

9-25-67

Mrs. Meagher:

Thank you for your letter. I am sorry to hear that you have been ill from bronchial asthma. I know how unpleasant that must be. -No, I was not offended. I have no time to waste on the small emotions. I enjoy your letters very much and it makes me happy to receive one, I told you that. But if you did decide you'd had enough, I wouldn't spend any time brooding for the simple reason that regret is a time waster. I never allow myself to suffer except over Luv. Passion, that is. Sex, I mean. And of course metaphysics. Same thing.

I have been damn near killed in a car wreck, totalled out my car almost, and hit with every careless and reckless driving offense in the books, sneared with stories in the paper that could only mean I was drunk out of my head; and publicly, though not officially accused of causing the accident while running from the cops. Needless to say that was so preposterous I was not charged with it nor DWI, and the city prosecutor (this happened across the state line in Joplin, Mo.) sort of bent over backward to keep from hurting me any more. Finally got fined \$50.00 and allowed to plead Not Guilty.

The point is that I have a black out concerning the whole thing. I woke up battered and bloody, cut foot, terrific blow between the eyes and reputation utterly ruined (good heretofore and no traffic record and no previous wreck) and, since the insurance companies I represent are not going to like it, my livelihood could be endangered. Also it is utterly beyond my ability to have done the described actions. I am a natural coward with an automobile. The black out starts at about 10 P.M. when I was riding in my car with a young woman, recent acquaintance, driving. Everything perfectly all right, memory intact even to what I was talking about and thinking and feeling and how she looked, etc. Next thing I know I am in deep destroying trouble. I will just have to wait and see how much trouble it is. See how my companies react.

I had definitely had some hard liquor during the evening, I am frank to say. But I don't pass out. -So I don't know what this all could mean. There was an early report of someone running from the scene. This came from the ambulance driver whom I knew and who had monitored the police radio all evening, as is customary. But I couldn't confirm this since the police wouldn't admit it; and the ambulance driver's livelihood as he told me frankly depends on them. It was a young man or boy running from the scene. However, this young woman could pass for a boy in the dark. Bag friend of mine told me he once tried to cruise her.

So it gets amusing. If it weren't so damned mysterious, and damaging, I could laugh it off. And the more I could tell you the more mysterious the whole thing would get, so there's no point.

And to cap it all, while I was in the emergency room at the hospital the cops went through my letters, all assassination stuff and made a big deal of that. The ambulance driver also told me this. And later

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these same cops told me I was a nut. And when the cop who gave out all this stuff to the papers, which hurt me so, turned out to be a friend of the handsome young woman who was driving my car at my last memory before the accident. (Anyway they didn't get to read any of your letters since I keep them in a separate place, considering that ours is not really an assassination correspondence. I keep them in a notebook at home. What I had mostly was carbons of my letters. I was quite surprised that this illiterate fuzz would be interested and make such a big deal of it, since I would have estimated that they had not got beyond the third grade reader.)

Anyway I am suddenly become a rakehell and a celebrity in reverse. I thought you ought to know that. I doubt if it would shock you. I don't feel the least bit guilty for I was just out of it. And that is my sole concern: I don't care a rap if my reputation is hurt with the know nothings. And as a poet I could easily accept that I got hurt from "cigaretts whisky and wild wild women" as the song goes. But this is too damned mysterious. The doctor did not seem to think the head injury was serious enough to cause the black out. And I don't either. It wasn't a back of the head blow which most memory destroying injuries are, I believe. And an alcoholic pass-out is out of the question. I don't. (Don't drink much either; but I can, if I want to. I told you I had Village training.)

Since then I suffer from an upset stomach and can't sleep too well, chiefly trying to puzzle this caper out. If you've been hit by one mysterious event, especially one that came within an inch of killing you, you begin to wonder if you can be hit by another. But I can't understand why this young woman would give me a knockout drink, which is the only thing I can think of that explains the black out (and several other things I have not gone into including hallucinatory visions). Blackmail would have been the only reason for such a thing. And blackmail is the threat of unpleasant exposure. This was unpleasant exposure. And I was badly hurt. There was blood all over the place. MINE! that's precious stuff, dear lady.

I hope you don't find this all too nutty. Fortunately my folks hobnob with nothing but bankers and small town bigshots so this will just be more more tale to slowly fade into oblivion about the irresponsible and scandalous behavior of the Haves. (I am not a Have, personally.) I am taking it too seriously just because I was blacked out. I take that very seriously. But then, I'm mental. And a Detective. Nothing could intrigue me more and cost me more sleep than my own personal Mystery.

I saw a UFO Sunday, Sept. 17. Had a witness this time who saw it too. Will tell you next time. Right now I'm sick. Nerves. Bad Digestion. I don't know what. Please write me again. And please feel better.

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