

NO TIME SUNDAY
SUNDAY

YOU ARE THERE

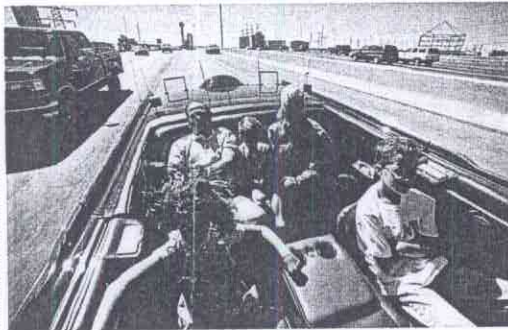
Profiles in Dubiousness

"There once was looming shame," says Paul Crute, referring to Dallas's taboo grande – the Kennedy assassination. "But things change." Obviously. Blame Oliver Stone's "J.F.K.," but Dealey Plaza has become a conspiracy theme park, with self-anointed "researchers" on hand every day peddling autopsy pictures. Now into the kitsch comes Crute, driving a Lincoln Continental convertible limousine. For \$25, his tour "transports" customers to 1963, letting them take Kennedy's fateful ride. Space is still available for Nov. 22 – here's what you'll get.

2:05 P.M. Departing for Love Field, Crute – a goateed 34-year-old conspiracy buff – reviews several assassination theories with his clients, two quiet, 50-something guys. He shies away from backing a particular theory. "We simply supply the facts," he announces over the "surround sound" audio system – five speakers mounted strategically to recreate the sounds of "that fateful day." As the coach breezes along, "Greensleeves" (a Kennedy favorite) plays; driver after driver flashes an enthusiastic thumbs up.

2:16 At Love Field, Crute starts the "historically accurate" soundtrack, a simulation of the day's cacophony using actors and sound effects.

2:41 At a red light, a Suburban jolts to a stop alongside the limo; a big-haired woman cranes her neck out the window. "We broke three traffic laws to catch up to see what this was!" she crows. Crute hands her a brochure. As the light turns green, the woman flings her arms into the air and declares, "I'm Jackie!"



2:55 As the car approaches Dealey Plaza, the "voice" of Gov. John Connally's wife, Nellie, drawls, "You can't say Dallas doesn't love you, Mr. President." Crute deadpans, "Those were the last words President Kennedy ever heard."

2:56 The car rolls past the former Texas School Book Depository and creeps downhill toward the grassy knoll. Tourists gawk. Suddenly, *blam, blam! Blam, blam, blam!* Reflexively, the limo passengers duck. Governor Connally bellows: "Oh, my God! They're gonna kill us all!" Crute floors the accelerator, taped sirens wailing. "Something is wrong!" the radio announcer cries. Crute – keeping it under the limit –

skillfully weaves through traffic, tearing toward Parkland Memorial Hospital. Passengers take snapshots.

3:03 Crute whips into Parkland's emergency driveway, where baffled orderlies eye the car. "Nice ride," says one. Crute hands him a brochure. "President Kennedy is dead," the broadcaster announces.

3:05 Leaving the hospital, debate breaks out among passengers. Were there three shots? Or seven? Crute refuses to weigh in. Heading back to Dealey Plaza, he pops in Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony (another Kennedy favorite) and says, mock-ominously, "In just a minute we will return to the scene of the crime."