



INTERNATIONAL FINE ARTS COLLEGE OF FASHION

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Monday evening, August 29, 1966...at home, 4736 North Bay Road
Miami Beach, Florida

Dear Ivan,

This is a personal letter. I would hope that you would read it, destroy it and acknowledge it. It takes much courage to write it, for it is a most unpleasant subject.

A vision concerning you haunts me. I have had dreams before, which later came true. But I have never had a waking vision or picture. I am not psychic or a visionary, but I do have a vivid imagination.

In my mind there appeared, five days ago, a picture of a young man. He is killing you. I think he is shooting you. He is up close, in a crowd, and standing slightly below you, facing you. You are in a public place. You are speaking. Where...I don't know. It could be other than Atlanta, or the South. The young man kills you.

His face is so clear before me. His skin is fresh and clear and his complexion is naturally tanned or brunette. He is a young white man of 25 to 28 years of age. He has a fresh, open face. He has dark eyes (or so they seem). He has thick, straight, rich brown hair..long on top and close cut over the ears. He has deep dimples or a mole on his cheek. His lips are parted. His eyes are rather close set. He has a full (almost fat) nose that is straight, with full lips always slightly parted.

He wears a clean, white shirt open at the throat with no tie. His trousers are nondescript. He has a chunky, stocky build. I am behind you (though really not there) and all I see is this young man's face...

open and listening. And he kills you. Or tries to.

That's all I saw---all I know.

Edward would be disturbed if he knew that I wrote this letter to you, Ivan. Perhaps this was just a very bad dream on my part and I am being quite foolish to relate it to you. But the terrible feeling stays with me that what I have described has either happened to you, or will happen to you within the next three years at the most.

At the risk of losing your respect, your friendship and your affection, I am compelled to write this to you.

Take care of your dear self and know that Edward and I count you as a wonderful friend.

God love you.

Anna Lee

Mrs. Edward Porter