

8-22-67

Dear Mrs. Meagher:

Your letters are so interesting I don't know where to jump first.-Yes, I have read the books of Charles Fort, two of them, Lo and Book of the Damned. I truly did not know that reports existed, like this, from all parts of the world; and felt, when I found out, that I had been cheated of part of my natural inheritance. "Vast thing like a crow poised over the moon!" Fort helps restore Awe to the world. And Awe has a lot of enemies, all liberals.

I seem to have no talent for the occult, unsatisfactory word. But I want to find the "connection" to the Power, also unsatisfactory expression. Poetry is my discipline. And I find I can use the White Goddess mythology since, of course, she is the original Muse as well as the personification of the universe and its power. I can do this without losing sight of the fact that She is an analogy, ~~much~~ I imagine as a yogi allows himself to reconstruct an anthropomorphical deity in order to break through. It is a wicked and real pleasure also to refer to the deity as She. Men'sure don't like it. Makes them stutter. Which proves how deeply they still do believe in a deity and that it is masculine. Which is preposterous. Zeus is a dangerous ass and sitteth now in the capital. (I don't hate men: it is always necessary to say this if you tamper with the All-Father which proves again how deeply He is engrained in the minds of men and women.) -Anyway, there isn't anything occult or supernatural about the Goddess. She is one tricky bitch, but wondrous beautiful, I hasten to add. She has made poets to praise her terrible beauty, and we do. Also she wants us to love and fear her and dwell constantly on thoughts of her, so I am always careful when I work on the Case to dedicate all the results of my work to her. (I am looking for Mary McCarthy's nun to tap me on the wrist and say, You are just like Lord Byron, brilliant but unsound!)

I don't think somehow this will put you off my work on the case if you ever do see some of it. I think you will smile. Am I right? Anyway, you can tap me on the wrist if you wish; that will not be half as bad as the Axe Our Lady has in store for me. She would just as soon give you that old karate chop as look as you. (She likes this banter.)

You are right, you know, about what is wrong with the Hill case. It is Fuller. I hadn't thought of that.- But I am still most curious as to what kind of encounter it could have been, Simon's kind, a sighting of a UFO? or an actual encounter with creatures? I think it is either a hoax or the truth. But then, like Huck and mathematics, I don't put no stock, or not much, in psychiatric interpretations, of phenomena, especially. Most people, for instance, are not dying to get their names in the paper; and if they were making up UFO stories they would be much more dramatic. We would get many more lovely lady captains. Or more terror stories. People don't have the patience to make up stories as dull and non-dramatic as most of the UFO stories are, surely?

I am extremely pleased that you have sent me some books and I am impatient. With age, I have learned to be patient about many things but not about reading matter. I think it is being out here. I live in terror, that since there are so few books now, one day there will be none.

Here are my UFO stories:

1. Midsummer, 1966. About 7-8 P.M. Wind had died. Sky was blue, still daylight in other words. At my residence, then, on Spring River. I was facing west when I saw what I took to be a shooting star come out of the southwest. Then it was almost instantaneously due west, over some tall trees, shaped like a lightbulb of hammered aluminum texture, with the small end of the light bulb tilted northwest and foreshortened. It was of a smooth, though hammered aluminum appearance, even all over, and glowed brightly. But it shed no light, had no fiery edges, indeed was very symmetrical and with edges as smooth as if it had been cut out of the sky with a cooky cutter. No lights, no portholes or antennae. It appeared about the size of a small lightbulb held at arm's length, or smaller. It is difficult to say since it happened so fast. It disappeared instantaneously on a downward course behind the trees, at a distance of what I have to guess to be a mile or more. *No sound & no "crash".*

part of sky
trees
xme

I considered a meteor and doubted it since this was so symmetrical and non-fiery. There was just nothing shaggy or fiery about it. I considered a balloon and doubted it since it was going too fast. Infinitely faster than the 100 miles or so an hour that balloons can do, as I understand. Nor did it seem in the least limp or sagging. It seemed solid, shaped and symmetrical. I don't know what it was. Do you?

2. November, before the 11th, 1966. Same residence. I was looking east when I noticed a jet plane rise vertically and before completely a full climb turn ~~west~~ north and then west. I looked ahead of it for some reason and directly overhead, 12 o'clock high, and higher than I ever saw anything in the sky before or since, was a string of gold lights, like a worm with a bend in it. There were an uneven number somewhere between nine and fifteen. I didn't have time to count. They vanished or I lost them. The jet then turned south in the same direction the lights had been moving. Then ahead of that and, of course, infinitely higher I saw a string of silver stuff, like the foil people put on Christmas trees, dangling in the sky. That vanished. And ahead of that I saw the lights again and they instantaneously formed a V formation moved on south and disappeared. The jet went on off to the south west. All this took just no time at all. I couldn't keep them in sight they were so small, high and travelling at such incredible speed. *No sound. Size: just big enough that I could make out round dots.*

I thought geese? Then decided if so we ought to give up our jets and saddle some of these geese since the jet got nowhere in relation to them. I thought some of our jets? But they were so high and so fast: I can't believe it, though I understand jets do drop a foil. I can't swear these moved in spurts. But I couldn't view them consecutively. They were one place, then another. As if instantaneously. Anyway, I am firm these were no geese. Too few too high and too fast. And I doubt that they were jets. I am not satisfied. *no jet trail except from the jet, of course.*

Wouldn't you know if I saw something in the sky, it would be a whole squadron of UFO's? With my luck in "solving" the Kennedy case.

I am also pleased to learn that your book, which I will order, is almost 500 pages. I have been deep enough in the case to know how much work that means, and I stand in awe of it. Sartre says that a real author is generous, meaning more than page numbers, of course; and I know that this will prove true in your case. -I don't want to say much about the case until I can read your book and so be grounded. Also, perhaps you would like some distraction. But I can't keep entirely still about it since my life too changed on Nov. 22, 1963.

It was just the final insult in a long string of them. And my soul said: No more. (Not, "This fur and no fu'ther.")

Mr. Weisberg seems to be showing a definite interest in the photograph which ~~xxxx~~ encourages me.-I do expect someone to come up with a facile explanation, so I am looking for something else now, while waiting to see what comes of this. Frankly I don't see how the Parallax picture can be explained away. They will claim the flash of light is a flaw, probably, but the altered arm line will be more difficult to explain away. However, they will no doubt claim a misprint, of some kind. Anyway, I am working now on the Moorman photograph, the existing one that moved on the wires. I think I have that figured out but how to prove it I don't know. There is no excuse for this picture being so light, except that it was held by the police and probably not painted. Or the negative was allowed to smear it. At any rate, some reprints of it are much lighter than others. And the lightest part by far is you know what. And that is what Jack Ruby left face up in his room so much as to say, Better treat me right, boys, I know. The letter to Caroline was on the facing page.

Also the Nix frames have an artificial shadow line on the steps where the pellmell rider ought to appear. One of the witnesses, and I cannot now remember who, said that he tried to ride up the steps. The corresponding ~~xxxxxxx~~ shadows in Muchmore and Moorman are irregular and natural looking, as of trees, with light spots in them. In Nix this area is coal black and the start of the shadow line is unnatural. A shadow is an object like any other and, given a slight change of perspective, should resemble itself in Nix as it does in Muchmore and Moorman. Not so, in Nix. I feel sure that's a paint out. In fact this whole case, from the point of view of the mechanics of the assassination, is not a white wash, but a black out. Also I am suspicious of all that black-blue paint spattered all over the Z frames. Something has been painted out. Those frames have definitely been worked over, for some reason. Also you know who is missing from 207-212, on the left side which is really the side that is missing. Same bird, or his stand in, is also missing from the FBI reconstruction. He shows on Houston Street but disappears on Elm Street, for the simple reason that they couldn't lay the crosshairs on the Kennedy stand in without laying them on the cyclist standing in for the Nov. 22, 1963, cyclist. That alone ought to make you interested in this man. It's necessary even to make vanish his stand in. Also the reconstruction photos prove that no one behind this cyclist, from the sixth floor on down, could have shot Kennedy from the right rear without passing a bullet through this cyclist. Maybe Geo. Thomson is right: maybe this man was shot and killed that day; he sure has vanished from the case. (I'm joking of course. I wouldn't be surprised if you aren't right and maybe Mr. Thomson is a feeble plant.)

I know you said you were weak on the photographic evidence. I am an utter novice to the world of forged photography, etc. Nonetheless, I have to explore it, misleading as it can be, for I can't seem to get people to take me seriously unless I come up with something solid, like this Parallax-Esquire-National Enquirer version of the Altgens photograph. Reasoning with people just won't do it. That's why I'm not going to pester you with it. You'll either see it and figure it out on the basis of the evidence or you won't. But it is reasonable, and it does fit the evidence. It was a beautifully simple, brutal and efficient operation. It was a trick. And it took everyone in. In my opinion. Also you needn't fear to react negatively to what I say about it. I appreciate your tact and delicacy very much; but I am not afraid to be wrong. I just want the case solved. If I am wrong and I find something that convinces me, then I will start again. But since I first figured it out, I have found nothing that makes me think it is wrong; on the contrary; it is the only explanation that explains everything: why the "entry" wounds were below the exit wounds, why Sen. Yarborough smelled gunpowder on the car all the way to the hospital. Why someone brought Constable Weitzman a firecracker part, which the "lab" claimed was a piece of skull, of all things. One is dry and cardboard. The other would have been wet and bone. Why the puff of smoke on the knoll was so high. What the man is doing on the car: who "threw" something "into the bushes"? Why there was so much attention drawn to rifles in this case. Why Mrs. Kennedy came over the right trunk, reaching, or pointing. Why the man bolted. Why he has disappeared. The Tague bullet: 90 yards is about right for a missed pistol shot fired upward and then descending. Any shots from the TSED were deliberately wild, in my opinion. The headsnap: one bullet from the left pushes the head forward, a second almost simultaneous one from the right rear stops the forward movement of the head and snaps it left and back. One of the agents saw two almost simultaneous hits to the head. (Hickey, I think.) In this case the head would be like a ball hit foul, being loose and mobile in comparison with the body: if hit on the rim (as the President's was) it could snap back. Only that part broken off - in this case skull and brain matter - would fly forward. - The only remaining drawback, as I see it, is the inconceivable gall it would have taken. However, the types I have in mind are only a hairsbreadth removed from the Hell's Angels in psychological make up. All it took was gall, and ten seconds or so, probably less. And they couldn't miss. Also they couldn't hit Johnson. Who was 5 seconds off the sights of any gunman in any stationary position any place in Dealey Plaza that day. Riding in the same position in the same kind of car in the same direction at the same speed. Stress marks on the sign, if there are some, could be caused by a bullet going in the opposite direction. The Hicks bullet if there was one, could have been going toward the knoll, as well as from it. A frontal wound would be possible, if there was one, since two bullets hit simultaneously. Frame 227 is the key to it in my opinion. There the President was struck by a missile that moved him leftward, forward and upward. Only one person was in a position to have delivered that bullet. It entered the back unheard (Bennett) exited to the left of the tie on an upward course and went on to hit the windshield. In my opinion.

Too many words: maybe you will think about it some night when you can't sleep; as a game. And maybe you will see it. If not, it won't hurt my feelings. I have no personal stake in this. I want the truth, I promise you.

Sincerely,
Beverly Brunson
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lost my pen.