

I hope you realize the contention that Garrison is a Martian is a severe blow to the theory of intelligent life on other planets.

I was thinking that some day I would turn you on to Edgar Cayce, but I see by your remark that you've already read the book I'm reading. I got put on this trip by someone I talked to when I went to New Orleans to testify -- who persuaded me to sit down and read the chapter on philosophy in THERE IS A RIVER. If there is anything to the karmic re-incarnation theory I must have been a regular Cotton Mather in a past life. Maybe Barbara is one of the witches, coming back to get her revenge. Her former husband's name ~~is~~ is Bill Edmundson and on page 213 of EDGAR CAYCE ON REINCARNATION is part of a reading about a person who figured in the Salem witch trials and it starts: "The Entity was one Bill Edmunson..." What this has to do with Aldous Huxley I do not pretend to know, but if you take the 1 out of 213 you wind up with 23.

instead of "angel" -- is one of the words I habitually misspell. I think this is a carry-over from my days of militant atheism when I seem to have nurtured a Freudian grudge, for I then used to constantly fall into spelling "chaplain" as "chaplan," also.

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previously, subjectively I find it hard to accept that Oswald was an agent of some kind, unless he was "self-styled" or a low-level informer for the FBI (who would have probably fed them bum scoop). But I wonder if all this exception making was not for Marina. I seem to recall reading that she had a father or uncle or someone in Soviet intelligence and Oswald did seem under pressure from the FBI to persuade her to defect. He also wrote those blatantly self-defeating lines to the Russian Embassy requesting a visa back to the USSR. Could the FBI or CIA or somebody have been recruiting Marina as a spy for the United States, and could Oswald have been consistently screwing up their attempts while pretending to go along with them? Oswald was a defiant man, and I can picture him telling the authorities he would do something and then turning around and more or less openly doing the opposite.

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Well, time for me to go to work. I had hoped to cover more -- but will get back to the job about this time next week.

Again, thank you for the lovely poem. I hope you don't mind if I circulate some copies of this anonymous masterpiece. "...Jolly Green, you would have made a lovely Queen."

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she starts fitting them into larger theories that I begin scratching my head. Of course, maybe we ARE controlled by flying saucers but, if so, why get excited? The ole race ain't done so well on its own these past millions of years; maybe Outside Help is necessary. Also -- her phone is bugged, her mail is monitored, etc., etc., etc., and I keep wondering Who would bother. She doesn't seem all that subversive to me. I keep hoping mine is, too, because the possibility of J.E. Hoover's Hordes tracking the criminal actions of the infamous Ancient Illuminated Seers of Bavaria sets me to grinning every time I think of it, but I nevertheless figure not, maybe because that is just what I'd like to assume in the absence of evidence to the contrary. But I'm a much poorer security risk than she is, I bet!

Anyhow, she is one of these people who goes out of her way to do others favors, and she has many interests other than the Assassination which run

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uneasiness I indicated earlier. He still has the materials in question and has assured me quite convincingly that he has every intention of returning them. A number of personal problems, as you may know, have put him somewhat behind in his work -- which seems scattered all over the Eastern seaboard.

have agreed to disagree on the subject. I am sure she is not the sort of person who would intentionally harm anyone, but I'm going to remain cautious until and unless I form some kind of opinion on whether or not she can be misled. Anyhow, I thank you for getting us in communication.

which came very soon thereafter -- brought about a major change in our mutual philosophical-and-etc. world outlook. Today I got a letter from a friend on an entirely different chain of equally meaningless(?) co-incidences -- he collects them as "synchronicity" -- centered around the number 23 and the last paragraph of the discourse read as follows: "Then in Laura Huxley's THIS TIMELESS MOMENT she describes a sceance after Aldous's death in which she was told to look on line 23 of a certain page of a certain book in Aldous's room. The line began, 'The richness of this communication is typical of Aldous Huxley's poetic and humorous sensibility...'" Oh yes, and the letter was from Robert Anton WILSON -- one the others after whom our boy-child name is fashioned! The plot thickens.



Samples from  
1968-1969 letters