A Blast at 'Scavengers'

Authors Make Book on Warren Report

By RICK ORELL

The latest in the growing literature on the Kennedy assassination is scathing denunciation of the "obsessed" or "dishonest" people who have been challenging the official Warren Commission view that Lee Harvey Oswald was a lone killer, etc.

Mark Lane is portrayed as a purveyor of distortions and lies; three housewives who have achieved some prominence as assassination theorists are dismissed as "would-be Margaret Rutherfords"; and the large coterie of amateur skeptics are labeled "superbuffs."

The mounting wreckage brought by the assassination has washed up a curious assortment of flotsam and jetsam," says the book, which is called "The Scavengers and Critics of the Warren Report," and is scheduled for publication April 26 by Delacorte Press.

CONFERENCE

Holding a press conference here yesterday were the two authors, Richard Warren Lewis, a magazine and free-lance writer, and Lawrence Schiller, a photo-journalist.

They say they are not apologists for the Warren Report. They say in their last chapter that the Commission, the FBI and the Secret Service made a lot of mistakes, many of which invited doubt and skepticism.

They are respectful of New Orleans District Attorney James Garrison's efforts ("He hasn't yet presented his star witness," Mr. Schiller said). And they don't think you can ever prove a negative that there was no conspiracy.

"I believe Oswald did it alone," Mr. Schiller said. "The thoughts may have been provoked in his mind. I don't believe anyone would have conspired with Oswald. The people involved became disillusioned with Oswald."

But the heart of the book deals with the seemingly pathetic and unfilled people who have turned the assassination into their various causes. Most of them are indicted out of their own mouths, in interviews with the authors. Assuming their words have not been taken out of context, they leave themselves painfully out in left field.

INEPTITUDE

To these self-incriminations, and the obvious ineptitude revealed by the facts, the authors add occasional injections of what smacks of character assassination.

"I've always been a rebel," the book quotes Penn Jones Jr., editor of the Midlothian (Tex.) Mirror, and reviews an $11.65 fine he once got for a fist fight.

"I wanted to get into the civil-rights movement, but got caught in all his assassination stuff."

There is a delightful description of the 55-year-old editor: "hands tucked into the pockets of his windbreaker . . . scuttling across the street to an interview: "There was a day's growth of gray stubble on his face and a pint of Early Times bourbon stuck in his hip pocket."

"Don't think that Big Daddy walks around like this all the time," he said after removing his shoes and socks and telescoping himself into an overstuffed armchair. "This is just my Nieman-Marcus country editor's outfit."

In any case, this is an interesting insight into the characters, motives and idiosyncrasies of the many grass-roots buffs who have become afflicted with assassinationitis.

It doesn't inspire confidence in the level of analysis which much of the populace must be applying to politics, the Vietnam war and other important issues.