

19Aug68

ZENARCHY

by kerry thornley

Universal reprint
rights granted.

ZEN is Meditation.

ARCHY is Social Order.

ZENARCHY is the Social Order which springs from Meditation.

As a doctrine, it holds Universal Enlightenment a prerequisite to abolition of the State.

After which the State will inevitably vanish.

Or -- that failing -- nobody will give a damn.

"Having said that zen study is knowing yourself, the roshi went on: In America you have democracy, which means for you government of the people, by the people, and for the people. I in my turn am bringing democracy to Japan. You cannot have democracy until people know themselves. The Chinese said that government is unnecessary and they were right. When people know themselves and have their own strength, they do not need government. Otherwise they are just a mob and must be ruled. On the other hand, when rulers do not know themselves, they push the people around. When you do not know yourself, you busy yourself with other people. Zen study is just a matter of getting your own feet on the ground."

(from MATTER OF ZEN by Paul Wienpahl, New York University Press, 1964)

STONED SERMON #1: Dogen's Hole

Having as little as possible to do with the powerful -- that was Dogen's splendid Way of Buddhas and Patriarchs.

So when one of his followers accepted for his Zendo a gift of land from a grateful Regent whom Dogen had instructed, the fool was driven by the Master from the monastery.

Moreover, Dogen ordered the portion of floor where the erring monk customarily sat in Zazen torn out -- and in the earth beneath it he had his students dig a six-foot-deep hole.

Zenarchy is new in name alone. Not only is it the Bastard Zen of America which has grown to flower over the recent decades in nearly everybody's pot -- it is the heretofore nameless streak that zig-zags back through the Zen Tradition, weaving with delirious defiance in and out of the various sects and schools -- slapping the face of an Emperor here, rejecting a high office there, throwing a rule-blasting koan at a bureaucrat elsewhere -- and coming to rest finally in the original True Words of Laotzu (from a translation in LAOTZU'S TAO AND WU-WEI by Dwight Goddard, Thetford, Vermont, 1939):

When the world yields to the principle of Tao,
its race horses will be used to haul manure;
when the world ignores Tao, war horses are
pastured on the public common.

Nonetheless, there was never a greater Zenarchist than Old Dogen Zenji -- for in that astounding hole of his can be found a monument to Freedom as enduring as the very Void.

Such gentle tolerance as he displayed is a rare thing, too, in the world of men and Buddhas. But then his Compassion for the foolish monk was no doubt boundless, as befits an Enlightened One.



♪ YOU CAN MEDITATE THE WHOLE DAY THROU-UGH,
 WHEN YOU HAVE A PLASTIC GURU!
 PLACE HIM IN THE CORNER OF YOUR PAD,
 PLUG HIM IN AND HOLD YOUR HAT!
 HE'LL TELL YOU JUST WHERE

IT'S AT ♪
 WITH THE BEST ADVICE YOU
 WILL HAVE EVER HAD!

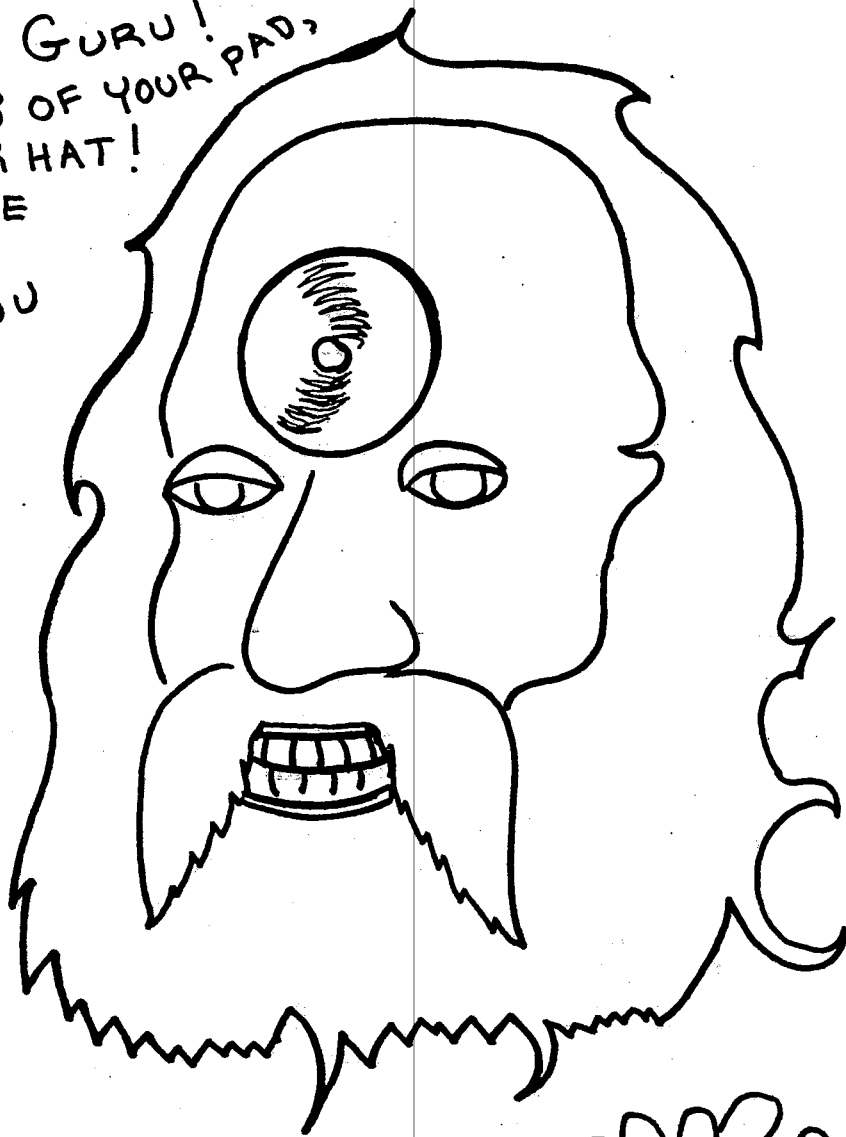
FLASHING
 STROBE
 THIRD EYE!

Your choice
 OF THE FOLLOWING
 SERMONS FOR
 SWINGERS!

EACH RECORDED BY A
REAL RISHI OR ROSHI:
 (MONO OR STEREO)

- "PLATITUDES TO PONDER"
- "SEX IS DIRTY"
- "DOPE AND THE DEVIL"
- "OBEY AUTHORITY"

(NO EXTRA CHARGE FOR NEUROTIC GIGGLES INCLUDED)



+ SPECIAL **BO**
 MANTRA
 TAPE, IN WHICH
 a well-beloved

swami
 chants "mantra,
 mantra" over
 and again for

45 MINUTES!

**GET
 YOURS
 NOW KIDS!**

HOME APPLIANCES DIVISION

Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave.
 Chicago, Illinois 60611

Please send copy of free booklet, "The Mas-
 tery of Life," which I shall read as directed.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zip Code.....

PLEASE INCLUDE YOUR ZIP CODE

NOTICE

Recently various individuals have brought to my attention certain efforts on the part of Harold Weisberg, vanity-press Warren Report critic and self-appointed* investigator in the Garrison probe. As these doings would seem to have considerable relevance to my defense in a perjury charge which has been filed against me by the New Orleans District Attorney's office, I would like to find out more about them.

Apparently Mr. Weisberg has lately engaged himself in a letter-writing campaign to authors, editors, and other media people prone to present my side of the controversy. His major interest seems to be directed at discouraging the publication of further information indicating the gross injustice of my arrest.

To this end he has resorted to murky innuendo, astonishingly vicious character assassination, the presentation of "evidence" entirely out of its context, the gross misrepresentation of my Warren Commission testimony, and an extravagant number of total lies.

One of his most frequent claims in these letters seems to be that last November he went to "great lengths" to get in touch with me in an effort, one would have it, to be absolutely fair -- before then going overboard in an all-out drive at false incrimination (an activity which contributed DIRECTLY to my arrest).

Yet my home address was available to Mr. Weisberg through a number of sources and he did not so much as drop me a postcard. Instead, he deliberately alienated me by entering the place of employment of Clint Bolton, a friend of mine in New Orleans, with one of Garrison's men in tow -- and with none other than Barbara Reid at his side.

Barbara Reid is a French Quarter woman who since shortly after the JFK assassination has been spreading the opinion that I played a major role in her personal version of the conspiracy. Her arguments rest on her claim to certainty of having seen me with Lee Harvey Oswald in a bar called the Bourbon House in September of 1963 -- at about the time she was boasting in that same establishment of having committed murder with a Voodoo doll, producing the doll from her purse for the benefit of startled listeners.

As my trial will prove conclusively, Barbara Reid -- despite very recent denials -- has been seriously representing herself as a possessor of Secret Powers and as a witness to Historic Events for a number of years.

Further, she is a long-time friend of at least one member of Garrison's staff -- a man who also just so happened to know both Perry Raymond Russo and David Ferrie before the probe started.

One of Barbara's more recent involvements was with the New Orleans branch of a cult containing avowed Luciferians and Satanists, the co-founder of which has argued that Hitler was okay because "all the Jews in Hitler's Germany walked into the gas ovens because they chose to do so," expressing that group's conviction that evil only befalls those who unconsciously want to be hurt or destroyed.

After Harold Weisberg's bizzare appearance, my friend Mr. Bolton wrote me an open letter in his newspaper column, detailing the incident.

* Many people may be surprised to learn that Mr. Weisberg is self-appointed, particularly those who have received letters from him on DA's office stationery - but my lawyer has a letter from none other than Assist. DA Alcock, assuring us that Weisberg has "no connection" with Garrison's office.

Genuinely in error, Clint thought Harold's last name was Weisberger. Weisberg, choosing to believe the extra syllable was a deliberate addition, has taken it upon himself, without further investigation, to make the very serious charge that Clint's open letter to me was anti-Semitic.

On top of which Harold has written that upon the occasion in question he thought my "best interest would be served by his taking the initiative and making himself available to Garrison or, if he feared that, for us to meet and talk. In fact, Cliff (sic) Bolton, in his own gruesome way, PUBLISHED THIS IN HIS COLUMN." (My emphasis.) Judge for yourself.

Bourbon Street Parade by Clint Bolton

Dear Kerry: I was delighted to get your letter and both Pat and I are very pleased you two are now living in Florida. It is a lot closer than Los Angeles and we ought to be able to get together now and then. I grinned when you said you were looking forward to a pad with a guest room. So are we. Currently we're hived up in a scatter on Burgundy until we can get into a house on Barracks. Pete Ricca is making available to us a house which started out in life as a double and is now a single. It has a lot of room and I guarantee you there will always be a place for you two if, as, and when you come to town...and we get into the above.



And that, my lad, maybe sooner than you expect. Last Monday night at Dixieland Hall who should turn up but Barbara Weisberger, who as the guy who wrote "Whitewash" and other things, rapping the Warren Report. He wanted to talk to me about you and your Marine service in the same outfit with Oswald. I referred him to (1) your book "Oswald" and (2) your statements to the Warren Commission. He told me that he had just obtained a copy of the book but had not yet read it and that he felt your interviews with Warren investigators had been misinterpreted. (Pat had just arrived with the bawling Piper. "Frog" Joseph was taking his big trombone solo on "Hindustan" and a couple of customers had a question or two so my attention was not exactly riveted.) Then Mr. Weisberger asked me if I had any of the "Idle Warriors" script and I told him no and explained that you and I had by mutual and thoroughly friendly agreement dissolved our pact as you were then on the coast and I was here and could do little for you as a literary agent. Mr. Weisberger seemed to think there might be some things in that work which (taken in context with material already dug up) would have bearing on the present probe into the Kennedy killing. Me, I don't think so but then it is a long time since I read the copy and as we both know it was explosive. I dealt with your own Marine service in the Orient and was even written far prior to that fatal day in Dallas. But Mr. Weisberger may have something there. He seems to think that if you are questioned by "sympathetic" interrogators you may have something buried in your hot little head which even Vladimir

tendency to do a little do-it-yourself headshrinking ever now and then I have the feeling you have reviewed all you know about Oswald and have applied all sorts of yardstick to any and all conversations you may have had with Oswald. On the other hand, as I told the man, I can think of no reason why you would not be willing to talk to him or any other legitimate interviewer as it is my impression that you felt President Kennedy's death has never been fully explained and as a citizen and an intelligent human being you would want every avenue fully explored. I also prefaced that statement with my own disclaimer, I haven't discussed the matter with Kerry for at least two years. What his present views are I don't know. So you know I did not commit you to anything. But here's the kicker. After this brief and far from conclusive talk Barbara and Weisberger left Dixieland Hall and almost immediately returned with one of Jim Garrison's outside gaiter aides who had, obviously, been loitering outside staking out the joint. He was introduced as Lynn Lohse (I may be spelling it wrong but the band had just been duke a fin to play "The Saints" and that music ain't low in way we do it at Dixieland Hall). We all smiled, shook hands, and said the usual things and there was an indication we would be hearing from Mr. Weisberger said the D.A.'s office are long. Well, as Will Rogers said, all know is what I read in the papers and that isn't ver exclusive at this point. In any case, if the District Attorney wants to talk to you, I know you will make your own decision. My personal attitude is that if they want you to come over here you might just as well... if they pick up the tab for transportation, lodging, and meals. Stay 'til Pat and I get into the Barracks spread. I'll take a piece of the action for lodging and feeding you guys after all we all might as well swing with the best. Aside from all this, Charlie Rockin was in town in the golden end-of-October days shooting New Orleans from his helicopter, loaned him by Shell Oil and Willard Roberts through the good offices of Scoop Kennedy, the mayor's press aide at City Hall. Wish you had been here. I spent a day aloft with him and an aerial closeup of New Orleans is an exciting thing. Charlie is working on a USA sequel to his great book, "Europe: An Aerial Closeup," and it ought to be a good.

Shaping up is an interesting winter. Both jazz halls are going great and you would probably not know the old scene. The former Bourbon House is now The Embers. Even the Potato Head is being revamped. We're in the second season of the repertory theatre at the Civic and several good touring attractions are booked for the big months ahead. You probably don't give a damn about pro football. I don't recall that we ever talked about this. But our Saints won their first regular season game last week and we play Dallas here this upcoming Sunday. We also have a very good pro basketball team and if that ain't all, we got a big, two-day cat show coming up about a week from now. Piper wants to go to that... Oh yeah... April and Cal Shook are back from an Ozark sojourn. Paul and Terri Pascual had a mad bash to celebrate his birthday and Clavon and I

So much for Herr Cliff Bolton and his anti-Semitic diatribe -- except to say that Clint is an old-style, hard-drinking, Hemingway-brand, semi-retired newsman. He has never to my knowledge judged anyone on the basis of either racial or ethnic backgrounds, and I cannot imagine him ever doing so -- he measures men by the far more dependable standard of what they drink.

One of Harold's techniques is to lie, and then qualify his lie, and then disqualify the qualification by saying what -- when checked against the facts -- amounts to nothing but so much misleading and senseless verbiage. He demonstrated this technique beautifully in the June 28 - July 4 1968 issue of OPEN CITY (4369 Melrose, Los Angeles 90029):

Thornley paints a picture of a new kind of "Communist," a man whose idol was Orwell, who to Thornley's knowledge had a secret security clearance in the Marine Corps while getting Communist literature openly in the mail (and the officers telling the enlisted men to forget about it,) a man who never spoke another word to him once Thornley called him a Communist.

Naturally, it does not come out this way in the piece he did for you, where he refers to "scuttlebutt" that Oswald had a secret clearance (every man in the outfit, a U-2 unit, had at least "confidential" clearance, a new kind of outfit for a "Communist"). His testimony before the Warren Commission is subject to the kind of misinterpretation he offers you and your readers if one has that intent, for he does refer to a "rumor." However, at the bottom of page 84 of Volume XI of the hearings, after swearing that Oswald had worked in the "security files" (another new kind of Marine Corps assignment for "Communists"), when asked, "And that was a level of clearance--," he interrupted to say, "Probably a secret clearance would be required." And this relates to but a part of Oswald's assignment, not his major function.

Here is the testimony in question:

Mr. Thornley: Oswald, I believe, had a higher clearance. This is also just based upon rumor. I believe he at one time worked in the security files in the SAC files, somewhere at LFA or at El Toro.
 Mr. Jenner: Did you ever work in the security files?
 Mr. Thornley: No, sir.
 Mr. Jenner: And that was a level of clearance --
 Mr. Thornley: Probably a secret clearance would be required.
 Mr. Jenner: It was at least higher than the clearance about which you first spoke?
 Mr. Thornley: Yes, sir.

It is also worth noting that I did not say that I thought Oswald was a "Communist" at the time I knew him. (I said I thought he was "idle in his admiration" of the Soviet system -- only after his defection try, or whatever it was, did I conclude that he actually took his Marxism seriously enough to put his whole life on the line or even to go out of his way for his philosophical bull-session Marxism -- I made this very clear in my testimony.)

And as you can see from the above, Oswald did not have a secret clearance TO MY KNOWLEDGE.

Nor were Oswald and I stationed together in anything remotely akin to "a U-2 unit." (Have you ever seen a U-2 over Orange County, Calif.?) Overseas, at Atsugi, there were U-2s -- but all Marine enlisted men were ordered to stay away from the U-2 hangars and not to even "see" the airplanes take off and land. That's how close either of us ever came to being in "a U-2 unit" -- something Weisberg well knows, too.

Oswald and I were never stationed overseas together -- AND THUS, TOGETHER, WE WERE NEVER WITHIN THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS OF MILES OF "a U-2 unit," much less in one, together or separately.

Finally, I did not call Oswald a Communist. I am not the kind of person who goes around Red-baiting. Oswald MISTOOK a reference of mine as indicative that I thought he was a Communist, and because of that -- in the short time before I left the outfit -- we did not speak to each other again.

My Warren Commission testimony is contained in Volume Eleven of the 26 volumes put out by the Commission. It starts on page 82, I think. You may usually obtain this volume by asking for it at the reference section of your public library. CONTRASTING THE CONTENT AND SPIRIT OF THAT TESTIMONY WITH THE STATEMENTS THAT HAROLD WEISBERG AND JIM GARRISON HAVE MADE ABOUT IT (see Garrison's 21 February 1968 "press release") IS AN EXCELLENT MEANS BY WHICH TO MEASURE THE HONESTY OF THESE TWO MEN. (It is also revealing to read the statements quoted in the "Addendum" of the "press release" in their full context.)

Weisberg has hinted darkly that he has "evidence," the nature of which others cannot know, convincing him of my guilt -- in letters to those with which all else has failed.

One would expect him to turn this over to the DA, so that worthy might prosecute me with less embarrassment on some other ground -- ANY other ground, one would expect -- than my expression of considered opinion before the Grand Jury that Barbara Reid did not, after all, see me with Oswald in the Bourbon House.

I urge anyone who is contacted in the future by Mr. Harold Weisberg to keep in mind that he has played an important and indelible role in causing me to be arrested -- to the extent that he may have broken the law on one or several counts. Not only will my exoneration bring his career as an accepted Warren Report critic to a justly disreputable end -- but, as Mr. Weisberg is keenly aware, a large portion of the funds raised as one result of publicity concerning my case will go for AN INDEPENDENT INVESTIGATION OF THE CIRCUMSTANCES LEADING UP TO THAT ARREST.

To those possessing any additional information concerning Harold Weisberg's efforts to thwart my freedom of expression: I shall be most grateful to receive it on whatever terms of confidence are mutually suitable.

KERRY THORNLEY
726 South 51st Street
Tampa, Florida 33619

29 JUNE 1968

ZENARCHY

by Kerry Thornley

KARMIC COLLAGE: The Weird Way To Now+here

A year ago I jumped out of bed one night & dashed into the diningroom of our 77th St. house in L.A. to scrawl boldly across a sheet of typing paper: ZENARCHY!

I nearly always think of great titles first & then do poems, articles, stories, or books, even, to go w/them -- & ZENARCHY was an outasight name for a journal, so I figured to play editor.

Editors are dedicated.

I saw myself practically living in a tiny office somewhere along the Fairfax.

I had flyers printed up at the Tarot Castle & ran ads for my religious literary publication of political necrophilia wherever I could get free space. I promised a sporadical magazine (at \$1 for a few issues & \$5 for many) that would examine mind blowing as an Anarchist tactic, Universal Enlightenment as the prerequisite to abolition of Authority, the organic nature of the Voluntary Society, opposition to the State as a Zen discipline, etc.

Some people even sent me a buck. To them I say now: SULPLISE! And -- so solly fol the deray, but a stlange thing happen to me on the way to pless. (And this is not quite the ZENARCHY I once had in mind -- which only proves it is a Zen world.)

My Big Inspirations seem always to come in runs -- which is very irksome when they seem also to negate each other.

The wilderness is the Universal Livingroom. I realized this one morning shortly after sunrise when three of us sat in a fern-filled grotto at the base of the big rock at the curve in the road as you come down from the ridge above Tuna Canyon, on the side away from the sea.

Below us was a brook w/a ready-made meditation spot for some Daruma. Above me, through the ferns, was Foust, grinning from back into the centuries as one brother to another, as always. Indian Sylvia sat at the top of the gorge on a stone -- w/her Buddha smile.

My first thought was to get a 100-lb. bag of brown rice & study up on edible wild plants & go live in the vicinity of the waterfall up behind where Strawberry Fields used to be. But the only caves I

could find weren't very big & my wife thought it was a stupid idea.

So I got more realistic, but no less resolute. We would get out of the city. Cities are prisons -- ugly places, hells which corrupted men have created for their own damnation.

But you don't get out of prisons easy.

Of course if you're enough into the money system, you can buy a ranch -- & be just like ole LBJ. But did you ever try renting an apt. in the woods? Okay, maybe in some parts of the nation & w/luck -- but in So. Calif. & w/out it is either get on a rent-affording or house-buying possession trip (which I do not put down, but does not interest me) or go live in the desert. And while this is groovy if you want to do Lawrence of Arabia things, or be a cantankerous old prospector in search of the Lost Dutchman, or play Moses -- it just wasn't what I wanted (but someplace w/ferns & creek, cheap - & no power games from Jehovah).

Now I'm sitting at the kitchen table of a \$16-a-week house/apt. in a rural district on the outskirts of Tampa, Fla. The hour of the crickets has passed & I'm now writing what is to be, among other things, a letter to my friends.

This isn't exactly an epistle from the wilderness, loves, but since October I've had enough country to know I want more, further out -- & as soon as the Garrison Bummer (about which more below) is over, it'll probably be a once-around the U.S. to visit -- lingering for awhile, no doubt -- & then into the wilds of some other land, where Ominous Crime Laws & Goosestepping Garrisonites & their like (on the Left & Right), & things like securing the Empire, do not make hectic all the day -- because I've still got inside-me stuff to be doing, along w/ pitching Yin Revolution from exile. (So, anyhow, goes the plan.)

Garrison.

On 9 January of this year the Jolly Green Frankenstein Monster announced in public that I had been "seen closely associated" w/Lee Oswald (whom I knew in 1959 in the service) in New Orleans in 1963.

I was summoned to appear before his Orleans Parish Grand Jury where I quite naturally & truthfully denied the whole matter & on 21 February, by way of gratitude for my reluctant but complete co-operation, he charged me w/perjury on a simple bill of information (which was then misrepresented to the press as a grand jury indictment) & issued a monstrosity of deception, paranoia, & character assassination in the form of a "press release" -- a full copy of which I did not manage to obtain until some weeks back (& more about which elsewhere).

My many close friends have stuck by me, w/out so much as a single solitary exception -- & that sort of makes it all worth it. Thank you more than I can say w/out sounding corny.

Some w/whom I am not so intimately acquainted -- but who palm themselves off in the world as champions of justice & enemies of power -- have answered my sometimes frantic letters w/baffling silences. But this, too, is of value -- for in future times when the chips are really down all around, we'll know beforehand that 75.9% of the Great American Underground is made up of sell-outs, fakes, hucksters,

insane paranoids, shifty cowards, & powerfreaks -- most of whom nurture nothing more in their souls than the pet gripe that their particular slice of the Establishment pie is not big enough (yet). That, folks, is what the dissent is all about -- & no one was more disillusioned to learn it than this one.

But cop-out crusaders no longer disturb me -- because I am over the shock, & they have no place in my karass.

Important are members of the same general community who have come through & w/out being asked. Warren Commission critic David S. Lifton, having firsthand knowledge of circumstances leading to my arrest, put his reputation on the smearing line & lost numerous Garrisonite friends in order to see the truth get around, & he is still at it. Critic Sylvia Meagher, who indexed the 26 volumes & wrote ACCESSORIES AFTER THE FACT, sent \$100.00 for legal expenses & has provided continuing moral support. M.S. Arnoni of MINORITY OF ONE has also chipped into my defense fund, sent an encouraging note, & given publicity in the form of one of Mrs. Meagher's letters, which he published. John Bryan, editor of OPEN CITY, put my story on his front page under the headline: IS JIM GARRISON OUT OF HIS MIND? -- a gutsy move in the Garrisonitus-ridden L.A. underground. Ralph Ginzburg of AVANT GARDE recently paid me double the agreed-to guarantee amount when the passing of events obsoleted a piece I'd written for him on my nightmare in New Orleans.

The Alliance of Libertarian Activists has rushed to my aid w/all the characteristic vigor of true radicalism, w/publicity & fund solicitation, besides. FREE TRADE ran a bulletin on my arrest & the F/ACTION bulletin gave the case sympathetic publicity, also.

And Robert Anton Wilson, who specializes in libertarian/authoritarian semantic implications, said something in a letter that was not only heartening to the extreme, but mind blowing: "Keep me informed, and if you want me to sign a character reference or anything like that I will, on the principle that (even more than the evidence) convinced me of Bart Vanzetti's innocence: nobody can write with a certain kind of style without believing what he says. You have that style."



Finally, to you who do not know me from Adam's bastard brother & are wondering what IS this, anyway -- it is a Zenarchist journal & an open letter & a free syndicated column for editors who want to carry it (on either a regular or every-little-once-in-awhile basis) as such. Copies of this first edition are being sent to all who might be remotely interested. Those who want to make absolutely sure of getting all future editions might send me some self-addressed, 6¢ (not airmail, please) stamped envelopes. Address: Kerry Thornley, 726 S. 51st St., Tampa, FA 33619. (Paid & exchange ZENARCHY subscribers need not sweat this.)



Back before I got transferred to MACS-9 & became a "Marine Corps buddy" of Lee Oswald, I was in the same outfit w/an infinitesimal sgt.

A BULLETIN TO ALL "RIGHTWING ANARCHISTS" AND OTHER LIBERTARIANS
(Universal reprint rights granted.)

In October of 1967, months before I was "hereby commanded" to go to New Orleans and testify in the Garrison probe, Jim Garrison told a friend of mine that he "fully understood" my libertarianism. And notwithstanding his resort to the use of coercive State powers, Mr. Garrison has styled himself "a conservative libertarian" and said that his sympathies are always with the individual against the State.

In November of 1967 Garrison charged privately that I worked for the CIA and had also worked for racist Conservative, Kent Courtney -- not mentioning that my employment for Mr. Courtney had been an assignment from a temporary employment agency and that it had lasted only a few days in 1961 or '62 and that it had turned me off of Conservatism quite thoroughly.

When I went to New Orleans to testify, Mr. Andy "Mu-mu" Sciambra, the investigator assigned to my case, characterized me as "some kind of rightwinger." Assistant DA Jim Alcock once revealed that he thought it credible that I may have at one time worked passing out leaflets for Birchers.

I explained several times to them that I am neither a traditionalist nor a nationalist nor a racist -- that I oppose the John Birch Society and what passes today as political Conservatism. I went on to say that I am a "rightwinger" in so far as I favor individualism, but that my rightism is more anarchistic than authoritarian. They looked at me blankly, not seeming to hear.

As Richard N. Billings wrote of Garrison in the 22 April 1968 issue of the Miami HERALD, "He has fired incriminating charges in all directions -- at Cuban exiles, neo-Nazis, Southern racists, Texas rightwingers, California Birchers -- to the point that he must believe the conspirators numbered in the hundreds." After my arrest I wondered how the New Orleans DA planned to cash in on my "rightwing" philosophy and at the same time advance the notion that I would have accepted employment from an authoritarian group like the CIA or conspired to assassinate a President with members of the reactionary right. I finally concluded that he would either have to argue that my social philosophy is a pose, thus undercutting the incriminating value of my being "some kind of a rightwinger," or make another basic revision in his "solution" to the assassination.

A California Conservative named Loran Hall recently went to New Orleans and cleared himself with Garrison. While he was there, the Lyndon Johnson of Louisiana obviously gave him the "Garrison treatment." In an interview in the 24 May 1968 issue of the Los Angeles FREE PRESS he reports that Mr. Garrison had "a voice that you knew was that of a man of intelligence and compassion..."

Hall also says that he learned that the assassination "was precipitated by the Fascists and the rightist anarchists and that actually they are one and the same." He also says, "I firmly believe that the rightist anarchists and the CIA can take over our country right now and it would be a Fascist state except for two things." What two things? "They would have to destroy organizations such as the John Birch Society and bring discredit upon it..."

The other thing that is in their way is a man, a big man, a giant of a man by the name of Jim Garrison..."

How do you intellectually bridge the gap between individualist anarchism and the CIA? Mr. Hall says, "If the Government can kill then we have an anarchy..."

KERRY THORNLEY
29 MAY 1968

lec'd 6/7/68