

Dear Dione,

I was asked to make an evaluation of something relating to New Orleans (but NOT to the "probe") today. It was pretty farout stuff. Natch, both New Orleans and the farout reminded me of you.

In turn, that reminded me of what happened when I wrote you at the address you gave me: the letter was returned marked "unknown". I check my bad typing against the address I had written down and that time my typing was not at fault.

If you are unknown any place you have ever been, one of the more pleasant possibilities is that you are maturing! Another, of course, is that you hadn't been there.

Whatever accounts for it, I hope it is not more trouble for you.

We also thought of you Christmas time, when some of your attractive decorations were on the tree. We have a living one every year and after Christmas I plant it. Your generation did not invent the ecology kick. Merely promoted it. There were always a few of us.

I hear very little from New Orleans, nothing directly any more, so the prevailing insanities are known to me mostly by what appears in papers outside New Orleans and less from the occasional States\*Item clipping I'm sent by a friend who still gets it. I have a general idea that some trials are scheduled for the near future, but no more.

Recent news reminds me of something you may not recall that you once told me: that I had gone to a publisher whose name you did not recall, but it began with a P., and that was real haha. You were right. Such a thing had happened, and in a way it was really funny, only not at the time. So, if you are aware of who and what has been in the news lately and if any of this reminds you of more, is there another laugh in it?

Like the wandering seal of Hickory Hill, maybe?

Every once in a while I think of Philip and wonder how life is going for him. He got off to a traumatic start, though no fault of his own. Everybody had an angle and he was the apex of all. If he had been older it would not have been easy on him, and he was just a kid. Don't go keeping bad company to find out, but if you've heard how he is making out and is staying out of trouble, I'd like to know.

Have to leave to pick my wife up. Hope you are going straight and not finding it too narrow. I guess what I really mean is that the straight is never the narrowest road. If you are on it, stay on it; if you are not, get on it.

Best regards,