

6/10/71

Dear Phil,

I've been meaning to write and thanks you for your latest issue, which I gave immediately to Lil, the one in the family who retains interest in poetry. In addition to those things that keep me busy, however, I have been nursemaiding her. She fell down and severely injured a knee. Yesterday she began using crutches alightly for the first time. I'm still the cook and she moves but little and then awkwardly. But, she'll be ok.

Also yesterday a new purpose developed. I'll avoid, to the degree I can, giving you what you can feed back to me.

Enclosed is an unclear xerox of a xerox of an anonymous letter addressed to the home of the administrative assistant to Senator Mike Gravel of Alaska. I had never had any dealings with the Senator or his AA and they have no idea who the author may be. At first it was regarded as some kind of black humor. Then, because of the use of the name of a Senator who is candidate for President, they gave it to the Secret Service, which seems to have concluded that it is straight nut. This may be the case. As an afterthought a copy was sent me, for which I am glad, because while I have nothing like the SS experience with nut letters, this sounds like what several people I know could have done. My reasons for sending it to you are two: does it suggest anyone to you and can you read anything into the allegories? Duncan is pretty obvious, as is what it suggests.

The postmark, by a 1/365 coincidence, is that of my birthday, April 8. The letter was mailed in Rockville, Md. If we both know someone who lived there, I would regard this an irrelevant as it relates to her, completely so. My own records, which I have checked, do not include her former address. I will not call her for it because it might frighten her. But I'll see if I can learn it later this morning by other means. I have not spoken to her since I saw you.

The return address is "I.F. Stone 1940 Lake St." There is a real I.F. Stone. I knew him when he was a Washington correspondent for a New York paper. He now publishes a bi-weekly liberal newsletter that has recently attracted some attention. He was on the Today show after this letter was sent in connection with a book he has done on Kent State. However, he does not live in Rockville. He lives and has his office on Nebraska Ave. in northwest Washington.

Because the xerox is unclear, I'll retype it. Errors will not be my usual typos.

Can Mr. Weisberg translate?

The Constable from Barnstable (known by mothers as magister of horse) asks: "Wasn't Lee in Irving's bedroom?"

Duncan
(barfly heir of Earl George Sande)

R.S.P.

Have you ordered your plate of Chou Mein from The Glebe and ^Aouse nightspot (a Ball & Chain fishion chip log-ic billingsgate featuring folie de sole)?

Hashed tona on wheat (De plain? Pop!), with spinach.

Next! Vigoro de Idlacs sheers the ears of Senator McGovern.

Galie.

"Glebe" is also the name of a main road near which someone we both know or know about lived for a short period beginning shortly after the Kennedy (J) assassination.

I do know that during the time you lived in New Orleans, there was a wierd group calling itself the "Riscordians". I got his records from Roger Lovin and gave them to Louis Ivon, the DA's chief investigator, because Lovin had boasted of having had an offer made to him for a hit. One of the members then moved to the west coast. He adopted a strange pseudonym as a title. I've forgotten it. I did not believe this boast. I had other interests in Roger, but I felt it could not be entirely ignored, so I gave that stuff to Louis. He was to have made a copy for me but he didn't. Roger gave it all to me. He also assented to an interview. It was at the Coffee Cup. The tape was unintelligible because I forgot and left the mike atop the closed case of the machine so it would be less conspicuous on the table while others also were lunching. When I have time I'll check my old files and see if any of the titles assumed by these farout types fits this letter.

It is a complete mystery to me why anything relating to or mentioning me should be sent to Senator Gravel's AA. I was then slightly in the news with FRAME-UP. Reviews had appeared in Publishers' Weekly and The Saturday Review. I had taped a Barry Farber show in New York that was aired at something close to that time in Washington. I do not know the exact date of the DC airing. So, aside from the appearance of this book, I can't think of any significance to the timing, either. Unless one of those I have in mind had just moved to this area. He was distant when last I heard of him.

Until I hear from you I will not consult Shakespearians for possible ellipsis. I hope you may recall that writing well enough. The use of ~~xxxx~~ archaic form also interests and may or may not be a clue.

In fact, the use of ellipsis itself may be a clue but I do not feed it to you.

I have asked that the concordance be checked and the city directory for the period of someone's residence in that general area, Rockville. The old phone number is of no help for the phone-company records for the period no longer exist and I believe it was an unlisted number.

Assuming one of the men I have in mind to be a candidate, I do have one sample of his typewriter of 1964. I am not expert in these matters and he could have hocked that machine or replaced it. I believe the typing on the current envelope and the enclosed letter are by different machines. This, if it is true, could also suggest that he is elsewhere and had another do the mailing. The envelope seems to be elite type, the letter pica. The ribbon or the impression is blacker on the envelope.

And, the report on the address is fake. There is no such in Rockville, I've just learned. Thus I wonder if there can be any ellipsis in "1940" or in "Luke".

There are other possibilities I'll check. One is that I have just turned an informant inside the Minutemen over to a police agency with which I work. I haven't heard from him since, which is exceptional but may be meaningless.

Hope you got the copy of the book I asked be sent you. Best to you both.

Sincerely,

Harold Weisberg