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Dear Mr. Moore:

Congratulations! I see your book, *Conspiracy of One*, has received cudos from such renowned authorities as Peter Meade, Judy Bass, Dave Bryant, Steve Blow, and Gil Gross. John Leyden honored your book by lumping it together with David Belin's latest as staunchly defending the lone-assassin theory (even the dust-jackets have similar designs and color schemes). *NEWSWEEK* magazine (12/23/91, p. 52) crowns you a "maverick among mavericks." It certainly appears that your tenacity has paid off despite the fact the your book obviously demonstrates your inability to coherently assimilate, logically evaluate, or accurately communicate the facts and fantasies surrounding President Kennedy's assassination.

I was interested to find out, via the *POSTSCRIPT* to the paperback edition of your book, that you still obstinately cling to your slipshod 'solution' to the event, claiming: "the critics and the media have yet to settle down to picking holes in what I've written" [page 219]. I am not one of the critics, nor am I with the media. So, I suppose you believe that the specific points of contention I raised with your book last summer are merely superficial folderol, and not worthy of acknowledgement or consideration. I fully understand your lack of response, since my letter did not "resort to attacking [you] personally, rather [I expressed] dissatisfaction with the facts presented in [your] book" [217]. And, it was also quite clear that I actually took, or wasted, "the time to read [your] book" [217].

Nevertheless, the challenge remains for you to rationally explain how your derelict representation of "incontrovertible fact" [220] supports your fraudulent claim of discovering the "unvarnished truth" [ix] for the following three items of "pure, unadulterated physical evidence" [195] central to your book's thesis: 1) the timing of the first shot; 2) the strike on the roadway; and 3) the neck wound and the collar/tie damage. I've enclosed a copy of my June 14, 1991 correspondence with this letter, by certified mail, so that there is no doubt you indeed received "honest criticism . . . directed toward something in the text" [219].

Your chastising of Harold Weisberg -- "Had he been a little more contrite, admitting that he had made an honest mistake, I would have thought none the worse of him. But an investigator's first responsibility is accuracy. If an error finds its way into print, the least he can do is admit that he made a mistake" [90] -- makes your lack of integrity in this regard particularly unconscionable. Rather than mustering the fortitude to correct your egregious mistakes, you instead use your *POSTSCRIPT* to espouse Moore nonsense about your trite accomplishments in an attempt to propagate your pseudo-intellectual absolutism.

If Jim Bishop were still alive, he might believe that one of the 'truths' in your book centers around your statement, "I am not generally an original thinker" [207]. You judge his book, *The Day Kennedy Was Shot*, to be a "morass of inaccuracies" [4], but then you seem to place almost Biblical significance on some of its passages. What you proudly proclaim in 1990 as "a radical new approach to key frames of the Zapruder film" [207] can be found in *The Day Kennedy Was Shot* (Funk & Wagnalls, New York 1968) on page 134: "The President of the United States, feeling the tiny grains hit his face, began to lift both hands upward in fright." Likewise, most of the misrepresented eye-witness testimony to support this hypothesis in *Conspiracy of One* has what appears to be a more-than-coincidental similarity to Jim Bishop's equally flawed rendition: "Tiny chips of concrete sprayed upward from the right rear of the car. On the sidewalk, Mrs. Donald S. Baker saw the spray and pulled back" (p. 133); "Royce Skelton, on the trestle, saw grains of concrete arc upward from the right rear of the big automobile" (p. 134); and, "Postal Inspector Harry D. Holmes kept his binoculars on the car. He . . . distinctly saw dust fly up from the street with the first crack" (p. 136).

But perhaps the best example of your frivolous dependence on Jim Bishop's work relates to his unfootnoted statements: "Oswald dropped a coin in the soda machine. He got *Coca-Cola*. This was nervousness because he invariably drank *Dr. Pepper*" (p. 142). With a warped reliance on the adverb "invariably", you feebly attempt to bolster your simpletonian view of a Fordian Oswald by announcing: "It may be that this single action on Oswald's part holds the key to his guilt" [53]. Maybe Oswald was drinking *Coca-Cola* at 12:35 because he "invariably drank *Dr. Pepper*" only at 10, 2 and 4.

In light of these analogies, it is fitting that the Walt Sisco photograph on your book's front cover is also found on *The Day Kennedy Was Shot*. And it is also quite amusing that you put cross hairs over the photo, providing a picture similar to the view a gunman on the grassy knoll might have had.

Your final asinine thought, one that I know did not originate with Jim Bishop, is your "firm conclusion [that] the critics . . . genuinely detest this country and deplore our form of government [and] earnestly engage in tearing down belief and credibility in our system of democracy" [220]. Is Senator Joseph R. McCarthy, a celebrated paranoid schizophrenic, becoming your role model? I noticed that you removed the most well-known name, that of John Lattimer, from your back-cover endorsements. I think if you asked Jim Marrs, he might let you use a quote about *Conspiracy of One* which he was kind enough to pass along to me: "I assume he is referring to himself in his title!"

Sincerely,


Bob Astheimer 2/19/92

cc: Robert Groden
Larry Howard
Mark Hulme
Conover Hunt
John Lattimer

Jim Marrs
J. Gary Shaw
Josiah Thompson
Harold Weisberg ✓