

AMERICAN INSURANCE AGENCY

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

Sept. 30, 1967

Mrs. Meagher:

Thank you for your letter. It was kind. I would put it behind me if it weren't so mysterious. I may have had a nightmarish experience. If so, I have nothing whatsoever recorded on my brain about it; so I have missed the anguish in that respect. -It did, by the way look as if I had been behind the wheel: blood there, cracked windshield. But that only deepens the mystery in the light of other things.

The UFO was a rocket shaped object bigger than the body of a jet liner, pale yellow or white, possibly trailing light. It moved on a level trajectory from SW to NE about three times as fast as the fastest jet plane you ever saw. It travelled dead level and definitely gave the impression of being a craft, but who knows. It was fairly high, passing not far below the moon, which was full that night, as I recall. We were at a drive in movie just this side of the Okla. state line. It was Sept. 17, between 8 and 9 o'clock. We saw it through the windshield as well as through the driver's side window which was rolled down. The other person was my friend Mary Gibson who is a BS (chemistry); and also an insurance (& real estate) agent. Neither of us could explain it. Others in town saw a UFO that night but I don't know whether it was the same one. (The moon was about a fourth to a third of the way up the sky I think.)-I don't know how a satellite re-enters. But this certainly was not an ordinary satellite. If one would have re-entered at just that time and place and speed and trajectory, it could have been that I suppose.

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2.

I know you have to be careful what you say because of misinterpretation. -Perhaps I should to but I don't have much to lose; and I have a willful nature. I always think that if anyone is going to peck away at me because of what I write or say, they are going to get a total personality to peck at. -But then I have this compulsion to enter the Word totally. (Not any stream of consciousness revelations: that's not interesting.) You may have read St. Genet. A poet successful or not, or perhaps even good or not, has this compulsion to re-create the world in the Word. That's the truest book I ever read in its analysis of the psychology of the poet. (Not that I recognize myself in Genet, far from it.)

It was nice to receive a handwritten letter! Sort of nineteenth century! And it reminds me how impersonal this machine is, how we lose something.

I told you we didn't get much ballet around here. -So I recently had a cultural evening listening to Johnny Cash and June Carter sing dissolute songs (Jackson). Mary kept saying Yeh hoo San 'Tone. I wish I could do that. I'd also like to know how to give the rebel yell, or the Indian war whoop or something. That would be a nice release. Like the Samurai yell. -I do have a fairly long series of short poems which I call right now Desperado. My editor friend thinks it is good enough to start right out to get published, or said she did. But I am not satisfied. I would like to send it to you sometime, if I could get it typed up. Would you want to read it? (About 40 short poems.) It's too selfish and somewhat evil right now. But it does express the mood of living in

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(in hand)
this damned country with all the damned bland blond faces. They'd like to kill a poet, the damned pack of fiends. I hate them.

Here's a poem, not from that:

The Heathen

While the pious eat instant milk and honey
and their belches soften the city air,
we lie fanatic nurslings of the will,
a pride of lions on the belly of despair,
claws deep embedded in her coarse wild body,
we drink our Mother's hunger,
and the leaping kill,
our toothless mouths move cruelly
and we drink our fill,
of that rude udder all the dim brute grandeur
of that deep poisoned well,
the fierce soul of the earth's self-chosen.

If one could truly chose oneself the way the cats do, our Mother would set us free; I feel sure. If we would chose her, that is, our deepest nature, or could find her, and be truly her children, one with her body. But our soul is all askew, and she punishes us for our terrible arrogance. Zagreus trying to rape Hera.

Sincerely,

~~B.B.~~
Beverly Brunson

~~Box~~ 296

Your book will be a nice Christmas present. I don't like Christmas much, so it is truly wonderful to have a book to get lost in. I don't like all that worship of the male god and the male baby. And all that big sell.