

7/3/71

Dear Jeanius and bard,

The enclosed letter to Gravel's AA, cc to Tom Kelley, is self-explanatory. Barbara did move to Rockville, whence she first contacted me in 1966, by phone (and I presume that particularly at that time mine was not private), giving me her address and phone. When I located her at Reston, she had just moved there and was surprised that I had located her because she avoided leaving the new phone on the intercept recording, which said only that "the party" had not yet located.

Aside for the much-too-much work, in today's mail there are nine other letters requiring response, and I have working company for the coming five days, beginning in a couple of hours, so I'll be brief.

I ask that you poets reread Mike 19:40, consider it with Stone's anti-war history, unrelenting, and McGovern's and Gravel's, recent, and my persistence in pursuing the political assassinations (aside from my birthday, the date was less than two weeks after pub date of FRAME-UP) and in the context of a coup d'etat, with a planned and research (and begun) book saying there is a connection between the war and the JFK and other assassinations.

Big Jim: He was set up by his former most trusted, Pershing Gervais, who boasted to me and others (I know him pretty well, and the first thing JG did was have him size me up) that he was a real frameup artist (true) who would, in 24 hours, reframe any of his own frames, complete with affidavits. His connections with the mob after he was forced out of the police dept, which had assigned him to Jim as chief investigator, are unhidden. This means he'll spend what will remain of his life an unbarred Valachi, an unbarred but still caged songbird (poet. for informant!), living in anonymity or as close to that as the FBI can provide in one plush motel after another, always on the move, always in fear of the mob, not Jim, and having given up what for him is a very good and prosperous life, luxury and pleasure. Aside from what I believe was a genuine affection for Jim, this is a considerable sacrifice, which leads me to believe there had to have been enormous pressure and as a minimum the assurance that he'd live it out behind bars. One of the other three officials is the vice-squad chief who did the job on the Shaw-case judge, the other a police captain assigned to Garrison by the P.D. after the beginning of this investigation. This captain worked for Jim as the equal of and in the capacity of an ordinary patrolman, under a sergeant! Routine? Not even for sui generis New Orleans! You know how I have long felt about Jim, but my only serious questions now, on the basis of the little I know, is entrapment or frame? This is bigger than it seems, and I ask you to consider the (Pentagon-Papers Supreme Court decision for one and others I can't now explain) timing, with maximum planned publicity, by the A.G personally, and a clear denial of Jim's legal rights to the point where, even if guilty, without an uncorrupted court it will be impossible to make a conviction stick.

You refer, properly, but in a too-limited way, to the sick. Is any assassin or potential assassin less? Please keep me posted on your excellent detecting. This may be nothing, but I am too close to too many somethings for me to entirely ignore possibilities.

On FRAME-UP, I wonder how many of the press copies were sent out. I am sorry I can't afford to send you a freebee, but those I have cost me \$6.50, for which I'd be happy to send you one. We are currently some \$500 short of meeting immediate obligations, I've not yet gotten the rest of the "advance", and aside from the cost of living, we have to raise more than \$2,000 for this year's servicing of my debt.

Whether or not it turns out to have meaning, I must confess limitless respect for Jean's thinking. Brilliant! Thanks,

and best,

Omaha
30 June 71

Dear Hal,

A pause, likely brief, in the Great Nebraska Heat permits a bit of work at the desk. And some sleep has revived the common sensibilities.

Even so, tis difficult to make out such strange occurrences as: Big Jim arrested by the FBI for alleged bribe-taking, and his remarks to the press, and his physical appearance. Or the sight of Sen. Gravel...seemingly near collapse from nervous exhaustion. Or the President and the Attorney-General (especially the latter) giving us the word on how the law is meant to be, via remarks to an FBI graduating class...the same day the Supreme Court decides a most extraordinary case.

All in all, thank god for Justice Black. Amen.

The anon. riddle from Rockville...well, I don't yet know for sure precisely how to take it, what to make of it. But let us spend some more time with it. By the way, I don't recall that Barbara Carey ever lived in Rockville. She has for some time lived in Reston, Virginia. (I assume Barbara is the "her" your letter refers to.) Jean and I are philatelists and have corresponded superficially with a few stamp dealers who have Rockville addresses, but I can't at the moment think of anyone we know or knew at all personally who is or ever was from that city.

A few first impressions regarding the text: The writer may be a nut, as you say the Secret Service seems to believe, but I think he or she may still have worked in earnest at putting this piece together. With this in mind, I don't think you can assume that, for instance, the postmark date is simply a coincidence and nothing more. If "Mr. Weisberg" did not appear in the text itself...but it does, and the date of your birth is on the envelope.

Note, too, the return address: "I.F. Stone / 1940 Luke St."
Then consider St. Luke, chapter 19, verse 40: (Jean's discovery, just now.)

And he answered and said unto
them, I tell you that, *if* these should
hold their peace, the stones would
immediately cry out. (King James Version)

The italics are mine, of course, but you can see, surely, what I mean.

At the same time, you must remember that a sick person (or "nut," if you prefer) often loves to play with words and make associations that, even though they are not nonsense, exactly, do not add up to reveal any sort of unity or grand single design.

Well then. Enough for now. As I say, we'll spend some time more with the thing and let you know what we find.

No, copy of the book not received from your publisher—but we'll find one somewhere before too long.

Best regards,
Heit (and Jean)