

AMERICAN INSURANCE AGENCY

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

10-7-67

Mrs. Meagher:

I am glad to know my pattern holds. I have always "attracted" and been attracted to people of Jewish birth and they prove the most interesting. But I always suspect they are fascinated to know just what kind of creature a midwestern petit protestant is: that I am being studied.

Christmas is a bore and I'm sure Christians have bored the world with it long enough. -I am now reading Hugh Schonfield's The Passover Plot. He rapidly makes the point that the Christ was the Messiah and that the Messiah was the Son of Man, that is, not divine; and that Christianity was almost immediately re-paganized, the Christ became the Divine Child and the Mother was rapidly re-exalted. Or as Graves puts it, Jehovah had no part in the original story. Which suits me just dandy. It's the Mother who throws thunder as we all know. Threw some here yesterday. Lovely.

I read the Garrison interview in Playboy and I was impressed with his intelligence and integrity. More so than with anything else I have read about him. But I don't agree about the shots. It is not at all clear to me that the first shot struck the throat. According to Jackie it did not. And why use just one or two frangible bullets? He'd better learn to think like an assassin. He has riflemen all over the place with people catching cartridges. And he says Ferrie had a book in which he had marked some kind of mathematical analysis of how far the shells fell from the rifle. That's a plant, if anything. You wouldn't work it out like that. You'd go out and play with the rifle and see where the shells landed. That's about on a par with Penn Jones' notion that red roses were substituted for yellow so

the assassins would have something to aim at.

If you used rifles all over the place you would risk a massacre, risk killing Jackie and leaving Jack alive, there would have been many more shots and many more shots heard. Bullets all over the place, plenty of scars and bullets left in the car.

As it was they stopped as soon as they blew his head off. That was their original aim. They couldn't count on any rifleman doing that. Whitman on the tower fired off hundreds of shots and hit only about 30 people. The assassins played on the rifle sniper myth and it got swallowed whole.

This little town is typical today. Bankers shuffling by. Girls selling cookies for some charity or other. Sold an auto policy. Everybody tuning up for the World Series. Going to Joplin to buy clothes, etc. Boys going around with buckets collecting for the United Fund. There went an old gentleman, belly first, got into a two ton car, too weak to walk, so there he goes busting down the street in that monster. -The weather is gray, warm and threatening. Good day for a tornado. And I hope that really is a freight train I hear.

Did you read about the Appaloosa horse whose owner claimed a UFO got him? Found his carcass the front half clean to the bone, the hindquarters in a state of good preservation. Radioactive carcass and some kind of radioactive black soot around. This was an AP article out yesterday. Scoffers claim it was struck by lightning. Colorado.

BB

I am also reading Jacques Vallee's new book.

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Here's another poem: see how sly I
am, if you won't read it all at once
I'll sneak em over on you one at a
time. From Desperado.

" The moon is in the last quarter
on the banks of the Black River.
We are like you, Mother,*
our hearts caved in and hollow;
we are willful, we are killers;
we live to serve the secret
of the serpent and the waters:
Like you, we swallow darkness,
and our bright dying grin
is the solemn promise
of our powerful return."

I didn't suppose you were a critic.
I show my poetry to people I like.
I like you.

I know how you don't want anything to hurt
your book. I am glad to see that fierce
protective emotion.--One doesn't have to
feel that way about poetry. If it's good
it walks through the world unscathed and is
indestructible. Thus that 's what it means
to make a poem: to make it indestructible.
That's all I care about. If I ever make
an indestructible one I'll lay it out there
and say, see there, that's made of zilch
from the planet Venus, let's see you try to
mess with it.

* The moon is chosen a symbol of the Mother.