

JAN 18 1973

Js, Some time back I noted the coincidence of hearing from the strange girl who'd been an informant for me in N.O. while other seemingly not ordinary things were happening. She said she had moved to Houston, was in mortuary science school (yup!) and doing well through hard work, and if I'd be near there, she could put me upⁱⁿ Big apartment, etc., nice old house And why didn't I write to her? I figured maybe she was lonely in a strange town, but I didn't because she had grown entirely unresponsive. But when I saw the decorations she made by hand for me several years ago hanging on the Xmas tree, I felt a bit guilty and did write her. Well, the letter came back today: unknown at that address. I checked it. No error in typing, right address, according to what she'd told me. However, the address is a good address. She didn't fake that. It didn't say moved, left no forwarding address, either. Maybe some time when I want to get more important things out of my mind I'll write her at her folks home and see what happens.

I wanted to make a note of it and with the other things, if you recall them, I thought you might find it amusing. Not nearly as much as if I'd been able to tape some of the farout stuff she did in N.O., that is, her accounts. Some began at 5 a.m.! (I've had no experience with such things, but I think she was on speed, and I rather suspect that Clarence Giarrusso, then chief NO.P.D narc, supplied it. She told me she finked for him. His office was then in the basement of the Courts Bldg, where JG is on top floor. I went down and lo! there was her Honda by his door and there she was, too. I'd figured she was telling the truth on that, so I was ready when she smiled and asked if I was checking up on her. No, I said, I had a picture to show her. And I did, of a man she said she knew well as CIA. Until she said she didn't recognize the picture, I didn't identify him by name. Then I did. She said not him. That July 4 I drove her to the boobyhatch in which he was confined, and she even knew his preference in beverages (malted, and only chocolate). You should hear the part of her and his mother I was able to tape after a guy who had been an FBI informant (I'd been staying with him) left. This girl would say to the mother, Marge, "You used to have the sofa over there", things like that, and it was true, but Marge had never seen her. The details on former roomers! It was mind-blowing. It blew Lil's when she transcribed, too! What she could make out. That guy did have a CIA number in his pocket the last time he felt his brain-damage trouble coming on him when he was out and he turned himself in at Charity Hospital. But he could not have been CIA. I found interviewing him fascinating. There are voids in his recall. I had all his writing and had read, most of his sketches, his history, including what I couldn't go into (like one of his mother's boyfriends seducing him when he was a kid and she was between marriages). He and that girl would each make quite a novel. Anyway, I've mentioned her and that I did get first-rate leads with much crap from her, and this is just a bit more. I can't figure it. HW 1/16/83