

I wasn't trying to find out your age, please believe. I can't cast horoscopes or understand astrology. It's just that I have an idle mind. Your sign is Cancer or Moon Child. How nice. I am Scorpio the stinger, the self-slayer.

8-28-67

Dear Mrs. Meagher:

I am sorry to say that I have never read a book by either Arthur Clarke or Wm. Sloane, though I have Sloane's *The Edge of Running Water* on my bookshelf. I'll keep an eye out for the books you mentioned. I am an incurable optimist: I believe I will live long enough to read everything good. -I've read very little science fiction though I like it. I don't know the field well enough to pick the authors. One I liked was *Garden on the Moon* by Pierre Boule. I find it continues to haunt me and amuse me. Dostoevsky, Conrad, Tolstoi are the only novelists I go back to. And I go back to the poets, particularly the 16th and 17th century dramatists. I love that stuff. I love Marlowe -Shakespeare was wise and that sort of lets him out, as a poet we could learn from. Marlowe was wild and unsettled. We can learn from him. I think.

When you say, if the Terror of No Books ever comes to pass, we will just write our own, you remind me of Emily. When asked what book she would take to a desert isle or some such, she said, "My lexicon." She was truly the White Witch of Amherst and knew the Goddess well: "Our Lady feeds her little birds but seldom." I despair to think of her amongst all those Christians and decent people. It hurts me.

It is interesting to me that you never thought of writing a book; and now that you have, I wonder if you will ever be the same again. I doubt if I will ever write a book, but I know that to work with words is to change, if only to become more oneself than before. It is to find a place and a freedom.

I had to look up symbiotic; and I'm not quite clear on it yet. I'm afraid that it may mean that my prose and my poetry are not two separate species like fish and fowl but some sort of monstrous mix. The truth is I can't really write prose. Too impatient. Words are magic. And they are power. I marvel, I swear, that there is such a word as *Sundog*. Makes life worth living. And, too, it takes character to write prose. I mean that. You have to think, consecutively, and hard. Whereas to write a poem all you have to do is pray Our Lady and keep that old bullroarer going. Sometime she might lay one on you in spite of yourself.

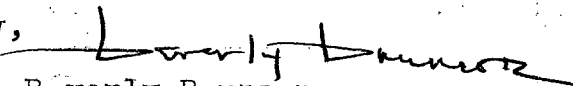
Your UFO dream is quite haunting - and its quality is communicable - maybe I am trying to say contagious for now it haunts me. It is full of meaning, several of them all at one, which is a characteristic of dreams (our inner theatre -dreams are scenes) and of poetry, too. I am glad to know you dream in color. Most women do, I have read. I seldom have a gray dream; but I had one Sunday night and, coincidence, it was about a UFO creature -more a cold cosmic force or wind than a person; and I want you to know this creature was trying to take possession of my soul in the very sense of demonic possession: I awoke trying to pronounce an exorcism (for I had been looking through a dictionary of witchcraft that day). -And yet you are right. The fancied aliens may or may not be a dangerous breed but we certainly are and the evidence is in on that. If they mess with us, we'll give them clouds of light to eat.

-over-

Come to think of it, my theory is bold and brilliant. But I don't think I am clever enough to have invented it. I am under the impression that I discovered it. My mind doesn't run on plots. I do think they got the plot out of a book somewhere though. They are not very smart in my opinion, crude and cunning. Like an ad man. Make cheap magic. Fool the people. I make counter magic. I find out. And I feel like I have the Red Fudo sitting on my shoulder. -Besides, what about the picture, the Parallax-Esquire-National Enquirer version of the Altgens photograph? It is different in just those two places - the right arm line of the right-trunk-riding eyelid; and the flash of light below the right hand of the left trunk riding eyelid. I wouldn't have noticed this if I hadn't been looking for it. Now you know, anyway, why this picture is important to me. And I feel a certain sense of victory in having discovered it. And I will keep looking. For I am convinced this is it: this is the solution to the crime. However, I am not going to bombard you with papers on it as I have done Mr. W. For this reason: you can figure it out for yourself, every step of the way. You are a woman, therefore, your mind will work like mine, to this extent: that you will not make reason and probability into little gods. Your intuition will plunge along with reality. Obstacles such as the headsnap, "slammed backward", can be explained.

I will say this much. I am aware of that famous law of physics. And it would obviously apply primarily at the frame of impact, 313. What happened from frame 313 to 316 would be subject to other factors, such as the movements and reactions of Mrs. Kennedy who was supporting her husband and would also have felt the impact. But in 313, the president's neck is moved forward. You can measure that from 312. Also more sun shows on the back of the seat, showing he is shoved forward. And plainest of all, the explosion is forward and up. That is plain to see. It is, of course, conceivable that there was a frangible or dum dum bullet fired from the right front and that by some freak the brain matter flew back in the direction of the bullet. It is more reasonable to assume that the brain matter exploded in the direction of the missile; that is, forward and up. This is the same story that you get in frame 227: an impact that moves the president forward and up. Witnesses on the north side of Elm Street near the car said the president seemed to stand up. The brain matter rose from the President's head. And as Kellerman said of the occiput wound: Gentlemen, it was below. That's the joker in the whole case. Also, Connally was shot from a position off the left trunk of the car for he was shoved right. And his wrist is high and it is shoved against the right side of the car. That is plain to see. It means a crossfire off the right and left trunks of the car, as I see it. At least that is the simplest explanation. The film is in accord with it. The car witness testimony is in accord with a silencer. The lies about position apparently told afterward is in accord with it for those three men didn't want to be placed behind that knoll and vanished from the case forever. Except for two radio calls. Which are interesting. One was part of the effort to keep the body in Texas. The other is in regard to taking Johnson to Love Field. These boys were in the In Crowd that day. I wonder what they are doing now? I suggested to Mr. W. that they might be teaching that CIA "training" film. You can think of this as a Minority Report. A Minority of One.

Sincerely,


 Beverly Brunson
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 Baxter Springs, Kansas 66713.

Here is another UFO story and I have hesitated to tell you this because it's so nutty. I don't think this was an outer space vehicle, it just didn't have that feel; but it continues to puzzle me. This happened in June 1966, before the other two. We (my parents and I) were clearing our 9 acres of land on Willow Creek. It was early afternoon, a bright sunny day with some white clouds against a blue sky. I was looking south when I saw in front of a long low cloud a black object moving along with a sort of slow soaring motion like a bird. It was shaped like this:



with two wings at an angle and a short body which started behind the wings. It was utterly black. I paused to look at it taking it at first to be the biggest goddamn bird I'd ever seen. Then I realized that it was not moving like a bird, that is had no wing motion or suggestion of it and that the shape was too squared, on end of body and wingtips, to be a bird. I decided that it was a light plane. But it didn't look like any light plane I ever saw, especially being black. And there was no sound, though it seemed close enough that I would have heard sound. Also it was moving at this angle and most light planes move flat unless turning.

It continued on across the cloud, as I stood wondering, and then it made the queerest little jog, like this:

That's what really dumbfounded me because that didn't fit bird or plane. I don't recall much wind that day though there may have been since the wind blows ceaselessly over this land. The object then continued on its course until it passed behind some tall paradise trees. (The direction was from ~~west~~ east to west across the southern sky.) I immediately dropped my rake and ran around to where the trees wouldn't be in my way and it had vanished. That surprised me because it wasn't moving terribly fast, nor had it been going on a landing sort of pattern. It was just cruising along.

I don't know whether a glider could make that jog or not. I never saw a glider around here but there may be some.

Maybe it was a Thunderbird. I read in Fate magazine one time (I told you I have an idle mind, due to the fact that our lady has put her brand on me) that there is such a thing as a Thunderbird that comes down and kidnaps people. Still I doubt if even a Thunderbird is capable of that jog. Hmm.

In regard to UFO's in general Keyhoe is very convincing that radar triangulation proves that they are spacecraft. But I am keeping in mind that they could be something else. The Goddess has a somewhat orderly mind and admits a certain amount of "natural law" into her universe. Also she is profligate enough to have created world after world bearing humanoids. But I, for one, would never underestimate her nature: she is capable of anything.

Here is poem which I shall probably never get published anywhere as it is not about the smell of steaks in passageways; and especially since editors, who are mostly men or women who think like men, do not like to hear about the Mother:

Prayer of the Postulants

Terror serpent Mother night
Radiant are all ways that you walk;
Tiger spirit dear dream-goer
Summoned unnamed lionbird
Eagle woman, eater of this world;
Sidewinder savior liar lyre
Old bright eyes, Original Word:
Permit our tender spearmen grace to guide
Your passage through this painted wood.

It is of course a poet's invocation to the Muse. Poets are sacrosanct. Robert Graves claims poets have the power to lay a curse. There is one drawback: it must be just or it boomerangs on you. I had been thinking of laying one on various officials in Washington, who are all Sanpaku, until I read that.

That is absolutely the best joke I ever heard in my life; and I shall reserve it to tell on the proper occasions. In fact my plan at the present moment is to tell it to the secretary of the Methodist minister. She is just aggravated enough with him these days to tell it to him. He watches his step around me since having had a look at my library. I've heard three of his sermons, all at funerals, as once in a while someone dies here and you have to go to the funeral since you are a friend of the bereaved. He likes to quote Hamlet and he misquotes it in order to make it intelligible to the illiterate. Instead of fardels he says burdens. And then he likes Donne, but the bell don't toll for thee, it tolls for you, as he thinks the congregation is too ignorant to know what thee means. Mother says he is just dying to go to Mississippi and work for civil rights. So I asked her if he had given any thought to staying at home and integrating his own church. She said, Why we have integrated meetings with the colored church twice a year!

"She's colored!" Aphrodite Melaenis.