

AMERICAN INSURANCE AGENCY

109 WEST 12TH STREET PHONE 856-3223
BAXTER SPRINGS, KANSAS 66713

Oct. 18, 1967

Dear Mrs. Meagher:

had style
Well, I don't want to hear you say you are sorry for your letter. It was a beautiful job, ~~intelligent and angry~~ -the same sort of letter you wrote Ramparts when they got out of line. I felt in a way almost flattered that you would take the time to read me out; and I admire style. I Phi Beta Kappaed in English literature and that proves only one thing: I can be very objective about the written word. Maybe it also proves I can be consistent and persistent. I hope so.

Also, you perceived what I did not: that I have been trying to toss a problem to someone. And I deserve to have it tossed back. I had thought childishly that I was simply honorbound to get myself on the record and then I could forget about it and concentrate on poetry. So you straightened me out on that and cleared the air by putting it squarely to me. I do have a taste for reality that can on occasion override my wilful nature.

This "theory" of mine evolved slowly, in bits and pieces, so that it seemed to me that it was a process of discovery, and the conclusion I came to -felt forced to- simply staggered me. I spent a year trying to destroy it, to my own satisfaction. Yet all the while my conviction deepened. Though it still seems unthinkable, almost, that such a thing could happen and no one notice. Yet the whole case has been marked by the brutality, gall and erudity of the plotters. The frame on Oswald was so crude it fell almost immediately of its own sheer improbability.

I am certain the action would be possible. ~~the~~

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Fifteen miles an hour at a distance of seven or eight feet. Diversionary "shots" from the TSBD and the knoll designed to draw the attention of the agents, which it did. Everybody else, as is quite natural and predictable, looking at the President. And gull, gull, gull, inconceivable to any civilized person.

I did not, I swear, have any idea of using you or anyone as a middleman. I wanted your judgment on the theory, very much; I wanted to test it against your mind. I was very, very impressed by your article Could Oswald Drive. I think it is very fine and the best work ever done on that aspect. I agree. (Besides it's unAmerican to think a man with 3 years in the Marine Corps couldn't drive. Stand there like a pansy and tell the sargeant he can't drive. Also, when you go to take your test you can drive, or you don't go.) So I am very sorry I made the wrong approach and seemed to try to bully you. I didn't mean to.

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As for writing an article: I have given it much thought. I have not yet arrived at a solution as to how it could be presented. Then my instinct is all against it. And, as you see, there isn't much to say. It's very simple. (When I say my instinct is against it, I mean merely that I am very uncomfortable when writing anything in prose beyond a long letter -too long in most cases. It's a long slow art, very civilized art. It does not interest me to write down what I have already "discovered" - please take that with a grain of salt -but writing is a process of discovery. -I see that this is feeble. I am making excuses and will never get away with it with that sharp mind of yours so I give up. I will try to write an article and stay out of your hair about it. All right?) Mr. Weisberg's hair too. I shouldn't pester him either, you are right about that. He did take my little paper about the Silent Shots seriously. At least he said it was logical and convincing, so maybe he gets some by-products. I hope so. And he took my letter about the umbrella seriously, at least partially, I think. He too is very kind.

I have a wild idea about that umbrella now, but I guess I'll keep it to myself.

I send you this silly picture. I hasten to say that I do not wear western garments or even own a cowboy hat. Friend set this on my head; then the flashbulb made me close my eyes. It is a ridiculous picture but I thought it might make you laugh. I do not send pictures of myself to anybody ever; but I had an impulse to send you this one and make you laugh. You can see the bump on my forehead from the accident if you look close. I still have it. Won't go away. Six weeks now. Please write. I am getting fond of your. *bob*

Beverly Brunson

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