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The boogie-woogie is good at the Cabaret Toulouse, strong, hot, loud, hard-to-sit-still-to and intersperced with flawless pentecostal performances by holly rollers-those willing to get in the same room with alcohol. Wish I'd have learned it sooner. No one even mentioned the playing of really good boogie-or any kind-before. No one mentioned it this time, either, but I stumbled into it when Deyahn phoned me this morning and said she had a few free hours and would I pick her up.

First she went over some of the Thornley stuff (she had a shorter word) again, adding a little to what she read last night.

(Thinks Dr. J. Lamotte hypnotized Godfrey; knows they used him on several occasions. When the office moves to Veterans' Highway about August 1, they will have a street-floor office with a real estate cover. She says the out-of-towners had better learn a little of local geography. The radio aerial will be part of the air-conditioning installation on the roof!)

There was going to be an office "party", she said, a number of agents and a few "sympathizers". It would not be advisable for me to be at the private part of the affair, which in all would cost "uncle" about \$300, but if I wanted to barge into the public part it might "blow some minds". Whilmner would be there, Fred and others. She gave me the details of Whilmner's affair with Mike, the reaction of the others to him, her liking for putting him down when he makes cracks at the straights.

After she had given me this information and extensive details, including an account of the frustrations of the newly-married Fred who in three months has not been with his elementary-school-teacher wife ("first time in years I've been having wet dreams"), had decided to quit (tired of cleaning up the messes of others until we got there, when it changed to "He's going to stay in New Orleans but under a different name), we left, at about 2 O'clock.

It would be wrong for her to stay with me until I parked the car, because that would be obvious, but it was not wrong to let her off at the exact corner, with the cabaret on street level and all windows ~~open where the~~ ^{and} double doors ^{in high} were open. I parked a block away and returned, sitting at the first empty bar stool. In three minutes she was beside me. As soon as I arrived Bernie Goldsmith came to that end of the bar and took pictures with his Rolliflex. Some private party.

"Did you see them leave?", she asked me excitedly, laughing. I hadn't.

"They fled. Whilmner is probably under a bed some place. They've even got a guard posted to warn others as they arrive."

Jack Burnside was outside, also cameraed.

"See Fred?" I had no idea what Fred looked like. Then she nudged my knee and I turned to look in the direction in which she pointed with her eyes. Sitting next to the door was a blond young man, perhaps 30, with khaki-yellowish trousers and a paler shirt of similar hue. No tie.

"Ask him if he'd like to say 'hello'," I suggested. She was off, smiling, and the excellent small band with the marvelous drummer who ^{Joas} owns the joint were off, from "Basie's Boogie" into "Pinetop's", old classics, harder, more elaborately orchestrated, ~~but~~ ^{with} less bass, but stimulating, pleasing-real good. So ~~she~~ ^{she} was back.

"He's afraid. He gave a guy five bucks for the seat closest to the door."

"You've putting me on!"

"I'm not! Mind's blew when you walked in. Shoulda seen them fly!"

"If you're ~~not~~ putting me, it's ^{still} a good story."

"But it's not. The word went around that ole Wiseass (special name for you) was here and they posted guards and took off."

She nudged me again, breaking the rhythm of her body, head and eyes, which, like mine, had been keeping time.

"Poor Mike! He's looking for Whilmner. So njealous!"

A red-haired and complected youth swished by, giving out tiny colored wooden drums to new table partons. "That Mike?" I asked.

"Yeah. He works here. Makes good money."

"Whilmner pay him?"

"No. Just jealous. Mike's his special favorite. ~~Tell him to talk to me~~ He doesn't work with us. Whilmner tells him to keep his ~~mouth~~ mouth closed."

"How can he do both?", I asked, the coarse humor making her laugh again.

"Whilmner's really a coward. Real yellow. Betcha he's upstairs under a bed."

She had to go for a minute. "Get me a Johnny Walker Red, with water." She had told me when I said that at \$1.50 a short glass, much as I enjoyed the music I'd leave when I'd finished the drink, "Sip it until the drummer finishes and I'll get you another. Uncle'll pay for it." Uncle didn't.

Bernie came up after she returned, his beard somewhat less dense than I'd expected, intensifying his Semitic appearance. For the hot day he was dressed in black, tieless (and I wondered why she had told me to put on trousers, shirt, tie and jacket, unless it was to make me suffer) He sipped her drink and announced that to mixing Scotch and water was to ruin two good things.

"New Orleans water?" I asked. Deyahn laughed, Bernie took another swallow and was off on an errand, without response. Intermittently he consumed most of the "ruin" I'd paid for.

There was more but fascinatingly impossible small chatter about how terrified everyone was at my presence. It made little sense, but I entered into it by asking her to give Fred the message that if they ever decided to give me a party, and they owed me one ¹ after what they had done to my luggage on the previous trip, I'd like it to be there and to that band.

When I had not quite finished my drink she saked, "Wanna take a walk?" I followed her through the length of the bar, past the pentecostal singers, past the wide-

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open double doors that, if they allowed the cool air out and the hot in, also let the music out and brought customers in, past the now-empty seats at that end of the bar, and into the lobby of the Downtowner Motel.

"Where to?", I asked as we crossed the lobby and entered a short hall that dead-ended a few feet away.

"Little girl's room. There's a mens." *She pointed.*

I waited for her in the lobby and she led me into the courtyard, where there is a small pool, perhaps 25 feet long. Only a few people were in it. She got herself a coke and sat down at the table we had taken. Bernie was there immediately.

"Crowd seemed to get smaller after I entered," I told him. He agreed and attributed it to the lower esteem in which the singers were held. More reasonable.

I decided to leave. She followed me back into the hotel, through the bar, out into the street and rather aimlessly stood on the hot corner of Toulouse for a few minutes, rather prominently with the "enemy", for no apparent reason. I waited with her. The chatter was meaningless. I said I'd be seeing her and left for Barbara's.

There I visited briefly, walked around to Sidney's Newsstand on the corner of Decatur and Dumaine, picked up a copy of "The French Quarter", and was about to pay for it when Kelley came running with the message that Barbara wanted me and it was important. In the morning Jim had said he'd like to have lunch with me. It was then four and when I got to the NOAC there was no food. We talked until after eight, Judge Baggett with us for a while. He was first-naming me when he left. He heard what I told Jim in telling him the entire Jones Harris story for the first time.

"Office party" or not, it was a party, and it should have been a good one. More like a photographer's party. Bernie even took pictures of the people in the pool. She was enjoying it, plainly, as she should have. That is excellent music, spirited, pleasing and conducive to a good mood and feeling.

There certainly were enough types around to suggest central casting was supplying the CIA (she indicated one in a suit was "FBI").