He says, "Let the boy from the bar give you the money and hold it until we come downstairs and I go to the car." And that's how I got the money.

Mr. HUBERT. So, you would be seen counting the money?

Mr. PAUL. Yes; that's right--that's why I wanted to know who told you.

Mr. HUBERT. But that's all it amounted to, just--that you had counted the money for him?

Mr. PAUL. That's all--I would bring it downstairs--he never carried it with him actually--I don't know why he carried so much money the last time. Actually, he used to throw it in the back of the car in the trunk and he said, "That's the place that nobody looks."

Mr. HUBERT. You mean you have known him to go home with money in the sack and he never put it on his person at all?

Mr. PAUL. No--in the back of the car.

Mr. HUBERT. Even when he parked his car at night he wouldn't take it upstairs?

Mr. PAUL. What do you mean--no; he never took it up to the house he left it in the car.

Mr. HUBERT. Did you ever have occasion to know how much money he had around like that?

Mr. PAUL. No, sir.

Mr. HUBERT. Well, of course, you know, I suppose, from the newspapers and what you have heard that when he was arrested he had altogether on his person and in the car and so forth, something in excess----

Mr. PAUL. It was in the car too, wasn't it?

Mr. HUBERT. Some of it, yes; but to your knowledge, most of the time he didn't keep it on his person at all?

Mr. PAUL. No.

²² Warren Commission Testimony

Poor Jack.

I told him that this was his shot at redemption.

Frankly, Jack hadn't been as successful as he had hoped he might be.

He had dreams like everyone else.

Life was frustrating for him.

His minimal brain dysfunction had held him back.

He was too volatile, too unfocused to run a business well.

This was his chance to right the wrongs.

I opened the door to immortality.

He stepped across the threshold.

I was there at the police station that Sunday morning.

When Lee was ready to be brought down, I used my resources to signal Jack who was waiting nearby at the Western Union office, a few minutes walk away.

As Lee headed down the elevator, I made my way to the back alley door.

I greeted Jack at the door and guided him to the basement.

We walked over to the green car where Jack lingered, just on that other side of the railing.

Then it was time.

#66

Maybe you don't believe in God. Maybe you need absolute proof that God exists.

Maybe you are the type of person who believes whatever the government wants you to believe.

For you the Warren Commission is your deity.

Well, I know the Warren Commission is mortal.

I said it once; I'll say it again.

God laughs at the wicked, for he knows their day is coming.

Psalm 37, baby.

On October 20, 1963, Marina Oswald gave birth to Lee's second child.

Lee and Marina named her Audrey Marina Rachel Oswald.

Or did they?

Parents usually reserve the rights to name their child, but perhaps on special occasions, God steps in and says, "I got this," and inspires the parents to make the appropriate choice.

Yes, I do think God can do this.

The obvious aside - that the name Marina Oswald derives from her mom and dad - Audrey and Rachel seem inspired choices.

The name, Rachel, of course, comes from the Bible. The story of Rachel is one of trickery, disappointment and sacrifice. It is also a story that illustrates God's ultimate power to decide a person's fate.

Just as Rachel delivered Joseph the future leader of the state of Israel, so Lee symbolically delivers our New World Order. Both Rachel and Lee are revered for their matriarchy and their tragic sacrifice.

Without Lee, the New World Order collapses.

Lee is Atlas holding our brutal, modern world on his shoulders.

The name Audrey is a British name that comes from the medieval name *Aethelthryth* which means noble and strength.

The most famous Audrey of the modern era, particularly that of the 1950s, would be Audrey Hepburn.

Lee and Marina surely knew her name.

On December 5, 1964, 13 days after JFK was assassinated, the movie *Charade*, starring Audrey Hepburn and Cary Grant, debuted in the United States of America.

In the movie, Audrey Hepburn plays Regina Lampert whose husband, Charles, is murdered. Three shadowy men show up at the funeral. One is named Tex, another is named Leopold. The third is named Herman.

Herman, Tex and Leopold. That's quite a threesome.

Is God talking to me?

Are they the three men who visited Silvia Odio²³ in September of 1963 to solicit her help in securing funding for an anti-Castro effort. The three men went by the names of Leopoldo, Angelo, and Leon. Leon was allegedly Lee, who was, of course, from Texas.

Was this movie a dream for the waking world? Does God take our confusion, pain and hurt and reconfigure it into a story that makes sense to us?

Lets us follow the story.

Regina's friend, who we meet in the beginning of the movie, is named Sylvie. Sylvie has a child, Jean-Louis, who collects stamps.

After learning of her husband's murder, Regina is summoned to meet a CIA administrator, Hamilton Bartholomew, who tells her of a wicked plot involving her dead husband and the three men at the funeral. The four of them along with another man, Carson Dyle, had been part of the OSS in France and had secretly robbed a gold shipment they were assigned to protect. One of the conspirators, Carson Dyle, was

²³ The Silvia Odio affair is a sideshow in the JFK Assassination saga. It seems relevant but is not. Silvia Odio was the daughter of a revolutionary who sat in one of Castro's prisons. She was reportedly visited by three men at her home in Dallas in late September of 1962; the three men were soliciting her support for a fundraising effort to overthrow Fidel Castro. Silvia Odio identified one of the three men as Lee Oswald. According to the Warren Commission, Lee Oswald was in Mexico City trying to defect to Cuba. He was. I set up the Odio affair as a false passage, a rabbit hole of nothingness to keep people reaching for a fruit that can not be grasped. Just as the pharaohs set up false passages in their pyramids, I did the same in my edifice.

killed in the war; another, Charles, Regina's husband, double-crossed the other conspirators and stole the loot for himself.

The three men at the funeral believe that Regina's dead husband, Charles, stole the gold. They believe that Regina knows where it is. Unbeknownst to us, Charles had traded the gold for valuable stamps which he had affixed to envelopes in his apartment. Regina, not knowing the value of the stamps, gives them to Jean-Louis for his stamp collection.

Cary Grant's job in the movie is to protect and help Regina. Secretly he is working for the government. He takes on many aliases, one of which, believe it or not, is Alex Dyle.²⁴

During the course of the movie all three of the shadowy men die. The person who has killed them is none other than the CIA administrator himself who is secretly Carson Dyle. The movie concludes with a chase scene that ends in a theater where Carson Dyle dies. I'm not making this up.

The name, Carson, etymologically, can signify a fort, a swamp or both; having worked at Langley, I would say the name, Carson, seems appropriate for a CIA man. His surname Dyle probably comes from the Irish surname Doyle which means dark stranger. Carson's other name, the one he presented to Regina in the beginning of the movie, was Hamilton Bartholomew. It was Hamilton Bartholomew who began this mystery by killing Charles. Hamilton means a barren, treeless hill, and Bartholomew might refer to the apostle Bartholomew himself. So what does that tell me? I don't know. Perhaps HB was a true believer standing upon a pergola perched upon a knoll. At any rate, I am Hamilton Bartholomew.

Regina means Queen; Charles through Charlemagne has become synonymous with King; and Lampert means 'bright land' which could easily be confused with Camelot.

The three men - Tex, Leopoldo and Herman - represent the three lives of Lee Oswald. Average Citizen, Communist, CIA counterspy. Tex means Tex, Leopoldo means bold lion, and Herman, of German origin, means soldier.

Sylvie is their conduit to wealth and riches. They are not who they pretend to be, just as the three men who visited Sylvia Odio were not who they pretended to be. In both stories, the three men's intentions are false.

Sylvie is not just Silvia Odio but every person who has been wronged by a tyrannical government. She is a friend to the Queen. The Queen is a friend to her. Sylvie derives from Silvanus, the Roman protector of the woods and fields. Sylvie protects the woods and fields because they are woods, fields and life itself, not because they possess minerals that can be exploited for money. As such she represents those people who

²⁴ Lee's alias was Alek Hidell.

value the environment for its own sake. Sylvie also represents the dark and labyrinthine density of the forest in which a person can lose them self. Sylvie is well-meaning, but I take advantage of well-meaning people.

Jean-Louis means God Remits Illustrious. As Jean-Louis is a child, he represents you, the common folk who are shielded from the evil machinations of people like me. Charles's betrayal of his fellow conspirators represents JFK's betrayal of the corporate monied elite. Charles trades gold for stamps; JFK trades money for future peace. The stamps represent your heritage and your belief that life has greater value beyond what can be measured by a dollar bill.

To make sure that people like me couldn't control the movie or hide it away, like other movies we know about, God, I'm sure it was God, had the movie released without proper copyright attribution.

As such the movie belongs to you.

And that, my friend, is the power of God.

The End

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This is a work of fiction based upon actual events. Any opinions expressed here are those of the author as relates to the Kennedy Assassination. The Director does not refer to the Director of the CIA.

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