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I Killed JFK

OH, I WASN'T one of the 23 assassins who actually pulled the triggers. But I was part of the vast conspiracy involved in the killing of President Kennedy all those years ago.

What convinced me at last to bare my soul was the movie "JFK." Its producer is vast-conspiracy theorist Oliver Stone. I don't know how Mr. Stone figured it out, but he has all us vast conspirators dead to rights.

Included in our number, as Mr. Stone so ably deduced, are the Army, the Navy, the CIA, the FBI, the Secret Service, the Dallas Police Department, Chief Justice Earl Warren, President Lyndon Johnson, the Mafia, anti-Castro Cubans and a whole bunch of industrialists, including the Bell helicopter people who happily saw 5,000 of their helicopters shot down in Vietnam.

As for us members of the press, Mr. Stone says we were "witting or unwitting" partners in the coverup. Well, you might as well know the worst, Mr. Stone: I was witting all the way.

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HOW WELL I remember the night we 19,347 conspirators secretly met in Madison Square Garden to hatch our nefarious plans. After we had sidled to our seats through the side doors, our leader, known to us only as "Bobby," took the rostrum.

You didn't mention Bobby in your movie, Mr. Stone, but you had only three hours and eight minutes to name all us vast conspirators. Yet you can see how he had to be one of us. Take the fellow next to me who raised his hand and asked nervously, "Won't there be an investigation after we shoot the president?"

Right away Bobby said, "And who'll be in charge of any investigation? If you can't trust your attorney general, whom can you trust?"

Then Lyndon got up and said we had to shoot Jack because Jack was going to pull out of Vietnam. But we could count on him, he said, to nail the coonskin to the wall — if it took promot-

ing every officer in the armed services and \$200 billion worth of good old American-made bombs and guns. That got him a standing ovation from the entire military-industrial complex.

The chief of the Secret Service said his boys were pretty sick and tired of jumping on and off running boards. And the heads of both the Mafia and the CIA (they were hard to tell apart) said they'd go along because it sounded like fun. "Cha-cha-cha," agreed an anti-Castro Cuban.

We bought the entire Dallas police force for 16 kegs of beer, a left-handed quarterback who could go long and an undisclosed sum of cash.

The guy next to me was still worried about an investigation. So Chief Justice Warren rose to promise that he would write a 26-volume report on the shooting that no one would ever read. And he sure kept his word.

As you seem to have suspected, Mr. Stone, we picked Lee Harvey Oswald's name out of a hat to be the patsy. We picked Jack Ruby's name out of another hat because we needed someone to shoot Oswald so he wouldn't tell on us. I thought we needed someone to shoot Ruby, too, but Pope John XXIII (did I mention he was in on it?) wanted to know where it would all end.

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AS YOU SHOWED, Mr. Stone, it went like clockwork. To this day, not one of us 19,347 vast conspirators has spilled the beans. I'm spilling them today only after seeing your "JFK."

I figure if you can make millions on an overly long, contrived, boring movie like that, business must be pretty good for vast-conspiracy theorists.

Although, to tell the truth, Mr. Stone, I sometimes think all vast-conspiracy theorists are only half-vast.