

By KERRY THORNLEY

Prepare to start hearing about how Jay Edward Epstein, author of "Inquest," is a kook and always has been a kook and/or a cog in that vast contraption conspiracy consisting of 57 different kinds of rightwingers, the CIA, and Warren Report critics like Sylvia Meagher, J.D. Thompson, and David S. Lifton - for in the July 13 issue of the "New Yorker" (page 35) he offers some facts on the working methods, psychological attitudes, and logic of New Orleans District Attorney (and Warren Commission critic) Jim Garrison.

And everyone knows you are not supposed to shed any light on the Garrison Purge until after the damage is done - provided considerations for what Jim Garrison calls "the rights of the defendant or some other phoney issue" don't bog him down.

Read all about it in the July 13 "New Yorker." About how Jim Garrison - who "never discusses his cases with anyone" - lets Warren Commission critics (in Epstein's personal experience) crawl over the evidence and lead him down Dallas storm drains in search of assassination sites, to boot.

About how one of these "critics" believes the Bircher-favored theory that the world is under control of a group called the Bavarian Illuminati.

About the lies and half-truths (or at least some of them) Garrison told in his "Playboy" interview. About the ardent support the Garrison probe receives from the anti-Semite, and White Supremacist group now known as the Citizen's Council of Louisiana.

About, in short, the things certain Warren Report critics and certain underground press editors never deem relevant enough to tell you about.

The Epstein piece may not mark the end of the nightmare, but with Sylvia Meagher's long-time outspoken disapproval of Garrison and Lifton's recent piece in "Open City," it marks the beginning of sanity for the critical community.

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we asked them if we could eat.

"Of course," they said. "And we'll take good care of your pups, too."

When we got there, they took the dogs away & that was the last we've seen of them. They fingerprinted all three of us, took mug shots, & cut Rich's beard off & shaved him completely bald. This was all BEFORE we'd even seen the judge. Then they threw us in jail. Three other girls were there - all on vagrancy.

Later that afternoon, fat man took us down to see the judge. Who happened to be an old bitch.

I was first to go, & when Rich asked if he could act as my counsel, they said shut up or we'll hold you in contempt of court.

She said, "What do you plead - guilty or not guilty?"

Up to this time, I didn't know what the charge was, I asked.

She glared at me & said, "Vagrancy, guilty or not guilty?"

I said, "What exactly constitutes vagrancy?"

She said, "Many things, guilty or not guilty?"

I knew if I pleaded guilty, I'd get out sooner, so I said guilty.

She said \$37 fine, sit down.

Karen was next & she talked in such a whisper that the old bitch yelled at her 4 or 5 times to speak up or get back to the cell. Karen pleaded not guilty.

The bitch said, "\$500 bond. Sit down."

Rich was next & when he asked a question, the bitch

said, "Shut up. Take him back & let him sweat for 4 hours."

That was the last I've seen of him.

On the way to the cell, Rich said something about democracy & fat man said, "Democracy? That's only a game they play at the White House & we're only interested in the law. If you don't keep quiet, I'll just have to beat you up."

What could we do? I called my mom & she sent me \$20 to pay my fine & take a bus home.

Fat man talked to her & said I was with a dirty hippie & they didn't go for that stuff in this town.

It was really a bitch. We had terrible meals, & only black coffee to drink; since Karen & I don't drink it, we had to drink water. We only had a big clumsy spoon - no forks or knives - we might stab someone. No ash trays for those who smoked, so they used the tin cups we drank out of & the jailer yelled at them for that. I asked 4 times for stuff for my contacts, & 4 times I was refused. So I had to put them in a paper cup overnight.

About 8:00 the next morning, my check came & I asked if I could get out since my fine was paid, & they said no. I said I had 2 puppies to see about & they said too bad, kid. About 1:30, they came and got me.

Some bastard & a bitch started to drive me to the bus station & I asked if I could have the dogs sent to the airport & flown home.

They said no, you don't have time, the bus leaves in 15 minutes.

I told them I made a request at 8:00 this morning to take care of the puppies.

They said, "Well, we don't know anything about it."

I asked if I could take a later bus home & go see about the dogs & naturally they said "No, you'll have to leave them here."

I started yelling about it this time. Was it too much to ask for my dog, 4 hours after I'd first said something about it?

The bitch grabbed me & started shaking me & said, "You'd better shut up or you'll go right back where you just came from."

They drove me to the bus station, bought my ticket, & made sure I boarded the bus. She wrote on my tag on my suitcase, "Do not let the girl have this till she reaches destination."